

Classic

By Laney Cairo

Bikes got pushed into the workshop often enough that it was a relief to hear a bike thread its way through the factories around the garage under its own power, then come to a halt outside.

That it was the sweet double-thud of an old BMW bike just made it better.

Clive, Trey's apprentice, appeared from where he'd been re-spoking a wheel out the front of the workshop, and said, "Boss? There's a bloke with a BMW boxer twin here, and he's asking for you."

Trey smiled to himself and slid the socket he was using to dismantle a Kawasaki head back into his tool box, then wiped his greasy hands on his jeans. He'd rather work on a classic machine like the boxer any day. "On my way," he said to Clive. "Take a look at this Kwakka for me."

The BMW bike was parked on the driveway out the front of the garage, and Trey whistled under his breath in appreciation. Only a few thousand of the 75/5s, from the early 70s, had ever been imported to Australia, so they were as rare as hen's teeth thirty years later. It was one of the prettiest bikes ever made, despite all the modifications on this particular one, and he crouched down beside the machine

"Wassup?" he asked the shadowy shape of the leather-clad figure beside the bike, not bothering to look up, concentrating on peering under the godawful plastic fairing at the original Granada red paintwork.

"I'm thinking of buying it, but I don't like the way the starter sounds," the voice behind the leathers said. "Toad suggested I bring it to you for an opinion."

"Toad, huh?" Trey said. Toad was a customer who rode one of the K100s, and knew a bit about the old Beemers. "How's his dog, Jess, doing?"

"She's fine. He's bought her a new helmet."

The keys for the bike were sitting in the ignition, so Trey stood up and slung a leg over the seat, settling his arse on the duct tape-wrapped upholstery. The clutch seemed fine: he could feel the single disc moving as he nudged the bike into neutral. But the starter button felt soggy when Trey pushed it in, and the starter chugged a little, mimicking the sound of a battery with low charge, even though the battery indicator light showed the battery at full charge.

"You tried kicking it?" Trey asked, glancing at the bike's prospective owner for the first time. Gorgeous, just gorgeous; it felt like someone had kicked him, not the bike. Tall, lean, clean-shaven, face to die for: more than enough to make Trey's cock stand up and beg. Why didn't more of his customers look like this one, instead of obese bears? How did the man get his jeans so damned tight?

"Yeah," the young man said, sounding indignant.

Trey flicked the kick-start lever out with his boot heel and lifted his weight up. The starter rumbled and the motor caught, bursting into life with the classic steady throb of the old boxers. Trey revved the motor, listening to the valves, then switched the motor off again.

"Let's take it for a ride," he said, swinging himself off the bike. "Give me a moment to put on my lid and leathers."

Trey grabbed his jacket, which was draped over his own restored '83 K100, and shrugged it on, then carried his helmet out to the bike and the stranger. "I'm riding," he said, and the stranger grinned at him, then slid his own helmet on.

Trey kick-started the bike and settled himself forward on the duct tape, leaving the stranger plenty of room on the back of the seat.

The stranger hopped onto the seat behind him, and the shockies settled under their combined weight. The stranger's arms slid around Trey's chest, and the guy pulled his weight forward, close enough that Trey could smell his cologne. Hot strangers who weren't afraid of a little body contact were a rarity, and Trey wished he'd showered more recently than he had.

"Let's go," the stranger said, and one of his leather-clad hands eased up to where Trey's jacket was partly unzipped, pressing through the worn cotton of his work shirt. The other hand moved too, down to rest on Trey's thigh.

Trey gunned the bike, dropping the clutch and managing to pop the front wheel a little, which was pretty damned good for an old bike.

The Beemer flew, even two-up, and Trey wound it out on a straight section of road near the garage, up through the gears, listening closely for any sound of clutch grab or gear grind. The road curved where the buildings changed from light industrial to houses; he shed speed through the gears, laying the bike over low and then pulling it back upright. Behind him, the stranger laughed, the sound carrying over the racket of the engine and the piercing whistle of air around the fairing.

The stranger's weight was solid against Trey's back, his crotch pushing against Trey's arse hard as Trey braked, his fingers digging into Trey's thigh, making Trey wish they weren't in the 'burbs, flying past people watering their lawns and walking their dogs. Trey had a dog of his own that was straining at its leash.

The river was ahead, car park mostly empty, and Trey dropped the bike back to second and slid it into a bay, away from the couple of parked cars.

He dropped the kickstand down, and the stranger eased off the back and stood beside the bike. Trey pulled his helmet off and wiped his mouth on the sleeve of his jacket.

The stranger took his helmet off, unzipped his jacket to reveal a tight black T-shirt, and said, "Well? What do you think of the bike?"

Trey swung his leg off the bike and crouched down beside the motor to inspect the machine—and coincidentally, the stranger's crotch.

"It's hot," he said, spitting on his fingers and touching them to the air-cooling fins, then yanking his hand back hurriedly.

