**A Hot Day at the Park**

**by [Js\_Keeper](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=979859&page=submissions)©**

It was the kind of day that always makes me thankful I live in the deep South: searing sun shining through humid haze, and it was only May. We'd likely be enjoying this kind of weather almost until October, and though some find our long southern summers rather oppressive, for me, the hotter it is, the more I love it.

This prematurely summer-like Saturday came to us as a pleasant surprise, and I was excited that Tim had insisted we enjoy the afternoon together at Goose Creek Park, an idyllic sprawling nature preserve with miles of trails and streams, a few small lakes and several broad, grassy fields, ideal for picnicking. It's always been one of our favorite spots, and after the fun we had together on that particular gorgeous spring day, it would become even more so.

"Wear the yellow sundress," he said resolutely when he called me that morning as he was leaving his weekly Saturday tennis match to announce our plans. "No bra, of course," he added.

"Of course," I giggled back.

This was not an unfamiliar request coming from my husband. He loves to have me put my ample breasts and pert nipples on display for him, and I gladly oblige because it reminds me that he finds me sexy and attractive. Though we've only been married a little over a year, and I know I don't have to dress for him to keep him interested, I like seeing the sparkle in his eye when he knows I've picked a cleavage-revealing top just for him, or a shorter skirt than I'd normally wear, just because I know he loves my legs. I do it for both of us.

I was in the kitchen, wearing the revealing little sundress he'd prescribed, packing our picnic lunch when he arrived home still sweaty and manly from his tennis match. He knows how my animal instincts are stirred when he's in this state, and he took full advantage. He peeled off his damp tennis shirt, revealing his muscular chest and taut abs, and drew me into his strong arms. I melted into him and wrapped my arms around his waist as his earthy aroma intoxicated me.

"You look so damn hot in that dress, Tina," he growled.

"I'm glad you like it," I demurred.

"One minor adjustment is needed, though," he said stepping back and drinking all of me in with his eyes. I looked down, thinking that maybe he wanted the laces in front loosened to show a bit more cleavage. My hands went to untie the bow between my breasts, but his hands stopped me.

"Oh, not that," he explained, pulling my hand aside. "Lift your dress, please."

I hiked up the full skirts of the dress, revealing my legs for him, practically all the way up. I guessed at this point that he was checking to see if I'd kept my legs shaved all the way to my bikini line as he likes me to do, which I had.

"Higher," he insisted.

Obviously it wasn't shaved legs he was after. I pulled the dress all the way up to my waist, revealing the tiny white g-string style panties I was wearing. Maybe he wanted to approve of my panty selection for the day, which he often influenced. I was certain he'd like my choice.

"Very sexy, nice ones," he said lustily. "But take them off. I forgot to tell you to skip the panties too when I called. I want you very accessible today."

Too flustered to protest, I simply slipped the tiny panties off over the sexy little strappy white sandals I had on and handed them to him. He took them from me and headed off to shower and dress while I finished preparing our lunch, all the while daydreaming about what exactly my being "very accessible" might lead to.

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Other than a few lecherous looks from Tim, our park outing proceeded rather innocently for most of the afternoon. There was definitely an air of sexual tension between us all day, betrayed by the instant intensity of the few kisses we shared during our long walk around the largest of the park's lakes. Still, given his lack of blatantly sexual attention during our secluded hike, it wasn't clear at all to me what the whole accessibility thing was about, at least not until after the little nap we had after our picnic.

I awoke to the tug of the strings on the bodice of my sundress. I lifted my head off of Tim's stomach, where I'd been sleeping, and looked up at him inquisitively. He simply smiled and kept working intentionally at the laces. I nervously scanned the big field where we lay for potential onlookers. There was only a small group of four guys tossing a Frisbee at the far end of the field from where our blanket was, several hundred yards away.

I squawked and squirmed a little in semi-protest when I felt his large warm hand slip into my top, firmly cupping my right breast.

"No one can see us way over here," he assured me.

