

The Rules Of Etiquette

By smiler77

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Oh how she loved for them to be watched.

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“Didn’t the earth move for you?” he asked with humour in his tone. “Yes, oh yes!” she mocked, and planted a kiss she hoped would finalise whatever this was turning into, whatever this new thing was, that had begun to surface every time they had sex. The questions. The last time, he had asked what he might do to please her more. She had seriously considered his question but had genuinely felt that he already satisfied her generously each time. ‘Perhaps it was him, who was bored or unsatisfied with their lovemaking?’ she mused, and that thought, niggling away at her, had become the reason she disliked the questions that now always seemed to follow their sessions. The moment had arrived. She couldn’t bear it any more. “Are you satisfied?” she asked hoping that the one simple question would be enough to alleviate her insecurities. “Of course I am darling!” She sensed a ‘but’ was imminent. “Wait wait wait,” she heard the word before he spoke it, “BUT” big friggin bold cartoon letters, hanging in her mind’s eye, from a billboard, taunting her. She wanted to smile at the image she’d conjured up but the timing was off, this was serious! “I just think we could spice things up a bit!” he continued. She was all ears. Hell, if he could think of new ways for them to enjoy each other, she was all for it! She thought about the spanking; the times she’d pissed on him; the time they pretended to be strangers in a bar, seducing each other brazenly, until the bartender had gone red in the face. She thought about the rape role-play, the fisting episode, the Barbie doll she’d begged him to fuck her with, while she called him “Uncle Chris” and then, with an undertone of annoyance, she asked, “What exactly is it, that I’m not doing for you?!” “Oh, don’t be like that baby,” he said gently as he took her hand and kissed it. She turned her gaze away from him in resignation. “You’re the best lover, I’ve ever had,” he told her and she couldn’t help the little smile it induced, for she knew it was true, and she felt her mood lift. “What would you like to try?” she asked tentatively, wondering still, if there was anything she wouldn’t do. “I was thinking about the group thing” he suggested, quickly adding that he’d never share her, but had an interest in both watching and being watched. “Dogging?” she asked, more aware of the term than he. She’d, they’d, never explored their voyeuristic tendencies. She supposed it

would do something for her, most things did. "Okay," she said, and then they set about researching local venues, spots, where they might indulge. "Are you sure about this?" he asked as they pulled up at what was apparently a renowned dogging spot. She laughed nervously and leaned across, offering him her response as a simple kiss. They sat quietly for a few minutes, giggling as they contemplated the rules of etiquette they'd read up on in the days leading up. He switched on the interior light. "Shall we put on a show baby?" he said with an impish grin, and they were ready. She'd worn a flimsy yellow thigh length dress for easy access. She had made it very clear to him beforehand that there was no chance she was getting naked in front of strangers. Hell! It had taken a good few months to get naked for him, when they first met. She reached down and removed her knickers, offering them to him. She knew how he loved to inhale the sweet aroma of her arousal, and secretly, she loved to see him do it. "Mm, you're definitely ready baby," he said, and her knickerless state sent a rush of juices to her swelling pussy and she silently concluded that yes, she most definitely was. She opened the passenger door and felt the cool air, touch recently unseen places, she giggled again as they met in front of the car and she unbuttoned his jeans avidly in anticipation of sucking his semi to an aching hard. "I'm gonna suck you so fucking good," she whispered, and she felt him twitch against her hand as she freed him from his pants. His look said, "I know you will," and she got to her knees, the roughage leaving indentations on her exposed skin. Gently she licked the head of his stiffening cock. She wondered as she began, who might be watching, wishing it were their cock receiving such purposeful attention. The idea spurred her on and all at once, she took the entire length of him straight into her practiced throat. She heard him groan and was encouraged more. The gag reflex fading as she tried to swallow him down. He clasped the sides of her head in an effort to gain some control. He needed to save his spunk for the main course. "Are those nice people watching you suck my big cock?" he said as he watched her never failing enthusiasm and considered how lucky he was. "Mm," she moaned with a mouthful and he smiled down at her. "Are you ready for my big cock in your sopping cunt? I'm assuming it is sopping," he added. She didn't waste any time at all, she removed her mouth from him and clambering as gracefully as she could whilst brushing twigs from her knees, lifted up her dress and offered herself up to him, abandoning herself to the eyes of anyone who cared to watch. "Fuck my cunt nice and hard," she said as he guided himself into her and thrust sharply causing her to let out a delighted yelp. "Fuck yeah! Just like that!" she gasped as slowly and deliberately he almost withdrew entirely, before making the long journey back in. He slapped her arse a few times, she felt that perhaps he did it to make it more of a show and she turned to smile at him before she upped her vocal efforts and begged him. "Fuck me, fuck me, fucccccckkkkkkk me," she screamed in a voice that had started to sound like someone else's. "Fuck my needy cunt!" she added as she raised her arse a little, so he could get deeper. She realised that she really truly loved that people were watching. She thought right then, that she was so fucking horny, she'd allow people to take turns on her. "Oh fuck you're so wet, you filthy little cunt," he hissed, his voice shaking now. She wished she could invite people to take a closer look. If someone were to approach them right now, she was certain she wouldn't mind them opening her right up, even pushing a finger into her alongside his cock. Then she considered the notion of two cocks stretching her, one in each hole, or

two alongside one another, opening her, overwhelming her. The thought alone was enough though, and as he bucked and thrashed into her, she felt an orgasm sweeping over her, her pussy gushing, soaking him, gripping and then to no avail, trying to reject him. "Fuck! Don't you dare fucking stop!" she cried just before a noise erupted from her throat, and everyone got just a little idea of how good she felt. Her explosion was enough to tip her man over the edge and though his explosion was equally ecstatic, he did a better job of composing himself, merely uttering the words, "Here it comes baby," before paralysis kicked in, and their juices merged in the depths of her. Fuck! Thank you, babe," he said as he relaxed and fell forward onto her. Then the warm applause began behind them, and she felt her pussy twitch in eagerness of their next performance.