

Picnic in the Park

A picnic in the park. Nothing untoward, nothing out of the ordinary, except for the fact that there were a few toys, carefully outlined by Sir, in my picnic bag along with sandwiches and a punnet of strawberries.

Also slightly unusual was the fact I was wearing a skirt – again, stipulated by Sir – and that I could feel the smooth glass of a butt plug with every step I took. I could also feel the breeze sliding under my skirt because, as instructed, I wasn't wearing underwear.

It was a big park, with a large play area with picnic tables, along with a series of trails winding off through trees and rough ground. We forewent the tables, which were crowded with families, and started walking down the trail. I tried to be calm, to walk along with Sir and enjoy the quiet and the scenery, to wait and be patient and not push for details on where we were going and what was going to happen when we got there, but it was hard.

"Stop fidgeting," Sir said.

"I'm not fidgeting," I shot back, wholly falsely.

Sir gave me that look, the eyebrow, and I relented, because we were in public and Sir's idea of how far it was acceptable to go, enforcing obedience, outside the privacy of a bedroom and mine were vastly different.

He gave me smile that was part approval and part smugness – he knew exactly why I'd bit my tongue – and I reconsidered my smart comment.

“In here,” he said, saving me from myself and pointing to a ribbon of trail in the grass that led to a small clearing, shade given by some large trees at the rear.

I traipsed along after him, trying to avoid stepping on any prickly weeds with my open sandals, then waited while he unfolded a large picnic blanket and spread it on the ground for us to sit on. I went on my knees on the blanket, which was cushioned enough to be comfortable, and looked back over my shoulder. The trail was close behind me, maybe fifteen feet away. Far enough to be out of earshot if we kept our voices low, but not out of sight. Not by a long shot. I swallowed, apprehension mixing uneasily with hunger in my stomach.

I knew better than to ask what activities might be happening after we ate, because Sir wouldn't tell me anyway, and it wasn't like knowing would make it any better.

I turned back to Sir and saw he was smirking at me, knowing exactly what I was thinking once more.

“Do you want to serve us lunch?” he asked, settling back in a half-sprawled.

“Certainly, Sir.”

I had my own smirk, then. I'd packed a nice lunch for us, but I was also a brat and I'd not been able to stop myself grabbing two extra things from my fridge. Delving into my picnic bag, I pulled out a child's Lunchable meal and a carton of chocolate milk and sat them in front of Sir.

Then I smiled at him with as much innocence as I could muster.

He looked at the Lunchable and chocolate milk. Then he looked at me.

I kept my face utterly guileless, though laughter threatened to burst loose any moment.

“Is that how you want to play this?” he asked.

No. Not really. This was a terrible idea, especially with walkers meandering by just a few feet away, but I was a proud brat as well as an idiot, so I just raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“You don’t like it, Sir?”

“On the contrary,” he said, reaching for the offering. “It’s been an age since I had a chocolate milk.”

He sat and ate it, ignoring proper picnic lunch that I laid out in between us, except to snag a strawberry or two.

Prank delivered, I struggled to eat, my appetite vanishing as I wondered how I’d be made to pay for my cheek. I nibbled on a ham and turkey roll, the Coke I’d brought sitting uncomfortably in my stomach. Even the mini cupcakes didn’t appeal, though I licked the icing off one because it seemed a terrible waste otherwise.

Finally, when Sir’s Lunchable was nothing but crumbs, and he’d slurped the dregs out of his chocolate milk, he leaned back and studied me.

“Get the toys out,” he said.

I did as I was told, pulling a bullet vibrator, a pair of nipple clamps, a crop and a small bottle of lube out of the picnic bag. I laid them on the blanket between us then sat back on my heels, waiting.

“And you’re wearing the plug?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl. Which one did you choose?”

“The glass one.” Because I’d no idea how long I’d be wearing it and it was the most comfortable.

“I like the glass one. Spread your legs.”

I blinked, a little thrown by the shift into Dom tone, and it took me a moment to obey. Sir tutted and reached for the crop, landing a sharp slap on my inner thigh near the knee, where my skirt wasn’t long enough to cover me.

I looked back, hoping no one was passing by.

“Look at me!” Sir’s voice was a whip, harsher than the crop smack had been. “No one can see what you’re doing. You look at me and only me. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl. Lift up your top.”

I was wearing a black tank top. I lifted it up until it rested above my breasts. From the back, hopefully it would just look like I was wearing a crop top.

“Take out your breasts.”

