A Walk in the Park

by pingky ©

It's a cool evening, the sun hovering low on the horizon and casting an

orange glow on everything in sight. The light is fast fading, and the

impending night has given me a very naughty idea. "Let's go for a walk in

the park behind your house," I suggest, winking suggestively at you, a coy

smile on my face. You eye me with a mixture of wariness and mischief, not

sure what I'm on to now. I fiddle with the pleats on my short skirt,

letting the dark material ride up my thigh just a little more for your

benefit. Recognition dawns on your face, and you hasten to find a pair of

zippered pants to facilitate the anticipated activity. I watch you change

with my legs wantonly parted, teasing you with the view.

Just as we are about to leave, I have a brainwave and nudge you. I

disappear back into the room, pulling you along with me, much to your

bewilderment. Then, you break into a knowing smile as I reach under my

skirt and remove the knickers I have on and toss them carelessly into the

cupboard. "Alright, we can go now!" I announce gaily, beaming at you. You

swat me gently on my ass and follow me to the door.

We can't stop ourselves from giggling all the way down the corridor, and

even as we wait for the lift to arrive. As the lift door closes on us, you

quickly pull my skirt up to grope my shapely butt for a while. I can see

the merriment in your eyes as I play hard-to-get and push the skirt down

modestly. The lift door opens to reveal a crotchety old man outside, and

we skip out looking very naughty indeed. The old man doesn't seem to catch

any hint of what was going on just a moment ago in the lift he's just

stepped into, although he does sneak a glance at my legs which always look

fantastic in a short skirt.

The breeze as we walk towards the park teases me, now and again lifting my

skirt for a peek like a leery old man, at other times stroking me airily

between my thighs and giving me a cool, delicious thrill of pleasure. We

hold hands and hike up the slope to the darkening gloom of the park, dimly

illuminated with a handful of solitary lampposts and dotted all over with

trees shading various parkbenches. We pick a spot hidden from view by a

large mango tree, high up on the slope where we guess few people will

venture after dark.

You sit down on the bench with an expression of eager anticipation on your

face, grinning up at me so wide the teeth stand out in the gloom. I sit

down on your lap, taking care to spread my skirt out round me and over the

crotch of your pants. I can feel you getting a hard-on already, the

stiffness of the zipper augmented by a swelling bulge beneath the corduroy

material. As I settle my weight onto your lap, you let out a faint groan,

your eyes half-closing for a long moment as you savour the knowledge of my

bare ass seated almost on top of your by-now raging hard-on. I shift a

little to create pressure, at the same time feeling juices build up inside

my slick little pussy. I position myself with my thighs slightly apart for

your convenience and guide your hand towards the satin-smooth insides of

my thighs.

Your hand glides up my left thigh, caressing it as you mumble your

appreciation unintelligibly. You nuzzle my neck as your hand probes higher

up into the recesses under the skirt, while I hold the hem to prevent it

from riding up too high lest some lagging evening jogger comes by. The

tips of your fingers makes contact with the folds of my vulva, sending a

shiver of excitement across every inch of my skin, from the backs of my

ankles to the nape of my neck. The smoothness of my lips excites you; I

can feel the throbbing of your member under me, very faintly, and it turns

me on even more. You stroke my lips with the barest of touches,

titillating my senses and making me beg for more. I buck ever so slightly

to bump against your fingers, squeezing myself inside and feeling all my

attention centred towards the lower half of my little body. I tighten my

left arm round your shoulder, and use my right to urge your left hand

deeper.

You turn to me and initiate a deep kiss, tongue gently coaxing my lips

open so you can taste my tongue. The sensuality of your tongue tickling my

lips and palate make me tremble, enveloping my senses in a heady rush of

giddyness. It is all I can do to stay in a sitting position on your lap.

Without breaking the kiss, you continue stroking the lips of my snatch,

brushing the hairs around it every so often.

Suddenly, you push into the middle of my luscious folds, slicking your

fingers wet with my juices and giving me a shock of sensation that washes

over me and knocks me breathless, forcing me to break the passionate kiss.

You don't let up, and keep digging deeper and deeper into my pussy with

two fingers that bear the smooth, thick calluses of a long-time guitarist.

