

***J Aim to Misbehave***  
***A short story by Charli Mac***

My lips were twitching with amusement as I turned into the car park for the trails. Not only because we'd established that *my car* meant *my music*, but also because I could see him out of the corner of my eye, face set in a grumpy mask, body all but twitching with frustration.

"You're not on the insurance," I reminded him.

"I know," he replied, voice clipped and tight.

"And it's on the other side of the road."

"I can drive on the right, Kitten. It's not hard."

"But if you were in a crash-,"

"I wouldn't crash."

Oooh yes, definitely grumpy.

"*You* might not hit anyone," I said calmly, "but you can't account for other drivers. How many accidents have you been called to where one person was just driving happily along... right up until they were slammed into by some idiot doing something idiotic?"

Silence. Because I was right, and he knew it.

I parked up under the shade of a tree. It was a typical Colorado summer's day – already scorching at 10am. The sun beat down on the countryside around us, turning the air into a haze in the distance. Knowing how dry it was going to be outside, I pulled the little tin of Vaseline out of my pocket and slicked some on my lips before climbing out of the car.

"This is nice," he said, standing and staring out at the scenery, waiting for me to join him.

"It is," I agreed. "The trail winds along by the river."

"Oh aye?" he replied, a grin curling across his face as the sulk he'd thrown on in the car slunk away in the bright sunshine. "Skinny dipping?"

“There wouldn’t be much dipping,” I told him. “It’s been so dry, you’d be lucky if it’s shin deep.”

“Paddling then,” he said. He grabbed my hand and we left the dusty expanse of the car park – and the grumbling highway behind – for the quiet calm of the trail. “Tell me why we’re not bringing your dog?” he asked. “She’d enjoy this.”

Because I aim to misbehave, I thought, struggling to keep the little smirk off my face.

“Too hot,” I said instead. “She’s old. She can’t handle it anymore. Besides,” I reached for his hand and curled my fingers around his. “It’s nice just the two of us, right?”

“Yeah,” he replied. “It is.”

I bided my time. At least a mile slipped by under our feet as we followed the trail, meandering along beside the river which was, as I’d guessed, seriously low after the recent dry spell. We talked about everything and nothing – what he thought about Colorado, when we were going to have a chance to meet up in person again. Whether Good Times was indeed better than McDonald’s. (It was.) Finally, an opportunity came my way.

“What is it?” I asked as he paused and tugged his hand out of mine.

“Stone in my shoe,” he told me. He leaned down and tried to slip it off, shake out the stone, but he over-balanced and tipped over, landing hard on his ass and slamming his sock-covered foot in to the dust and gravel of the trail. He made a face at my peal of laughter, then dropped his shoe to the ground so that he could swipe at the bottom of his foot, try to dislodge all the dirt and tiny stones embedded there.

I watched for a moment, then my eyes went to that shoe.

He didn’t see my sly grin, and paid no attention as I reached down and picked it up. I adjusted my grip, then swung hard, smacking it off his upper thigh. I took a millisecond to admire the outline of shoeprint against dark jeans – not quite a hand mark on an ass, but as close as I was likely to get – then took off running.

“Oi!” The sound of his outrage chased me down the path, a wide grin stretched across my face. I went perhaps twenty metres before dropping the shoe at the side of the trail –

because this was a game and I wasn't an asshole... and I wanted to be punished but not *punished*.

My hands free, I concentrated on my running. I knew I'd be easily outpaced, but I had better stamina. And I wanted a real chase, because then it would be so much better when I was caught...

I breezed past a pair of elderly walkers, my feet pounding hard on the earth, hot air rasping in and out of my lungs. I didn't dare look behind me in case I went sprawling, but I could feel him gaining on me. A delighted laugh burst from my lips, a moment before an arm wrapped around my stomach.

I squealed, my hands reaching out in preparation for a hand landing, but he pulled me back into him at the same time as he twisted, pulling us off the trail and into a patch of grass, half hidden from the path by a little collection of bushes. Then he yanked me down and I fell into him, tangled up in his limbs.

"Gotcha!" he hissed.

I bit my tongue against my giggle, hands flailing against his legs, his stomach, as I struggled to right myself. He had other ideas, though, unbalancing me and arranging me until I was face down, over his lap.

Yippee!

A hand thrust between our bodies and tore at the buckle of my belt, popped free the button on my jeans before he jerked my jeans down far enough to expose my ass and the tops of my thighs to the heat of the sun.

I arched my back, anticipating the sting of his hand, but he paused.

