

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



# In Disgrace

Penny Birch

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*Penny Birch*



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This book is a work of fiction.  
In real life, make sure you practise safe, sane and  
consensual sex.

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# IN DISGRACE

I leaned forwards to take Monty in my mouth, sucking on the turgid dome of his cock head as Penny tossed him. He gave a pleased sigh and took me by my hair, forcing me to take more, my lips opening to the thick, greasy flesh of his foreskin. I was imagining the same gross penis I was sucking on, forced up into my rectum as he carried out his threat to bugger me in public ...

‘Cool it, or I’ll come,’ he sighed. ‘Anyone watching?’

Penny and I drew back, giggling and hugging as we cast nervous glances out of the car windows. There was a row of cherry trees at the top of the bank, casting deep shadows, but as I peered into the murk I caught a movement and my heart gave a little jump before I realised it was a dog.

‘If there’s a dog, there’s a dogger,’ Monty remarked. ‘Count on it.’

I swallowed, imagining the unseen man watching, probably masturbating as he imagined what he’d like to do with us. Penny kissed me, then went lower, taking one of my nipples in her mouth and suckling. Monty laughed and took his cock in hand.

Why not visit Penny's website at  
[www.pennybirch.com](http://www.pennybirch.com)

*By the same author:*

THE INDIGNITIES OF ISABELLE  
THE INDISCRETIONS OF ISABELLE  
(writing as Cruella)

PENNY IN HARNESS  
A TASTE OF AMBER  
BAD PENNY  
BRAT  
IN FOR A PENNY  
PLAYTHING  
TIGHT WHITE COTTON  
TIE AND TEASE  
PENNY PIECES  
TEMPER TANTRUMS  
REGIME  
DIRTY LAUNDRY  
UNIFORM DOLL  
NURSE'S ORDERS  
JODHPURS AND JEANS  
PEACH  
FIT TO BE TIED  
WHEN SHE WAS BAD  
KNICKERS AND BOOTS  
TICKLE TORTURE

You'll notice that we have introduced a set of symbols onto our book jackets, so that you can tell at a glance what fetishes each of our brand new novels contains. Here's the key - enjoy!

-  cp (traditional)
-  cp (modern)
-  spanking
-  restraint/bondage
-  rope bondage/hojojutsu
-  latex/rubber/leather/enclosure
-  fem dom
-  willing captivity
-  medical
-  period setting
-  uniforms
-  sex rituals



# One

What I needed was a good spanking. What better way to celebrate?

As I descended the steps of the auction house I was walking on air. I could not have imagined it would go so well, not in my wildest dreams. For Phillippe Fauçon to have died was no great surprise, given his age and the way he drank, but I could never have hoped he would do so in such style. Yet it fitted. To have picked an argument with a group of Modernist art students in the Louvre was so like him, and to have then dropped dead on the floor made his perfect final comment on post-war art.

I had felt bad – after all, for all the deceit we had been lovers, and any woman who has taken a man inside her is bound to feel some emotion when he dies. My memories were more bitter than sweet, but I had cried both when I first heard, and as I drank a solitary glass of Calvados in his honour. I had in fact cried three times, but the third had been with laughter after reading the half-page obituary in *Le Monde*, in which I was mentioned as *La Pêche*, the last model, and muse, of his long career.

The first journalist had arrived the next morning, but I'd let the situation simmer for a fortnight, playing the *belle demimondaine* for all I was worth. It had worked, wonderfully, and I had never seen such a collection of elderly *roués* as in the auction room, every one of them wanting a slice of the legend and their hands down my knickers. That was aside from the dealers, collectors and

speculators, all keen to profit from the upsurge in interest in Fauçon's work.

A short black dress, the occasional fluttered eyelash and a few 'accidental' turns of my hips, and I'd walked out with more money than I had dared hope for. Even after commission and tax it would leave me enough to ensure that I never had to work again, so long as I wasn't too extravagant. Exactly what to do was for the future; for the time being I wanted to celebrate with champagne, with sex, and with that spanking. To combine the three, Percy Ottershaw was the only sensible choice.