"The bike's stolen?" the stranger asked, alarm in his voice as he squatted down beside Trey.

Trey chuckled. "No, it's just running a little hot. Probably needs an oil change and the air-cooling fins cleaned."

"What else does it need?" the stranger asked.

Trey considered the bike, its motor ticking as it cooled. He could smell hot oil, warm rubber from the tyres, petrol and exhaust mixing with his own worn leather jacket and a couple of days' sweat.

"Thing about these older, classic bikes," Trey said, "is that they're reliable. The paintwork might be chipped, the chrome scratched and dented, but they've got good hearts. They'll always get you to your destination, and you'll arrive with far more style than any new bike will give you. You don't lose out on comfort either, because they're so damned stable on the road."

He glanced sideways at the stranger, who nodded, the tip of his tongue poking between his lips.

"This one..." Trey shook his head. "The tacky Polaris fairing, mounted to the handlebars, has to go. If you want a fairing, I'll source one designed for a R90S. It will be a snug fit, will bolt to the frame, and will keep you protected, no matter what the weather."

"The starter?" the stranger asked.

“It’s still got the original relay in it, and they never were any good. I can modify the relay, take out the transistor, make it so the bike will start at the slightest touch of your finger every time.”

“Promise?” the stranger said.

“Yeah, promise.” Trey ran a hand over the fuel tank and across the seat. “There’re other problems typical of this model. I’ll need to check if oil has leaked into the final drive from the driveshaft housing.”

“Is that difficult to check?” the stranger asked.

“I can do it quickly, but I’d rather strip everything back, examine it closely, then replace all the lubricant. Lubrication is too important to skimp on, especially in the big end. You don’t want to risk running the motor dry and having it seize.”

“Don’t want that,” the stranger agreed. “I’m all in favour of lubrication.”

“Tune up, of course,” Trey said. “The boxer twin is actually two separate motors, a piston each side. If the firing is tweaked just right, you can get both pistons thrusting at the same time, and it makes the bike throb. Generates a helluva lot of power too. You should try it.”

“Thrusting simultaneously?”

“Simultaneously. And you might want the side stand altered,” Trey said contemplatively. “Standard factory setting is for it to flip up as the default. It might be worth adjusting that, so the side stand stays down more securely.”

“Is that important?”

“Depends whether you’re planning on fucking across the seat, really,” Trey said, glancing at the stranger again and cocking him a smile.

The stranger raised an eyebrow back at him and stood, his crotch level with Trey’s face again. “You’d better make the adjustment. Wouldn’t want to risk damaging the paintwork by tipping the bike over like that, even if the duco is chipped and faded.”

The stranger’s jeans were stretched taut over his crotch, cradling his balls, and his cock strained at the denim, thick ridge of flesh lying across his belly.

Trey glanced around quickly; two old blokes were fishing, standing knee-deep in the river with their rods, and a young woman was jogging past the car park, fluffy dog on a lead behind her. Private enough to rub his oil-stained fingers across the ridge of the stranger’s cock, then lean forward and press his mouth over the length, dragging his teeth down the denim, breathing in the thick smell of the man’s cock.

Fingers wound around Trey’s chin, lifting his head so he looked up the flat plane of the stranger’s belly, where his leather jacket hung open. “That side stand adjustment going to take long?” the stranger asked, and his voice sounded as thick as his cock.

“Five metric seconds.”

“That’s not long, right?” the stranger asked as he slid his gloved thumb into Trey’s mouth, brushing over his teeth. Trey pressed his tongue against the material, then sucked, the taste of leather making him moan.

The stranger laughed and retrieved his thumb. “My turn to be in control,” he said, and he slid his full-face helmet back on as he straddled the bike.

Trey swung his leg over the back, settling himself behind the stranger. He could surrender control, especially if the incentive was as tempting as this man.

The ride back, with Trey shouting directions over the stranger's shoulder while grinding up against his arse as hard as he could, one hand shoved into the stranger's groin, the other inside his jacket, took far too long.

"Into the workshop," Trey shouted when the stranger pulled up on the forecourt, pointing through the open roller door at the empty space amongst the many dismantled bikes.

The Beemer rumbled into the workshop, and Clive looked up from the workbench where he was working on the Kawasaki head that Trey had abandoned.

"Go home, Clive," Trey said, flipping up the visor of his helmet. "Treat yourself to an early finish."

"But—" Clive said, as Trey dragged his helmet off and reached for a shifter on the bench beside Clive.

"Full pay," Trey said. "Just go."

Clive's eyes widened, and his gaze slid across to where the stranger was pulling his helmet off.

"No worries," Clive said, tossing the wrench he was using onto the bench. Trey watched Clive take the keys to his old Triumph off the hook in the office and shrug his jacket on, then turned his attention to the BMW.

By the time the Triumph was puttering across the driveway, Trey had hauled the BMW onto a work rack and was crouched beside it.

