The Picnic

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Read it, recite it, email it to a lover...but don't claim it as yours.

Jane had never witnessed anything so erotic...

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Jane stepped out onto the back deck of the cabin and sighed. The sun was shining and the air was warm, but an occasional breeze kept it from being too ungodly hot. Still, Jane thought, with skin as fair as hers it would be best to put up the umbrella. No sense getting a sunburn and giving Tom one more reason to ridicule her.

She quickly tried to push thoughts of Tom out of her head. After all, she'd come her to escape his constant disdain. After years of trying so hard to be the perfect wife, she'd come to realize that she would never be enough in his eyes. She'd never be smart enough or pretty enough or thin enough. How foolish she'd been to even try!

Enough! Jane ordered herself to let go of the hurtful, negative thoughts. Just for today, Jane wanted not to feel inferior. Her need to escape and relax had led her to this little cabin and by God she'd do both. Just for today.

As Jane settled into a lounge chair on the deck with a glass of wine and a steamy romance novel, she heard the crunch of footsteps in the woods behind the cabin. Peering out over sunglasses, she saw what looked like a couple in search of a spot for a picnic. Jane sighed. Must be nice to have a man who took the time to be romantic like that. Apparently Tom had been wrong when he told her that men only acted that way in the silly romance novels that were all her feeble brain could handle. She wished she could show Tom that real men DID take their women on picnics. Perhaps she should get her camera with it's zoom lens and capture this on film. Then again, what difference would it make? Things with Tom would never change.

The sound of laughter broke through Jane's thoughts. Maybe she could just use the zoom lens to get a closer look. It's not like the couple would be able to see her. She ducked inside for a moment to grab her Nikon from her suitcase. Back out on the deck, she lifted the camera and pointed it in the direction of the laughter. She adjusted the lens so she could see the couple more clearly. Jane was

puzzled. If this was a picnic, where was the food? She focused the camera on the woman and felt a pang of jealousy tug at her heart. The woman was laughing and smiling, taking a clip out of her reddish gold hair and letting it fall down upon her amazing cleavage. Her breasts were close to spilling out over the low cut top that seemed to suit her curvy figure. The man moved over to touch her. He couldn't keep his hands off of her! He was kissing her neck and cupping her breasts as though he would ravish her there and then if they hadn't been pretty much out in the open despite the many trees around.

Jane looked down at her own emaciated figure with almost non-existent breasts and felt a single tear roll down her cheek. Tom's insistence that she continue to try to be thinner and thinner had gotten her nowhere. He never touched her like this man was touching his woman. On the rare occasions he DID have sex with her, he made her lie very still and quiet as he fucked her hard till he came and then rolled off of her and went to sleep.

Jane started to put the camera down. She couldn't bear to see more. But then she saw the woman stand up and the reflection of the sun on her hair was breathtaking. Jane found herself suddenly unable to look away. She was fascinated by the sensuality of the scene.

Jane's eyes flew open wide when she saw the woman slide her short blue jean skirt up over her lusciously curvy hips and left it gathered around her waist exposing a lacy black thong. The man never took his eyes off her as she proceeded to remove the thong revealing a completely bare mound. Jane realized at that moment that her own bare mound was becoming aroused. She allowed one hand to move down to touch herself. She was warm and wet and needy. Perhaps she should just put the camera down and take care of her growing need. But she couldn't. She was mesmerized by the sight of the woman taking off her top and letting her voluptuous breasts out into the open air. The man was undressing as well. His body was muscular and tan and his thick cock was standing at attention. They laid down together on the blanket kissing and sucking and moaning. Jane's fingers began to move across her own swollen clit as the man spread his woman's legs wide open and began to suck and bite on her clit. They were totally oblivious to the world around them!

Jane could feel her own orgasm mounting. Denying her own release, she pulled her fingers away, not wanting to miss a single moment of this hot display in the woods. Jane watched with envy as the woman's hips bucked and she let out a primal scream as she exploded into her lover's mouth. She continued to watch, expecting him to mount her, but instead he moved up to her breasts and drenched them with her own cum. Fuck that was hot! Jane wished desperately that she could be the one on that blanket right now experiencing such sensual love making. This gorgeous man was so completely into his woman.

Then he did something that confused Jane. He spread her legs wider and spanked her bare pussy

harshly. The woman screamed out, but then begged for more. Jane had never seen anything like this before. He spanked her pussy again and again as she moaned and squirmed. Jane watched in amazement as the woman's hips bucked again. As her lover continued to spank her bright red cunt, it sprayed liquid everywhere.

Jane's own pussy ached for release. However, the man had moved to enter the woman and Jane needed to see how he fucked her! He pushed his thick cock into her as she screamed out, "God yes! Fuck this cunt that you own!"

Jane nearly dropped the camera she was so startled. She recovered the fumble quickly enough to watch as he plunged his hardness into her and responded with, "Uh, yeah, take it slut!"

It was the most erotic and animalistic thing that Jane had ever witnessed. He took her nipples and twisted them as he fucked her causing her to moan and grind and beg for more. Jane rubbed her own pussy furiously now as the woman came over and over, screaming with intense pleasure as she did.

Jane wasn't sure she could delay her own gratification any more. Setting the camera down carefully, she laid back and fingered herself. God she needed to be fucked! Impulsively she grabbed the wine bottle and plunged it into her aching pussy. As her own orgasm exploded, she heard the man shout loudly that he was ready to cum. Jane picked up the camera just in time to watch his strong firm body as he hammered into his "slut" and they erupted together. Jane laid back down, exhausted. She'd never experienced an orgasm like the one she'd just had while spying on this hot erotic picnic. She picked up the camera once more to see if there were as wasted as she was.

The couple laid there for awhile holding each other and kissing softly. Jane zoomed in a little further and could see the man's cum as it streamed out of his lover's pussy and down the crack of her hot, curvy ass. Unable to help herself, Jane let the camera snap this one picture. It would be her way to remember this day. She blushed a little knowing she would very likely use this picture to get herself aroused in the future. It made her smile to know she would enjoy it again and again.

Jane watched as the couple, now dressed and put back together, picked up the blanket and started to walk back up the path. She didn't need her camera lens to know that the lucky red haired woman had her lover's creamy liquid down the inside of her thighs. Some things you just know.

As she sighed once more before cleaning up her own mess, she saw the woman glance over her shoulder toward the cabin. Jane was pretty sure she was smiling. Jane smiled back. Oh yeah, this was definitely a picnic to remember and she hadn't even been one of the guests.

As the couple walked hand in hand, Jane laid back in the chair and smiled again. She couldn't wait to

get home and develop that picture! Right after she called her lawyer, of course. Tom would never make her feel inferior again. She had seen what passion could be like, and she would never again settle for anything less.