**Pack a Picnic and Don't Forget to Bring your Exhibitionist Side**

by QballVV

We pick our spot on a secluded hill, just as the summer sun has set.

You're sitting back, leaning on your hands as I move to the basket to get some Shiraz. The first glass comes out but I place it down near your ankle. The bottle is in my hand and hovers over the glass. With my thumb over it, I trickle a tiny bit on the top of your foot. My hand cups the sole of your foot and I lift it to me. My other hand tickles your calf with a flower just within reach.

Your little giggle is my cue to bring your toes to my lips.

Kissing the tips as I gaze into your eyes, my face moves forward while my tongue traces the spilled Shiraz on the top of your foot. It moves to your ankle, the back of my fingers running along your calf as I leave it to tenderly kiss my way up to your knee. I begin to pull your summer skirt up over your knees and stop to look you in the eyes.

"Out here, are you sure?" I ask.

A touch of hesitation. You're not sure if it's real or just to build the excitement. You want this of course, but outside, where you can be seen is new. And such a turn on.

The fingertips that teased your calf are now running up your thigh. At first on your knee then seamlessly moving to the inside. They run once over your pussy through your g-string then I cheekily look inside your skirt to see which ones they are. Not that it matters, they aren't going to be there for long. I begin stroking your pussy through them. You know I want them wet before I take them off.

As you get there and squirm just a little I take a quick look around, slide my hands up around your ass and pull them back down. As the front starts to slip I grab it with my teeth and pull them down to see your glistening pussy waiting for what's next. My body draws back as I remove your underwear down your leg, stopping to kiss you just above and inside your knee then taking them right off, throwing them towards the basket.

There's a pause as I reach into the basket. You see a halved strawberry in my fingers then see me dip it in chocolate. My hands push your legs further apart and you feel the tip of the strawberry writing in the chocolate "My pussy" on the inside of that thigh and "Not yours" on the other. The strawberry comes to rest just above your clit. My tongue begins to trace the words, licking you clean. I can feel your hands grab the back of my head as I near your pussy but I push past. The other legs needs cleaning. Starting low again, my tongue, more slowly this time, works up to lick you clean.

My lips brush over your pussy and my tongue slides up along it to scoop the strawberry. My lips close around your clit as I eat the strawberry, every movement of my lips making you fight not to gasp too loudly. Your thighs squeeze around my head as my hand slips under your top to take your breast as if I own it. I do. Your squeeze on my head tightens and I work a little faster, knowing what you want.

A moment to remind you that this is my pussy, speaking with my lips vibrating on your pussy.

"And this is my orgasm."

I start to work faster.

"Give it to me."

My lips passionately kiss your pussy waiting for my reward, my orgasm from my pussy. My mouth opens wide as you oblige me, cumming all over my lips and tongue. My hips slide up along the inside of your thighs. When did I remove my pants, you wonder. It doesn't matter.

Your pussy still so wet with your cum takes my dick in easily as my weight rests against your hips. One hand pushes your legs a little wider then up to take me in all the way. We stay there rocking, your feet on my hips, my cock inside your pulsing pussy, my balls against your ass. I feel you start to tremble as a second wave builds in you and my lips softly come to rest on yours. Our tongues dance over each other as you reach your climax again.

The feeling of your pussy clenching and shuddering over my cock almost makes me cum.

No, not yet.

"Those two were mine. Would you like the next one to be yours? It will be any way you want it."

Our pace slows, me matching your rhythm, your timing.

I seem to anticipate every want you have, just as you have it. My teeth sink into your neck, both hands squeezing your breasts, all the while my hips driving my cock deep into you. You lift one leg a little higher. I feel it and use my weight to rock your hips up a bit more. Ah yes, right there.

Your hips set the pace, small but fast rocking movements and I feel you start to build again.

"Fuck, you're making me need to cum."

I expose your breast for a moment to tease your nipple with my teeth before slipping your top back down. The feeling of it running along your hard nipples brings your close. My breathing changes, you know I'm very close. The thought of it takes you to the edge just as my body begins to tighten, every muscle hardening in your hands. And then it happens, you begin to tremble as you feel my dick pulsing and the pressure of cumming together.

My arms wrap around you and I roll you onto my chest as I roll onto my back. We kiss softly, me still inside you as you lay on me. My fingers run through your hair and I let out a little giggle. Your messed up hair always gives it away.