Well, maybe not for the sex. For that, someone a little more virile might be in order, at least for a starter. When I hailed a cab the driver proved to be one of those swarthy, hirsute men I always think of as rag and bone merchants, probably due to watching *Steptoe and Son* as a child. To have offered to suck his cock instead of paying my fare would have been deliciously humiliating, and I might have done it on the spot had not a slick young man with glasses and butter-coloured hair pushed into the cab behind me. I was going to tell him to get out in no uncertain terms when he addressed me by name.

'Natasha Linnet? I wonder if I might have a word?'

'Um ... yes, I suppose so,' I answered him. 'Maida Vale, please, driver. Well?'

'I'm Andy Devlin, and I represent *Celebrity Lives!* magazine,' the young man went on over the driver's grunt of acquiescence. 'We have an offer for you, which ...'

'I'm really not interested,' I interrupted.

'Not interested?' he echoed, incredulous.

'No,' I told him, and I meant it.

Having got the money, I had no intention of basking in my new-found fame. In fact, it was the last thing I wanted, considering that my lifestyle involved regular spankings,

and more. Perhaps worse, my choice of men was a far cry indeed from what the majority of society, and my straight friends, saw as the ideal. In order to indulge those passions that had become so much a part of my life I needed privacy, not publicity.

‘We’re prepared to offer ten thousand for exclusive rights,’ he stated.

‘Chicken feed,’ I answered, ‘now get out of the cab, please? Would you stop, please, driver?’

‘Sure, love.’

‘It’s a good offer, Natasha. You won’t get better.’

‘No thank you. I’m not interested.’

‘Oh yes you are, everyone wants to play the fame game.’

‘I don’t. Now could you get out.’

‘Hey, come on ...’

‘Out. Now.’

He gave me a cheesy grin.

‘Holding out for more, huh? I know the game, Natasha, and ...’

‘Look, I’ve just paid more in commission than you’re likely to see in a lifetime of brown-nosing F-list celebrities, and I want to celebrate, preferably by giving Harold here a long, slow blow job. Just bugger off, will you!’

He had gone pink, blushing like an adolescent boy caught tossing off in his big sister’s panties, and he went.

‘Drive on, please,’ I instructed as the door shut, and as the driver looked back in order to pull out into the traffic he gave me a big, dirty grin.

Sucking his cock had been on my mind, admittedly, which was why the words had come out in the heat of the moment, but having said it, I really had to go through with it. I wanted to anyway, and in the cab, the only real

drawback being that we were in the middle of London, which is not the best place for sex in cars. Try it and you'll probably find yourself being observed by a traffic warden or two, assorted security cameras, and several of those people who throw dirty water all over your windscreen and then expect you to pay for them to rub it in.

The mood I was in, I wouldn't have cared, only getting arrested was not part of the deal, not when I was highly unlikely to be thrown in a cell with any butch dykes or given a good belting by some sadistic police officers. In any case, there was a better solution. A few quick directions and we were pulling into an underground car park beneath one of the tower blocks north of the Marylebone road. I knew it from my days teaching mature students about wine, and while there was a chance of being moved on by the caretaker, there was a better chance he'd let us be, especially if I offered him a go too.

All sorts of fantasies were running through my head as we parked in the darkest corner he could find. The air was cool, and a little damp, which went with the bare concrete pillars, scattered rubbish and graffiti scrawls to create a sleazy atmosphere just right for sucking dirty old men's cocks. There were several other cabs there too, empty, but it was easy to imagine the place as somewhere drivers regularly took girls to empty their fat, grubby cocks into pretty, painted mouths ...

That was what was going to happen to me, at least. It would have been fun to pretend to be unable to pay, so that he would believe I was being made to do it, and maybe be a bit rough with me, but it was too late for that. He knew I was willing, and his face was split into a huge grin as I climbed into the front. His cock was already out, his sack too, bulging from his flies, fat and pink and wrinkly, all of it ready for my mouth ...

‘Do my balls,’ he demanded, quite brusque, which sent a delicious shiver through me.

