

A day out

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Beth goes for a walk in the country with a friend

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They'd met in the gym simply by the coincidence of going at the same times twice a week. Simon probably wasn't Beth's ideal man at first appearances. A little shy, not over weight but not well toned either – probably why he was at the gym – in contrast Beth who was there to keep her slim well toned body as near to perfect as she could. In fact, some weeks Simon only went along to see Beth's perfect pert bum in her track suite and she sat on the spinning machine. They met, chatted and got into the habit of having a tea in the café afterwards and a friendship grew up which was how Beth came to agree to a day's walk in the Cotswolds with Simon. When Saturday arrived, it was a beautiful cold but sunny spring day. Beth should have worn jeans but she'd been feeling horny about the day all week, partly because she suspected that Simon would be too shy to do anything but walk – and the thought of teasing men always made Beth horny. So instead she wore a calf length tartan kilt with a leather belt that hugged her hips and the fell away in a broad flair. With this she wore knee length pink woollen socks (because they looked fun) and her walking boots. Beneath her simple plain woollen jacket she wore a soft polo neck sweater – looking quite the country girl from a fashion magazine. For underwear, Beth wore a 'Per Uno' padded bra adding a full cup size to her a-cup breasts and a ruby red pair of silk shortie-style French knickers as they were extremely comfortable (and more than a little sexy) for walking. Simon was amazed by her appearance, he couldn't believe the vision of beauty he was going out with for the day. It took a little over an hour to get to the Cotswolds and by lunchtime they'd walked much further than expected. Throughout the walk Simon was fascinated by Beth's skirt. At each fence crossing she would hitch it high up her legs like some Victorian woman in a peep show revealing her tanned smooth legs above her pink socks in a most brazen way. More than once he'd caught a flash of the red lace of her knickers. They had lunch in a country pub washed down by several pints of beer. They only had 4 miles to go back to the car but the boozy lunch made them both quite lethargic and giggly. They set off but soon stopped on a hilltop to catch their breath and to admire the view. Beth lay on her back in the warm sunshine as the chatted. After what felt like an age to Beth, Simon eventually leant over her and gave her a tentative kiss. She returned his gentle kiss on the top lip with a more passionate kiss giving him the signal, she

hoped, that more was required! As she kissed he placed his hand on her leg and gently ran it in up and down her kilt. It was nice but she wanted his hand under her kilt and he was clearly going to take for ever to venture that far. So Beth bent her knees up in the air and taking Simon's hand guided it under her kilt. Beth would gladly have let him finger her there on the hillside in the sun until she reached orgasm but Simon was too shy to be so forward. His hand never strayed above mid thigh. Realising it was not to be, and needing a pee, Beth eased Simon off her and they walked down the hill toward the car in a slightly awkward silence. However, Simon's failure to meet Beth's desires only served to inflame her passion. At each fence she showed far more leg than was necessary nearly drawing her skirt entirely up to her waist. By the time they reached the car, parked in the hotel car park, Beth was pleased to have noticed 'signs of life' from the Simon's trousers. Lets go in, "I need a pee" Beth declared. So they went in and whilst Simon ordered coffee Beth went to the loo. As she sat on the loo seat Beth pondered about going home knowing that she could masturbate herself to her much needed orgasm alone that evening but what she really wanted was to hold a firm cock in her hands and enjoy the heavy scent of a man's cum. She realised her only option was to keep the timid Simon there. So, on her return, she collected 2 double brandies from the bar. 'Cheers' she said sitting down 'thanks for a lovely day' taking a sip from her glass. Simon, smiled and thanked her adding ' I can't' gesturing towards the brandy 'I've got to drive'. 'Well its only Saturday, why don't we say here and have a walk in the morning and be back by lunchtime – you don't have anything arranged do you?' "No I guess not" he replied with a slight nervous tone to his voice. Before he could say anything else Beth interrupted " great! I'll sort the room you get another drink". Simon was a bit shocked by Beth's direct approach and tried to convince himself it didn't mean what he thought Beth was suggesting- were they to sleep together? Did she intend to have sex with him? By the time he'd returned with the drinks Beth had sorted out the room. A twin, the last one left but with a nice ensuite. Simon tried to work out what this meant – separate beds? Perhaps a lucky glimpse of her body but the night spent separate with an aching erection? They drank there second large brandy, Beth, took off her boots and then her socks off her tired feet. God even her feet are sexy thought Simon. Beth was feeling warm and more than a bit woozy by the brandy. "Its an hour until dinner starts" she said – "lets go upstairs and check the room". The room was very smart, with a large bathroom and 2 large twin beds. "Which one shall we have" Beth asked with smile and then a kiss. She pushed Simon down on the nearest one and then sat astride him as they kissed. This time Simon ran his hands up under her skirt but when he hesitated half way up her thighs Beth took hold of his forearms and pulled them up gentle so his hands found the smooth silk of her knickers. "Why don't you give my bum a nice gentle massage " Beth instructed in a soft but direct voice. Simon held a buttock in each hand. They felt so smooth and firm, his cock positively ached as it tried to escape the confines on his trousers. Beth hopped up his body ending sitting astride his chest her kilt cascading down over his face. She picked up the hem and pushed it completely over his head. Simon was left under her tented skirt staring at her lacy red knickers in the dim light that leaked through her thick woollen fabric. Simon squeezed and rubbed her bum as Beth eased her hips towards his face. She felt his lips kiss her inner thigh and then leaning forward she pushed her silk covered mound against his lips. Simon

