**At The lake**

by[Hislittlefucktoy](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1263760&page=submissions)©

It's a hot summer day, at the lake.  
  
You are down by the water, and a barbecue is going on.  
  
Bill is there, trying to get your attention, poor boy. He has been trying to get you to go out with him for months. Little gifts, cards, flowers, phone calls. But his "doormat" approach leaves you cold, despite the fact that you want a regular guy in your life. You have been happy to have him repair things around the house, but the man himself, despite his good looks, absolutely fails to excite you.  
  
But the beer is cold, and the barbecued ribs are good.  
  
The kids are all playing, supervised, in the lake, squealing, shrieking and having a good time. You are pleasantly buzzed, but not drunk. You are just enjoying sitting in the shade, having no responsibilities for the moment.  
  
You are wearing a light blue sundress, enjoying the warmth when you can, and enduring the heat when you have to.  
  
Bill comes over to you under the pavilion, and sits down, trying to engage you in conversation.  
  
"Look," He says, "I have been wanting to talk with you for a long time." He looks quietly desperate. You can see where this is going, and you want to spare him the humiliation of laying all his cards out on the table. You look around desperately for something to change the subject  
  
Then my rental car pulls up in the parking lot.  
  
"Oh!" You say, grasping anything to change the subject. "Dave's here."  
  
You get up and walk quickly to the parking lot, with Bill easily keeping pace. He is tall and fit, but even that failed to overcome the complete lack of self.  
  
You start to jog a little on the way to the car, as I am getting out, and give me a great big hug, hoping that Bill will take the hint.  
  
I hug you back, lifting you off the ground and twirling you around.  
  
We make a little small talk as we get my cooler out of the car.  
  
I look at the two of you and say "Are you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?"  
  
You see Bill's face crumble as you say "Oh, Bill isn't my boyfriend."  
  
At that, Bill scuttles off, to salve his bruised ego with copious application of beer. You feel guilty to be treating such a nice guy like that.  
  
We wander through the crowd, with you introducing me to different people, some family, some from your church. The two of us sample different families' barbecue and burgers.   
  
All the while you are enjoying the fact that I am going to be shoving my cock into you very soon. I have you on orders today; you are not allowed to ask for it. You must be available to me, but you are not allowed to make the first move. You are to be passive at all times.  
  
After about an hour, we have wandered to the edge of the party, despite your attempts to guide us to my car.  
  
When we are finally out of earshot of anybody that might hear, I turn to you and say "You want it right now, don't you?"  
  
Breathlessly you reply that you do.  
  
So, with my eyes twinkling, I look at you and say "Well, I want you to do a couple of things first."   
  
You ask what you have to do, promising yourself that you will get these things done as fast as possible.  
  
"First, go find the lifeguards, and verify that your kids will be safe and cared for until you come back"  
  
You nod.  
  
"Then, go to the bathroom, and take off your panties. Throw them away, because you are not going to be wearing any for the rest of the day."  
  
"And finally, on your way back past my cooler, bring us both a beer."  
  
"Then come back to me."  
  
You scamper off to get all of your tasks accomplished, and I sit in the shade to smoke a cigarette and wait for you.  
  
The kids are indeed safe, and the shrieking crowd of kids is so dynamic and frenzied that you actually have a hard time picking out which ones are yours at first. They are playing a game with an inflatable beach ball, and they are safe and happy.  
  
In the restroom, you start to feel a little trepidation. The place has women coming in and out all the time. You know you can get your panties off, but throwing them away without being seen might be a problem. Once you get them off, you wad them up as tightly as you can, and carry them out in a clenched fist.   
  
You drop them in a trash can as you pass.  
  
Wearing nothing but dark sunglasses, shoes, and a sundress, you hustle back to the cooler, fetching two drinks, and hurry back to me.  
  
You return to me. The beers are so cold that water droplets are forming on the sides.   
  
Knowing that you are forbidden to play the aggressor today, you stop about arms length from me, not really knowing what to do.  
  
I look you up and down appreciatively and ask if you have followed my instructions.  
  
You tell me yes, knowing what is coming next.  
  
"Show me."  
  