It was probably true, and though I knew there were trails entering the field from all sides that could bring a surprise intruder at any moment, I was still only half awake at this point. Besides, it was feeling rather nice, and the more his hand caressed me, the more meager my protests became. For not only are my womanly mounds prized for the viewing pleasure they afford him, he knows that the slightest touch of them turns me into a quivering puddle of eager desire. Despite my drowsy state, already I was well on my way there.

I rolled from my back onto my side, my head still on his stomach, thus putting my back to the Frisbee players. Tim's wickedly amused smile told me that he was thoroughly enjoying pushing my boundaries, coaxing me into this tiny bit of exhibitionism. All the previous times we'd gotten frisky in the great outdoors, the risk of discovery was remote, and more to fuel the naughty fantasy of public indecency. We'd actually been fairly careful to ensure seclusion, but it was clearly going to be different this time.

"You like putting me on display like this don't you?" I cooed.

"You're not on display," he feigned protest. "I hardly think having my hand in your shirt qualifies as exhibitionism. Besides, I think you like the idea of a little public display."

I played along with his pretense, and faked offense at the insinuation. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"The kind of girl that struts around the park in a skimpy little sundress without a bra or panties on," he kidded.

"Well, that's different. You made me do it. I would have never thought to do such a thing, and you're a naughty boy to make me." I giggled slightly, dropping out of character momentarily.

"Make you? Hah! You pulled your panties off without a word of protest or so much as a comment. Admit it, you've got some definite exhibitionist tendencies."

"Would have done me any good to argue?"

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"See. Like I said, you made me."

Tim withdrew his hand from my shirt, where he'd been squeezing and tweaking my nipple throughout our discussion, and slipped it up my dress, placing it firmly between to my upper thighs.

"We'll settle this right now. Spread your legs," he insisted.

I clamped my thighs together tightly. I knew what he was after, and I knew what he would find. I was wet, and we both knew it.

"Spread them for me, Tina. I want to show you what a naughty little exhibitionist you are." He pushed his fingers closer to my sex.

"I'm not either!" I complained, still clamping my thighs against his intrusion.

"Then prove it. Let me see."

I knew resistance was ultimately going to prove futile, so I relaxed my thighs just enough to allow his fingers to reach their goal. I knew from how easily they entered me that I was already undeniably wet and swollen with excitement. But I wasn't sure whether I was more turned on by his hand playing with my breast or the public location.

"See," he said. "You like playing out here where anyone might see us."

Even though I knew what he was doing, he was causing me to doubt myself. "I don't either." I didn't sound very convincing, even to me.

With two fingers still stroking my inner walls, Tim brushed his thumb lightly against the hood of my clitoris. I moaned deeply. Damn, he's good. He knows how to play my body like an instrument.

"Please. Someone might see us." My weak words of protest didn't match my lusty tone of voice. Was I saying please stop or please keep going? I didn't really even know myself.

While the fingers of one hand played on in my nether region, with the other he drew my face to his and kissed me deeply. I was caught up in a swirl of emotions: strong desire both fueled and fought by fear. I felt myself slipping into the headspace where nothing exists except our two bodies, where I'll do anything to satisfy my husband's wishes. He brings me there often, just not usually in the middle of an open field.

In a desperate attempt to regain my senses, I broke off the kiss and pushed his hand from between my thighs. "Tim, please," I pleaded breathlessly. "We shouldn't do this here. I want you. I want you desperately, but let's take it back in the woods."

"Silly girl," Tim teased, "Did you think I was going to do you right here?"

"Well, I just figured..."

"Nah, I'm just playing a little, getting you warmed up a bit."

"You're making me hot as hell," I corrected. "At the rate things were going I was afraid I'd soon be begging you to take me right here, hard and deep, right now. You know how I get when you get me to that place."

"Mmmm, I love it when you're in that place."

"So do I." I flashed him a sensual smile.

He slipped a hand back inside the top of my dress and gave my breast some more delicious attention. I closed my eyes and moaned, now comfortable that he wasn't intending to take things too far here in the open. He loosened the laces on the bodice and pulled my left breast out, but with my back to the Frisbee players, I figured it would be OK, as long as no one surprised us from the woods. Besides, I loved what he was doing, and I didn't want it to stop. He gently traced his fingertips over my nipples, causing them to swell to attention. I moaned some more and just closed my eyes. He was taking me there again.