The sensation pulls me under like a powerful undercurrent, stringing me

along to bliss as you quest for my G-spot. I fling my arms around you and

bury my face in the crook of your neck and shoulder, unable to keep from

moaning. Your fingers begin to thrust in and out of me, motions smooth

from my sopping wetness, and I moan loudly into your ear, trying but

unable to tell you in words how good it feels.

Your other hand reaches up from holding me up, and latches onto my right

breast, squeezing it firmly. Unsatisfied, you run your hand up my blouse

and pull down the obstructing bra cup to release the nipple into your

hand. You pull and pinch it, flicking it till I start to think that there

must be some kind of wiring inside me that connects the nipple directly to

the clitoris. You push me up and duck your head, pushing my blouse up to

reach my nipple with your mouth. As your lips close around it, I pull your

head closer to me, straining against the hand inside me as you stroke my

gushing depths. I grind my butt against your erection inside your pants,

wishing for a way to free it without having to stop what we are doing.

You stop just as suddenly as you started, leaving me panting for more. You

make me get up so that you can release your pent-up cock from its stifling

prison, and pull it through the opened zipper so that it stands proudly in

the cool air. I squat down in front of you and pop it into my mouth,

sucking it like a lollipop. I run my tongue up and down its considerable

length, slaking its thirst for something warm and wet. I taste the big

drops of precum oozing from its tip and mix it with my saliva, coating it

with a layer of fluid and small bubbles as you breath raggedly with your

head thrown back, eyes closed. I can smell the scent of your skin along

the shaft, and the aroma of my arousal is strong in the night air. I add

one more mouthful of saliva over the smooth, fat, glistening cockhead

before drawing myself up once more and preparing to let myself onto it.

You open your eyes, glazed over with lust, and hold the stiff meatpole

steady for me to impale myself on. I slide easily onto it, the sensation

of every inch going deep into me piling one on top of another into a

shuddering vaginal contraction that has you gasping for air even as the

tip of your head touches the entrance to my cervix inside. I pause to

catch my breath, but you don't want to wait. You start bucking up into me

and banging the stiff thickness into my willing snatch, inducing

caterwauls of pleasure from me as I back onto your hardness while

supporting myself on tiptoes. Your hands hold my cut-in waist firmly,

pulling and pushing me so my butt bounces onto and lifts off your lap in a

quick heartbeat rhythm. Your right hand slides up to cover a breast,

squeezing it hard in time to your pumping in and out of me, while my pussy

contracts at regular intervals of its own volition, heightening your

excitement.

You nuzzle my neck harshly as I extend it by throwing my head back,

letting your stubble graze my tender skin and leaving raw burns from the

heat of the moment. I grip your forearms hard, almost bruising them from

the pressure, in an effort to keep from screaming the tension into the HDB

flats separated from us by only the foliage. You quicken the pace of your

repeatedly spearing me, your ragged breathing turning to panting as you

work frantically towards climaxing.

I cannot stop myself from crying out, "Oh, oh, oh oh oooh... aaahhh...

Uhhh..." as your cock slams at superhuman speed into my cunt, stroking it

inside out so quickly the heat makes us both perspire profusely. When it

reaches an unbelievable speed you pant into my ear softly, "I'm gonna

come." with a hint of determination that betrays the effort spent thus

far, just before you come undone and rock with me in an unsteady rhythm,

unspooling all the threads of warm cum inside of me, sending the warm

seeds of your love deep into the recesses of my womb and coating the walls

of my pussy with sticky fluid as it runs, viscous, down inside.

Spent, you jerk involuntarily with the last throes of your orgasm while my

legs give way and I lean back on your chest, the pulsating walls of my

soaking snatch squeezing the last drops of life from your softening cock,

finally releasing it with a pop into the open air. You open your eyes and

give me a groggy smile, before standing up and repacking your package back

into its fabric holster.

It takes a while more before I can bring myself to stand up, and we make

our way back to the house utterly exhausted. Cum drips from my

still-sopping snatch in big viscous drops along the way, tracing our path

back, while the juices from our recent union stickify the insides of my

thighs like a souvenir.

I look at you and grin. "That was some walk in the park."