

Burping Frog Publishing

# Dylan Does the Band



*A Dylan James Adventure*  
**Western Tiger**

# Chapter 1

## The Drummer

“Ohh, Dylan! Aaahhhhhhhhhhh! Oh, your cock!! Oh fuck me with that cock!!”

Dylan lay on his back as the dark haired beauty slid her tight velvet sleeve up and down his nine inch monster. She was doing all the work as they lay in the back of her old Econoline van and she rode his cock. Her big tits were bouncing violently as she drove his rock hard prick deep into her juicy snatch. Her smoky gray eyes were closed and her strong tattoo-covered arms were braced against his muscular chest for support as her slick hot hole worked the length of his cock. She had cum once already and she looked like she was headed for another strong climax.

“Uuuggghhhh! OH ... Dylan!! I love your cock!!!! OH ... FUCK!!!!”

Dylan’s hands were on her shapely hips guiding her thrusts as she rode him hard. She was not the usual girl that Dylan ended up with. She was the drummer in an up and coming female rock group, “HiHeels From Hell,” and they had met when he went to hear another group at the Temple Bar in Santa Monica. The crowd had been very small and the other band sucked, but the instant heat between the two of them when they met at the bar was hard to miss. She had a tight black wife beater on that was stretched across her good sized tits. The bottom of the wife-beater was torn off to reveal her very taut and sexy stomach, and a very small black and white mini-skirt is all that kept the world from seeing she had no panties on! She had tattoos all up and down

both arms and shoulders. Her black hair (too black to be real) was streaked with crimson and she wore really heavy dark eye makeup. Her nose was pierced on one side, and a ring pierced her lower lip right in the center. She had a silver band over one of her rather developed biceps and black leather bands on each wrist. Her taut stomach was a display board of different tats - stars, sun signs, and Celtic runes. Her belly button was pierced with a gold chain, and she stood at least 5'10" in her biker boots. Her eyes were smoky and dark, and she stared you right in the eye when you spoke to her. The look she gave you seemed to be almost daring you to try and touch her, or maybe to fuck her. She was smoking hot, she knew it and she was not afraid to use what the good Lord had given her.

"Unhhh, unhhh, unhhh, unhhh," she moaned as she repeatedly rose and fell on Dylan's giant cock. He moved his hands from her hips to her bouncing tits and twisted her pierced nipples hard. "OOOHHHHHHHHH, FUCK!!!!!!!!!" she wailed as the sudden sharp pain coursed through her body and straight to her rock hard clit. The combination of the pleasure of his large hard cock filling her tight cunt, and the pain of him twisting her hard pierced nipples drove her over the edge to her climax. She started double-timing her ass up and down, trying to jam as much of his huge pussy-pleaser up her slot as possible.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH ... OH ... MY ... GOD ... FFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!!!!!!!"

She screamed as her ass churned up and down driving his cock deep into her gushing cunt. Her juices flowed out of her pussy like a river and coated his balls and thighs. She was cumming apart at the seams as she thrashed about on his towering prick, her tight rippling cunt trying to squeeze his cum out of him like a vice. The whole van was shaking from the violence of her thrusts.

"OOOHHHHHHH DYLAN ... FFFFUUUUCCCKKKK ... MMEEEEE!!!!!!!!!"

As Dylan watched her going crazy on his cock, he thought back to their first fuck. It had been that first night. As soon as the other band's set was over, she had grabbed him and taken him

to the bar and started ordering shots. He matched her drink for drink and she could hold her booze. He learned her name was Angel, she was twenty eight in three days, she was in a band and she loved to suck cock. By the time the bar closed at 1:30 a.m., they were shit-faced. They staggered out to her van and it didn't take them two minutes before Dylan's raging cock was stuck up her wet tight pussy. They fucked for what seemed like hours in the back of her van parked on an LA city street, but no one bothered them. When they woke up the next morning, she was covered in his dry cum and they both had massive hangovers. Bad ones! She ran a brush through her sperm covered hair, put on her wife-beater and skirt and they stumbled to the nearest diner around the corner, where they ordered tons of really greasy food, and lots of water and coffee. After they had eaten all they could, she followed him back to his bungalow in West Adams where she called in sick to work. They crashed hard in his king-size bed, and when they finally woke the debauchery started again. Drinking, smoking, fucking is all they did for two days until she realized that she had a gig the next day. On her birthday! So she kissed him goodbye and invited him to the birthday show.

He had shown up at the birthday gig early. Angel's band was playing a private party at the Buddha Lounge, and they were scheduled to do three sets that night. They were going on about 10 p.m., so Dylan got there about 9 p.m. and was soon helping Angel setup her equipment. As he watched her muscle in her drums, mics and help the other girls with their amps, he again realized what a beautiful and strong woman she was.

Tonight she was dressed in a black corset-like top and skin tight pink vinyl pants. The top had ties all the way down the front similar to a corset, and you could clearly see that she had no bra or anything under the top. For a quick escape, it had a concealed zipper on the side under an arm. Her vinyl pants were so tight that you could see the outline of her pussy lips in the molded crouch. They also had cut-outs on the hips that showed her bare skin and made it impossible for her to have a thong or anything on underneath. The pants had wide flared bottoms that showed

off her four inch spiked come-fuck-me pumps, and a zipper that ran down one leg. Without that zipper the pants would have been impossible for anyone to get in or out of.