He was thick but quite short, so as I went down I did my best to get everything in my mouth, not just his balls as I’d been ordered, but his cock too. I began to mouth on him and he groaned in pleasure, one big hand slipping under my chest to grope my boobs. As he began to swell in my mouth I was imagining myself being used, taken down into the gloomy car park and forced to suck cock because I couldn’t pay my fare.

I soon had to let his balls out, and was sucking on a thick, hard shaft, with his foreskin rolling back as my mouth moved up and down, to fill my senses with a rich, male taste. My nipples were stiff where he was fondling me, and my pussy was beginning to feel urgent, but I was determined to tease myself, taking it slowly, until when my climax did come, with Percy, it was special.

That didn’t stop me fantasising, imagining my chagrin at the discovery I had no money, my shock and consternation as I discovered I had no choice but to go down on his cock. I would have argued, pleading and begging to be let off, but it would have only made me look pathetic, turning him on all the more. He’d have held me by the hair as he forced his big, sweaty balls into my mouth, then his cock, chuckling over my embarrassment and shame as he grew hard in my mouth.

He was, a solid bar of cock meat for me to suck on, while the temptation to pull up my dress and rub myself was close to unbearable. I thought of the moment he would come in my mouth, forcing me to swallow and leaving me gagging and dizzy, or deliberately soiling me, in my face and hair, then throwing me out so other people would see what had been done to me.

There would be other people too, the caretaker, and more. They'd put me on my knees, naked on the cold, oily concrete, and I'd be made to suck them off, one by one, as the others laughed at me. They'd strip me, tearing my beautiful *Joubert* dress open at the front to show off my naked breasts, and behind, leaving my bum sticking out, plump and pink and rude, my knickers pulled down at the back, my nipples and anus and pussy lips rouged with my own lipstick to add to my humiliation. Their eyes would feast on my body as they got their erections ready for my mouth, but they'd lose patience, and just use me in every hole ...

The cabbie came, deep in my mouth, and I just caught his load in time, swallowing, and again as the second spurt erupted down my throat. He gave a deep, satisfied groan, but I kept him in, sucking and swallowing until he was spent. Only when he let go of my boob did I stop, pulling back to gulp down the last of my mouthful of come and saliva. It did leave me dizzy, with need, and my mouth full of the taste of man. I'd needed spanking anyway, and now I was desperate for it.

Had the caretaker turned up I'd have been down on my knees in his office without argument, but there was no sign of the inconsiderate so-and-so. My cabbie, who had introduced himself as Dave, rather than Harold, had got it into his head that I saw him as more than a convenient bit of rough, and wanted my number. I wouldn't give it to him, which resulted in him driving off and me left standing.

I wasn't bothered, as it was turning into a lovely spring day, and I decided to walk across the park. As I made for Cumberland Gate I was smiling at the irony of him getting tough with me after his blow job, and my reaction. It's odd, because any man who really tries to push me against my will is likely to get a knee in the nuts, but it's always there

in my head, the idea of just being made to do it, whether it's to suck cock, or being spanked, or a good fucking.

Fantasy is wonderful that way; no consequences, no need for caution, no regrets. As I walked I was thinking how it would be if the men I passed just acted on their instincts. Most of them obviously appreciated the way I looked, my legs bare under the short dress, my boobs all too obviously braless, with my stiff nipples showing through the cotton, my chestnut curls loose and long down my back.

An old black guy, grey haired and wrinkled, was operating a street-cleaning machine in Albany Street, and his eyes followed me as I passed. I imagined what he'd like to do if there were no social constraints to hold him back, perhaps strip me and make me suck him or force me to bring him off between my boobs, or just push me down on all fours and fuck me, spunk up inside me, piss on me and casually return to work, leaving me naked and pregnant in the gutter.

By the time I reached Percy's I was going to be fit to burst, and if he wasn't in I would. I rang his mobile, to find that he was in St John's Wood, buying lunch, so I told him to make it a picnic and include champagne, then what he could do to me once he got me back to his flat. The delay was going to make it all the better, and as I set off across the park I was biting my lip in anticipation of the punishment I'd let myself in for. Percy had said he might cane me, and I could almost feel the bite of his malacca across my bottom.

