

Before The Picnic

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It's a warm Saturday morning and we have plans for a picnic in the park. It's been a week since we last saw each other, our schedules keeping us too busy for anything more than late night texts and voice chats, so we're both looking forward to the day ahead of us. You park in front of my house and walk slowly up the path, taking time to feel the sun on your back and stopping for a few moments to watch my cat chase a butterfly across the yard. Finally at my door, you smile as you lift your hand to knock. While you wait for me to answer you think about the instructions you sent me in a text last night, your smile spreading across your face as you wonder if I've been a good girl and followed them. A few minutes pass and you knock again, frowning now as displeasure blossoms in you. You do not like it when I keep you waiting. A few more minutes pass and still there's no sign of movement on the other side of the door. With thoughts of punishment already forming in your mind, you bend to free my spare key from its hiding place under a large potted plant, and let yourself into my house. You make your way quietly through the house, not wanting to alert me to your presence as you look inside each room, hoping to catch me in the act of something forbidden. You know I try hard to be obedient, but that it's a struggle for me at times. It's my strong will and quirky personality that both endear me to you and frustrate you to no end. Today the frustration is winning. At the end of the hall my bedroom door stands slightly ajar and you can hear music softly floating out as you push it open and look inside. All thoughts of punishment and frustration, along with most of your blood, drain from your head as you see me laying face down across my bed. I'm wearing only a pair of pink panties that say 'Saturday' in cute white letters across my ass, and my long blond hair is braided down my back, a few stray tendrils dancing in the breeze coming through the open window. You are pleased to see I have followed your instructions, at least as far as you can tell from your place at the door. Quietly, you kick off your shoes and strip down to your boxers before moving to stand at the side of my bed, feeling yourself starting to grow hard as you look down on me, knowing that I belong to you. Very slowly so not to wake me, you lay down beside me and let your eyes wander freely over my naked back, appreciating the soft pale skin and gentle slope of my hips. You lay your hand over my ass and rub it in slow lazy circles before trailing your finger slowly up my spine and back down again, stopping only when I turn onto my side and mumble something sleepily. A full minute ticks by before you touch me again, this time leaning down to softly kiss my shoulder and drape your arm over my waist, drawing little circles on my tummy with your finger tips as you cuddle close against my back. A smile plays on

your lips as I sigh and wiggle closer so I'm pressed tight against you, the heat from your body combining with the warmth of the sunshine and the feel of your soft lazy touches lulling me, sending me drifting a little further into Nappyland. You lay there for a while, listening to me breathe, dropping little kisses on my shoulder and neck, slowly tracing my ear with the tip of your tongue while you brush your fingers across my tummy, up my ribcage, and along the underside of my breast in big lazy circles. When you reach my breast the next time, you brush your thumb across my nipple. Feeling it harden you lightly pinch and tug it as you rock your hips into mine, pressing yourself tight against my ass, your hand sliding to fully cup my breast, squeezing and pressing, softly rubbing your palm over my hard nipple. I sigh heavily and arch a little so my ass and breast both press tighter against you. You freeze, pausing to make sure I am still sleeping. When you're positive I won't wake up, you press against me again, scraping your teeth lightly across my shoulder and pinching my nipple, rolling it between your fingers before slowly sliding your hand back down my ribcage, across my tummy and down, pushing between my legs to cup me. With your hand flat you press against me, pulling me closer as you push your cock a little harder against my ass. Wiggling your fingers against me, you find my clit, pinching and rubbing it lightly through my panties until you feel them start to get wet. A little moan escapes my lips and I move against your fingers. You go still, stopping until you're sure I'm not waking up, then you slowly slide your fingers into my panties, a satisfied smile playing over your lips as you feel my soft bare lips, knowing it's freshly shaved because it was one of the things you had instructed me to do via text last night. You brush your fingers over my clit a few times before slowly pushing your middle finger into me. I moan and rock my hips, softly grinding against your finger. You lay still, waiting for me to sink back into sleep, with your finger still buried inside me. Your cock is rock hard now, and you have to fight not to reach down between us and stroke it a few times as you lay behind me, watching me sleep with your finger buried in my pussy. For a moment you close your eyes and think about flipping me over, tearing my panties off and biting down on my swollen clit while you fuck me violently with your fingers until I beg you to stop. But, you have other plans for me right now so you resist the urge as you slide a second finger into my wet pussy and begin to slowly finger me, your thumb moving back and forth across my clit while I sleep. When the throbbing pressure in your hard cock becomes too much for you to handle, you pull your fingers out of me and free yourself from your boxers. You squeeze the head of your dick, rubbing your palm over it and down the shaft a few times. With a quiet groan you press yourself against me, moving down slightly to push your cock between my thighs, your precum making it slippery so you can slide out and push back in, my thighs tight around you. You lean down and scrape your teeth across my shoulder, then lick it and groan louder as you feel the soft damp material of my panties rubbing across the top of your dick with every push, your fingers digging into my hip as you hold me tight against you while you fuck my thighs. When you can't take it anymore, you gently peel the wet panties from my swollen lips and push them aside, rubbing your fingers over me a few times before burying your face in my back and moving your hand up to roughly squeeze my tit as you shove your hard cock into my hot wet center. I let out a moan, and this time you don't pause. No longer concerned with waking me up, you push me onto my stomach and grab my wrists, bringing them together behind my back, you hold them secure in one