"Kitten," he said slowly. "Where's your underwear?"

This time it was harder to keep the giggles in.

"I don't know," I got out. "Maybe it fell off while I was running?"

My suggestion hung in the air. I didn't dare twist my head around to see his expression, because I knew I'd burst out laughing. I imagined it anyway, and a snort escaped, my stomach convulsing with silent amusement.

It only lasted a moment before his hand came down hard on my ass. He put some force behind it and my laughter cut off as the breath exited my lungs in a rush.

"Ooooh!"

SMACK! This one was lower, on the same cheek but hitting that sweet spot between leg and ass. I winced and wriggled, but he held me easily, keeping me right where he wanted me.

"Oh no, Kitten. You knew exactly what you were doing, and now you face the consequences. In fact-," He stroked his hand over my ass, sliding in between my legs to where I was absolutely soaked. "I think you planned this."

I had. I absolutely had, and I'd been turned on as hell about it ever since I slipped my knickers off in my bathroom before we left.

"Is it going how you imagined, Kitten?"

He kept on stroking his fingers up and down, up and down, just grazing my clit each time, and I arched my hips happily. Yup, so far it was going exactly as I planned.

"Mmhmmm," I purred.

Thwack! A hard strike, quickly followed by two more.

"Kitten?"

"Yes sir!" I gasped. Oooh, that stung. As soon as the sharp pain receded though, I started shifting my hips looking for more. He was back to playing with me, however, two fingers sliding inside.

*Yes, please!*

I tilted my pelvis, inviting a deeper penetration, but he slipped them free instead, lifting up to gently circle my clit. My eyes rolled back in my head slightly as pleasure flared. Round and round and round, until I dared start thinking I could chase my orgasm.

Smack!

I whined then, because he'd aimed right on top of what I was betting was already bright pink skin. The throb lasted longer, went deeper, but he distracted me with another two fingers easing in and out of me, stretching me just enough to ease the cramping of my inner muscles which were already looking for cock.

A flick against my clit followed by two hard spanks. No, four. I mewled at the last one, a pained little sound that burst out between clenched teeth.

"Shhh, Kitten. You wouldn't want to be caught, would you?"

What? I froze and then – *fuck me!* – sure enough, I heard the low murmur of people talking on the trail.

"Stay very quiet," he whispered. Then he went back to fingering me.

Oh Christ. Nothing made me come to life like the terror (ok... thrill) of being caught. My hands curled into claws, one gripping the denim at his knee, the other clutching a hank of long grass as I tried to listen for them coming closer and tried not to gasp and moan and wriggle as he teased me, thrusting scissored fingers into me and then retreating to toy with my clit.

Shit. They were close enough now that I could pick out snatches of their conversation, hear a woman laughing. If I turned my head I might see them through the foliage of the bushes, just feet away. Oh God, keep quiet Char. Don't make a God-damned sound. Just-

Nope, I was going to cum. There was no stopping it.

"Please Sir," I hissed as quietly as possible. "Can I cum?"

"No."

Motherfucker.

There was nothing I could do. It rushed over me like a tidal wave, magnified tenfold by the excitement of our situation. I jerked and shuddered, holding my sounds to tiny little pants that I hoped wouldn't travel beyond our intimate little circle.

Though he hadn't given me permission, he let me ride it out, sliding two fingers along either side of my clit and squeezing slightly. Wrung out, I collapsed down out onto him, dimly aware that I couldn't hear anything except my own ragged breathing. Whoever had been walking past had moved along. I'd not noticed, too caught up in an orgasm that had been the best one I'd had in a long, long time.

The one I'd been told I couldn't have.

Oops.

Without moving, my eyes still staring at the grass and dirt in front of my face, I tried to get a sense of how much trouble I was in. His hand was still between my legs, not moving, just resting there. There was silence above me.

"That was close," I offered.

More silence.

Not a good sign.

"Uhm... I tried not to?" I said, my voice turning up hopefully at the end.

A pause that stretched out a long, long time.

"But you did, didn't you?"

I grimaced. I had a bad feeling punished was about to turn into *punished*.

"Yes Sir."

"Even though I told you you couldn't."

More silence.

"Well?"

"Yes Sir."

"Hmmm." He moved his hand and dropped it to the waistband of my jeans, where my belt wound through the loops. "You'll take three."

Three hits with the belt? It stung like a bitch but I could totally take three. In fact, I'd enjoy it.

*My lucky day!*

"Yes, Kitten?" he prompted. His hand moved from my belt to my ass, sliding between my cheeks to press ominously against my asshole. "Three?"

