# Screaming Willows

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*Something I've discussed with my partner but not actually had the courage to try yet.*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/screaming-willows.aspx

I didn’t know whether my erect nipples were because of the soft breeze that was blowing through the cotton of my sun dress or if I was excited at what I knew was going to happen. My boyfriend had sent me a text asking me to meet him in the little park with the willow trees, just as the sun was lowering in the sky. I didn’t have to worry too much as the sky was still bright blue, pretty much like the blue sun dress he liked so much, only this time with not a stitch else on.

I was worried the bareness of my firm ass would cause the dress to cling to my private parts and expose me to the world. But the world did not seem to care. I smiled as I approached the bench where I had agreed to meet you.

It was a nice day, it could have been a bit hotter as I felt the goose bumps rise along my left arm. I opened my bag and took out my book. Damn, I remember how the love scenes in that story made me so wet and how I wished you would hurry up and get here. That’s when the sound of the ice cream man caught my ears. Mmm, maybe I would treat myself while I waited.

I hadn’t noticed someone was watching me. As my soft lips licked and sucked the Twister I had bought, his pants got a little tighter. I was driving him insane and I wasn’t even touching him. It was then he decided that he had to have me. Walking over he called out to me.

“Excuse me” he said.

I immediately noticed the deep voice and the beautiful body that it came from.

“Can I help you” I tried to say in my most assertive tones.

“I couldn’t help but notice the way you were eating that ice cream, and it made me want to come and talk to you.”

He flashed a smile at me as I felt the heat rise in my cheeks, no doubt turning as red as a cherry.I opened my mouth to retaliate but nothing came out.

"It's fine” he said as he slid down next to me, “I was just thinking that I’ve never seen a woman perform something erotic so artistically”.

Again the heat rose. “I guess I must just be a little frustrated” I said.

Why the hell I was telling him this I don’t know but I felt like I could trust him. I tried to play it off by getting back to my book but I was quickly losing, looking around you were nowhere to be seen and this tall handsome stranger was standing in front of me with a bulge so big I knew that he was also fighting a losing game.

I don’t know why I agreed to his next question. Maybe it was because I was so goddamn horny but I answered truthfully when he asked me if I wanted to have sex with him. What was I doing? I had a wonderful boyfriend meeting me here in the park. Running his hands through my hair he pulled me up off the bench and led me towards the middle of the park. This park had some beautiful weeping willows that concealed the secrets of what many couples like us came to do. Pulling me through the fronds of the biggest tree, he began to caress my body like it was a lost treasure.

Damn how did he know that I was so sensitive? He was kissing every spot like his life depended on it. Why was I not fighting him, why was I letting his hand invade my pussy and make it wetter and wetter as he slowly pulled the straps of my sun dress down so he could suck my bullet hard nipples?

As the frenzy took over me I reached out for his hard cock but he wouldn’t let me touch it. Pinning my arms above my head, he walked me backwards until I felt the rough trunk of the tree behind me. Taking off his belt he tied my hands together before tightening it over the branch. Here I stood, my breasts exposed as he got onto his knees and lifted my leg over his shoulder. He inhaled deeply and smiled at the freshly shaved pussy before him. Teasing , he licked everywhere but where I wanted him to. He laughed as I wriggled, knowing that I couldn't go anywhere, before burying his face deep in my pussy and eating me out like he’d never eaten anything in his life.

He began to lick my clit like I was now the ice cream in his hands. I tried to control myself as I felt the tip of his tongue moving backward and forward over it but the waves of passion running through me were defeating the objective. It did not help when he took his finger and inserted it back into my hole. I tried to hold back my whimpering but I was slowly being pushed over the edge. I was calling to God, Jehovah, Yahweh, Buddha and every deity that I could think of.

Without a warning he stood up and released me, forcefully bending me over and lifting my dress. I

heard the zip from his jeans being lowered before feeling something muscular slap my ass.

“Oh God, please no” I cried.

But he ignored me, choosing instead to enter me in a quick fluid movement. Pulling me closer into him, he held me supportively and started to fuck me doggy style. I swear I could feel him in my stomach he felt that big. I had never accommodated a guy so big and my pussy was being stretched to full capacity. The combination of the sting that passed through my body every time he spanked me as well as his full thrusting made me want to sing God’s name in every language I could muster. Why was this so exciting? He wasn’t my boyfriend, I was sure to come again and soon.

But before that could happen he withdrew. Lifting me to him, he wrapped my legs around his waist before slamming his dick back in me. In this position I thought he would split me in half so I tried to move as slowly as possible.

He wasn’t having it though and leaned me back before slapping his balls up against my saturated pussy, faster and faster. I’m sure everyone heard my screams, it was so bad but it felt that good. He then proceeded to bounce me up and down until he felt my juices run down all over his thighs. His dirty talk didn’t help. It was driving me insane. I lost count of the times he made me come. I don’t know how long we were there for he just would not stop fucking me. Even the streetlights began to show their presence by providing the backlight for our performance.

As I started to get dizzy from the continuous rush of endorphins that was making my body give up, I felt that familiar tightening of his balls as the thrusts slowed. A guttural roar escaped from his throat as I felt him push up and explode against the encasement of my pussy.

My legs feel as if they’re going to fall from underneath me as I pulled the straps of my summer dress up and search for the other foot of my shoe. As I continued to bend over I heard a rip. The bastard had ripped a piece of my dress.

“As a souvenir” he smirked.

I did nothing but nod as I gathered myself together and left the park. Walking home I realised what I had just done but I didn’t feel guilty at all. The sting of my pussy was punishment enough.

Reaching my front door I let myself in and waited for my boyfriend to get home.

“Hey baby”, I heard as you closed the door.

“Hi honey”, I replied.

“Get up to anything today”

“Oh I went to the park”

“So did I, I didn’t see you.”

“Have you got anything for the wash?”

“Yeah these jeans I'm wearing”

It was then I found the piece of blue material that had been so cruelly ripped from my sun dress. I smiled devilishly enjoying every single part of today’s game. It would become a souvenir just like all the other ripped dresses I had. It was then he came into the kitchen and kissed me passionately. This time we wouldn’t have to pretend that we didn’t even know each other.