"Close the garage doors," he said, fitting the shifter to the left front motor mount nut. "Let's not give the blokes at the furniture warehouse any cheap thrills. They're probably already crazed with lust at the sight of your bike."

The chain that controlled the roller door rattled as the stranger laughed, and Trey flipped the stand down and nudged the plate at the base of the stand around. He tightened the bolt back up, and the rasp of the stranger's fly was loud.

The head of his cock nudged Trey's cheek, and Trey tossed the wrench on the garage floor. The cock slid into his mouth, stretching his lips, hard and delicious, and the stranger moaned.

"Suck me, babe," the stranger whispered, rocking his hips, and there wasn't anything Trey would rather do, not right at that moment. He worked his mouth down the length of the cock, sucked his way back up, licked the head, then pushed back down again eagerly.

The stranger was into it too, groaning and shoving his cock deeper into Trey's throat, his cock rock hard, leaking pre-come.

The stranger grabbed a handful of Trey's hair, lifted his head back. "Want me to shoot on your face?" the stranger asked, his cock bobbing right in front of Trey's face. A drop of pre-come formed at the tip of it, mixed with the spit coating his cock, then slid across ruddy skin and dripped onto Trey's chin.

"Do I get to fuck you?" Trey asked. "If you do? I really wanna go two-up on your bike."

"Yeah, guess I'd like that, too," the stranger said.

Trey curled his hand, fingers blackened by engine grease, over the stranger's, and they moved their hands together, squeezing drop after drop of pre-come out, then the stranger's hips jerked forward and he shouted, and come looped across Trey's face.

Trey closed his eyes reflexively; hot fluid pulsed across his cheek and dripped into his open mouth, and it was just about the hottest thing ever.

The stranger grabbed at the front of Trey's work shirt and hauled him to his feet, then mashed their mouths together.

When they parted, Trey took a shuddering breath in and rummaged through the inside pockets of his leathers, which he was still wearing. Condoms... Lube... He pushed the stranger's jeans down to his knees and turned him around, guiding him forward over the seat of the Beemer.

Between the work rack and the repaired side stand, they should be safe.

He crouched down, then dragged his tongue up the crack of the stranger's arse, lingering over the dimple of his arse, tonguing him hard while desperately fumbling with the fly of his own jeans.

The stranger groaned and the bike creaked on its anchoring, then Trey stood up and brushed his cock where his tongue had been, riding the crack of the stranger's arse, sliding through his own spit.

He stepped back, rolled a condom over his cock, then popped the top off the tube of lube. A drizzle for his cock, then some on his fingers to ease into the stranger's arse.

His fingers slid in smoothly, while his other hand left a grubby streak on the stranger's milk-pale arse, and he admired the way the stranger was bent across his bike. "Drop bars," Trey said. "If you had drop bars, you'd have something to hang onto."

The tip of his cock touched the stranger's arse, his hand guiding it, and then he pushed forward, sliding the head of his cock smoothly into the tight heat. "Want me to take it slow?" he asked, because while his cock might have opinions about the pacing, he was willing to remember some people liked a slow ride.

"You promised me the bike would start at the slightest touch," the stranger said. "I like things that start quickly."

Trey grinned to himself, then eased on in, until he was deep inside the bliss of the stranger's arse, his thighs hard against the stranger's legs. "Hang on," he said, and he pulled back, then drove in hard.

The bike rocked, they both groaned, then Trey tightened his grip, one hand clenching the back of the stranger's jacket, the other on the bike's petrol tank, and he let his cock drive, as hard and as fast as he could.

The stranger had one hand shoved under himself, his elbow jerking rapidly, showing handling skills good enough for the rocky terrain—because even Trey was having issues with cornering and braking at that moment. If the bike rack held, if Trey could just keep the bike upright and stop the motor from seizing...

They were both yelling, cries echoing in the workshop, and the stranger shouted, "Yes! Now!"

It took Trey a moment; his reflexes were gone. Then he dropped the clutch and opened the throttle up, screaming and sliding around the final tight corner, laying them both down over the bike.

The smell of come on the still-warm motor and exhaust filled the workshop, and when Trey slumped down over the stranger, they both groaned.

"What do you think?" the stranger asked, as Trey levered himself back upright and retrieved the condom.

"Not thinking much at all at the moment, mate," Trey said. "Have to admit that." He tossed the condom into the empty oil drum filled with used paper towels, then hauled his jeans up.

The stranger pushed himself upright, off the bike, and dragged his jeans back up, covering up his arse, which disappointed Trey a little. "The bike?" the stranger said. "Is the bike roadworthy and easily repairable? Is it a good buy?"

“Sweetest damned ride I’ve had in a long time,” Trey said, and the stranger smiled at him. “Buy the bike, and I promise I’ll keep it well serviced.”

“Deal,” the stranger said, holding out his hand for Trey to shake. “A classic bike needs to be well cared for, and I don’t think I’m worried by the chipped paintwork.”

END