

Sure enough, the next day, Caroline told me that Ryan had suggested another double date with him and Princess.

"I thought we had said no more of this Caroline." I protested. Secretly I was conflicted about it myself. But I absolutely didn't want Caroline spending any more time around those two.

"I've tried. But he keeps asking. What do you want me to do? He's the boss's son."

I ground my teeth, feeling a knot form in my stomach. "I don't like it, Caroline. Especially after what happened last time." I replied. We had avoided talking about it since that first night after the second date. But it had hung over our house like a cloud ever since.

"Don't worry. Nothing like that will happen again." She said seriously.

"I don't know, Caroline..."

"I don't know what to tell you. What can we do? I don't want to lose my job."

We looked at each other. She seemed annoyed. "Listen," she continued, "at least we're doing something you'll like..."

I knew what she would say before she spoke. "...biking."

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The next morning, Ryan and Princess picked up Caroline and me in Ryan's truck. Ryan insisted on loading our bikes himself and helped us both into the cab of the truck, standing on the side holding our hands as we climbed in. His eyes scanned my body - perhaps observing that I was wearing a long sleeve shirt and track pants. Ryan mounted our bikes on the bike rack and hopped in. It was a tight squeeze into the cab of the car. Jamie sat in the back with Princess and Caroline sat up front with Ryan.

"You lovely ladies ready for a day of fun?" Ryan winked at me in the rearview mirror as we drove to the biking trail.

Caroline giggled. "We're so excited. You know Jamie was tossing and turning all night. She just couldn't wait."

I gaped at Caroline. What the fuck was she speaking for me for. And did she just say "she" referring to me? I looked down, embarrassed.

"You look fantastic today by the way, Caroline," he said, his voice smooth as he steered the car down the winding road, "You know it's really not fair that you keep all this beauty to yourself." He reached over and squeezed her thigh, his hand lingering longer than necessary.

I stared jealousy at the hand on Caroline's thigh. Surely she would remove it, right?

As I expected she moved her hand towards it. But instead of shoving it off, she rested her hand on top of his massive forearm. What the fuck! I glanced up and saw that she was looking over at Ryan with a mischievous grin. I was about to yell something but at that moment Princess pulled my chin so that I faced her.



"Hi" she said simply.

I was momentarily lost for words. As usual she looked incredible, today in grey leggings and a low-cut sleeveless black t-shirt revealing tons of cleavage. She was utterly hypnotizing.

"H...hi. Nice to see you again." I stuttered.

She smiled at me. God she was beautiful. "You too. You look great today by the way. Are you wearing what Ryan gave you under there?"

I paused, surprised by her words. Though Ryan had scrutinized my outfit, he couldn't have seen that I was indeed wearing what he gave to me earlier that week the last time

I saw him. My tossing and turning last night was because I was going back and forth about wearing it. Ultimately, I really did want to wear it, but I planned not to take off the pants and shirt I would wear over them all day.

"How...how do you know about that?" I asked.

She grinned. "I picked them out, silly. Ryan brings a lot of his prototypes to me for my opinion. And I thought those would be perfect for you." She winked, pulling down the hem of my pants and seeing an edge of the fabric beneath.

"Oh." I said, breathless as she giggled at catching me.

"Do they fit well?" She said softly.

I felt the outfit tight against my skin and matched her whisper. "Umm. Yeah I think so."

"I'm sure they do. Ryan has such a good eye for these things." Her hand fell to my thigh.

I glanced at it, then looked up at the front seat nervously. Caroline's hand was now on Ryan's thigh. What? That...

"Can I see them?" Princess asked, pulling my attention back. She pulled the hem of my pants further away from my body, revealing more of the red fabric beneath. I gave a sharp intake of breath as, with her other hand, she ran a finger along my pelvic region.

"Well...they look tantalizing from here," she giggled, "I can't wait to see them."

"I'm not sure...I was just going to wear them under...." I replied softly, watching her feminine finger trace along the fabric. God that excuse sounded silly.

"Awww..." I glanced up and she was pouting, leaning further towards me exposing more of her deep bust. "Ryan will be so disappointed."

"Ha...He has you...how could he be disappointed." I said, attempting some flattery while I tried to deflect the conversation.

"Aw you're sweet." Her hand traced my hip now, under the hem of my pants, feeling along the edge of my ass as she leaned further and further towards me. She was so close she could speak softly so the others wouldn't hear. "But Ryan says you have one of the best asses he's ever seen. I think he likes it better than mine - and that's saying something honey." She gave a light squeeze to my butt and I gasped.