There weren't many people about, with another hour to go before the office workers were let out for lunch, but enough for me to let my fantasies run. I imagined a pair of joggers making better use of their energy by turning me into a pig-roast, one in my mouth and one up my bum. I pictured a pretty dark girl in a green dress, an Italian tourist to judge by her face and her camera, being made to

bend side by side with me for a dose of the cane from a park keeper, who'd then fuck us both. I thought of what a woman in twin-set and a pearl choker might do if she had been able to read my mind, perhaps turn me over her knee for a bare-bottom spanking, after which she would let passers-by take turns with me to really put me in my place ...

Percy appeared in the distance as I reached the tip of the lake, ambling slowly along, his globular body and tweed suit unmistakable even across half the width of the park. I sat down to wait on a bench, thinking dirty thoughts and imagining the pain of my coming caning with a delicious touch of erotic fear that never goes away, no matter how many times I'm done. My beating would be hard too, because I was going to have to tell him at least some of the truth about Fauçon and how I had come by the paintings.

He was beaming as he approached, his round red face set in a happy, and dirty, grin. Not for the first time I thought of how utterly horrified my straight friends would be if they knew that a man like him, well into his sixties, overweight and lecherous, not only had sex with me, but got to enjoy me in any way he pleased, and especially to spank me. Not that I had any intention of giving him up. I need it too badly, and nobody but nobody brings out my need for punishment like Percy.

'You are in remarkably good form this morning,' he greeted me, setting down the bottle of *Belle Epoque* he'd bought on the bench beside me. 'I would have thought Hock, or possibly Chablis, but it seems you have something to celebrate?'

'I sold Phillippe Fauçon's paintings this morning,' I told him, 'for quite a lot.'

'Fauçon gave you some paintings?' he asked in surprise. 'I thought ...'



‘Not gave, exactly,’ I admitted. ‘You know what he was like, and well ...’

‘You stole them!?’

‘No! Well, not as such ... think of them as a fee for my services as a model. I do.’

‘I see, and I shall not enquire further. Really, Natasha, you know I am devoted to you, but I do sometimes feel ...’

‘Oh, sh! If you don’t like what I did, you know what to do about it.’

‘I do, and I trust that for all your pleasure it will at least go some way to assuaging the guilt you must surely feel.’

I shrugged. If he wanted to give me some sort of official punishment that was fine, because I adore the tension and helplessness of knowing a punishment is coming, hard and on a regular basis. He’d done the same when I’d burned out his old Rover. The difference was I’d felt guilty about the car, and in part I’d been punishing myself for my own stupidity. The first set of paintings I’d pinched had gone up with the car.

He gave a sigh as he began to work on the foil of the champagne. Being Percy, he had also purchased proper glasses, a pair of beautifully elegant flutes. There was also a baguette, a pot of *foie gras*, and a ripe Munster cheese. I set everything out and held the glasses for him to pour, speaking as I raised mine to my lips.

‘To Phillippe Fauçon.’

‘May he rest in peace,’ Percy responded, ‘although if there is a Hell he is surely there.’

I sipped my wine, thinking of Fauçon: drunken, opinionated, egotistical, demanding, a man who had brought out the worst in me, as I had in him, barring only his art.

‘If Fauçon is in Hell,’ I remarked, ‘it will be in a small room, with nothing to drink, no company, and beginner’s guides to Pollock and Warhol as his sole reading matter.’

Percy laughed, took a swallow of champagne and gave the glass a pleased look, as if surprised to find himself enjoying the contents. I’d had nothing but a cup of black coffee before setting off for the auction rooms, and could already feel the warm buzz of the alcohol. Champagne has never been a great favourite of mine, but there’s nothing like it for quick results, unless like some you tend to put a splash of brandy in it.

‘So what’s it to be?’ I asked. ‘Two dozen of the cane every weekend? Or a good belting. Fauçon used his belt when he beat me, so maybe that would be best?’

‘A crude device, the belt,’ Percy responded thoughtfully, ‘and really only suitable for rustics. The cane is the gentleman’s implement of choice; precise, elegant, refined.’