I hesitated, but when Sir lifted the crop to give me some encouragement, I dug into each cup and lifted my breast free, letting them jut out over the top, my nipples exposed to the cooling air.

My cheeks weren't cool, they were flame red as I sat there, exposed but hidden. Anyone who came towards us from the trail would see what we were doing in an instant.

"Take the vibrator and turn it on," Sir said.

I did as I was told.

"Lift your skirt higher, let me see your cunt."

I took the hem of my skirt and drew it up my thighs, my heart pounding as I revealed myself fully to Sir.

"Play with yourself," Sir said. He pulled out his smart phone and flicked it life. He showed it to me, a timer up on the screen. "Three minutes."

He watched me, waiting for me to start before he began the timer on his phone.

The little buzzer was one of my favourite toys, but I was too distracted by the thought of being discovered, one shoulder hunched up and tense as I tried to shield myself. Sir's eyes on me, too, were a distraction. Some things I was still shy about; playing with myself was one of them.

I tried to close my eyes, concentrate on my body, but Sir wasn't having that.

"Eyes on me," he barked, the order coming with a slap to each thigh from the crop.

The sting of pain jerked my eyes open, and also jerked my clit to life. An orgasm rushed towards me out of nowhere.

"Can I cum?" I asked hastily.

No orgasms without permission after all.

“No,” Sir said. Then he watched me squirm and wiggle my way through forty-five more seconds of trying to stay away from the orgasm I’d thought was never going to come near me. “Stop.”

I turned the toy off and tried to swallow, my mouth suddenly dry and my throat tight.

“Leave you tits out, but pull your top down. Turn around and go forwards on your hands.”

I did as I was told, turning to face the trail and going onto all fours. I was immensely thankful there was no one walking past – for now. I felt a tickle on my skin as Sir gently lifted my skirt to reveal my ass... and the plug buried there.

“Very nice,” he murmured. He circled it with his fingers then jiggled it in place. “Push it out.”

I froze, my brain misfiring.

“What?”

My hesitation earned me a sharp spank. “You heard me. Push it out.”

I knew what he meant, but I was too embarrassed. I reached back, thinking to guide it out as I pushed and hide the process from him, but he grabbed my wrist and pushed my hand away, spanking me again, harder, in exactly the same spot.

I yelped – because... ow – and panted, panic and reluctance making me feel I’d run a race.

“Push it out,” Sir said, then, “You know your safe words.”

I did, and yellow hovered on my tongue, but mortified as I was, I wanted to do it. I started pushing, hesitantly at first but then with more determination as the glass resisted my efforts. I felt the plug slide free, and Sir caught it by the base with his fingertips.

“Good girl.” He gave me barely a moment’s respite, then slid it in again. “Again.”

I did it, feeling the stretch as my muscles gave way, the thudding setting up in my clit from how taboo and *public* this felt. I heard a click, the sound of Sir taking a picture.

“That looks amazing,” he said, “You’ve got a beautiful handprint on your ass.”

He caught the plug as I released it pushing it in again.

“One more time.”

I obeyed, releasing the plug with no effort this time, and Sir slid it back home. I felt him pull my skirt down, gently patting my rump.

“Turn round. On your knees. Legs spread.”

Understanding the drill now, I turned to Sir and reached for the vibrator.

“No,” he said. “Stop.”

I halted, hand outstretched.

“Top up,” he said.

“Sorry, Sir, I murmured, thinking that was all I’d forgotten. I pulled my top up, exposing my breasts, nipples already peaked, and went for the vibrator again.

“The clamps,” Sir said. “Put them on your nipples.”

I resisted the urge to look behind me, see if we’d any watchers, and picked up the clamps, attaching one to each nipple. They dug in, pinching me sharply. It was a nice pain, though, just there but not overwhelming.

“Now,” Sir said. “Three minutes. If you last till the end, I’ll let you cum.”

“And if I don’t?” I asked. Surely if I didn’t last, I’d cum anyway?

“If you don’t last the three minutes, you don’t cum for a week.”

Well, there was motivation.

“Yes, Sir.”

I picked up the vibe and pressed it to my clit. Knowing I *couldn’t* cum just turned me on even more. My orgasm waved hello immediately, ready to rush forward at the slightest provocation.

I shifted on my knees, trying to stave it off.

“Play with the chain,” Sir instructed.

The chain connected the two nipple clamps. Taking my free hand off my knee, I snagged the dangling center and started tugging.

