The Swingers

by PennyG Â©

Brad and I had been dating since our sophomore year in high school. We did

not know it at the time, but Brad was to be my first husband. We were now

out of high school by a year and a half and both of us had jobs close to

each other. There was a large county park about 5 minutes away from where

we both worked. In nice weather we would meet there for lunch when our

lunch hours coincided. We both brown bagged it on those days and since we

both worked about five minutes from the park we had about fifty minutes to

sit and talk and enjoy each other.

On one particular day in the spring of that year we had sex as I sat on

the top of a picnic table. There were a lot of other people in the park at

the time and we were in view of about forty or fifty other people when we

had sex that day. Because we were so discrete about it no one even

realized what we were doing. It was a fantastic experience for me and

after that first time there was seldom a lunch hour, on which we met, that

we didn't have sex right there in public in the park. Each time it was an

exciting experience and with each of those experiences we grew bolder,

however we kept things very discrete and private even though we were in

public.

Being an exhibitionist was nothing new to me. As I grew up I had learned

how exciting it was to sunbathe in the nude. I grew up in the country on a

farm where there was a great deal of privacy, even outdoors. There was

only my twin brother, my Mom and I so I didn't have a big family to worry

about seeing me. Because I was so close to my twin brother I was never

concerned about him seeing me nude. We had both seen each other naked many

times and it was no big deal for him to see me. My Mom would have probably

killed me had she known that I sunbathed outside completely naked but she

worked and she was never home when I did it. I also used to hang the

laundry out in the nude on very hot days and sometimes I would do my

chores naked because it was much cooler on hot days to go without clothes.

A few weeks after our first experience of having sex in public, we met for

lunch and were sitting on the swings next to the picnic table after we had

eaten lunch. We were facing opposite directions, as we usually did, so

that we were facing each other when we stopped swinging. I had on a very

full skirt once again and was swinging rather high. The wind was making my

dress billow up in the air and I was rather exposed as I swung. Each time

we swung backward he could easily see my dress billowing up exposing my

bare legs completely.

"Do you realize how high your dress is blowing?" Brad asked me.

"Yes, and it feels really good," I replied.

"Those people down there can probably see up your dress," he commented,

motioning to the people down hill from us, having a picnic.

"They probably can see up my dress and they can see more than you think; I

am not wearing knickers right now," I told him in a sing song manner.

"You naughty girl; you didn't tell me that before," he chided me.

"That's because you didn't ask and you didn't check to see what I was

wearing under my skirt," I quipped back at him.

"Now that I know, you have me all hot and bothered," he informed me.

"And what are you going to do about it," I teased him.

"You want to go back over and sit on the table for me?" he questioned.

Slowing my swing to a halt I looked over at Brad and with a coy look on my

face I asked, "How would you like to try something new?"

He looked at me with a quizzical look on his face but didn't answer me.

I waited till Brad's swing stopped then stood and walked over to him. I

stood in front of him and asked, "Can I swing with you?"

"What do you mean? What are you up to?" he asked me.

"Just trust me," I answered him with a grin.

I stood in front of him trying to act mysterious and look coy with one of

my little girl looks. Brad seemed a little skeptical about what I wanted

to do. He was usually in charge but this time I had taken control of our

activities and left him in the dark.

"Just let me sit over your lap," I instructed him. "Let me straddle you."

Brad stood slightly, still holding onto the chains on each side of the

swing, as I stepped forward until I was almost touching him as we stood

face to face.

"OK, now lean over to one side," I instructed him as I motioned with my

hand toward his right.

As he leaned to his right I lifted my right leg and slipped it up over the

swing seat on his left. I grasp the swing chains in my hands also and as

he leaned the opposite direction I lifted my left leg and slung it over

the swing seat on the other side of him. He then sat back down on the

swing seat and I slid forward onto his lap, straddling his body and facing

him.

We sat there like that for a minute as he wrapped his arms around me and

we kissed, pulling me tight against his chest.

I had not worn knickers or stockings to lunch that day so my bare legs were

pretty much exposed almost up to the top of my thighs. My skirt was

covering the remainder of me. I was wearing a full skirt which hung down

behind me, covering my bare bum. My skirt cascaded down over his legs

which were protruding out from underneath me and behind me.

I had never told Brad but I had once seen a couple on a swing when I was

up at the lake. They were sitting just the way that we were. As I sat

there over Brad's lap I related to him what I had seen that day.

It was in a picnic grove removed from the beach but they were both wearing

swim suits. I was with my Mom and brother and some other relatives.

Everyone else was down on the beach but I had returned to our picnic table

because I was hungry. I was sitting alone at the picnic table with a snack

and a Coke when this young couple caught my eye.

