

The picnic table

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Oct 2011

Eating on a picnic table provides a tasty experience

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We sat, just holding one another after your first orgasm, while slowly you came down from it, and were ready to have another.

After a little while, I kissed you again, deeply, drinking of the taste of your own cum that lingered on your lips where my fingers had spread it a little earlier. My hand held the right side of your face, and pulled you at first reluctantly into the kiss. Soon you were kissing me with as much passion as I felt for you.

I nibbled your bottom lip, drawing it into my mouth, and kissed your chin, down to your neck. I kiss up to your ear, and nibbled your ear lobe.

Reaching down, I pulled apart the top of your blouse, your bra already loosened, both breasts beautifully exposed. I bent down, and kissed your right nipple. I felt you press your body close to mine as I pulled your small hard nipple into my mouth, my tongue circling it slowly. Shifting my attention to your left breast, I held it in my hand and tweaked the nipple before taking it into my mouth. I love the way I can tell how my kissing your nipples feels. There is something in your breathing, and the way your body moves that lets me know you love it.

I kissed your tummy, you know I love kissing your tummy. I followed a line down to the top of your pants. In a hurry to get to your pussy, I pulled them down a little, amazed that I could see you like that, exposed on the picnic table beside the river.

Your pussy was shaved, of course I knew that, but seeing it, not just feeling it was amazing. I love your pussy, it is delightful the way its brownish colour stands out from your soft white skin. Your lips were moist, slightly parted, a little glistening bead of your previous orgasm rolling down slowly towards your ass. The hood above, hiding the glistening pink colour of your clit.

How much I wanted my lips and tongue on that clit, I wanted your pleasure as much as you did. I

craved it, much as I spent the day today craving you, craving all of you, your smell, your taste your voice, your mind and its thoughts, the delight of just being with you.

Your lips were glistening wet from the way I fingered you to orgasm before, and when I touched one of them, you gasped. I pushed my head down to get to your clitoris, but I needed to get your pants down over your bum to give you access.

Seeing how awkward it was, you lifted your bum and I pulled your pants down to your knees. You leaned back on the picnic table, relaxing and enjoying, knowing that I would not let you down. Now I was able to get my lips to taste your pussy. I sucked on your lips first, but your hip movements told me you were in a hurry for my tongue to be on your clitoris.

I love it when you get greedy. It drives me mad with desire. And you were greedy then, you wanted me to make you cum on the picnic table. I think if I didn't do it, you would have grabbed me and forced my face into your pussy, that's how badly you wanted it.

Its not only that you wanted it, its that you loved wanting it. That's what I love about you. You just love wanting it. Fuck that's awesome, and it makes me ache for you.

I moved quickly to give you what you wanted, my tongue pressed against your clitoris, and move it back and forth, and up and down, varying from circles to up and down movements. While doing this, I was playing with your pussy lips, not putting my fingers inside you, just teasing you on the outside.

You arched your back, like you were trying to catch me inside you. Your breathing was coming fast, and you were making soft moaning sounds. But clearly you wanted more.

I knew exactly what you wanted, but I deliberately waited for you to tell me. I knew you would, I could sense the intensity of your wanting. Greedy for it, you did not wait long to tell me.

"Finger me," you moaned softly through a breath that was filled with the sounds of pleasure. "Finger me now."

I slipped one finger into you, its was easy, you were soaking wet, and as I pressed it in, I stopped licking you and said "Feel me inside you, filling you up, feel my fingers like my cock in you."

I slid the second finger into you and pressed it all the way inside. Inside, I rubbed the top of your love canal, where I hoped your G-Spot was, and moved them around there before pulling them out.

I loved rubbing the inside of your pussy, feeling you all the way to your cervix. I can tell where to

touch you inside there to make it feel nice, just by the sound of your breathing and the way your body moves.

While my fingers were sliding in and out of you, I changed the movement of my tongue, from circles and random movements, to up and down movements. I know how much those movements get you going, and I was not disappointed, because the sound of your breathing and its pace both increased.

Soon you were making high pitched sounds, mixed with your breathing, and your breathing got faster and faster.

I could tell your orgasm had started, your pussy muscles started to pulsate around my fingers. There were definitely "oh" sounds mixed into your high pitched breathing. Your hips moved as if to pull my fingers deeper into you.

I could feel your skin flush, and soon your breathing slowed as your orgasm reached its peak and subsided. For a while, I rested my head there, enjoying the smell of your orgasm, leaving my fingers in you to catch the last of your orgasm's pulsations.

[I hope you are aching and wet now. I want that for you, something we both love. I want you to do something now, to build on the feelings that this story and its memory has evoked. Use the hand that you do not use to masturbate, and get some wetness on your fingers, and hold it against your lips and nose. Smell the scent of yourself, the beautiful scent of arousal, and reach down with the other hand. Press the inside of your middle finger against your clitoris, and rotate it very slowly, very very slowly, build it up, until you are on the edge of cumming. But don't cum, stop and write me a message about how it feels, what its like to be so close to the edge, to smell and taste your arousal while you are hovering there.

OK, now you are going to do the same thing, and play with your nipples too, and you are going to take yourself to the edge and hold it there for as long as you can. Not so long that it takes anything away, but long enough to make it intense. You know where that point is, and you like it there. Then you are going to move slowly over the edge, moving your fingers only as fast as it takes to push you gently over the edge. The slower the better, the more intense it will be, the longer the falling away sensation that we both crave. Can you make noise? If you can, let go breath naturally, hear your own voice. Say "I am cumming" and listen to the sound of your voice deepening with your orgasm.

My lover, I want to know how it was, what it felt like, how you were sitting when you did it, what your body did, and how you felt, smelled and sounded. Make it cum for me now baby, I really want to feel your orgasm.]