Summer Rain

By wildside

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Rain!? In the summer!? Let's move the picnic indoors...

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I had spent all morning making sandwiches, cutting up apples, selecting your favourite drinks and crisps, and arranging biscuits on a pretty little plate. I'd packed it all into the picnic hamper with my picnic blanket, and I was dressed in my prettiest sun dress. Oh, we would have such a lovely time! A picnic in the park, under the summer sun, eating, drinking, laughing, a cheeky kiss while nobody was paying much attention to the young couple under the big oak tree...

But then the rain began. Fat, heavy drops soaked the houses across the street, staining their pale bricks. My heart sank. Everything was ruined.

My phone vibrated on the kitchen counter; a message from you. It said 'Ahh raining so bad! I'll come to your place instead. I love you xxx'

I replied with the offer if a hot chocolate to warm you up when you got back, and you gratefully accepted. I hurriedly began re-arranging my lounge- I'd hand an idea! I pushed my sofa back, and laid the picnic blanket over the rug on the wooden floor. I placed the hamper next to the blanket and set up my favourite film in the DVD player.

Just as I'd finished, I heard the front door open and rushed to greet you. You were drenched! Droplets rolled down your cheeks and fell off your chin. I didn't care though, I threw my arms around you and rested my head on your chest, saying "You're so wet," and laughing, "I love you so much!"

"I love you too!" You said with a grin, and picked me up, spinning me around before placing me back on the floor.

"Go in the lounge," I said with a smile, "I made it all nice for you."

You walked in a few steps before stopping, your dark eyes scanning the room. You quickly turn around and kiss me lovingly, "You're so amazing. It's lovely." You say, and I know I've pleased you.

We sit and eat for a while, enjoying the good food, and the film, and each other's company. Until suddenly, you throw down your unpeeled orange and lean over the food. Before I know what's going on, your hand has cupped my face and your tongue is in my mouth. You kiss me passionately, and play your fingers down my throat. For a second, I am frozen with the unexpectedness of your sudden kiss. But only for a second. I kiss you back, deeply and slowly, drawing out the movements of our tongues, our lips. Then your hand moves from my neck to my right breast, and I know what you want.

"Tom, not now. Hannah will be back soon!" I protested. Hannah, my flatmate, was due back in about forty-five minutes.

You say nothing as you begin to kiss my neck, your hand caressing my breast through my dress. Then, it moves to the side of the dress and unzips it. You slip the straps down, exposing my plain black bra. Again, you are gently squeezing my right breast, and pinching the nipple slightly. I feel your growing erection pressing into my knee.

"Look, I said no. Now is not the time!" I am beginning to get angry.

Your mouth continues its work on my neck, little kisses, nibbles, and licks, trailing them down to my collar bones, then lower to the top of my breasts. A soft, gentle moan escapes my lips.

"Well," you say, "You keep saying no, but you aren't trying to stop me!" with a low laugh.

"For God's sake, I don't want Hannah to catch us!"

I decide this is it; I stand up quickly, trying to escape your wonderfully pleasing lips and hard boner, but you hold the bottom of my dress and as I rise, it falls to the floor. I am left fully exposed in nothing but my underwear.

"What a beautiful sight." You mutter, as you, too, stand up. "I'll tell you what's going to happen. You will do everything I say now, and you'll enjoy it too, okay?" you don't wait for an answer. Again, your hand cups my face as kiss me again on the mouth, just once. Then your lips re-start their delicious work on my neck. I realise I must give in; my pussy has become wet. I hadn't noticed I was turned on until I knew your eyes were roaming all over my body hungrily.

Before I know what's happening, your nimble fingers have unhooked my 32E bra, releasing my tits. Your wonderful kisses begin on my left breast, circling the nipple. Then you take it into your mouth and suck it hard, and nibble it. I moan, quietly.

“You are definitely enjoying this!” you laugh into my chest, and continue onto my right breast.

My panties are getting wet now, and I don’t know how long I’ll be able to wait. I try to take them off, but your strong hands stop me. Instead, you pull them down, letting them drop the floor. I feel a slight breeze whisper past my nipples and my pussy, only heightening my horny-ness. You slip a finger between my wet pussy lips, soaking it in my juices. I can feel it teasing me around my clit, but not on it; around my hole, but not in it. I begin to whimper softly, I desperately need your eight inch cock.

“Put your finger in me!” I gasp as I cannot take any more.

“What was that!?” you almost shout, seemingly angry, although I suspect you have a sneaky smile on your gorgeous face. “Ask me nicely, speak properly, you horny bitch.”

“Please, Tom, will you put your finger inside me?” I whisper, barely audible.

You slide one finger into my hole. I moan loudly this time. You move it further in, finding my G-Spot. You push into it, repeatedly, and I can already feel my orgasm building. I moan again, and you move your thumb onto my swollen clit. It feels so, so, so good. My moans become higher pitched as I get closer and closer to the edge.

But you stop.

“Beg for more.” You order.

“What?” I say, completely dazed.

“Fucking beg me, you naughty little bitch.”

“Please, Tom, please give me more. You’re so good. Please.”

With that, you wrap a strong arm around my waist and lift me up onto the dining table. Without being asked, I open my legs wide for you, showing you my wet pussy which desperately needs you. You bend down and lick from my opening to my clit, in a slow line. It makes me shudder as I feel the slipperiness of it, so good. Your tongue finds my clit swollen and hard, and you continue bombarding it with your tongue, sending me towards my orgasm... But you stop again! I’m furious; I need my release, and you’re torturing me!