Wait, what?

I was an anal virgin, because a finger or a plug was a lot different from a cock, and no one had managed yet to convince me otherwise.

"Yes Kitten?" A hint of impatience in his voice.

"You don't have any lube," I squeaked.

"Yes I do."

He rummaged in the pocket of my jeans and pulled out my little pot of Vaseline.

"That's not lube," I said quickly, the sound of the tin lid popping off ominously loud in my ears. "I mean, it is, but for that sort of job you really need, you know, a lot and... well, really, three fingers is just about the same as-,"

I cut off as I felt him start smearing the Vaseline around my rear entrance.

"As my cock, Kitten?"

"Yes!" I clenched and tried to shift away. "So really, I think we should wait until we're home and-,"

"This is your punishment, kitten. Keep complaining and I'll just use spit."

Oooh. No. I did not want that. Damn it. I made a face to the ground as I consciously relaxed.

"Good girl."

I felt a finger slip in and slide deep. Retreat. More Vaseline then deeper still. It felt good, and I temporarily forgot about the other two fingers yet to come and lost myself in the slow glide, the tingle of nerve endings awakening.

“See?” he murmured. “Feels good. My cock is gonna feel good too.”

He punctuated this sentence with the insertion of a second finger. The stretch pushed to a burn and I winced and tightened up. This was as far as I’d gone... and that had been with a lot more lube. He paused, waited for me relax again. This time it was harder, my body telling me this was a bad idea and we should hang the ROAD CLOSED sign out now! But I wanted to please him, and I wanted his cock in my ass.

I mean, not *right then*.

But eventually...

And it wasn’t going to happen by magic. Blowing out a breath, I forced my muscles to relax and tilted my pelvis up in acquiescence. Once I did, he murmured encouragement and started pushing deeper again.

Ok, ow. I dropped my head down and tried to search for the pleasure in what he was doing, but honestly, all I felt was burning discomfort.

“You’re doing good, Kitten,” he told me.

Yeah, didn’t feel like it. I was trying to stay relaxed, but my whole body was tense.

“Touch yourself,” he ordered suddenly.

“What, Sir?” I asked, lifting my head.

“Touch yourself while I fuck your ass with my fingers.”

His voice was low and intense, and my hole core clenched, my asshole tightening involuntarily round his fingers.

Oooh, that was ... interesting.

It was awkward, getting my hand in between our bodies, but I managed, slipping my fingers over my hairless mound and into the heat of me. I was slick and ready, my fingers sliding over my clit, rubbing in just the spot I liked.

“Free rein, Kitten,” he said. “You can cum when you want to.”

Really now? I was still sensitive from earlier, but I had a quick recovery period and I set to searching for a second. Sir's fingers were still buried deep in me, but they weren't moving, the sensation no more than a slightly uncomfortable stretch, and I was able to ignore it as I circled and rubbed. I felt it build in me quickly, found my hips shifting as I moved myself onto and away from those fingers.

"Good girl, Kitten. Feels nice, right? Imagine how it's going to feel when it's my cock in there. Fucking your ass, all hot and tight."

Damn, I loved filthy words. I gave a little whine, my attention on chasing my orgasm. I rocked back hard, realised dimly that he was thrusting in tandem with me. And yeah, it did feel nice. More than nice.

He drew back and I felt a sudden emptiness, cool air tingling my slightly ravaged flesh. When I felt him probing there again, I knew immediately what had changed.

"I don't want three," I said quickly.

"Mmm," he replied. "But you're going to take them, aren't you? Because you were bad."

Ack. I was bad. Twice. But I'd envisioned a spanking and a cock deep in my throat.

Really, I should have known better.

"Thought you wanted to cum again, Kitten?"

I did. I really, really did...

Trying not to think about just how big the fingers were that were poised at the entrance to my ass, I focused on the orgasm I'd been well on the way to just a minute ago. My clit pulsed, ready to spark at the slightest touch. I gasped, switching to the side where it was a little less sensitive, and started to draw it out again. When he started to push a little harder, I moved into it, my body easily accepting his fingertips.

Yeah, okay, maybe if it was like this I could definitely enjoy-

I hissed as the stretch shifting past the point of throbbing and a spike of pain rippled around my ass. I tried to shift away but he held me tight, maintaining the pressure.

"Ow!" I complained.

“I want you to cum, Kitten,” he told me. “Concentrate.”