I don't know what it was about this couple that caught my eye, they were

not unlike any other couple that you might see at the beach, but I watched

them anyway. He was kinda good looking but not outstanding. She was

smallish with blonde hair. Her build was slight which gave her very little

shape and small breasts. Although they were just an average young couple

you could tell by the way they acted toward each other, and the way they

looked at each other, that they were very special to each other.

I tried acting out some of what I was relating to him in my story and at

this point I kissed him, but this time I made sure that it was a long deep

wet kiss.

After our kiss I went back to my story:

As they walked thru the sparsely populated picnic area holding hands it

was obvious to me they were looking for someplace that might afford them

some privacy. There was no place that they could go off to and be alone.

The whole area was wide open and they were in plain view of everyone

there.

She led them over to a set of large swings and she sat down on a swing

while he stood in front of her as they talked. She moved the swing from

side to side in a nervous fashion as they talked. After a few minutes of

talking she stood up and he sat down on the swing. She sat down on his lap

straddling him with her legs spread; one leg on each side of his hips. She

wrapped her arms around him and held herself to him as he held on to the

chains supporting the swing and he started them swinging.

I could see that she was grinding herself against his lap as they began

swinging higher and higher and that they were both enjoying what she was

doing. He seemed to get into the act by thrusting upward when he pumped

the swing, pushing himself up hard against her open crotch. The faster

they swung and the higher they went the more furious their rubbing

together became.

It was a beautiful sight, watching this young couple, obviously very much

in love, pleasuring each other in the best way that they could.

As I related the story I sat there grinding my nakedness under my skirt

against the hardness inside his pants. Brad had started the swing moving

ever so slightly as I talked. He was pushing himself up against my spread

crotch, responding to my actions.

I wasn't nearly as nervous this time as I had been the first time. I

didn't care if others were watching us. My libido had climbed to a point

at which nothing else seemed as important as satisfying my desires. I

could feel, by his actions that he was just as excited as I was.

The idea of going pantiless was always exciting to me. Sitting here in a

public place, grinding myself against his hardness just raised that level

of excitement. What was really fantastic about what we were doing was that

I was rubbing my bare pussy against him under my dress with many people

all around us and no one but Brad and I knew what I was doing. My

excitement level was rising in leaps and bounds

Brad had maintained his position on the swing, facing the people that were

downhill from us when I sat down on his lap on the swing. This meant that

as we sat there grinding ourselves together he could look over my shoulder

at all the other people that were in the area where we were. I had to look

over my shoulder to see the other people there. Knowing there were other

people that could see us while I was naked under my skirt and grinding my

bare pussy against his hardness thru his pants added to my excitement. I

felt very naughty and I love feeling naughty. Looking over my shoulder I

could see that no one was paying any attention to us but we were doing

something sexual in front of them, even if they weren't paying attention

to us, and that excited me even more.

Turning my face so that my mouth was directly in front of his ear I

whispered, "Would you like to be inside me right now?"

"You know I would," he whispered in a soft voice.

"Ok, then stop the swing," I suggested.

We weren't swinging very high so Brad just put his feet down on the ground

and stopped us immediately.

I slid back on his lap, toward his knees, until I was almost off of his

lap. Then I lifted my legs and pulled them from around him and stood up.

As I stood directly in front of him, shielding him from the vision of the

other people, I instructed him, "Go ahead and open your pants."

This time he was the one looking around to see if anyone was watching us.

He reached down and opened the front of his pants, pushing them to the

side. Next he pushed the front of his underwear down then stood slightly

so that he could push his pants and underwear down almost over his hips.

His hard penis popped out from under the elastic band of his briefs and

stood straight up in the air.

Quietly I said, as I looked down at his erection, "Wow! You sure are

hard."

Brad just looked up into my eyes and smiled at me. He still seemed a

little nervous about what we were doing but now that he understood what we

were going to do he seemed a little more relaxed.

Lifting my legs once again I placed them on each side of his hips and sat

back down on his lap, straddling him and facing him.

With me now sitting on his lap, Brad reached up and grasped the chains of

the swing once again. I leaned back slightly, until I could look down

between us and see his erection. I then reached down and took his erection

in my hand and, watching what I was doing, I wrapped my fingers around it

and stroked it a couple of times. Looking up into his eyes I grinned then

scrunched forward on his lap until his rigid penis was touching my pussy.

With his penis in my hand I guided him to the entrance of my vagina then

held it in place as I slid farther forward, burying it easily inside my

vagina. Being as wet as I was I had no problems accepting his penis into

my vagina; he slipped in very easily.

With his penis now partially buried inside me I wrapped my arms around him

and we kissed passionately. When our embrace broke and we stopped our kiss

I reached up and grasp the swing chains just below Brad's hands and pushed

forward with my pelvis as though I was pumping the swing. As I did I

pushed his erection deeper inside my body.

