**Taking My Beth**

by [a10shingter](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1225017&page=submissions)©

My wife and I have always enjoyed a spirited time together, especially in the bedroom. In our 12 years of marriage, we have shared with each other, our most secret desires, needs, and fantasies. Anything that she has ever desired, I've done for her. And she has returned the favor for me. I'm not spectacular to look at by any means, but she certainly is. At 5'5, barely 100 lbs, Beth is a dream for anyone that loves petite women. Her breasts fit her body perfectly, although smallish, they are two incredibly soft and perky mounds of beauty, capped with the most lovely little pink nipples I've seen in all my life. She spends lots of time laying out by our pool, so her skin is always beautifully tanned, and looks stunning the way it contrasts with her long black hair and deep grey eyes.

Many years ago, as we began dating, she made it clear that she would not give in to me sexually until she totally trusted me. So, I was left to jerk off for several weeks, wishing it was her tight pussy instead of my overworked right hand. But, at least I was dating her and that meant there was some hope, so I endeavored to wait as long as it took. It was like a rite of passage, I suppose. We would make out all the time, but when my hands began to wander about her body, she would stop instantly and shoo me away. It was the most frustrating time of my life, but I had to wait it out. Then, one evening, I saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

She came over after her last class of the evening, and told me bluntly that in order to have any type of sex with her, I had to play a part in her most powerful fantasy. As my ears perked up, so did my cock. Just the mere mention of the word sex, as it rolled over her tongue on its way to my ears, was enough to bring me to full erection.

"So, are you willing to play along?" she asked.

"Hell yes, whatever it is, I'll do, you name it" I replied, reaching out to pull her close. She instantly backed away, swatting my outstretched hands. "C'mon Beth, I want you so bad, I've waited long enough!"

"You have waited a while, and I appreciate that," her coy smile was cute, but devilish, "but you can't just have me right here and now." Her eyes pierced through me as she seemed to be searching my very soul, testing it for flaws, or inconsistencies. "I think I trust you, John, I really think I do. But it has to be my way, ok?" She appeared to be holding her breath as I pondered the question, which I really didn't fully understand.

"Tell me your fantasy, and we'll talk about it." I had resigned myself to a bit more waiting, but I was hoping to get on with it. "Come sit down, and tell me all about it."

After a moment of hesitation, her hard stare softened a bit and she moved to sit next to me on my futon. It took a full minute before she spoke, obviously this was something she felt strongly enough about, that it was difficult to begin.

"Well John, I really like you, you make me feel so comfortable, and I think I love you. But, there is a side of me that you don't know about yet. You see, I have these urges, and I've never been able to satisfy them." Her posture was relaxed, but her eyes were searching mine frantically for any sign that I might not be taking her seriously.

I leaned toward her, "Beth, what is it, tell me what you need."

"I want you to rape me," came forcefully from her mouth, and the words startled me a bit.

After a moment to mull over the words, I replied with the only thing I could think of, "Huh?"

"John, all this time that I've been making you wait, I've also been making myself wait. I know you've been jerking off at the end of every night we've spent together, but what you may not know is that each of those same nights, I've gotten myself off too. I want you to fuck me so bad John, I want to feel your cock inside me, instead of my stupid toy and fingers. I want you to come in me and on me however you want to do it. But, I need it to be a rape. Do you understand?" It was that moment, I realized her nipples were as hard as my cock was, her face was flushed, and her eyes looked as though they might emit tears any moment.

I pondered the ramifications, and quickly cut to the chase, saying "What, you like pain, you want me to hurt you?"

"No, no, no, it's not that at all. Pain is not what I'm looking for John, it's hard to explain. What I need is to be surprised, to be out of control, to be used." She had obviously thought long and hard about this, and her words came easily, but she still looked as though she was waiting for me to kick her out of my place.

"So, you want me to fake rape you, like right now?"