hand, tugging my arms painfully while you slap your other hand hard against my ass. You yank my arms hard and grab my braid, wrapping it around your free hand to pull me up off the mattress as you slide your cock almost all the way out of me and lean down to growl into my ear, "Who do you belong to, Slut?" I cry out from the rough treatment and whisper hoarsely, "You." I know this isn't the answer you want and I wait breathlessly for you to give me what I'm after. You don't disappoint me and I moan loudly as you release my braid and bring your hand down hard on my ass, delivering three painful spanks. "Say it," you grind out between your teeth, and the sound of your voice, strained and forceful, combined with the sharp stinging that's spreading over my ass from your hard spanking, sends shivers down my spine and causes my pussy to clench around the tip of your cock. You yank my arms back and growl at me, "Don't you fucking cum until I tell you to, Slut. Say it now." I know better than to push you further so I give you the answer I know you want. "I belong to you, Sir. Only you. I'm yours to do with as you please." You pull me up by my arms and shove your cock fast and hard into me, filling and stretching my pussy, as you grab my tit with your other hand, squeezing it before pinching and twisting my hard nipple roughly. "Mine," you growl against my ear as you continue to fuck me violently. "Yes. I'm yours. Only yours. Please.." I am trying my best not to cum before you tell me to because I don't want to disappoint you, I want to be your good little girl, but I don't know how much longer I can hold it back. "Please what, my little slut?" You trail your fingers down my belly to pinch my clit hard, rolling it between your thumb and pointer finger. "Ohhh God, please, Sir, let me cum." I moan over and over as you continue your assault on my body. And just like that you stop moving and yank my head back up to your lips, "That sounded like an order. Since when do fuck toys give orders? If you cum, you will be punished and you will not like it. Do you understand?" "Yes, Sir. I'm sorry," I say with a broken whisper, desperately trying not to cum on your cock as you tug my hair again. You shift and pull out of me, chuckling a little as I whimper, feeling the loss of you in my bones. Releasing my arms you turn me around and kiss me tenderly, careful not to allow our bodies to touch anywhere but our lips. You drop little kisses on the corner of my mouth and across my cheek. When you reach my ear you trace its outline with your tongue before whispering, ""You are beautiful." Your hot breath hitting my wet ear, and the awe and truth in your voice sends goosebumps down my body. You bite my earlobe hard, before sitting back and looking at me, letting your eyes wander slowly over my body. "Stand up and take off your panties." I stand on the bed in front of you and slowly push my panties down over my hips and around my knees until they drop to the mattress. You hold up a hand for me to balance on as I kick them to the floor and try to take my spot on the bed again. A quick hard slap of your hand on my thigh keeps me still. "Did I tell you you could sit again?" You ask harshly. "No. I'm sorry, Sir," I say, blushing from foot to head as I stand naked and exposed before you. I'm shy and you know that even though you've seen me naked a thousand times I am embarrassed standing there but that I will do it anyway because I want to please you. You take your time, moving your eyes slowly over me, enjoying the obvious mix of humiliation and arousal coursing through my body as I stand in front of you. "Hands at your sides and do not move," you order, and I drop my arms straight down like I'm told, smiling happily as I hear you praise me "Good girl." My smile turns into a long deep moan as I feel your tongue press flat against my clit.