"R...really? He said that?"

She giggled softly. "I wouldn't lie to you honey." Her perfume was heavenly and I found myself swept away in thoughts of this perfect woman and Ryan, and their attentions on me. Her face was so close to mine that I barely needed to lean forward. Our lips met and she sighed softly, her other hand moving in beside the first to grip my ass. Her incredible lips tasted like peaches and, unlike our prior kiss, this time she slipped a tongue into my mouth. mmmmm...

"We're here." Ryan said from the front. I practically leapt away from Princess, remembering with a start where I was. I glanced forward frantically but both Ryan and Caroline were looking out the front window. Neither had a hand on each other's laps, thankfully. Princess smiled at me.

We got out and Ryan took the bikes off the mount. "So I thought we'd bike through town for a bit then head onto this trail. Perhaps Jamie can give us all some tips along the way?" He grinned at me, but it seemed like a genuine smile.

"Um...yeah I guess." I glanced him up and down. He wore a tight black t-shirt and black shorts. As usual, his body stood out impressive and imposing. I made a conscious effort not to look below the waist.

We all mounted up and Ryan took the lead, then me, then Caroline and Princess. I observed his form and gave him tips on posture and technique. This gave me reason (and an excuse) to stare forward at Ryan's ass and muscular legs whenever we didn't ride side by side. As he pumped, they flexed incredibly. How was it possible that legs and an ass so developed and powerful belonged to an 18 year old kid. And here he was, clearly the leader of our group even though he was more than a decade younger than us all. But he was so confident, his will so dominant, that none of us questioned him. Though I still resented it, I could now see why Caroline had practically become his intern over the past weeks, instead of the other way around.

As we continued our ride, Princess moved up to me so I could give her advice as well. She rode next to Ryan for a while and Caroline rode next to me. She and Ryan playfully bantered between them. Caroline and I simply stared forward at these perfect specimens. I guiltily thought about my kiss with Princess in the truck.



Just like the last time her lips and the feel of her hands on my butt were heavenly. But, as my gaze switched to Ryan in front of me, I couldn't help but compare it to Ryan's commanding kiss and vice-like grip. The kiss with Princess entranced me, sure, but it didn't compare to Ryan's. I had been like a doll in his arms, another princess to add to his collection. And his body was just so hard and incredible...like nothing I'd ever felt. That kiss...it had completely and utterly broken me down. I stared at Ryan's ass. The fabric between his muscular glutes stretched as he flexed, and his quads flared with power. I wondered what it would be like to feel those globes of mus....

Suddenly, my body was getting very warm. I looked around. No one else wore anything longer than a t-shirt and shorts. "Are you hot?" I asked, looking over at Caroline.

She grinned at me. "What do you think, babe?" She swished her hair, selling the joke.

I grinned and rolled my eyes. "Ha ha, you know what I mean." Inside though, I thought of my answer - no. I mean she wasn't bad looking, but after staring at Ryan and Princess for so long, I mean...she just really didn't compare.

"If you're warm. Take off that shirt." She glanced ahead and started. "Oh..."

I looked up to see what, Caroline was looking at. Somehow, while still biking, Ryan had slipped his hand inside the waist of Princess's pants, and was squeezing her ass as they rode. It was incredibly dangerous. Could they just not keep their hands off one another? Caroline and I stared in silence for a good while as he continued, and I felt a strange melancholy. Then Ryan signalled for us to pull over for a water break.



I took several deep long pulls from my bottle. Even though I was clearly the best biker here, I seemed to be struggling the most.

“Aw honey you look a bit warm,” said Princess. “Why don’t you take off that top layer?”

“You doing okay, Babe?” Ryan asked. “We do have a lot longer to go, you know. Might not be a bad idea.”

I looked up. Everyone was looking at me, waiting.

“I...I don’t really have under here...” I glanced over at Caroline and she was smirking slightly at me. “Go ahead.” She said simply.

Reluctantly, I pulled off my shirt and pants, revealing a race-car red two piece biking outfit underneath. It was so tight it was practically painted on. The red tank top was small, barely more than a sports bra, and it revealed my toned midriff and back. The high-waisted shorts hugged my waist and framed my ass beautifully (I knew from staring at myself in the mirror from all angles yesterday).



I looked back up, first at Ryan. His expression was ravenous. Like he was eating me with his eyes.