"No, not right now, that's the thing. I want it to be totally out of the blue, so that it's a surprise. I will make myself available at certain times, but you have to decide when you take me, bend me over, and pound me just the way you want. You can even call me names, pull my hair, do just about anything you want, all I ask is that you don't leave any noticable marks on me." She seemed relieved to be getting this off her chest, but still skeptical that I would comply.

For me, it was simple. If I wanted to have this girl, and this was the only way it was going to happen, I was definitely going to go for it. "Ok Beth, I think I understand. So how will this work?"

"Ok John, here's what I have in mind. Every Thursday night, I will take a walk through Barry Park. I'll wear simple clothes, with nothing on underneath. You can choose a Thursday, hide out in the park, and pounce on me whenever you like. Just don't let me know when you're going to do it. Also, I will leave my bedroom window unlocked from now on. You can pick a night, climb in the window, and take me right on my own bed. And John, I sleep totally nude. But remember, I don't want to know when or where you're going to strike." A sly smile swam across her face as she finished that last sentence, and with that she stood, began walking to the door, and just before she grabbed the handle to leave, she turned and blew me a kiss, then said, "And John, we're not going out on any dates until we make this arrangement happen. I may leave you a message from time to time, but we are officially not a couple as of now, until you rape me." And with that, she giggled her way out the door. I couldn't help staring at her perfect ass as she sauntered away.

"Oh god, that's so hot," was all I could muster. My cock was rigid, and pre-cum was definitely flowing. I sat there for a couple minutes, pondering the possibilities, rubbing my cock through my jeans. After I had collected my spinning thoughts, I adjourned to the bedroom, where I ripped my jeans and boxers off and began jerking frantically. Within a minute, I came so much and more powerfully than I could ever remember.

I awoke the next day, Thursday, and made plans to be at Barry Park. She hadn't told me what time she would be taking her stroll, but I assumed it would be sometime after the sun went down. The park is pretty popular with college students, with a swimming area, an open field for softball or frisbee, and a path that snaked it's way around the entire park, perfect for walking, jogging, or rollerblading. Sections of the path were surrounded by a thick growth of trees and bushes, and at about 100 foot increments, there are benches and lamp posts.

I arrived at about 8pm, just as the late summer sun was beginning to lose it's hold on the day. There were a few people still in the field, tossing a football back and forth, but soon they would have to clear out because of darkness.

There was also a young couple making out on a bench near the entrance to the park. I wondered if they might stick around for a while, but soon enough they got up and headed for one of the cars in the parking lot. So now, there were only three cars left, and when the football guys left, only my car remained. It was showtime at Barry Park.

I situated myself near the entrance, so that I had a good view of the parking lot, knowing that Beth lived far enough away from the park that she would have to drive. I also scouted a secluded area where the path wound its way through a rather dense growth of trees and bushes, and where the light from various lamp posts was dim at best. There was a large boulder among the trees, which I thought looked out of place, but it would make a perfect hiding place for my scandalous endeavor.

As I waited, some squirrels made use of the last light of day, bolting from tree to tree with no clear pattern. Then I saw headlights. I ducked behind a tree and watched intently in the direction of the parking lot. As the car parked and headlights went off, I could barely make out the color of the car. It was silver, and it was a Civic. It was Beth's car! I instantly became hard and had to adjust myself. As I did, my cock throbbed with approval. Beth emerged from her car and passed by mine, giving the hood a seductive swipe with her hand as she entered the park and began walking up the path. This was it! I was finally going to get a chance to plunge my cock into her sweet pussy.

I quietly made my way to the boulder, making less noise than the squirrels, which still scampered about, not caring about the drama that would soon unfold. Stooping behind the boulder, I had a perfect view of the bench, at which I hoped Beth would take a rest. I could also see about 30 feet of the path, so I would be able to prepare myself when she arrived in this area. Then I heard footsteps, and I saw the outline of Beth walking up the path.