For a minute you just sit like that, not moving, silently daring me to disobey you and move against your tongue. I bite my lip and fist my hands at my side as you begin licking and sucking and nibbling on my swollen, sensitive clit. You take it between your lips and scrape it hard with your teeth as you roughly shove two fingers inside me. I can't stop it this time, my pussy clamps down and I cum hard on your fingers. You continue to move your fingers in me and chew on my clit through my orgasm, moving your free hand up to my hip to hold me steady as my body sways and threatens to collapse. Once my breathing slows and you know I can stand on my own again you back away from me completely and bring your hand down hard on my ass making me yelp and shiver. "I told you not to cum, slut. Sit down on your feet and open your knees as wide as you can. Hands on your thighs, mouth open wide. Now." I sit as I'm told and shiver with anticipation of my punishment, blushing hotly as your eyes move over me to fix between my legs on my wet pussy, stretched open in this position. My eyes close tight and a strangled moan escapes through my open mouth as you reach out and press your thumb hard on my clit, rubbing in tight little circles, then pushing it into my pussy and getting it drenched in my cum before moving up to rub it against my tongue. After a few seconds you leave me sitting there while you move to the dresser and dig through my panties until you find my little egg shaped, remote controlled vibrator that you instructed me to buy and put there last night in your text. Moving back to sit in front of me with a wicked smile you shove the egg into my mouth and order me to close my lips and suck. I do as I'm told, my eyes moving down to watch you stroke your cock with long slow strokes as you watch me suck on the egg. I'm so busy watching your hand on your cock that I don't notice the remote in your other hand and I jump and almost drop the egg from my mouth when it suddenly starts to vibrate against my tongue. I move my arm up to pinch my nipple, but before I can tug it you reach out and slap my tit hard telling me to put my arm back down and ordering me to stay still. After minutes of this torture you finally tell me to open my mouth and you pull the egg out, instructing me to keep my mouth open wide. I do as I'm told and stay that way even as you roughly shove the egg deep into my pussy and turn it on low. "Look at me and don't make a sound," you order and I lift my eyes to meet yours as my body shakes and quivers. I try desperately to swallow my moans as the eggs dull vibrations send shockwaves from my clit to my ass. You stroke your cock hard and fast as you watch me submit to your will, knowing how badly I want to move and cry out but won't because you told me not to. You love the power you have over me, but more, you love that I am willing to give it to you. With that thought echoing in your brain you grab my arm and pull me tight against you, shoving your tongue into my open mouth and rubbing your cock between our tummies, groaning out my name as you cum all over my belly. You bury your face in the crook of my neck and shoulder, gracing the skin there with little kisses until your breathing begins to slow. Pulling away from me you reach up and brush a stray hair behind my ear, smiling you kiss my forehead tenderly before leaning down to whisper in my ear, "Now for your punishment." I stay still, fighting off waves of orgasms as the egg continues to hum and buzz deep in my pussy, quivering with anticipation at your words. You stand up and get dressed, walking around the room collecting your things as I stay kneeling on the bed with my mouth open and my arms at my side, the egg vibrating deep inside me. Finally you come to sit next to me, and gently fondle my breast as you pick up the

egg's little remote and switch it off before dropping it into your pocket. "Get up and get dressed. Leave the egg inside you. Don't wash my cum off your stomach. Put on the panties you were wearing, a short skirt and a t-shirt with no bra and meet me at the car. We have a picnic to enjoy." And then you stand and leave the room, leaving me to do as I'm told while I wonder what you have in store for my punishment.