**My Motorcycle Mania**

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When I was in my late thirties, I was going through what would be similar to a mid life crisis. My children had just started middle school, my husband had recently received a big promotion requiring many more hours in the office, and we all had just moved to a new city where I was starting over again.  
  
I wasn't working at the time and with everyone out of the house, I was struggling with being alone. On top of it I was starting to feel old. I didn't feel that my body looked as good anymore. I wasn't wearing sexy clothes or lingerie. I had to exercise and watch what I ate to stay fit and with my husband working such long hours I wasn't getting the attention that I was used to.  
  
I remembered how I used to always dress sexy and feel good about myself, and now I was an aging mom. I had lost my sexy and wild side.  
  
I was in a slight depression.  
  
Then we bought our first motorcycle.  
  
I loved being on the motorcycle with my husband and threw myself into the motorcycle hot mama persona. I bought a pair of very low riding black vinyl pants with a zipper down the back that fit like a glove from my calves to my hips. I replaced my Mom panties with bright colored string bikinis to wear underneath the pants. Every time I climbed onto the passenger seat of the motorcycle, either a bright yellow or a bright orange string of material would be showing above my pants. The motorcycle was allowing me to find myself again.  
  
One very sultry and humid summer evening my husband asked if I wanted to take a ride to our favorite coffee bar for iced coffees. I said that I would love to, but just let me change into something for the bike ride.  
  
As I stood in our bedroom deciding on what to wear, I felt my teenage girl that was so daring, start to show her self again.  
  
I put on a very teeny nylon black string bikini panty under a short rayon pleated mini skirt along with a black demi-cup bra with a white sleeveless Harley Davidson blouse. I added a pair of calf length black motorcycle boots to protect my lower legs from the hot exhaust pipes. I was ready to ride.  
  
I went outside and put on my half helmet to my husband's very approving looks, and climbed onto the passenger seat. I purposely made sure that my pleated skirt was not trapped under my bottom, because I wanted to experience the feeling of it flying up when we were riding.  
  
This also put only a thin piece of nylon between my erogenous spot and the motorcycle seat.  
  
I noticed my husband adjust one of the side mirrors so he could see my legs instead of the road. I couldn't wait to give him a good view.  
  
As we headed out I was initially disappointed, because my skirt was only fluttering up temporarily showing the top of my legs and nothing more.  
  
The coffee bar was about ten miles away, and the start of our trip was on city streets with 25 mph speed limits. Once we got a little farther out, the speed limit changed to 35mph and then 45mph.  
  
I am happy to tell you that as we hit third gear to go 35mph and over, my pleated skirt flew up to my waist and stayed there until we would have to slow down for the next light. Also, because I wasn't sitting on the skirt, my teeny black panties were clearly visible in front and in back.  
  
I loved the stares that I was getting from the cars along side of us. Part of the drive was on a four-lane country highway, so it allowed cars to pull right along side. The driver would constantly try to get a good look and then was clearly disappointed when my skirt would settle back down as we slowed for a stoplight.  
  
I purposely would look over at them and smile.  
  
I think that they were trying so hard to get a good look at my exposure that they didn't realize that by following a little further back, it would have allowed them to look out their front windshield and see my fully exposed panty covered bottom.  
  
I also enjoyed when we would drive through a lower lying area that had a river or a small pond nearby, because the temperature would drop about 10 degrees, giving me goose bumps on my legs and stomach. It made me quite conscious of how much skin was exposed.  
  
We arrived at the coffee bar where I had a great time, particularly, since we knew most of the staff that worked there. They complimented me on my sexy outfit and couldn't believe that I was on a motorcycle. I was clearly getting my sexy back.  
  
The trip back, however, was the most eventful and unexpected. I realized that if I sat a certain way on the passenger seat, the vibration of the motorcycle's engine would course through my entire body, giving me an amazingly sexual stimulation. I was actually embarrassed at how turned on I was getting.  
  
About half way home, a group of 3 young men in their early twenties pulled along side of us.  
  
They were all trying to get a look, but what I remember clearly was the look on the back seat passengers face. It was how I would picture an underage boy with a false ID must look the first time that he stepped into a gentleman's club and saw that particular exotic dancer on stage that he would remember the rest of his life.  
  
He was staring with a look of worship, and innocent sexuality on his face. I was at least 10 years older than him. My ego was about to burst.  
  
It was such a turn on for me to know that I was only 8 feet away from him with my pleated skirt blowing well above my waist and my teeny string panties on full display.  
  
I had never felt sexier.  
  
The combination of the vibration between my legs, my sexy exposure, and the look on his face had a most shocking result for me.  
  
While I was looking back at him, suddenly my muscles started to tense and I began to convulse in spasms that took over my entire body. I was having an extreme orgasm while he was watching me. I couldn't believe it. I thought, "This can't be happening!" I turned completely red with embarrassment while at the same time gave into the orgasm that completely enveloped me. (As if I had a choice) I buried my face into my husband's back and moaned in waves of pleasure as my entire body rocked on the bike.  
  
I tried to get it to stop, but there was no way to avoid the vibrations from the motorcycle as they continued to course through my body. As one wave of convulsions would subside, another wave quickly took its place.  
  
I can only imagine what my young voyeur was witnessing and thinking, as my panty clad body rocked back and forth on the motorcycle seat.  
  
As we continued to speed along, I wasn't able to control my arms enough to pull my skirt down. The best that I could do was to continue to grip my husband's waist to keep myself from falling off, while my legs continued to grip the rear portion of the bike, which only intensified the vibration.  
  
I could feel my entire body began to flush as the sweat oozed from my pores from the heat of my passion. All of my exposed skin was glistening from the moisture and my blouse and hair were starting to stick to me. I was glad that I had decided to wear black, as my panties were soaked.  
  
After about 5 minutes of continued intensity, we came to a stoplight. As we slowed down, my convulsions finally came to an end and my skirt settled back down over my hips and thighs.   
  
When we came to a complete stop I couldn't keep my arms and legs from shaking as I was spent from my sexual exercises. I looked again at the young man across from me and his eyes showed complete awe and adoration for me. I truly believe that he was totally taken by me at that moment.  
  
I couldn't help but smile and give him a little wave.  
  
The driver and other passenger had no idea as to what had just happened, as they didn't have the same view that my young voyeur had had.  
  
They turned at the light and I saw the young man look at me out the back window as they faded into the night.  
  
I still couldn't believe what had just happened. It was probably the most embarrassing and erotic experience I have ever had.  
  
I was totally and completely exhausted, but my funk was entirely gone.  
  
Within a couple of months I had gotten a full time job and my further exhibitionist escapades were about to begin.  
  
I never repeated this experience nor wore the skirt on the bike again. The fact that this single incident brought back my whole self again was everything that I could ever want from it.