As she passed underneath one of the lamp posts, I was able to discern what she was wearing. A white t-shirt, blue running shorts, and a pair of tennis shoes. Her hair was up in a bun, the way I've grown to love. Her breasts jiggled a bit as she walked, hinting that they were not inhibited by a bra. My cock lurched at the thought, and my hands clenched, wanting to squeeze those gorgeous mounds at that very moment. I would not have to wait much longer. Just a few more feet.

It was then that I had a revelation. An epiphany, if you will. What if it's all a setup? What if she tipped off the cops, and when I pounce on her, I'll get shot dead or arrested on the spot. The doubts began streaming into my mind from all sides. My cock continued to throb in a regular cadence, but my mind was faltering. "I can't do this! This is crazy!" I stooped lower behind my protective boulder as Beth walked up to the bench, sat down, and undid the bun of her hair, letting it fall naturally to her shoulders. My breathing was hard, my cock was hard, my balls were full, but my mind was not right.

As Beth sat on the bench, she looked around, appearing to wait for the inevitable. She even put her right hand under her shirt and began toying with her breasts, pulling at her nipples apparently, and her other hand made it's way below to rub between her legs. She knew I was watching, and I think she wanted me to watch. This made my cock throb with renewed urgency, so I dropped my shorts and began stroking as I watched her.

Soon enough, as I watched Beth roll her head from side to side, and heard the soft whimpers she emitted, I couldn't take it any more. I jerked hard and fast, and came all over the boulder with a muffled grunt. Her head whirled to look in the direction of the very unnatural noise I had made, and I stooped lower. She quickly stood up, and walked back down the path toward the parking lot. She knew I chickened out, and I may have just blown my chances with her.

The next day, as I was at work, Beth left a rather cryptic message on my answering machine.

"Hi John, it's me. Sorry we couldn't get together last night. I decided to take a walk in the park, went to the gym for a bit, then went straight to sleep when I got home. Maybe we can get together next Thursday night. Let me know. Bye."

I played it several times, trying to determine if she was pissed or not. I couldn't quite tell if she was mad, or if the game was still on. I decided to play it by ear and wait for next Thursday.

I pondered the second scenario she had offered: the open bedroom window and her sleeping nude. I was even less comfortable with that situation, since she lived in a large house with several other women. I could surely get myself in deep trouble forcing open a window in such a place, even though Beth had given the green light. All it would take is one passerby to notice, and the cops would be there instantly. With that, I nixed the idea altogether. So, it would have to be at the park if it was to be anyplace at all.

As the next Thursday rolled around, I did everything the same as the week before. I stooped behind the same boulder, overlooking the same bench, cursed at the same squirrels, and adjusted my hard cock in the same way. Beth even parked in the same spot in the lot, and gave the same seductive touch to the hood of my car. She was dressed identically, and sat at the bench the same as the week before, and began playing with her breasts and pussy just as she did before.

Again though, I could not bring myself to pounce on her. I couldn't get past the idea that it was some kind of setup. It's strange the tricks that ones mind can play, twisting a seemingly straightforward scenario into some complicated conspiracy. Once again, I was left to drop my shorts, jerk my cock, and cum all over the boulder. She shifted again, looking straight at the huge rock, knowing full well that I was behind it with cum dripping from the end of my cock. She stood, and walked back down the path, got in her car, and left.

For three more weeks, the scenario played out the same. She left me similar messages on my answering machine each Friday, and showed up at the same bench at about the same time each Thursday. I continued to paint the backside of the boulder, unable to act on the scenario. On the fifth try, there was another guy in the park, strolling the pathways, which had me on full alert. Beth had surely noticed his car in the lot when she parked, but to my amazement, she did everything the same as before. One hand under her shirt, one hand rubbing her pussy, her head tossling to and fro, and soft moans escaping as she did her thing.