I tried to ignore the growing sting, fixing my thoughts on my clit, reaching into myself for the orgasm that was lurking, right on the edge of my subconscious. I hunted for it, bringing it forward and letting it drop back, rubbing hard and drawing out of the pleasure, then drawing back. All the while, Sir fucked my ass with his fingers, forcing me to stretch past the point of comfort.

“When I stick my cock in here, it’s going to glide in nice and easy,” he promised. “But you deserve this, don’t you? Hurts, Kitten, doesn’t it? Because you were a bad girl, and bad girls get punished. Next time you think about running away from me, next time you give up and cum without permission – and I know you could have held it back if you’d really wanted to – I want you to remember this. Being stretched open, fucked raw with my fingers, cumming while it happens too, because you like it don’t you, a little bit of pain? Makes you hot, because you’re a slut aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes, Sir.”

“Yes, You are. Who’s slut?”

“Your slut, Sir.”

Jesus God he was right, I did like it. I liked the pain, I liked the fact his fingers were buried in my *ass* not *eight feet* from the public trail. I liked that he was whispering filthy words at me and I definitely liked that I was his dirty slut who’d do this just because he wanted me to.

“Sir, can I cum?” Lost in the rush of my upcoming orgasm, the weird mix of anticipation and fear of the pain, and the sheer fucking nastiness of what we were up to, I forgot he’d given me free rein, fell back on what I knew. “Can I?”

“Yes, kitten.”

“Fuck!” I said it way too loud, screamed it really, but I’d lost sense of where we were, lost my fear of discovery. All I cared about was the orgasm rolling through me, the fingers hurting me and loving me at the same time.

“Christ.” I heard his low curse above me and then his fingers were gone and he was manoeuvring me, putting me on my hands and knees on the ground. I dropped down, my

face pressed into the grass, and I heard the sounds of him tearing at his own jeans. I tilted my hips, ready for him to stick his cock into my ass, wanting it even though I knew it was going to hurt, but when he grabbed me round my middle and hauled me onto him, it was my cunt he slid inside.

“Ooooh!”

“Fuck, Kitten. Fuck, you’re fucking wet. God damn.”

He slammed into me, hand going round to hold me from the front, putting pressure on my mound so that I felt it every time he thrust. My ass was tingling, the ring of muscle sore and pulsing. It just added to the delicious surge of sensation. I’d thought my orgasm was finished, but it rose up for another explosion. Or maybe I was just cumming again. I didn’t know, didn’t care. I just dug my fingers into the dirt and held on as he fucked me. Hard.

“You like this, Kitten, don’t you. You like getting fucked hard? You like that it hurts a bit. Makes you cum, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah,” I gasped. “I love it.”

“I fucking know you do. If someone walked around this bush and caught us right now, you’d cum, wouldn’t you. You’d look them right in the eye, know they could see you, jeans round your knees, ass red, my hand on your cunt, my cock inside you, and you’d fucking cum.”

Oh Jesus, I looked over at the bushes, hopefully, but there was no one there. It didn’t matter, though. My mind filled in the blanks. Horrified gasps, outraged faces. Disgust, shock.

“Aaaaaaah!” It hit me out of nowhere, rising up slowly, like the heat from a bath. I arched into it, my nerves singing, Sir’s every forward thrust making it go on and on and on.

“Fuck, Kitten.” I felt his movements becoming less rhythmic, more powerful, then he slammed home, filling me with his cum. I held still, my back arched, as he rubbed a hand slowly over my back and shoulders. “Good girl.” A barked laugh. “You were right. Definitely good idea not to bring the dog.”

I was stiff and sore all over as Sir helped me up and then gently righted my clothes. I wished desperately that I had my underwear as I felt the raw flesh between my legs make contact with the tough denim of my jeans. A tissue would have been nice, too.

“When we get home, a long hot shower,” he promised, kissing my hair before taking my hand and leading me back onto the trail.

We hadn’t gone a hundred metres down the trail before we came across a large group of walkers, all in their later years, walking in the company of a happy Labrador who rushed right up to us and insisted on sticking his nose in my crotch. I swear, the look it gave me was reproofing.

Prudes, Labradors.

When we got to the car, he held his hand out for the keys.

“I’m driving,” he said. “You’re too shaky still.”

I contemplated him for a long moment but he was right, I was shaking everywhere, coming down from an endorphin high that was going to need a lot of chocolate... and that shower.

“All right,” I said. “But don’t kill us.” I dropped my eyes deliberately to his crotch. “I haven’t cleaned my toy yet.”