"Put your hand under your dress and feel how wet you are, Tina," he said.

Without thinking I inched the hem of my dress up, giving myself the access I needed, but exposing as little flesh as possible. God, I was soaked. My thighs were even wet.

"See," he teased.

"Take me back in the woods," I pleaded. "I want you."

"Play with your pussy first," he said insistently. "Put your fingers inside, make them good and wet, and rub your clit. But don't come. Not yet."

I did as he directed, playing with myself as inconspicuously as possible. He continued to play with my tits, eventually working them both free from my top. My clit was swollen and sensitive and despite the underlying unease of masturbating in public, however unobtrusively, I could feel myself working slowly and steadily up toward my peak. Had I had much presence of mind, I would have been shocked that I was so easily approaching orgasm out in an open field like that.

"I'm going to come," I warned him. "Soon. Oh, Oh. Oh."

"No, don't. You're going to come with my cock in your throat," he growled.

"Can I suck you right now? Please. I'm so close. Let me have that beautiful cock of yours in my mouth right now." I was pleading desperately, not even aware of what I was asking.

"I know you want it, babe, but not here. You'll regret it later. Put your tits away and let's go."

With my head spinning and my body trembling with excitement I managed to recompose my dress back to a state of decency. Tim pulled me to my feet and took me in his arms, kissing me passionately.

We stood kissing madly for a minute and the he whispered. "You are the hottest thing ever. You turn me on so much. See." He took my hand and placed it on the pronounced bulge in his jeans. I squeezed him indiscreetly for just a few seconds. He was hard as a rock under there, and I wanted it without further delay.

We left our blanket and picnic goods behind and strode urgently for the nearest tree line. We weren't yet a hundred feet into the woods when Tim grabbed me and started kissing me again. Our mouths and tongues went at it furiously. His hands freely roamed all over my body as mine focused on the one spot that held my rapt attention, rubbing his stiffness with urgency.

I looked quickly around and without invitation, unzipped his pants, freeing the object of my desire. He was huge and hard, just how I like him. My hand worked rhythmically up and down on him until I felt the stickiness of his pre-come forming on the tip. I instinctively bent down and licked the head clean.

"Oh god, Tina," he gasped. "We'd better go deeper – I mean further – I mean... "

I knew what he was trying to say, but pretending to misinterpret his instructions I instead plunged my mouth over him all the way until he hit the back of my throat. I began to suck him with wild abandon.

"I meant deeper into the woods!"

"I know what you meant," I teased, taking my mouth off of him for just a moment. "But I'm going to suck the come out of your cock right here, and I don't care who sees."

I went to my knees, barely even noticing the sticks and rough ground digging into them, and continued to suck his cock will all my might. I knew he'd never be able to bring himself to stop me now. I had him where I wanted him and he was helpless to escape.

"Suck me, baby. That's it. Suck that cock! Yes. Yesssss." he hissed, cheering me on.

He bent down and frantically yanked open my top, letting my tits spring free for him to fondle. He squeezed my mounds and tweaked my nipples until I groaned with delight. I meanwhile was stroking his cock at the base while repeatedly plunging him in as deeply as possible into my mouth. I was certain that the low groans emanating from the back of my throat, which were elicited at each tug of my nipples, only added to his pleasure. I looked up at him and watched him staring eagerly as the length of his cock thrust deeply into my hot mouth. The look on his face was one of pure ecstacy.

Something off in the woods to my left caught my eye, and I glanced that direction. I was shocked to see the four Frisbee players huddling at a distance of 100 feet or so, half-hidden behind some underbrush, watching me suck me husband's lovely cock. I was more shocked that the idea of these guys watching me kneeling there topless, doing what I was doing, completely turned me on. I quickly turned my eyes away, lest I scare them off, and looked up at Tim again. He was clearly too caught up in oral delirium to be aware of our audience.

