Crystal's Adventure in the Park

Ch. 01

by Araythea ©

I could feel every bump and hole, as we drove across the uneven field

slowly. Since we were out of money, and tired of my father's ever

protective glare, Chris and I decided to have a picnic at the park.

Old Settler's park was different in those days. Without the little brown

stumps of wood and connecting wires blocking everything off, you could

drive almost anywhere.

That day we drove to the side of the pond, opposite the playgrounds. We

didn't have to worry about parking lots and screaming kids. Everything was

on the other side.

We finally found a spot Chris was satisfied with: a little cluster of

trees to block the playground and other picnickers from seeing us. I

climbed out of the car and stretched, hoping that the movement would wake

my ass back up. It was hot and sticky, as summer usually is here in Texas.

My shirt stuck to my back, even though it was only a ten minute drive from

my neighborhood. I unstuck it and waved my shirt up and down in the hope

of getting a breeze to cool my skin. I was grateful for the playful gust

of wind that snuck up under my skirt to cool my sweat-damp bottom.

Chris was spreading the blanket out and looking over at me nervously. That

was always a sure sign that he wanted to see how far I would let him go.

We hadn't done much beyond groping. Last time, he got my shirt open and

sucked on my nipples. That got me so hot that I let him put his hand down

my knickers before I stopped him. I felt horrible for denying him, but

everything was so new to me. It didn't help that we were never anywhere

private. Whether it was his roommates or my parents, the only way we tried

anything was away from our houses.

My fear of being caught, during our rather public explorations constantly

battled with my excitement of someone watching us and enjoying the show.

Usually my fear won out in the end, leaving Chris frustrated. He always

understood however, which is why I was more determined to get farther

without stopping him this time.

I kicked off my sandals, curling my toes in the warm grass. I stretched

again before making my way over there to him. He was unusually quiet, busy

with digging through the cooler he had brought.

"Grab me some water, will you?" I ask him, breaking the silence and also,

hopefully, whatever strange mood that has settled over us.

He dug back in the cooler and brought out a bottle of water. I walked over

to him to get it, and see him looking around nervously.

"What's wrong?" I had to ask, as he was making me nervous too. He muttered

'nothing' under his breath as he held the bottle out to me. He sat and

stretched his legs out in front of him as soon as I took it. Looking down

at him, I couldn't help but smile at him. Even though this was far from

his first time...doing anything really, he was obviously nervous as hell.

I couldn't blame him, I kept stopping him.

Determined not to screw this up too, I sat gingerly on his lap, straddling

it. He looked surprised and a little relieved as he shifted back to prop

himself on his hands. I tried not to blush as I saw the position I'd put

myself in. I set the water beside us and he was still just looking at me,

waiting.

I wasn't sure what to do. I hate feeling like I'm on the spot, I tend to

act impulsively. Uncertainty gripped me, and I hated the awkwardness of

it, it wasn't like we hadn't kissed before. I tugged on his shirt and he

sat back up. I scooted back a little bit so I wasn't hurting him.

He laughed and grabbed me by the hips, scooting me back up. The move

thrust my knickers into the wedge of my ass. Now I was settled square on

his hips, feeling the bulge of his cock pressed against me. My knickers

should have been uncomfortable and they were a bit. But I didn't want to

fix them in front of him and the pressure forcing my cheeks open was

somehow nice. I almost wish that it had been between my pussy lips as

well, spreading them as open for him.

As I squirmed on his lap, his eyes widened, and he finally kissed me.

Though the kiss was still soft, it wasn't exactly gentle. I could feel the

fire behind it, and I knew that he was holding back. I opened my mouth and

even then he was tentative. I can't bear that. The Chris I know isn't shy

and gentle; he is boisterous, passionate and utterly infuriating.

Not knowing what to do, I kissed him back harshly, pressing our lips

together fiercely, and driving my tongue into his mouth. I kissed him

deeply and hungrily, the way I always do. I wanted his passion.

He moaned as loudly as I did, gripping my hips and grinding them against

him. I couldn't help but squeak as his jeans rubbed me. He broke off the

kiss with a chuckle, looking smug.

I can feel my face heat up and know I'm blushing again. He has jeans on

though and they were rough against me, with nothing but half bunched

knickers to shield my pussy.

"Shut up" I muttered, embarrassed. He smirked at me and held me close to

him. When he kissed me gently, I let him. I didn't try to turn it into

something more. It would do that on its own, as I found out. There was a

slow build-up, as the kiss deepened. He broke away again before beginning

again, and again. I felt like I was melting under the pressure of his lips

on mine, his tongue coaxing me to go slow. It was no less intense than the

fierce ones I was used to. Any embarrassment I felt was lost as he just

kept kissing me.

Slowly, he pulled my hips forward, rocking me against him. I could feel

his cock hardening under me. He kept rocking me until I started doing it

myself. He slid one hand up the back of my shirt to unclasp my bra. I

barely knew what he's done until I felt his other hand sliding under the

front of my shirt against my stomach. It crept up carefully, as we

continued kissing. I could feel his hand sliding up and under my bra. I

gasped, breaking the kiss, as he cupped my breast and ran his thumb across

my nipple.