He back pedaled with his feet then lifted his feet so that we started to

swing with him going forward and me moving backward. When we reach the

fullest extent of the back swing I lifted my feet and leaned back, pulling

on the chains as I normally would, to pump a swing. When I did this I

pressed down into his lap forcing his penis deeper into my vagina. As I

swung forward Brad was swinging backward. When we reached the end of the

back swing again, in Brad's direction, Brad pushed his feet out in front

of him and I dropped my feet down, causing his penis to slip slightly down

my vagina. He leaned back and pulled back on the swing chains, pumping in

his forward direction. When he pumped he pushed his penis upward forcing

his penis back up and deep into me.

The motion of both of us pumping was forcing the swing to go higher and

forcing his erection in and out of my vagina. It was as though he was

taking long slow strokes in and out of me when we made love on a bed,

except in this case we were out in public in full view of forty or so

people and on a swing. We had created a see saw type of motion and our

rhythm was constant and repetitive.

We had just barely begun to swing but were going pretty high when out of

the woods above us walked a couple probably twice our age. They were

walking hand in hand and smiling, coming down the hill directly toward us.

Brad's back was toward them and I was facing them.

I whispered in his ear, "Someone is coming behind you."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I don't know, I guess we just keep swinging," I replied.

We were swinging and, at the same time, he was deep inside me. My dress

was covering us from my back and the sides as it cascaded down over my

butt and his legs but my dress was not covering my legs, which were naked

to the tops of my thighs and sticking straight up in the air each time

that I pumped the swing although it was bunched between us in front of me,

hiding what we were doing. My dress was billowing out behind me each time

that the swing went forward in my direction but it quickly came back down

when we changed directions. I could feel the fresh air on my bare bum.

"Don't pump the swing, just let it die down until they pass us," he

suggested to me.

As they approached us I could feel the guy's eyes on my bare legs, trying

to see as much as he could. Being in this position, impaled on Brad's

swollen penis, with this couple looking at us, was really exciting me.

Although they could see that we were in a strange position, I didn't think

they knew what we were doing but it still really excited me.

As they approached I looked straight at them and smiled as did Brad when

he turned his head. It was at that point that the guy spoke up, "You two

sure look like you're having a lot of fun. We have seen you here before

and you always seem to enjoy each others company. You remind us of a

couple little kids, the way you're always having fun."

I smiled and bashfully said, "Thank you," because that was all that I

could think of to say.

As they passed us the woman looked back at Brad and grinned. When she did

Brad knew that she knew exactly what we were doing.

Once they were out of ear shot I told Brad, "They didn't even suspect what

we were doing."

"No, I think they knew exactly what we were doing," he informed him.

I started pumping the swing again as I asked him why he thought that.

"Because my bare ass is hanging off the back of the swing seat and I am

sure that they saw it," he explained.

I let go of the swing chain with my left hand, holding tightly with my

right hand, and leaned forward so that I could reach behind him with my

free left hand. I quickly ran my hand down his back to feel his butt. His

shirt tail was hanging down over his naked butt, but the top of his pants

were under his thighs against the swing seat and his bare butt was very

visible when his shirt tail billowed up in the air.

Taking hold of the swing chain again with my left hand I looked at him and

giggled ,"You're right; your bare butt is hanging out the back."

"I think that is why that woman turned around and gave me such a big

grin," he stated.

"Well, you do have a nice butt. You should be proud of it," I exclaimed,

then busted out laughing.

"What's so funny?" he asked me.

"If it were me I would have showed off my naked butt proudly, but you seem

to begrudge the poor woman a good look at your sexy butt," I laughed.

Brad ignored my comment and started to pump harder and swing higher. With

each pump of the swing, on his part or mine, his penis was forced into my

vagina in a very rhythmic motion. Each time he pumped the swing and drove

his penis deep into me, his pubic bone crashed into my pussy, crushing my

clitoris between us and increasing the fantastic sensations that I was

receiving. It felt really good, making love like this, but it was the idea

that we were doing it here in front of everyone else that really excited

me. I had that full feeling that a girl gets when her guy is deep inside

her. The motion that his penis was making deep inside my body was

fantastic, along with the excitement of having sex in public.

As we swung higher and faster my dress began blowing up in the air behind

me and I am sure that my bare butt was showing for all the world to see.

The excitement of being exposed in public heightened my arousal. The more

excited I became, the harder I pumped the swing, trying to make it go

faster and higher, which in turn raised my passions, causing me to become

even more excited.

As we pumped the swing harder and faster the speed of our rhythm

increased, raising our passions higher.

I could feel my libido climbing higher. That wonderful queasy, feeling

deep between my legs, was forming as we swung higher and his penis pumped

in and out of me more rapidly. My vagina was becoming extremely sensitive.

