Heat Part 2

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One taste, and it wasn't enough...

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The night passes in my tent quietly. Beside me, my boyfriend had passed out hours before, after complaining of bug bites and sun exposure and now the torrential rain. He said nothing upon my sodden arrival back at camp, or the fact that I grabbed my suit and went for a swim. Truly, I was rinsing away evidence of our sex. To dip into the freezing water, more rain pelting down on me, it felt like a sin to wash him away. I swore I could still feel his lips crashing down on me, his hot wide length inside of me. I'm not proud to say it, but I masturbated after my swim, thinking of him taking me again.

The tent moved in the wind. We should have packed up and left after I got back from my swim. But seeing his eyes locked on my still wet form, nipples hard against my suit, my hair slicked back from my face, I couldn't just walk away from this trip. It was the only time we would get to be alone, without all of our friends together. I wanted to use every excuse in the book not to sleep in the tent tonight with my boyfriend. Just his presence was irritating to me now.

He rolled over with a snore, putting his back to me. I glanced over at him, and let out an irritated sigh. I couldn't shower him with affection I no longer felt. If only I had decided not to make him my boyfriend, I thought, staring at his back. He snored again, and I tried hard to stifle my giggles. He only snored like that when he was in a deep sleep. A throbbing between my legs started. I wanted nothing more than to crawl out of our tent and go find the person I really wanted.

I rolled onto my side to face the door. Quietly, with smooth, unshaken hands, I unzipped the top half of the door. The rain didn't come inside and the wind was cooling on my flushed face. In the darkness, the embers from the near dead fire glowed, and the woods called around us, seemingly loud in the thundering rain and flashes of lightning. I reach down beside the bed, towards my bag and cell phone. I had his number in there. I could send him a text...

Picking up my phone, I had no bars. I let out a small growl of frustration.

I heard a low chuckle, and I chucked my phone and blinked in the darkness. He was out there. Hunter. So close. The next flash of lightning and I saw him, leaning against a tree, his eyes flashing in the night. He stopped leaning against it and strode toward me, swaggering. The rain made his t-shirt stick to him, and he wore only his boxers. I could see the outline of the dick I wanted so badly again and I throbbed intensely inside of my own shorts. I bit my lip as he knelt next to my tent. “Wanted to

text me huh and get me to come outside...I was going to do the same to you, little girl.” He said, his voice soft as he spoke, not wanting to wake the man next to me.

I stared into his face, almost unable to see his features. But I would never forget them, for as long as I lived. My voice came out trembling, “Do you...want to go for a walk again?” I said softly, my hand pressing against the screen. His own hand met mine and I could feel the heat of him through the mesh. I wanted to tear through it, to get to him. Something told me he felt the same. Without answering, he unzipped the tent quietly and took my hand, tugging me. I surged out of the bed, spilling out of the tent onto him.

My body was pressed against his tightly, mimicking our earlier fucking, my legs sprawled over the tops of his, my heated and damp pussy pressed tight against his growing bulge. My breasts, not contained in a bra were shoved hard against his chest, my nipples becoming hard at the contact. The rain poured down my back and soaked my hair as I blinked down at him. He let out a low chuckle, and wrapped his arms around me, hugging me tightly. I shuddered, feeling his heat seep through my damp clothes. Finally, his arms eased from me and I rolled off him, standing as quick as possible. I crossed my arms over my chest, trying to hard the fact that my nipples were straining against the white cotton of my top.

His eyes found mine in the dark as he stood. He towered over me slightly. Usually I didn't fall for guys quite that height, but his height made me think confidence. It turned me on, thinking he could hold me, and keep me safe with that long length of his. In my mind the image of us in sunlight, laying in the bed I had back at my own home, curling under white cotton sheets, laughing, and cuddling, his long arms around my middle as I pressed my back against him, holding me close to him. The image was gone just as fast as it showed up in my mind. I wanted to recall it, but now my desire was riding me too close.

He grabbed my hips and pulled me tight to him. I pulled away for a moment, to zip up the tent. I turned back to him and he grabbed me by my hips again, and like heat lightning, his mouth was slanted across mine. I reciprocated the heat, and passion in the kiss, my tongue darting forth to taste his mouth. He groans against my mouth, feeling my body pressed so close to his. He wraps thick arms around me and easily picks me up, letting my toes drag along the ground as he starts to back us into the treeline. I know he's doing it for the sake of not being discovered, but my body is so hot, so needy, I want him to take me right there, against my tent.

Finally, we are under the cover of trees. The rain has eased some, and my mouth leaves his. My body is leaning tight against his, and he still has me hauled up close to him. I breath heavily, my eyes hooded as I look up at him. I can feel him hard and thick against my stomach. I smile slowly and reach between us, letting go of my grip on his neck, and rub my fingers against him. He lets out another shuddering groan, his eyes shutting at the feeling.

Suddenly, he is shoving me hard against a tree again. Our urgency is riding us now. He grabs my hips and heaves me up, and I wrap my legs around his waist, grinding my wet covered heat against the line of him in his boxers. He opens his eyes and grinds back, grinning wickedly. “Mm..Someone

wants me...” He says, his voice low, husky and teasing.

I can't reply. The words are stuck in my throat as I let out low whimpers. He lets out his own deeper whimper as I shudder hard against him, getting off on the feeling of him pressed against me. “I can't wait...” He says softly, dropping kisses to my throat. He bites me hard and I buck against him, letting out a small squeak. Going between us, I shove aside my shorts, and then push at his boxers. I can't quite get my fingers to work as well on him, feeling him hot and pulsing just behind the cloth. He eases his hand between us, using the tree to hold me up now, his other hand slipping to dig into my ass, to squeeze it. He lets out a groan as he frees himself, and in one quick motion, lines himself up with my wet entrance.