As I watched, a movement caught my attention across the path. It was the other guy, hiding behind a tree, watching Beth just as I was. His khaki shorts were unzipped and he was stroking an impressive cock as Beth continued her ministrations. I was a little worried that he might take up the scenario where I had not been able to. But, he seemed just as cautious, and just as content to stroke his own meat. The scene was powerful and I was soon jerking my cock at a lightning speed, massaging my balls all the while. Once again, I spewed all of my cum on the boulder with a deep sigh, and once again, Beth turned slightly to look in my direction. But this time, another deep sigh and a grunt could be heard, as the guy across the way must have unloaded too, and Beth quickly spun her head to look in that direction. At that, she quickly stood and walked down the path, this time, with a bit more urgency than any time before.

The next day, there was a message on my machine when I got home from work. Her voice was in a very 'matter of fact' mode.

"John, are you bringing friends with you now? I'm not mad if you are, it's ok. But, I only want you to play out our scenario, no one else. They can look, but no touching. See ya soon, I hope."

"Wow," was all I could say to that. This other guy had blundered into our scenario, and unbeknownst to him, she was into it, up to a point. I secretly hoped that he would return the next week, to heighten the drama a bit.

The following Thursday, I had made up my mind, I was going to go through with it. I was going to take Beth on that park bench. I was going to press my cock as deeply into her pussy as anyone ever could, and instead of cumming all over some stupid rock, I was going to spray my load inside Beth's pussy. And if the other guy is there to watch, I didn't care.

I pulled into the parking lot at about 8:15pm. There were no other cars in the parking lot, which left me slightly disappointed, but nonetheless, it was my scenario, and the other guy had no idea it was a standing arrangement each Thursday. He must have thought it was a lucky one-time occurrence. I posted myself behind the boulder, and waited.

A few minutes later, I saw headlights approaching. It was Beth, right on time as always. She made her way up the path as she had done countless times before. This time though, she was going to get what she wanted. As she sat on the bench, my cock urged for its usual release, but I left it hidden in my shorts. Beth began to rub her breasts and pussy through the thin material of her t-shirt and running shorts, and she seemed to be searching the dimly lit surroundings as she did so. She was looking for the lookers. She was trying to voyeur the voyeurs. I took a tentative step to the corner of the boulder. It was a mere 10 feet from the bench, so I figured three or four steps would get me there, but they would need to be quiet steps. I scanned the ground for the best places to step, making sure to rule out any dry leaves, plastic wrappers, or anything else that might give me away.

Just as I was about to take my first step, headlights appeared in the parking lot. I retreated to the safety of my boulder for a moment. A couple minutes passed and no one came up the path. So I figured it must have been a couple lovers parking in the lot to make out. Good for them, I thought. I again readied to step out and take Beth, to rape her the way she wanted to be raped. But as I made the first step, I looked across the way and saw a figure standing behind a tree. It was the other guy again! He had just parked, and made his way somehow to stand behind the same tree again, without Beth or I noticing. This guy is good, I thought. But, it had no bearing on my plan. I was going to take Beth, whether he cares to watch or not. He didn't strike me as the type that would try to join in, because he was a watcher, not a joiner. It made sense to me at the time, but again, perhaps I wasn't thinking clearly.

I stepped out from behind the boulder, made two more steps, and was standing silently at a 45 degree angle, beside and behind Beth, as she sat at the bench, pulling at her nipples. My appearance in the light must have startled the guy across the way, because I heard a gasp.

Beth also heard it, and looked in the guy's direction. Just as she did so, I lunged forward, put one hand over her mouth, and grabbed her left arm forcefully with the other. She became rigid instantly, the surprise part had worked. Now, to the business at hand.

I pulled her up and stood behind her, my cock pressing roughly against her gorgeous ass. She was shaking. I made sure to keep her facing forward so she couldn't see me. I whispered in her ear, "Look bitch, you can make this easy or hard. If you scream, I'll put a knife in your chest, do you understand." She nodded, as I felt tears from her eyes cascade down to my hand as it covered her mouth. I slowly began to release the grip of my right hand, allowing her to breathe more normally. I lowered the hand to grasp her other arm. Still facing away from me, she muttered something that I could not understand.

"What bitch, what was that?"

"Please let me go, please."