Princess stared with a huge smile on her face, nodding her head. Meanwhile, Caroline's expression had changed to surprise, slightly slack jawed. "Wow...I didn't...didn't realize you'd look THIS good Jamie." My cheeks flushed and I felt a rush of pleasure at the attention

"Well, I'm not sure that helped because clearly you're now hotter than ever, Jamie." Princess and I both giggled at this. Though I suppressed the sound quickly, looking again to Caroline who still seemed shell shocked.

"We good to go, Babes?" Ryan asked me and Caroline. We both nodded and we set off.

As I rode, I was extremely self-conscious of my outfit. It was one thing wearing something like this on a run where no one I knew saw me (well...except for Ryan). But it was completely something else to do with a group of people I knew, including my wife! Moreover this was easily the tightest and most revealing outfit I had worn yet. My cheeks burned with embarrassment.

But I wasn't ashamed. I had been biking for over two decades. I'd seen countless women wearing tight biking bibs and other sext biking outfits. I knew I looked fucking good. That these fit me better than most women's sexiest outfits fit them.

I didn't flaunt it, or rub it in anyone's face. But I saw how people looked at me as they passed. My embarrassment faded as I began to recognize that I had become an object of desire. Men stared hungrily and women stared jealously.

Present company included.

Ryan could barely look away. I pretended not to notice, barely looking in his direction. But I felt his eyes on me, hot and intense. It felt...good. Heady. A stud like Ryan - focused on me? Even with Princess around? Had he really said that about my ass? I felt my body tingle at the thought.

Meanwhile, Caroline's whole demeanor seemed to change as we biked. As Ryan's eyes strayed in my direction over and over, Caroline tried harder and harder to grab his attention, shooting annoyed looks in my direction between attempts.

The cool air on my skin was invigorating as we biked, and I felt my confidence returning. This was MY thing. I began biking harder, passing the rest of them as we entered a dirt trail. Aware of Ryan right behind me, I stood, pumping my legs while standing, knowing my ass was on full display.

But I'd leave him behind in the dust. At this point it was beyond obvious he wanted me. But there was no way that was ever happening and I was content to tease him then show him that he'd never catch me.

Except it didn't work.

After a couple minutes of hard biking I was sure I'd be well beyond their sight. But when I looked over my shoulder, Ryan was just behind me. He was focused on me, biking hard, hunched over. His insane musculature was outlined by his tight shirt, which was starting to get damp with his perspiration.



How the hell was he possibly keeping up. He didn't even look to be breathing hard. His traps stood up high along his neck, very visible as he bent towards me. His arms were a sight to behold - his biceps and triceps flared and stretching out the sleeves of his shirt. God he looked so intense and focused. On me.

I pushed harder. No way that I was letting this teenager catch me. No fucking way.

I pushed.

And pushed.

My legs burned as we climbed a long hill, but I didn't relent. I had grown complacent lately, satisfied with my short bikes to work, and so was not used to biking this hard. My breathing came heavily now but I must have lost him. I looked back again.





I couldn't believe it. He was closer than last time. I turned back around and tried going harder, faster. But my body wouldn't.

I slowed....and Ryan biked up alongside me.

"That was awesome. You pushed me hard there, babe."

I didn't have the breath to answer.

"The view was to die for as well. Great motivational tool. Perfect form." He gave me a sly grin. "No way in hell I'm letting you get away from me." My heart fluttered. I couldn't help but wonder how I could possibly fight this man, resist him.

"Water break?" he asked. I nodded, panting.



We pulled over and dismounted. "Man...we left them WAY behind. Probably makes sense to wait here for them." Ryan said. I nodded, and took a large drink of water.



As I brought my head down my eyes fell on Ryan who was drinking from a bottle right in front of me. His tight black t-shirt was riding up his huge body as he drank, revealing a couple rows of his incredible abs. Below them his large bulge was framed by his tight black shorts. Ryan's eyes were closed so I stared openly at his incredible body, my light-headedness from the hard ride compounded by my confused thoughts.

"Owe! Damn!" I was jolted from my reverie.

Glancing at his face, I saw Ryan was grimacing. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"Shit...I don't know...it's my side." He looked to be in genuine pain and I saw that his side indeed seemed to be twitching.

"Shit, you're cramping. Here."

I stepped up to him. "Lift your arm" I instructed. He did and placed my hand on his side. His shirt was very damp with sweat but I could feel the huge dense muscle

underneath, unnaturally hard and twitching. I ground my palm into it, pushing up and down. Holy shit his obliques were fucking big.

He grunted in pain as I worked his muscle, but didn't object. My hand kept slipping though.