‘Agonising,’ I put in, thinking of the sharp sting of cane cuts and the awful feeling of having to hold my body still as a man took aim at my naked bottom, ‘and cruel in a calculating sort of way.’

Percy nodded his agreement. I closed my eyes, imagining myself, perhaps with my clothes disarranged to show my bottom, perhaps stark naked, held still as I waited for the pain, my stomach fluttering, my pussy warm and ready. I knew Percy, and he would make it slow, really bringing out my feelings, until I was reduced to squirming, wanton wretchedness, rubbing myself shamelessly in front of him or with his cock inside me, maybe even up my bottom hole ...

A strong shiver went through me at the thought. I needed it so badly, and my hands were shaking as I tried to spread some of the pâté on a piece of bread. Percy had begun to eat too, and didn’t speak for a while, but I knew

what was going through his head – how much I deserved punishment, and what form it should take. At last he spoke.

‘I had little sympathy with Phillippe Fauçon, as you know, and yet I do feel that what you have done goes beyond what we normally consider appropriate for punishment.’

‘You wouldn’t report me!?’

‘Good Heavens, no. I merely feel that your atonement should go beyond corporal punishment. Perhaps you should donate some of your ill-gotten gains to charity?’

‘Percy!’

‘Perhaps not, but still ... for now, I think I shall put you on a regime of two dozen strokes of the cane each Sunday afternoon, until the start of autumn, when we shall review the situation. Also, hmm ... ah ha, I have it. I suggest you sign up for a little voluntary work. That will do you no end of good.’

‘Voluntary work? You have to be joking!’

‘Not at all.’

‘And if I won’t?’

‘Oh, nothing, I merely suggest it as a cathartic experience.’

‘Would you do it?’

‘Good Heavens, no! But then, I haven’t stolen any valuable paintings.’

I hadn’t felt guilty, but he was beginning to make me, and I had to take another mouthful to stop myself pouting. Being beaten was one thing, voluntary work quite another, picking up litter or scrubbing graffiti off walls. It might be humiliating, but not in a sexual way. I had occasionally done similar things, such as scrubbing Percy’s bathroom floor, but I’d been in the nude, with the sure prospect of physical punishment and sex once I was worked up.

‘I don’t think so,’ I told him.

He gave his little dirty chuckle and took another swallow of champagne. Inevitably my mind had begun to run, and I was thinking of how it would feel to be made to pick off the trodden in bits of chewing gum on the nearby path while he sipped expensive champagne and gave me instructions. Lots of people would see me, adding to the humiliation, it was only a shame I couldn’t be made to do it nude.

As I shifted position on the bench I realised just how wet my pussy was. I could feel it between my thighs, and in the crease of my bottom too. All it needed was to get me bare, then I could be penetrated so easily, even up my bottom, because my bumhole would be slippery with my juice. The champagne was starting to make me dizzy too, and adding to my need.

‘You should do something to me now,’ I told Percy. ‘How would you like to make me crawl on the path, to pick up litter and bits of gum, even dog shit.’

‘The idea has some appeal,’ he admitted, ‘but I would rather spank you.’

‘Do it then, right here, over your lap with my panties pulled down ...’

He chuckled.

‘I meant at my flat, Natasha. Although I would dearly love to give you a good spanking here in the park, I doubt we would get away with it, even if you weren’t bare. Hampstead Heath, perhaps ...’

‘No. I’d like people to see, lots of them, and make little approving comments as you bare my bum, and laugh at me when I start to kick and squeal and toss my hair about. Shame it wouldn’t be like that, but we could still have fun?’

He didn’t answer, but his face was even redder than usual. It was impossible, of course, at least more than a few swats on the seat of my dress, and that would have been

unwise, at least where we were. Then again, there were clumps of rhododendron, in one of which I'd once been given a brief, risky knee-trembler by a lad from one of the local estates. Possibly there was somewhere I could at least have my knickers pulled down, maybe get a spanking, at least enough to help me work up a really good fantasy once we were back at Percy's.