could feel the heat of her pussy. He forced his tongue between her kickers and inner thigh rubbing the tip along the outer folds of her pussy. Using his fingers he pulled her knickers to one side and lapped her warm moist inner folds. "God that nice" she exclaimed. But realised he was never going to be able to give her clit the attention it needed in that position. 'Wait' she commanded. Beth swung her leg off Simon and stood up on the bed. He watched as she reached up under her kilt and pulled and wiggled her knickers down, taking them off one foot in turn and throwing them on the floor. Beth now knelt across Simon again covering his face with her kilt as before but this time she was facing his feet. Beth eased her self forward until she was lying with the full weight of her delicate frame on his chest. Her naked pussy was pressed across his mouth. Simon pushed his tongue directly into the soft folds of skin that covered her clitoris. Curling the tip of his tongue his found his way to the hard delicate bud beneath. "Oh Simon, that's perfect!" she gasped, her face pressing against the bulge in his trousers. As Simon licked and sucked her, Beth unzipped his trousers and pushing her fingers inside his jeans. She carefully pulled his cock out of his shorts as if it was her most prized possession. She felt Simon stop his teasing of her clit. He was now motionless except for his heavy breathing. Simon struggled to contain himself as she drew back his foreskin and with a licked finger ran its tip around the head of his cock. Beth lifted her head slightly and placed her lips near the base of his shaft giving it a long slow kiss. Very delicately holding his foreskin between her finger and thumb she rhythmically drew it back and forth over the head of his cock. She knew he was close to coming. Simon's body was near rigid "you can cum whenever you want to Simon" said Beth in a warm gentle voice. Stretching forward, she first licked and then took one of his balls into her mouth, still stroking his cock. His testicle twitched and she heard him say " Oh god I'm cumming" Beth opened her lips realising him and lay her head on his thigh. Pushing his cock near vertical she watched as his cum shot into the air. She loved watching men cum. She never understood why some girls where shy of it or even thought it disgusting. To her, it was a wonder to watch and joy to receive. She felt the first of his hot creamy fluid land on her hand and angled his cock towards her so she might get a taste of it. Simon's cock twitched and fought against her grip his cum landing randomly on her cheek and in her hair. It wasn't until he'd stopped that she lifted her head and sucked the last dribble off the tip of his cock. It tasted really nice, warm, perfumed and salty. 'I hope he can give me plenty more of that late' she thought. Simon lay panting on the bed. Finally, Beth sat up and turned to face Simon once again straddling his waist. He watched her wipe most of the cum off her cheek and ear with her fingers before she took his right hand. She lubricated his fingers before taking his hand under her kilt. She pushed 2 of his fingers into her pussy in quite a mechanical fashion. "Finger fuck me" Beth instructed, leaning forward to kiss him. "That's it, nice and slow" she continued. He could smell his own cum in her hair. "That's good"— and a wet finger of hers touched his lips. "Faster" she instructed as he now sucked on her finger wet with his cum Beth put her hand under her kilt and taking hold in his hand pushed his thumb on to her clit. "That's it, nice and hard now, push!" Simon was now finger fucking her so hard he was lifting her hips with each thrust. Beth squeezed her pussy hard around his fingers and as her womb tightened into a knot let out a long slow deep breath as her orgasm ran through her body. She lay collapsed on his body, panting gently, his fingers trapped

inside her. After maybe 5 minutes Beth sat up and climbed off the bed as if nothing had happened. Picking up a towel, she wiped the remaining cum from her hair and said “right, how about a spot of dinner?”