"Here.." he said, and with one hand pulled his shirt on.

I stifled a gasp. I'd seen his taunt muscular body before, but not from this close up. It was incredible. The huge defined muscles seemed to compete for space on his huge body. I was so tempted to just...

... but he was in pain. Shit he was hurting. I brought my hand back up - it looked so small against his body. I proceeded to massage the seizing muscle. Slowly, it loosened up and eventually Ryan let out a long breath.

"Damned babe...that was impressive. You're amazing."

I blushed. "Cramps happen a lot while biking. You learn some tricks along the way."

He grinned down at me. "Well I'm lucky you were here then aren't I?"

"Damned right." I said, smiling back up at him. My hand still rested on his body, pressing softly against his firm body. I moved it slightly up and down, feeling his hard ridges. I eased the pressure of my hand on him and began taking it off. But Ryan lifted his on top of mine and held it there. "Don't stop. It feels nice." he said.



I looked down at my small hand as it rested against his hard body. I began moving it along his defined obliques and abs. After a moment, with Ryan nodding at me, I moved it to hard pecs, shuddering at their size and power. It was like fire against my fingerprints. I looked up at his handsome face to find him with a small grin, looking down at me. I thought back to the last time my face had been so close to his. The memory of that moment invaded my thoughts, the memory of him against my lips and body.

His grin faded and he leaned down towards me. It was like he had his own gravitational force that I could not resist. I tipped my chin up, meeting his lips with mine.

MMMMmmmmmm...

The feel and taste of him swept me away. The warmth of his hard body combined intoxicatingly with his commanding masculine lips. Even his scent, a tantalizing mix of deodorant and sweat,



enthralled me. Our kiss grew deeper, hungrier, and I felt myself trembling as I leaned into his muscular frame. His hand reached up to cradle the back of my head, and his tongue slipped into my mouth. I moaned against and into him and pressed both my hands against his hard body as I sucked on his tongue obediently. I melted into him, the world around us fading to a hazy, irrelevant backdrop.

As we kissed, his free hand found my left and moved it down his abs. I felt each incredible knot of muscle slide up one finger then another as my hand moved south down his body. Then it was over his shorts and on top of...oh god.

I moaned again as I felt his absolutely massive shaft through his shorts and against my fingers. How could it possibly be that big? And I could feel it wasn't even hard yet, maybe only slightly. I wanted to stare down at it to be sure what I was feeling but I couldn't pull my mouth off of his with his hand holding my head so firmly, nor did I want to.

His hand guided mine up and down his shaft. I moaned again, though it was muffled by his mouth. I could feel it hardening slightly and it expanded over his left leg as I stroked it, enthralled. The kiss, too, was even more intense than the last. Ryan utterly dominated me, his tongue, lips, and even teeth claiming mine. His teeth pinched my lower lip playfully, not hard enough to cause pain but enough to elicit a gasp against his lips.

He took his hand off mine, but I continued to stroke him as his cock grew harder and incredibly, unfathomably big. I felt him smile against my lips and his hand released the back of my neck. After a few more seconds of kissing him deeply, I leaned back and looked up at him, wide eyed and gasping for breath.

His calm demeanor and easy confidence demonstrated clearly who was in control. Who the real man. I looked down at my hand.

His shaft was so massive, outlined by my hand and his thin shorts. I was sure I couldn't close my hand around it even if it were free. I watched my hand stroke him 5 or 6 more times before looking up at his face again. He had the cockiest fucking grin and god was it hot.

He suddenly squeezed my ass with both hands and I gasped as the strength of his grip pulled my face closer to his. I couldn't resist and leaned the rest of the way up to kiss him again, closing my eyes as I continued to stroke him. I had never felt hotter, hornier, more excited than I did now, as I kissed and stroked this teen adonis, this fucking stud, this stallion, this hot fucking...

A twig snapped loudly and I heard tires came sliding to a stop behind me.

"Oh my god..." Caroline said.



I jumped back, separating from Ryan and looking around wildly. Fuck I had completely forgotten where I was.

Caroline and Princess stood on their bikes maybe 19 yards away, staring at me and Ryan. Princess was smiling knowingly. Caroline looked shocked....however there was the barest hint of a smile on her lips as well. How much had she seen? My back had been to her hadn't it? Did she see me kissing him? She can't have seen me holding his...stroking his....

We stood there in a stunned silence for a moment, before Ryan smoothly broke it.

"Great. All the ladies are here. Let's get going then."

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