You are more than a little nervous about this, because you know that people can see you, though we are away from the groups.  
  
But, you set the beers down, and, turning your back on the crowd, lift the front of the sundress. Your trimmed pubis is exposed. I let you stand like that for a full minute before I let you drop the hem..  
  
Then we scamper into the woods.  
  
We don't go far, just far enough to be hidden.  
  
I order you to your knees  
  
Eagerly, you drop to your knees.  
  
You bang your knee on a root, but that doesn't matter.  
  
You have waited all weekend for this, and now you are going to get it.  
  
I open my pants, and you greedily gobble my cock, taking as much as you can, you suck enthusiastically,  
  
Your hands grasp my shaft, and cradle my balls, as you taste the precum that begins to seep out the tip.  
  
After just a few minutes, I stop you, and I have to pull my cock out of your mouth. Your head lurches forward greedily, but I step back.  
  
"Stand up, Bitch" I tell you, and you leap to your feet.  
  
"You will do anything I tell you, wont you?"  
  
Wanting to get past the talking part, and back to the fucking part, you say "yes"  
  
"I own you. Don't I?" I ask.  
  
Getting sick of the talk, but not wanting to screw this up, you say "Yes, you own me."  
  
"What can I do with you?" I ask.  
  
"Anything you want" You say.  
  
"Then lose the dress." I command, and in an instant, the spaghetti straps are off your shoulders, and the dress is puddled at your feet.  
  
"Hands and knees" I command, and you slip into a doggy style position.  
  
I kneel behind you, grasping your hair in my left hand, and positioning my dick with my right.  
  
You feel me at the entrance of your pussy,   
  
But I don't enter you.  
  
After a second, you become a little confused. I push in, about a half an inch  
  
And pull back out.  
  
And wait there at the entrance again.  
  
Frustrated, you make a little mewling sound.  
  
You move your hips, just a little, trying to push me into you but I pull back.  
  
"Please..." you say.  
  
I push in about a half an inch again.  
  
Only to pull back out Just a little.  
  
You moan in frustration again.  
  
I start making little circles around your now gaping entrance, and you start to shake your head,   
  
"Please..." you say.  
  
Again you try to push yourself back onto me, and again I pull back.  
  
Finally, you snap "Goddamit! Fuck me! Please, Fuck me!"  
  
I laugh, and I plunge into your now sopping cunt to full length,  
  
You cry out, and one of your elbows buckles, dropping you onto one shoulder.  
  
"Play with your clit while I do this, Bitch"  
  
Your hand eagerly reaches to your engorged clit, and you start rubbing a lot harder than you normally do and then you feel it building,   
  
You try hard to hide it from me, because you are afraid that I will tease you again.  
  
But, it quickly builds, the anticipation, the waiting, the exposure, the flirting, all of it builds up quickly, and with a massive gasp, you explode into orgasm.  
  
Seeing your writhing on my dick, I stop thrusting for a moment, until the sensitivity passes.  
  
I lean down, my tshirt pressing into the sweat of your back  
  
I whisper "You disobeyed me, didn't you?'  
  
"No" you say breathlessly.  
  
You are thinking furiously, what did you do?  
  
"Yes, you did, little girl." I say, inches away from your ear, as you lay with one cheek in the sandy dirt. "You were not allowed to be the aggressor today. You had to be passive in all things."  
  
"What?" You say. "I didn't..."  
  
Then you remember. You did. You demanded that I fuck you.  
  
"That's not fair!" You protest. "You made me do that."  
  
"Yes, I did." I agree, pressing your breasts down into the sand. "When did I ever promise to be fair with you?"  
  
"Now" I say. "Are you ready to be punished?"  
  
Knowing that you will enjoy the punishment, but dreading my creativity, you say "Yes, Sir."  
  
You think that I am pleased by your calling me "Sir", because I don't normally demand titles.  
  
"Very good, Kitten."  
  
You wait.  
  
"I want you to ride me in your ass. I want you to impale yourself on it. I want you to ride it as if your life depended on it."  
  
This is a punishment? You ask yourself.  
  
But the instant I lay on my back, my cock sticking up along my belly, you scramble to get into position.  
  
"Stop" I command.  
  