"Let you go?" I said, as both of my hands released her arms to grasp her hips, pulling her ass back to rub against my cock. A low moan escaped her lips. "No baby, you're not going anywhere until I'm done with you. I'm gonna show you how a slut like you should be treated." I snaked my hands around and under her shirt to grab both of her glorious bare breasts.

"No, please," was all she could muster, then she seemed to slump a bit as my fingers pulled at both nipples, twisting them roughly. She tried to pull away, but my grip tightened, and she settled back against me. "You bastard," she whispered.

I peeked across the path, and sure enough, our voyeur friend was still watching intently, so I decided to give him a show. I quickly ripped the t-shirt from the back and pulled it off of Beth, leaving her to stand barebreasted in the dim light. She instinctively covered herself, but with a growl in her ear, I commanded her to put her arms to her sides. She complied slowly.

"Now the shorts bitch, take them off, now!"

"No, please, don't make me do it, please," the tears were streaming down her face now, and I wondered if she was having second thoughts. But, I figured, in order to make a rape scenario work, there can't be any apprehension. My hands again cupped her breasts roughly, her hard nipples nestled between the second and third fingers of both hands.

"Do it now," I emphasized by biting her ear.

She hesitated, so I thrust my hips forward hard and squeezed hard on her nipples. "Knife in the heart bitch, remember?"

Slowly, Beth began pushing her shorts down. The guy across the way was apparently enthralled by the scene before him. I could see his shorts were down, and the telltale movement of a hand stroking cock was obvious. His pace slowed though, seeming to wait for Beth's shorts to fall away. As they fell to the ground, I heard a muffled groan from behind the tree. He liked what he saw. Beth, having also heard the groan, tensed under my grip and tried to pull away.

"Relax slut, you're not going anywhere. Now, I want you to slowly turn around, don't make any sudden movements. Remember, knife in the heart." Beth slowly turned, still trying to cover herself, but as she saw the stern look on my face, she allowed her arms to fall to her sides. I remember thinking, this is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her body was perfect. The pink-capped breasts looked so delicious, that I couldn't help but lean down to suck a nipple into my mouth. Her pussy was shaved clean, and was so inviting that it took all my power to avoid pressing a finger inside her at that very moment.

"Get on your knees and suck my cock," at that I pressed my shorts down, freeing my cock to bob rigidly between us. She gasped as it lightly touched her abdomen as it swayed back and forth.

"No, not that, please," the tears welled up even more. "I'm a good girl, I can't do that!"

"You're nothing but a slut, get your mouth on my cock, now bitch!" My hand pressed down on the top of her head and her knees buckled enough so that she slowly went down to a kneeling position in front of me. I pressed my cock forward to her closed mouth. "Open up slut!" I grabbed her neck hard enough to take her breath away, and her mouth opened slightly. As soon as the path was open, I pressed forward and my cock felt the warm wetness of Beth's mouth for the first time. It was exquisite. I pulled her hair, and yanked her head back and forth, fucking her mouth deeply. She gagged a couple times, but to my amazement, she took it pretty much in stride.

Our friend, the watcher, must have been enjoying the show because as my cock pressed deeply into Beth's mouth and throat, there was a definite groan from behind the tree, and I think I saw ropes of cum spurting onto the ground to the side of the tree. I wondered if he had enough, or if he would stick around to watch the rest of the show.

Beth had taken over, and I found that I didn't need to force her as much anymore. Her left hand caressed my balls, and her right circled my cock, as her mouth bobbed back and forth. At times, she would pull almost all the way off, lick the head, then plunge forward again to engulf the entire shaft. She was amazing, but I didn't want to cum just yet.

"That's nice bitch, but I have other plans for you, stand up!" She complied quickly, a timid look on her face. "Bend over the back of that bench, you whore. Show me that ass!"

Beth slowly turned to the bench, and in an instant, as my grip loosened slightly, she made a run for it. Standing with my shorts around my ankles, this caught me off guard to say the least, but I was able to step out of the shorts deftly, and grab one of her arms just in time.