He met the rest of the band, had a quick shot with Angel and then she pulled him out to the back alley. She shoved him into the back of her van, and told him it was time for her first birthday present. She pulled off his boots and jeans, and just groaned when his nine inch prick burst into view at full mast. She quickly peeled her skin tight clothes off her extremely fine body and lowered herself onto his towering prick. She was so wet that his prick sunk balls deep into her hot box with one stroke. She savored the feeling for just a moment then her ass went into overdrive. Dylan marveled at the passion that Angel did everything. Music, drinking, sex were all done at full-tilt, nothing was held back.

“God I have thought about this dick for a whole day! Fuck, I love your cock, you son of a bitch! Oh, Fuck! This feels so good!” Angel commented as she rode his prick for all she was worth. Soon the sounds of slapping flesh and squishing cunt juice filled the van.

That is how they had started this night, but now Angel was just finishing her second orgasm of the night as her creaming cunt was locked onto Dylan’s iron manhood like a vice. She was grunting so loud that she sounded like an out of shape tennis player as she drove her cunt up and down on his massive cock. Finally, she collapsed against his chest exhausted from cumming. Dylan let her lie there for a moment; his great prick still buried balls deep in her fiery clutching cunt. Then slowly, he held her close to him and he turned over with his prick still buried in her cunt. He was now above her, and she was lying on the small single mattress in the back of the van.

In passing, he wondered how many guys Angel had fucked in this van. Possibly hundreds if she approached every potential sex partner as she had approached him. Direct, to the point, and no chance of escape. That is how he had felt that first night -- she was the hunter and he was the prey. Once she had him in her sights, he was not going to get away, and he hadn’t. He didn’t remember

much of what happened in the van that first night, except in the morning there was dried sperm and cunt juice everywhere. It must have been a hell of a fuck-a-thon.

“Oh, God! Are you going to fuck me again?” she panted as Dylan rose up between her wide spread thighs.

“That was the idea,” he smiled as he pushed her legs up over his shoulders.

“No one has ever made me cum like you do. No One! Oh, Fuck Me Hard!”

Dylan smiled at her as he leaned over her, causing her knees to crush against her straining breasts. He grabbed the top of the old mattress for support, and slowly pulled his long prick out of her hot gash until only the big mushroom knob was left inside.

“You want this?” he teased.

“YES ... YES ... Give it to me NOW!!!” Angel hissed at him. She was so turned on at that moment she was almost hysterical.

Dylan drilled his nine inches of solid muscle deep into her cunt. The great head bounced off of Angel’s cervix. Hanging on to the mattress for leverage, he fucked his long dick in and out of her slick pussy, trying to get as far up into her as he could. Angel was screaming at the top of her lungs as he relentlessly drove his prick into her. Her head was shaking from side to side, her hands are crawling at her tits, and she was churning her ass up and down trying to get more of Dylan inside her. She had never been fucked like Dylan fucked her. Long, hard, powerful, and never-ending. Her pussy could begin to cream at just the thought of him and his amazing cock. But actually having the real thing between her wide spread thighs drilling into her hot cunt was heaven. She felt her orgasm coming and it was going to be huge. One of her hands dropped down to her rock hard clit and she began to strum it in time with Dylan’s bone shattering thrusts. In and out, he plunged into her molten core, spearing his cock into her gushing cunt, touching her in places few men’s cocks had ever even reached. The tension was building for both of them as he plowed into her time and time again. Suddenly, her hands flew straight out to the floor of the van, her eyes rolled back in

her head, and she began to bounce her ass up and down as if to throw him off. One stroke, two strokes, three strokes and her world exploded. A shattering cum that sent a world of colors swirling through her head.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” she bellowed as the sound of slapping flesh and creaking shocks bounced off the walls of the van. Her cunt muscles shut down on Dylan’s drilling cock but he continued to drive into her clutching cunt trying to take her to new heights.

“OOOHHH ... G-G-G-GOD!!!!!!!!!! FFFUUUCCCK-KKK! MMMEEEE!”

Suddenly, Dylan’s release was there and he allowed Angel’s hot cunt muscles to take him over the top. He fired missile after missile of hot cum deep into her cunt, bathing her inner walls with his sticky, white seed. As his cock continued to thrust into her hot mushy core, streams of white, milky fluid spilled from the lips of Angel’s cunt. It ran down the crack of her ass and pooled on the old mattress. She moved her ass up and down trying to maintain the amazing feelings that Dylan’s plunging cock gave her, but finally all things end and so did their mutual orgasm. Dylan gave up his hold on the top of the mattress and slid back. As he did, Angel legs came down with him until her legs were locked around his waist. They were face to face with Dylan’s cock still buried in her drooling cunt. She grabbed his head with both of her hands and plunged her tongue deep into his mouth. They exchanged a relaxed but passionate kiss that was filled with all the joy and pleasure that comes from a fuck well done.

Finally, breaking the kiss, she said, “That is the best present you could have given me. God, I love fucking you!”

Dylan just smiled as he kissed her again. Having a twenty eight year old “rock” goddess want his cock so much did wonders for his ego as well.

As the kiss broke and they just stared into each other eyes, Dylan could see an idea form and come to birth in Angel’s eyes. “I know what I want you to give me for my birthday?”

“You want something else? After this?”

“Yep!”

“What would that be?”

“I want you to fuck the rest of my band tonight during our show.” Dylan just stared at her dumb-founded. As the look of shock crossed his face, Angel grabbed his head once more and deeply kissed him again.

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