“Imagine this is my desk. And I’m your teacher. And you’ve been a very, very bad little girl.” Your voice is deep and quiet; I can tell you need it as bad as I do. I have a feeling you planned this as soon

as it began to rain. I decide to play along, it might lead to something good! “So what are you?”

“A bad girl.” I whisper.

“Louder, bitch! What are you!?”

“A bad girl!” I practically yell it this time. It was what you wanted, and you reward my with a deep kiss and your finger back inside me. At this angle, you have better access to m G-Spot. I begin breathing very heavily and letting out little tiny moans every now and then. I know I will come soon.

“You’re a very naughty girl,” you say into my ear, “You should have handed your homework in on time. You need punishment, don’t you?”

“What? Oh, yes, yes I do...?” I’m nervous of what might happen next, but I can still feel your finger banging my G-Spot with everything you’ve got, and I’m breathless, so I don’t care.

“Turn over, then.” You remove your finger, and I’m immediately disappointed.

I get off the table and you roughly turn me around and bend me over the table, so my tits are crushed beneath me. You run your hands along my back, either side of my spine, from my neck to my ass. You hold an ass cheek in each hand and rub gentle circles, then without warning you remove both hands, and bring your right hand down in a hard slap across my right ass cheek. It hurts, and I cry out, but it is a good pain. You spank me over and over in the same spot, it feels so painfully good. After six or seven slaps, you stop abruptly, and say “Apologise, bitch, and I’ll finish your punishment.”

By this time, I’m gagging for more but I have no idea what to say, so I babble out “Sorry, Tom. I should have handed my homework in.”

“That’s SIR to you!!!” you yell, “SIR! Give me a proper apology and beg for another spanking, you whore!”

“I’m so sorry, Sir, I’ll try better! Please hit me again.”

You spank me again, but on my left ass cheek this time. Repeatedly, another six or seven hard slaps, making me cry out slightly each time. I loved it. I’d never had it like this before. I had gotten even wetter; I could feel it beginning to drip down to my thighs. Again, you finger found my entrance, but instead of putting it all the way in, you teased me again.

“You’re such a naughty little girl.” You say again, and grab me by the shoulders to spin me around.

My breasts bounce as you do so, and I gasp in shock as you ram me against the table. Once more, you lift me onto the table, spreading my legs as wide as possible.

“I need you inside me...” I say, not daring to look into your eyes.

“What was that? Ask nicely, little slut.” You grab my waist and come closer. I feel your hard-on pressing into my thigh through your jeans.

“Please, Sir, put your big hard cock inside my pussy, I need you.”

You smile, and undo your jeans, and pull them down slightly with your boxers. You tug your t-shirt over your head and throw it on the floor. With your huge cock released, I am as wet as can be. The table below me is beginning to get dripped on...

You push the head of your penis towards my wet pussy, sliding it around the hole, rubbing my clit with it, teasing me. You do this for about five minutes. Then, without a single word, you shove the whole eight inches deep inside me. I wasn’t prepared, and I call out, shocked and surprised. It does feel good though, I swear your cock is made for me. It fills me so perfectly.

You withdraw it almost all the way out, then slam it back in, hard. It hurts a little, but I find I like it. You continue to do this for a while, until my breathy moans become almost screams against your muscular neck. I sink my hands into your hair, as I feel yet again my orgasm building. As soon as you realise I am close, you pull out again, denying me a third time.

“PLEASE let me come!” I scream, I don’t care if the neighbours hear, I need it so bad.

“Please let me come, WHAT?” you growl, animal like.

“Please let me come, sir. I know I’m bad, but I need it!”

“Okay then. You come for me, and I’ll let you off about your homework.”

And with that, you ram your cock into me again, thrusting over and over, speeding up. I wrap my legs around you, bringing you closer to me so that the base of your cock rubs my clit with each thrust into me. Finally, I can’t hold it in, I’m about to come!

“I’m coming!” I scream, “I’m coming, Tom! Aahhhh!” I scream out, it’s the hardest orgasm I‘ve ever had, it’s the best I’ve ever felt, and you made me like this. Wave after wave of pleasure wracks my body, emanating outwards from my clit and my pussy. My body shudders. I finish coming, and realise

that you haven’t yet.

“Good girl,” you say, “Now bend the fuck over.”

I do as you ask, and you enter me from behind, pummelling my tight pussy. You reach out your left arm and grip each of my tits in turn, pulling on the nipples. You carry on until you begin to come as well. You shoot a load of hot cum into me, I feel it, I love it, and with this I come for a second time, not as strong as the first. Your cock is still hard when you pull out.

“You’re so good.” I whisper into your ear as you hug me from behind. You hand me my panties, and I re-dress myself as you pull up your trousers. We push the food to the side and cuddle up on the picnic blanket to watch the end of the film. Five minutes later, Hannah comes home, and I look at you and giggle. We have never been caught! You grin your handsome grin.

Later on, Hannah asks “What’s this on the table?” she is pointing at a wet patch near the edge, where my juices and your cum spilled onto it.

“I’ve no idea, Hannah, we ate our food on the picnic blanket! Must be from when you had breakfast this morning?” I lie so easily, and I watch her wipe it up.

You kiss me passionately before you leave, whispering “Good job it rained, or we wouldn’t have had such a pleasurable time...” You wink before I close the door, and I sigh, fully satisfied.