Ooh, that made it worse. I whimpered, shifting about, knowing I couldn’t take the vibe away but dying to cum.

“Harder,” Sir said. Then, “One minute left.

I tugged harder, making the pain bloom. The countdown made the tension inside me ratchet up.

Hold on, I thought. Nearly.

I gave up and let the orgasm rocket through me just as Sir said, “Now.”

I gasped, digging my free hand into my knee, fingers curled into claws as I sought not to make too much noise or shift about. The trees in the background blurred as pleasure bloomed behind my eyes and I panted, juddering through the aftershocks.

“Well done,” Sir murmured. “Good girl. Now, turn around.”

Fuck, what? We weren’t done.

Feeling giddy and wobbly, I turned and fell onto my hands, head dangling down as I sought to get my breath back. I’d forgotten to pull my top back down and my breasts swung freely, the chain linking my clamped nipples twinkling in the sun. Horrified, I reached for my shirt to tug it back down. I looked up to see I had been just in time: two old ladies were meandering by on the path. If they’d glanced over, they’d have gotten a full view.

“You know what I’m looking for,” Sir said.

I did. Trying not to look at the ladies – there is no surer way to get someone to look your way than by staring at them – I pushed the plug out and then felt Sir push it back in. Out, and in. The third time, he let the plug drop to the blanket, I felt it hit the inside of my knee, the glass warm from being in my body.

“Reach back and spread.”

Oh no. Oh no, no, no. I *hated* this. I did as I was told, though, in that zone where obedience quieted my self-consciousness. Lifting up slightly so that I didn’t fall on my face, I reached back and placed both hands on my ass, pulling them apart to expose my asshole. Silence, ticking by with excruciating slowness. I heard a low squirt and then fingers circled my rear entrance, cool

with lube. The play with the plug had already relaxed my muscles and one finger slid in easily, followed by a second that made me give no more than a wince of discomfort. He moved them slowly in and out, in and out, then removed them and added a little more lube. I braced, thinking we were going to three fingers, which was a serious stretch for me, but Sir had other ideas. He slid both fingers back into me and then leaned forward so that he could whisper in my ear.

“Ride them,” he said. “Ride my fingers.”

Oh, bloody hell.

I moved forward a tiny bit, then slid back. Repeated. It felt... well, it felt amazing but I was also looking out at the park trails, and as the afternoon sun warmed the air, getting rid of the earlier chill, it was getting busier. A man with a dog walked by, his attention on his phone, and I paused, not wanting my movement to draw his attention.

Sir did not like that. He slapped my ass hard with his free hand and then reached into my top and took a grip of the chain.

“Ride my fingers,” he said, adding a tug of the chain as a warning, should I hesitate again.

Danger wanks are the best wanks. I'd always been turned on the most, toying with being caught. Throwing caution to the wind, I bit my lip and focused on my task. Forward and back, forward and back. With the clamps still giving me that little pinch of pain, I knew if I had my bullet vibe I'd be cumming again, hard. I debated asking for it, but there really would have been no hiding that and I didn't fancy ending my afternoon getting arrested for indecent behaviour.

“Fuck,” I hissed. “Fuck, Sir.”

“I wish I was,” Sir said. “Jesus.”

He pulled out of me and then grabbed the back of my neck. Manhandling me into position, he shifted so his back was to the trail, hiding me from view, then he tore his trousers open. There was no slow build up, none of the long licks and kisses I liked to do as I worshipped Sir’s cock. He wrapped my hair up in one hand and held his cock in the other, pulling me onto him, fucking my mouth. I couldn’t breathe, and I was scared I was going to choke, but I held on, hands gripping the blanket, looking up at Sir while tears pooled in my eyes.

He was looking back down at me, eyes blazing.

“Fuck,” he hissed. “Fucking look at you. Oh baby, I’m going to cum.”

I was ready to swallow it, but Sir pulled back, his cum landing on my cheek and chin, some of it dripping down to splatter on the tops of my breasts, still held high by their position in my bra.

“Yes,” he said, taking my chin and lifting my face to look at me. “Stay just like that.”

I remained where I was, half sprawled on the blanket, cum all over my face, as Sir grabbed some wipes from the picnic bag and cleaned himself up. When he was done, he packed away the picnic, ushering me onto the grass as he folded up the blanket. Finished with the clear up, he gestured to me, and I stood up, walked with him along the trail, past the picnic area and out of the park, towards the carpark.

Only when we were back in the privacy of Sir’s car, did he let me wipe my face and lick his release from my fingers.