Puzzled, you stop.  
  
"Do you think I want all your nasty juices on my clothes? Put your dress on my lap, so that it soaks up your drippings"  
  
You comply, and after dipping my cock into your well lubricated pussy, you start to work it into your ass.  
  
Slowly, you start taking more and more of it until, after a couple of minutes, all of my penis is lodged in your bowels.  
  
"Wait," I say. "Wait a second until you relax a bit."  
  
Obediently, you wait for just a second.  
  
Then, after asking permission, you start to fuck me, gently at first, but then the need takes over you.  
  
Your eyes go half lidded behind your shades  
  
You start slamming your ass down onto my pelvis  
  
The sand digs into your knees, but you are beyond that now.  
  
You start to gasp with each thrust, as your bottom becomes stretched at the bottom of each thrust.  
  
You close your eyes, forcing yourself down onto me, trying to get as much into you as possible.  
  
"Play with your clit while you fuck me," I say.  
  
You are actually a little shocked that you aren't doing it already  
  
Your hand slips down, once again rubbing your clit.  
  
Without thinking, your other hand rubs across your breasts, pinching the nipples much more painfully than you normally would.  
  
Never once do you stop forcing yourself down onto me.  
  
You can feel another orgasm building  
  
I start talking.  
  
"Yeah, that's it, Bitch, ride my cock!"  
  
The dirty talk would normally distract you, but somehow, it only makes things hotter now.  
  
"Fuck me, you little slut. That's it! Take it. You love it."  
  
Your orgasm crashes over you, and you slow your pace.  
  
"Did I fucking tell you to slow down, Bitch!" I demand, and instantly, you are riding me again.  
  
"Tell me you love my cock!" I demand.  
  
"Yes..." you say.  
  
"Yes what, Bitch?" I demand.  
  
"Yes..."  
  
"I.."  
  
"Love..."  
  
"Your..."  
  
"Cock..."  
  
You are lost now. You have completely shut out the outside world. The only thing that exists for you now is your ass, my cock, and my words.  
  
"You're my little fucktoy, aren't you?"  
  
Gasping you say "Yes...I'm your little fucktoy..."  
  
Though you wouldn't have thought that it was possible, you feel another orgasm coming, building bigger than before.  
  
And you hear a sound.  
  
Instantly, your eyes shoot open behind your shades.  
  
Bill is hiding in the bushes, holding your discarded panties to his face, his penis is in his hand, and he is stroking it.  
  
"Did I tell you that you could slow down, Fucktoy?" I ask.  
  
You start fucking me again. You drop your head looking toward me, but you are watching Bill from behind the dark shades.  
  
The orgasm that had subsided starts to grow again. Bill can't see your eyes behind your shades  
  
Somehow, it makes it even hotter that he is over there, with that incredibly hurt look on his face, a raging hard on, and your panties over his nose, watching you fuck like a wanton.  
  
You start talking.  
  
"God, I love your cock in my ass!" you say.  
  
"I love being your little fucktoy!"  
  
"I love being with a real man. I only have limp dicked assholes around!"  
  
With each word, you are forcing yourself down onto my dick,  
  
"Fuck my ass! Fuck me like I deserve to be fucked!"  
  
You are slamming onto me now, harder than before.  
  
Finally, you hear me groan, and you know I am about to come, your hot talk and your hotter asshole are finally taking me over the edge.  
  
You feel your own orgasm, possibly the biggest orgasm you have ever had come crashing down onto you.  
  
We come together, all three of us, Bill, masturbating in the bushes, me in your ass, and you on top of me.  
  
The world goes black.  
  
You awaken a few moments later, laying across my chest, my dick still in your ass.  
  
I gently caress your back, and kiss you gently on the shoulder.  
  
"I got a little carried away there." I say, looking embarrassed. "Sorry about that."   
  
"Shhhhh..." you say. "I love being your little fucktoy." You know that Bill can hear you.   
  
"Just be still..." you say. You ease yourself off of me, and slide your head down, and gently take my softening cock into your mouth, cleaning it.  
  
When we finally get up and get dressed, Bill is gone. We discuss it as we open our beers, and catch our breath.  
  
You decide that he can keep the panties.