I swallowed the rest of my wine at a gulp, and poured another glass. It had to be done, even if it was just a few pats, anything, so long as I was bare outdoors. As soon as I'd finished my last mouthful I stood, and took Percy by the hand, pulling him to his feet. He came up, but began to pack our things back into their bag.

'Come on!' I urged.

'What about the cheese?' he demanded.

'Never mind the cheese! I want to be spanked.'

He came, bag in hand, and let me lead him, along the side of the lake, where a fringe of trees seemed to give the best hope of privacy. I could feel my heart beating, and the blood was singing in my head at the thought of being given an outdoor spanking, so when I did find a place, there was no hesitation. There was a bench in the porch of a little ice-cream stall, which was still shut for the winter. It hid us almost completely, and the path went nowhere else.

'Do me here, bare,' I demanded.

'I'll be the one to decide on that, young lady,' he answered, and I knew it was really going to happen.

I relaxed, giving myself over completely to his will, and sure he would do me justice. He sat down at the centre of the bench, patted his lap, and down I went, draping myself bottom-up across his knees. Already I could feel the cool air on my legs, and as I braced my hands against the rough concrete below me he took hold of the hem of my dress. I lifted my hips to make it easier for him, closed my eyes and

let the delicious sensation of being exposed for open-air punishment wash over me. Up came my dress, lifted gently over my hips and my panties were showing, taut around the globe of my bottom, which felt very big and very prominent, ripe for spanking.

Percy's hand settled into the small of my back and he began to stroke the seat of my panties, smoothing the silk across the twin crests of my cheeks. I stuck it a little higher, offering myself. He chuckled at my eagerness and carried on, caressing me, enjoying my flaunted bottom. For all my willingness his touch still gave me a sense that I was being molested, a girl about to be spanked as punishment, and the man who was to do it taking advantage of the situation to feel her up. That was Percy, all through, unashamedly lewd, molesting my bottom without the slightest shame for what he was doing, and enjoying my humiliation as much as my flesh.

He had me shaking by the time his fingers found the top of my panties, and then they were coming down, peeled slowly over my skin, inch by inch, to let the feeling of exposure sink slowly in. I heard my own sob as the tuck of my cheeks came bare, and it was all showing, the full cheeky globe of my bottom, and more. I let my legs come apart, to make absolutely sure I showed behind, with my pussy lips peeping out from between my thighs, a plump little fig of flesh, shaved and split in the middle to show the wet folds between.

Percy adjusted my knickers, inverting them far enough down to make doubly sure nothing was concealed and let me feel the elastic around my thighs to really rub in the fact that they'd been lowered. Again he began to fondle me, now on my bare skin, stroking and squeezing my flesh as the reality of my position ran through my head - panties down in the park, about to be spanked ...

I was purring as he began, just gentle smacks, using his fingertips to make my skin sting and bring me ever so slowly on heat, until I had begun to push myself up and let my thighs open, to take more, and to show more. My cheeks had come open, so that my rear view was ruder still, not just my pussy showing, but my bumhole too. As Percy began to spank a little harder I thought of how I would look, spanked bare across a dirty old man's lap, my anus showing. I'm always told I have a rude bumhole, with a pale-brown ring around the fleshy pink star where I open behind, and it was bare to anyone who happened to walk around the corner of the stall. That was a wonderful thought, some complete stranger getting an eyeful, completely unexpectedly. What could be more deliciously embarrassing for a girl than to be made to show her bumhole in public?

Percy was getting hard, his little cock poking into my tummy, just as soon it would be poking into my bottom, because he was sure to want to bugger me. That was my usual fate after a good spanking, his cock up my bottom hole to spunk up in my rectum. I wondered how it would be if he did it then and there, me over the bench with my bare red bum stuck out and him puffing away up my slippery, eager little hole until he came up me.

He was spanking hard, each swat sending a jolt through my pussy, and I knew that I was going to have to come, then and there. I cocked my leg over his, meaning to rub on him, but he gave his little chuckle and pushed his knee up, lifting my bum higher still, to leave me flaunted, nothing hidden, as he began to smack my pussy. The first pat had me gasping, and babbling for more, begging him to do it harder, and to make me come.