I watched Tim's excitement grow toward ultimate release. He straightened up, tilted his head back and closed his eyes, releasing my heaving tits in the process. I was acutely aware of them swaying naked in the breeze as my head worked up and down over his engorged member with renewed enthusiasm. Wanting to keep the show as hot as possible for our onlookers, I brought my own free hand to my breasts and played with them violently. Tim's hips began to rock in sync with my mouth, his hands steadying the top of my head against his thrusts.

"Two fingers..." he grunted. "Put two fingers in your cunt. Now."

I immediately and obediently slid a hand under my dress, spread my knees and slipped my middle and ring fingers into my slippery tunnel. The guys were going to love watching this!

"Finger-fuck yourself," he commanded. "Hard."

Though it was a bit difficult at first to coordinate stroking and sucking his rigid cock with fingering my soaking wet pussy, I quickly found a rhythm that worked deliciously. We both groaned and sighed loudly, almost without regard to the fact that our sounds of sex were likely echoing far and wide through the open woods. I knew our friends were getting an earful as well as an eyeful.

I felt myself building toward my own orgasm and began to rub my thumb over my clit, coaxing myself closer as I continued obediently pushing my fingers in and out of me with a ferocity I'd rarely used on myself. The thought of the boys in the woods, watching all the hot action, made be crazy with lust.

"Get ready," Tim growled urgently. "Get ready to have your tits covered with come."

"Yes," I screamed. "Give me your load. Cover me!"

He pulled his cock from my hungry mouth and gently pushed me back into a sitting position, replacing my hand on his cock with his own and aiming it toward my bare chest. As I sat beneath him, prepared to receive the promised covering, I was now able to use both of my hands toward the mission of my own orgasm, the fingers of one hand still fucking me steadily, while the fingers of the other frantically thrashed at my engorged clit. I watched his body tighten, and his cock begin to twitch as he coaxed his come toward my tits. He leaned down over me, ensuring that he would hit his intended target.

I heard Tim cry out and watched the first large spurt of white cream shoot from the tip of his thick, beautiful cock to land directly between my breasts, warm and wet. That immediately triggered the convulsions of a huge orgasm that overtook my whole body. As I went off, I involuntarily closed my eyes, lost in the delightful combination of his come showering repeatedly down onto my breasts and the spasms of pure pleasure emanating from deep between my legs, while my pussy contracted rhythmically around my fucking fingers. I coasted down the far slope of my orgasm as the last drops of come oozed forth from Tim's member and dribbled onto my right nipple.

Slowly, Tim and I simultaneously emerged from our mutual sexual stupor, and I looked over toward the boys in the bush. They were all stuffing their own spent cocks back into their shorts, and when a guy in a yellow t-shirt looked up, I waved to him. Tim's head whipped around and saw for the first time that we had an audience. He shot a look back toward me, and I simply smiled and nodded.

Our friends trotted off, I suppose to play some more Frisbee or maybe to call their friends about what they'd just witnessed. Tim zipped up and helped me to my feet. He produced some tissues from his pocket and lovingly began to clean me up.

"It looks to me like you had something like this in your plan all along," I said, pointing to the tissues that he'd obviously stowed away for this purpose.

"Truthfully, I did plan something like this, only I figured we were going to finish things in slightly private circumstances."

"Maybe next time we don't need to bother coming to the woods at all," I laughed, giving Tim a naughty grin. We chuckled together at the wantonness of our public display and finished cleaning up in between tender, tasty kisses.

A few minutes later we were back on our picnic blanket, back where we'd started, with my head on Tim's stomach, looking lovingly up at him, but now with a deeply satisfied feeling. My head was still swimming a bit as I idly stroked his chest with my palms.

"I'm a little ashamed to admit it, Tim, but you were right. I liked being watched. A lot." I was shocked to hear myself say it.

"I have a feeling this won't be the last time, sweetheart."

"I am quite certain of that," I said with a lascivious grin.

I rolled over so that my face was only inches from Tim's manhood, and stroked him gently through his jeans. As he began to swell before my eyes, I unzipped his zipper and worked his cock free. I glanced across the field to see our friends stopped in their tracks, staring our way, just as I took the length of Tim's shaft into my warm, wet, wanting mouth.