My nipple hardened and I stopped rocking my hips. His prick was so hard

beneath me, and my nipples were so sensitive. I could feel my body

shaking. My pussy was throbbing, I could feel it twitching. It needed

more. Closing my eyes, as if it could help me process all the feelings, I

started rocking against him again. His thumb was grazing the same nipple

and it all felt so good.

"Can I?" he panted out, and I opened my eyes. His face was flush and his

eyes dilated. I'm not sure what he meant but I nodded anyway. I catch on

as he tried to lift my shirt and bra out of the way. After a moment of

frustration he pulled my shirt completely off, and then my bra.

I shuddered the moment his tongue flicked my nipple. I almost begged,

though I'm not sure if it would have been for more, or for him to stop. He

flicked his tongue against it again before sucking it into his mouth, and

worrying it between his lips and teeth.

Somewhere in the back of my head warning bells sounded: I'm sitting in the

park, with nothing covering my top. Anyone could come by, I almost pushed

him away. It was as if he could sense it though, as he ground against me

harshly, and the knickers got bunched even further, pushing them between my

lips, just as I'd wished for earlier. I gasped as I rode my knickers just

as hard as I was riding his jean-clad cock. They were harsh and almost

cutting against my swollen clit.

I had to sit up some; I just couldn't take the feelings. It popped my

breast out of his mouth. I reached down to dislodge my knickers, but he

must have thought I was doing something else. He unbuttoned his jeans and

pushed them down with his boxers as soon as I moved. Before I could say

anything he smashed my hips back down. We both gasped as I felt a bare

cock against my crotch for the first time. He wasn't penetrating me; he

was sliding his prick back and forth through my lips. He was so hard and

my clit was already so swollen. I could feel myself shaking, already so

close to the edge of something I was sure would break me apart.

He groaned and his eyes slipped shut. "You are so wet. Oh god, so fucking

wet," he said, as if he'd never felt anything like it. He sounded so hot,

and strained. I slipped back and forth against him, and he sounded needy

as he moaned. It was quite the power trip and I had to lift the front of

my skirt to have a look.

There it was: his cock, sliding back and forth through me, and I had to

stop looking. It was driving me wilder. He was panting, and I knew I was

too. I bent forward to kiss him again, sharply. I felt him shudder under

me. Warm come was spraying the underside of my skirt and his belly.

He slowed the kiss, and broke it softly. I was still shaking with need of

my own, and I didn't know what to do. I stopped sliding against him. He

gave me a brilliant smile, and hugged me close to him. I fought the urge

to keep rocking my hips.

My heart was still beating too fast and him holding me wasn't quenching

the hunger I still felt. I started to stand up, still confused. He pulled

me down to the blanket and rolled me onto my back, half settling over me.

He kissed me once more before moving down to settle between my legs.

"W-what are you going to do?" I was still shaken and I was still a little

scared of everything.

"You'll see. You'll like it, I promise. Please?"

"All right" I said nervously, if it would just get rid of this ache.

He smiled at me again before lowering his head and giving me a tentative

lick. I moaned loudly at that small touch. I spread my legs wider for him

and he licked again. Then he started in earnest, dipping his tongue in my

hole, swiping it against my clit, and then sucking it a little too hard. I

reached down to push him away; it was just to fucking much! I reached my

hand down and tangled it in his hair. He sucked at my clit again, and I

smash his face into me instead of pushing him away.

I didn't know what else to do; I just held his head there like I was

afraid he would stop. I'd never had someone's mouth there, so it felt

great. I sat up a little so I could watch, but I still couldn't bear the

sight. Seeing him down there was so hot. My eyes slipped shut, and he

seemed so greedy for me. I knew I was close again.

My legs pressed up against his face almost trying to ward against the

pleasure I was feeling; the pleasure he was giving me. He was sucking and

licking at my pussy, and I knew I was going to explode.

I heard a crunch and my eyes flew open. I could see a red Dodge truck

creeping by in front of us. I needed to push Chris away. I was still half

propped up with no shirt on with Chris's blonde head buried in my pussy.

The truck didn't stop, but the window rolled down and one guy stuck his

head out, while they drove by slowly. The guy didn't say anything, but he

licked his lips and smiled. I couldn't help it, I screamed out, suddenly

coming. Chris lapped hungrily at me, and my eyes were fixed on the

stranger almost past us now. I fell back still shaking, this time with

release.

Chris sat up after one last lick, as if he was reluctant to stop. He stood

up straightening himself back up. He spotted the truck he hadn't noticed

before. "Fuck! Why didn't you tell me?" he almost yelled.

I blushed deeply. "I didn't see them at first."

"Well let's get out of here. I don't know if they will call someone."

I wasn't about to argue with him, and I was still trying to process

everything anyway. We just quickly packed up our uneaten picnic and go.

To this day Chris laughs at me, saying "How could I hear anything else

with your legs pressing against my head? All I could hear was your moans

vibrating through you!" He always looks a little hungry when he says it

too.

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