It took moments, with my mind focused on the blatant exposure of my hot red bottom and the rude details between. I'd been spanked ... spanked bare ... my panties

taken down in a public park and my bottom spanked bare. My bumhole was showing, my modesty taken away from me completely, and I'd been brought on heat until I was pushing my naked, smacked bottom up to let him pat my pussy to orgasm ...

I bit my lip as I came, determined not to scream, and that made it all the more intense as my whole body began to shake with spasm after spasm of raw ecstasy. Percy never stopped, laying firm, even smacks onto my pussy, on and on as I shuddered my way through my climax, my senses burning with the humiliation of my exposure and punishment, an emotion gradually replaced by gratitude as it finally faded. Percy stopped, gave my bottom a final pat, and spoke.

'You had better get up, my dear. Our luck has held, but ...'

My skirt fell back into place as I stood up, a little unsteady, but I left my panties down. I might have come, but I was still feeling thoroughly naughty, and I wanted to return the favour. Percy's erection showed as a prominent bulge in the tweed of his trousers, and I knew he wouldn't take long. There was something else we could do too.

'Move into the corner, Percy,' I told him. 'I want to give you a suck.'

'Here? Natasha ...'

'Come on, you can dob me.'

'Dob you?'

'It's something Monty does. You stick your cock into a runny cheese and feed it to me, off your erection ...'

'Yes, but not here, surely!'

'Come on, Percy! Nobody will see, and I want to!'

His Adam's apple bobbed and he squeezed his cock. I stuck my tongue out to run the tip gently around my lips



and he was shaking his head as he pushed himself back into the corner and tugged at his fly. I was on my knees before he'd got his cock out, and it went straight into my mouth, even as I dug in among the remains of our picnic for the Munster.

As I began to fiddle with the cheese wrapper I swapped his cock for his balls, mouthing on the big, wrinkly scrotum where it bulged over his underpants. With the cheese ready I came off and took him in hand, put the wet red tip of his cock against the orange rind, and pushed. The rind burst, and he sighed as his cock slid into the thick, sticky inside. I took him back in my mouth, cock and cheese together, my cheeks bulging with the effort. He sighed again as I began to move my head up and down, letting him fuck in the slimy mess that filled my mouth.

I wanted to come again, while I sucked cock, and I was too drunk and too high to think twice. My dress came up, all the way, bunched under my arms to leave me bare from chest to knees, my panties well down, my smacked bottom stuck out behind, my boobs swinging heavy and free to the motion of my cock sucking. Percy took me firmly by the hair as my fingers slipped into the wet hole of my pussy, and as I began to rub, so he began to fuck my head.

The cheese was beginning to squash out of my mouth, all over his balls, and getting smeared in my face, but I didn't care, rubbing myself as my pleasure rose and he grew more urgent. I could have come in seconds, but held back, teasing my pussy, until he began to grunt and his fingers locked in my hair, then rubbing hard. It was perfect, my mouth filling with spunk just as I hit my climax, so that as I rode my orgasm I was swallowing down the mess of cheese and sperm, finishing with Percy's cock jammed tight into the back of my throat.

It left me gasping, my face soiled, my dress and boobs too, a few sperm bubbles around my nose, but I was

giggling, and thoroughly pleased with myself. So was Percy, despite hastily wrapping a paper napkin around his filthy genitals and doing himself up as quickly as he could. I cleaned my face and boobs before letting my dress drop and was pulling my panties up as he spoke, puffing.

‘Excellent, if risky. You are a delight as always, my dear.’

‘Thanks. It was lovely, just what I needed. I only wish somebody had seen us.’

‘I suspect somebody did.’

‘Oh?’

‘Not to worry, I suspect, but there was a man among the trees, he certainly saw us, and may have been watching. Perhaps we should move on?’

‘You should have told me!’

‘I was about to come.’

‘Fair enough, I suppose. So what is he – old, young?’

‘Quite young, as it goes, rather wet looking, with blond hair and glasses ...’

‘Blond hair and glasses? Shit!’