"That's it bitch, I've had it with you!" I grabbed her neck, pulled her back to the bench, forced her over the back of it and pressed my cock against the soft outer lips of her pussy. "I'm done playing slut!" With that, I pressed forward as hard as I could, and bottomed out in Beth's pussy. She let out a wail that might have been heard as far away as the parking lot. But, at this point, I didn't care. I left my cock buried inside her warm pussy for a moment. "You like my big cock inside you, don't you whore!"

"No, please don't do this!" Her voice was wavering, her breath was shaky.

I began to pull back, going far enough so that only the pulsing head of my cock remained inside her soft pussy lips, then I pulled her hips and thrust forward roughly again to bury myself to the hilt. She was certainly wet, the sloppy sounds made as I entered her, were apparent. She let out a muffled scream, as my balls slapped against her clit. I reached around and began playing her her nipples, as I picked up the pace, pushing in and pulling out more rapidly. The sound of my hips crashing into her beautiful ass was extremely gratifying.

"I'm gonna cum inside you bitch, you want that, don't you?!?"

"No, please don't, I'm not on the pill!"

"Too bad whore, you're gonna take all of my cum." My thrusts took on a shorter stroke, with less length, but more force. She was shaking and panting hard and I found myself wishing I could see her face. At one point, her resistance faded and she began to press her ass back into me. The realization that she wanted this badly, gave me renewed zeal, and my hips responded with vigor.

"Ready for this bitch, here it comes!"

"Yes, you bastard, fill me with your cum. Make a bastard baby in my pussy. Make me your whore!" She had turned slightly to look back at me, and she had the sexiest look on her face I've ever seen. Her mouth was wide open, and a rythmic "Oh....oh.....oh......oh......oh" came out as I pounded into her.

Then she began ranting at me through gritted teeth, "Fuck me you asshole, fuck that pussy, fill me now! Make my ass explode with your cum you bastard!"

With that, I couldn't hold back anymore. I pressed forward one last time, and while holding roughly to her hips, I ground the head of my cock along the top of her pussy channel and buried it as deep inside her as I could, and began roping spurt after spurt of hot cum into her. The feeling was so intense that I had involuntary quakes in my legs and arms. I continued cumming for what seemed like an eternity, and as I felt Beth's hand below on my balls, caressing them, seeming to coax more and more out of them, I shuddered to a fulfilling end.

I pulled from her pussy, the cum dripping out and down her legs. I let go of her hips, backed away, put on my shorts, and without a word, walked down the path. I turned once to see Beth gathering her shorts and heading down the path a few paces behind me. I waited at my car for just a minute, and when Beth walked past, I said to her "Not a word about what happened, you got that!"

"No sir, not a word." With that, she got in her car, wearing only a pair of running shorts, tennis shoes, and a huge satisfied smile, then drove away.

I waited a moment longer in my car, as a light rain began to fall. The man behind the tree eventually emerged from the darkness, passed by my car, and we locked eyes. He merely gave me a nod, and kept on walking.

Beth and I went on to give the guy behind the tree a show for many more Thursday's. In fact, he became bold enough to come out from behind the tree after a while, and jerked his cock just a few feet from us as we fucked like bunnies. He never joined in, just whacked himself, came all over the ground, and left as if nothing had happened. The familiar nod of approval was the only communication we ever had with him. For some reason though, he stopped coming after a few months.

The next day, the message on my answering machine was insteresting.

"John, I had an eventful night at the park last evening. I think I want to date you at some point. Let me know if you're interested, and maybe we can get together sometime. See ya!"

That night, Friday, at about midnight, I crouched behind a shrub, just below Beth's bedroom window. Sure enough, it was not locked and was open slightly. I heard a couple women, one of them Beth, exchanging a nice "Goodnight," then the light in Beth's room came on for a couple minutes. Finally, the light was turned off, and within a few minutes, I heard the rhythmic breathing of Beth sleeping.

"Yes," I thought to myself, "I'm interested." Definitely intested.