

On The Mound

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He was playing on his while she was playing with hers

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The end of summer brings a sweet sadness. The long, hot summer days take their place in our memories while the beginning of the end of the year approaches. For me, the change from bikinis to book bags is now in full swing as my classes for the fall semester are confirmed. Time with my boyfriend is more precious than ever as his baseball team prepares for the playoffs. With the increased practices and meetings, our sex life is dwindling. We went from having sex more than 12 times a week, to barely ten times a week. He's 18 years old and is almost always sexually aroused. I'm 17 with an insatiable craving for his cock. One late afternoon, we steal some personal moments in the back seat of his car. No matter how many times we fuck, we still have the desire to engage in intense foreplay. My boyfriend Hideki is in phenomenal shape. His body is virtually hairless, except for the places where you would expect hair to be; and that hair is coarse and black. His eyes are small and almond shape and his body is solid muscle. He is the star pitcher for our high school baseball team and one day he will pitch in the major leagues. Yes, he is that good. My blouse is pulled up as I press my bare tits against his chest. My nipples are hard from the earlier tweaking and pinching he gave them and my body is quivering with desire. His fingers now probe my wet pussy and I'm overcome with the need to have him inside me. I stroke his hard cock, ready to take him inside me. There's nothing like a good fuck after school and God do I love to fuck him. Eagerly, I spread my legs as Hideki prepares to give me his cock. The fuck I've been waiting for all day is finally here. As I put my arms around him and pull him closer, the ringtone from his cellphone instantly poisons the mood. "Fuck!" Hideki shouts as he frantically reaches for his phone. "Hello?" He answers. I could hear an older man's voice on the other end. The conversation is brief and the call is ended abruptly. Hideki shuts his phone and tosses it on to the seat. "That was Coach, he is calling an emergency meeting before tonight's game. I must go," he confesses. "Oh no!" I moan in disappointment. "Do you have to?" I plead. "Yes, no choice," Hideki explains as his once hard cock slowly goes limp. He pulls his pants up as I reluctantly re-fasten my bra. "You be at the game tonight, yes?" he asks as he moves to the driver's seat without making eye contact with me. "You know I'll be there. Right behind home plate, where I always sit," I smile softly, barely masking my sadness. "I see you after the game then," he said as he kissed my lips. "You mean after the WIN," I correct him. "Yes, after the win," he smiles as he starts the car. He dropped me off home and then made his way to the ballpark. When I got

home, I kept myself busy by taking a shower, fixing my hair and packing a small backpack with items for the game. I knew from experience that it gets quite cold during the night games, so I packed a royal blue blanket to keep me warm. An hour before game time, I took a ride to the ball field. When I arrived, I took my usual seat as I watched the guys warm up. I was still feeling the sexual frustration from a few hours before and my clit was pounding, demanding relief. I squeezed my legs together, but that only intensified the pleasure. I needed Hideki to lick and fuck my pussy, but there was no way that was going to happen anytime soon. With game time fast approaching, I knew I would need to suffer in pleasurable silence. Or would I? As the players took the field, I saw Hideki run to his pitcher's mound. I lost all concentration in the game and my focus was on pure lust. I took the blanket that I brought with me and covered myself with it. While covered, I slid my hand down and pulled off my skirt and panties. I put my finger on my hard nub as Hideki threw his first pitch. I circled my clit, very slowly with just the right amount of pressure before pinching it between my fingers. The pinching made me jolt with pleasure and I let out a soft moan. Feeling the arousal bloom, I slid my fingers lower, inside my wet pussy and put its wetness on my clit. Again I started to rub it, never taking my eyes off Hideki, thinking about all the times we fucked and how badly I needed to get fucked again. "Mmmm," I moaned, as the people around me were oblivious to what I was doing. Damn that coach for taking my pleasure away. Since when does that old man come above my physical needs? "Yes!" I screamed as Hideki struck out his first batter. I slipped two fingers inside my hot cut and finger fucked myself silently under the blanket. I was wetter than I thought and becoming more aroused by the second. I slowly rocked back and forth, sliding my fingers deeper in my pussy. I moaned Hideki's name wishing it was his cock fucking me. There was no substitute for that. Twisting my fingers deeper, I raised my thumb and flicked my clit with it. My toes curled in pleasure as I started shaking from the impending orgasm. My legs were feeling numb as the pressure in my lower abdomen was now painful. I was going to cum hard, in public, surrounded by strangers. If people caught on to what I was doing, I really didn't care. I pressed my clit against the knuckle of my thumb. That was all I needed as I just "let it go" and let the orgasm consume me. One, two, three, four, five six, seven hard throbs brought me into an orgasmic wave of pleasure. The wetness from my pussy was coating my fingers as relief finally arrived. I slowly slid my fingers out, rubbing the wetness inside my inner thighs. I exhaled and tried to look as "normal" as possible. Luckily, no one seemed to notice what I had done. I sloppily slid my panties and skirt up and this time I focused on the game. I basked in the afterglow of my self-induced orgasm. It felt so good and I felt so dirty. I watched Hideki as he pitched and once again, I was aroused in no time. I debated whether or not to tell him what I did while he was playing, but that decision could wait for another time. As the game drew to a close and the home team celebrated another victory, I was more than ready to pick up where I left off with him. It didn't matter if it was a quick or slow fuck; just as long as he gave me his cock. My body was craving more sexual action, but not of the "solo" variety.