I shut my eyes tightly, biting my lip as he drags his mouth from my neck again to kiss and bite up to my mouth. He captures my lips, swallowing my needy groans. Without any hesitation, he presses himself deep into me and swallows my loud moan of satisfaction. My pussy is hot, tense, pulsing around him, gripping him tightly. His tongue shoves its way into my mouth as he pulls himself out, slowly, and then slams himself back in. I shudder against him, feeling my orgasm near bursting already.

Having him slam into me and fill me so completely, kissing my cervix with each hard shuddering thrust was sending me closer and closer. I shut my eyes tightly to the world around us, and lose myself in the hot, heady sound of our fucking. His hips slam against mine as his other hand comes up to grip my other ass cheek. He lifts me slightly, changing the angle, and I let out a mewling cry, which makes him groan in response. He drags his lips from mine to let his head rest against my neck.

“So..fucking..tight..” he growls lowly, slamming himself harder and faster into me. I feel like I may shatter at this point, wrapped so tightly around him, unable to give him any looseness while I'm this close to cumming.

He drops his face, down to my chest. Using his mouth he bares my breast and flicks a wicked tongue across my nipple. It's all I need to go shooting across the sky. I orgasm, hard, my body bucking against him, shoving him deeper inside of me, to where my pussy is trying to milk him. He chuckles slightly, feeling my juices run from inside of me. “You're a squirter huh,” he says softly, looking up at me. I feel a blush steal across my cheeks. He grips my ass more tightly. “But only for me...only for my big dick huh little girl...” I flush even harder at his words, unable to look at him.

Of course he's right. While Jeremy was...interesting to say the least in bed, he didn't have the size, or girth I needed to be sent into a spiraling, squirting orgasm. But Hunter...Hunter had it and then some, and then the skills to back it up. I squeeze my inner muscles around him, catching his gaze. He groans, feeling me tug at him and stops moving, and just grinds his hips against me. I shudder hard against him, squeezing him again. I can feel how close he is, and how bad he wants to go.

Suddenly, he drops my legs and he pulls himself out of me, letting me drop to the ground. I blink up at him, surprised at the sudden action. He grins down at me and then drops to his knees in front of me. His big hands reach out for me and grasp me by my hips, forcing me to turn over. They are

gentle as they ease me up onto my hands and knees. I'm not confused by this point, and it takes all his strength to keep me from slamming myself onto him. Finally, when he has me still enough, he pushes aside my shorts again, and places the tip of himself against me.

With a small grunt, he shoves the full length of himself into me. I let out a low keen, as he shoves it deeper than he had before. I can almost feel him grinning, knowing I had never been so full before. I loved every inch of him inside of me, and my pussy weeped my pleasure, my juices hot and sticky around him, every wall clinging to him. He pulls back, and without precursor, starts to fuck me, hard and furious.

He gently shoves on my upper back, forcing my face into the ground. The angle sends him even deeper, until he's pressing against my cervix with every stroke. I sob softly against the ground, and he grabs my arms and tugs them backwards, grasping both wrists in one large hand. I grind my hips back against him, not uncomfortable with the position at all. It felt so hot.

“That's right little girl, take my big hard cock...I bet he never gets this deep huh little girl..” He says, his voice husky and low. I can feel his dick swelling harder inside of me, and he jabs almost painfully against me. He isn't holding back with his strokes and I swear if he keeps going, he's going to pop past my cervix. I don't care though. The pain and pleasure are like highs for me and I moan and sob my pleasure. My pussy clamps down on him and I orgasm a second time.

Unable to hold back against my pussy, which is begging for a load of his cum, he shoots thick hot ropes inside of me. Once again I realize we have forgotten any kind of protection. I shake my head at the thought and just get off on the feeling of him spurting so deep inside of me. He groans and shakes hard with the force of his orgasm and keeps pumping his hips into me, pressing harder and harder against my cervix. I whimper, and squeeze him tightly. “That's right, my little girl...take all of my hot cum...” He says, as he feels my pussy milk him for more. Finally, after what seems forever, his load comes to an end, and I feel so full of his cum, I collapse to the ground completely.

Chuckling, he withdraws from me, slapping my ass cheek with his still erect dick. I look back at him over my shoulder. He grins down at me and shrugs. “You're not serious are you?” I say, looking at him. He was dark in color, and still throbbing, beading at the head with more cum.

He shrugs at my question. “Figure I might as well get what I can while we are out here..Trust me, I'm going to fuck you every which way, until you realize I'm the one you should be with and not that small dicked loser.” I flush as he hurls the insult at Jeremy, but I can't raise to his defense. I feel his cum trickle out of me slightly and I flush more, feeling it soak my shorts. He would of course know best just how small Jeremy was, having taken pee breaks with him, and what not.

I can't argue with the other part of his small speech. I want him to fuck me, over and over again. I'm not even thinking of Jeremy touching me again with his small penis. It wouldn't satisfy me anymore, not that it ever really satisfied me to begin with. I don't even care if he gets me pregnant I think, meeting his eyes. I had forgotten to tell him to use anything two times already, and that I wasn't on the pill. Every fiber of my being longed to be with him again.

He presses his still swollen dick against my ass. “So...more sex? Or should you lick and suck me clean, my little one?” He says, his voice still husky, his eyes slipping back to half hooded. I don't care at this point. All I knew was, I was in big trouble if he had this much power over me and we weren't even dating. Something told me, by the end of the weekend, I would be his, and no one else's and I had little choice in the matter.