Brad was now leaning way back each time he pumped the swing driving his

rigid penis harder and deeper into my vagina. Each time that he leaned

back to pull on the swing chains I could feel him buck his pelvis up

forcing himself deeper into me and harder against me.

Brad had always loved having me talk dirty to him when we were making

love. He liked me to say things to him that I would not ordinarily say. It

excited me also, to say these things to him in the heat of passion. I

started to whisper encouragement to him in the dirty language that he

loved.

"Fuck me hard, Baby!" I told him. "I want your cum!" "Give it to me!"

"Fill my cunt with your cum, Honey!"

I intentionally held my voice down so that I didn't attract any attention

to us.

With each dirty phrase I uttered I became more and more excited. By now we

were making wild passionate love to each other. He was ramming himself

hard into me. My pussy was burning with desire and I couldn't get enough

of him inside me. I wanted it as fast and hard as he could give it to me.

My heart was pounding; my breath was now coming in gasps; my head was

spinning. My whole being was centered in the pleasure that I was receiving

between my legs. I gripped the swing chains in a death grip. My orgasm was

climbing from deep within my groin and radiating out to my every

extremity. The swing was now going high enough and fast enough that my

stomach was fluttering at each end of its arc, just as it changed

directions.

I felt Brad stiffen as he jammed his rigid throbbing penis as deep into me

as he could. When he did, I pressed my cunt down onto his cock and we both

stopped moving at that point. The swing was still going really high as I

pressed hard against him and he pushed himself deep into me. At the same

time, my orgasm climbed to the top and my muscles tensed as I stiffened

also. Just before I closed my eyes I saw his face grimace and contort in

the pleasure that he was receiving. I closed my eyes in ecstasy and I felt

him explode deep inside my body. His cock throbbed as it gushed its warm

cum deep inside me.

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My vaginal muscle tightened around his hard cock and my anal muscles

tensed, also. I was flying high on a fantastic orgasm. My stomach was

quivering from my orgasm as it climbed higher and the action of the swing,

causing my stomach to flutter, enhanced my orgasm beyond my wildest

expectations. I wanted to cry out as I normally would have, had we been in

private, but I knew that I could not do that in public. As my orgasm

continued I felt as though we had gone up over the bar that the swing

hangs from, four or five times.

Brad's cock, gushing over and over again deep inside my cunt, intensified

an orgasm that just didn't seem to want to peak. Finally, after what

seemed like a lifetime, my orgasm peaked and my release washed over me. I

began to relax as my tight muscles loosened up. I had a tremendous feeling

of well being deep inside myself. I felt satisfied and fulfilled.

We had both stopped pumping the swing during our orgasms and, when I began

to come back to reality, it was slowing. My heart rate was slowing also

and I began to catch my breath. I was still holding on to the chains that

suspended the swing with a death grip. I felt like a rag doll. My mind

stopped spinning and reality began to overtake the pleasure that I had

just received. I had lost track of the fact that we were in public and

that many people could see us, even if they were not aware of exactly what

we were doing.

As the swing slowed we basked in the afterglow of our love making. I

opened my eyes to see Brad's face with that slight grin on it that he

always gets after making love to me.

I am not sure how much of us had been seen by the other people there in

the park. I am not sure how long my bare butt was in their view because,

in my state of rapture, I had lost track of all that was going on except

that I wanted more and more of Brad deep inside me.

When the swing finally slowed its movement to a stop we both just sat

there in our own little world. I could feel his penis shriveling inside my

vagina, a feeling that I love to feel. We didn't say a word as we sat

there enjoying each other. I tried clamping my vaginal muscles tight

around Brad's shrinking penis, to hold it inside me, but it eventually

slipped out of my body.

"Penny, that was fantastic. I don't think I have ever had an orgasm that

strong," was his first comment.

I smiled at him in appreciation and said, "Neither have I."

Letting go of the chains that support the swing I wrapped my arms around

him, pulled him to me and kissed him with an open mouth. Kisses after love

making always seem to mean so much more and these kisses were no

exception.

After sitting in his lap for a while, regaining our mental composure, I

lifted myself up, swinging my legs over the swing seat, and standing up.

As I did I smoothed out my dress and straightened it, making sure that my

legs and butt were completely covered. I stood close to him, directly in

front of him, shielding him from the vision of the other people there. He

rearranged his pants and shirt tail and zipped back up so that he looked

presentable. After he stood up we walked back down the hill to the cars,

past all the people that could have seen us. It excited me, being that

close and almost face to face with people that might have seen us making

love. Some may not have realized that we were making love but they mat

have seen parts of my body that are not normally visible to the average

passerby.

As I drove back to work I wondered how many of these people saw my naked

butt. I wondered how many of those people were watching us while we were

making love. I also wondered how many of those people, if they watched us

while we were doing it, actually realized what we were doing. Thinking

about what we had done as I drove back to work excited me all over again.