

## Veronica's Voyage of Self-Discovery

November 2023 – Chapter Two

"You seriously think that's the only reason I said yes, dude? Hah, in your dreams!"

Veronica's gale of laughter echoed through the pine woods, accompanied a moment later by the lower rumble of David's chuckle. "Well, I didn't say it was the *only* reason," he corrected, taking another bite of his sandwich and gazing affectionately across the picnic blanket at his girlfriend. "But you have to admit it, right? You were more than a little into it. Anyone could see that..."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," Veronica returned, stuffing the last of her own sandwich into her mouth and wiping her sticky fingers on the nearby paper towel. She wagged her bare shoulders in the warm spring sun, then glanced down and tugged her spaghetti strap top a trifle lower. It would be swimsuit season soon, after all – and she wanted her boobs to be as tanned as possible.

"What, so you admit it, huh? You admit you liked being plastered with pies by a big strong man?" David pressed, and now he was scooching closer, his eyes dancing with quiet mirth. "Go on, babe – you can say it! 'Oh, yeah! Please, *please* smear me good-!'"

"Okay, okay!" she cut in with a laugh, leaning in and silencing him with a quick kiss. "Maybe I do, okay? But you know what I like better than that?" She slipped closer, her hands slipping coyly down toward his jean-clad groin. "Making out in the sun after the end of a long semester. You know, doing my part to keep you from getting ideas about any other girls over the summer..."

His arms drew tight around her. His eyes smiled, then slipped closed as her rosy lips approached once more. And then she was kissing him: eagerly. Playfully. Pressing close one moment, then withdrawing a moment later. Her tongue slipping forward... probing hesitantly between his parted lips...

"Mmm, you little tease," he murmured, and amid her muffled laughter they sank backward onto the blanket. It was spring, after all. They were young, and hormones were raging. Here in this secluded corner of the state park no one would be around to watch these two college kids fooling around. And really... so what if anyone did, anyway?

The seconds slipped heedlessly into minutes amid the birdsong and the rustle of leaves and the quiet, muffled moans of the two lovers. His hands groped questioningly for her full breasts. She sighed rapturously... guided his hand deep beneath her top... let out a little gasp of pleasure as his

finger and thumb pinched affectionately on one tender nipple. "David, please," she murmured, even as his legs twined around hers and bore her down onto the cotton blanket beneath. "Oh, please, you- Fuck! You're driving me crazy..."

"That's the point," he muttered back into her parted lips – and renewed his tender assault.

"Ooh- oh, but- but no, really-" At the word, he drew back, raising himself on his bare, gym-toned arms to gaze questioningly down at her. "No? Sorry, everything okay, babe?" She blinked up for a moment, then burst into a quiet, sheepish giggle. "Sorry, I- it's so stupid! I just... it's so lame! I didn't pee before we left. And, um, I really gotta go." She sighed and struggled up as he half-rolled away. "Sorry, shitty timing! I- it shouldn't take long-"

"Just go behind a tree or bush or something," he replied, with a brisk glance at the edge of the clearing. His erection was plain beneath his jeans, and as Veronica struggled to her knees she had a perfect view – a visible reminder of his need for her. "No one's out here," he continued. "And I'll let you know if someone does come..."

"Thanks, bae!" As she trotted hastily off toward the nearest cluster of trees, David gazed after her, watching in visible satisfaction as her shapely, short-clad ass waggled its way onward. He reached for the still-uneaten dessert within their picnic basket, his fingers mechanically beginning to unwrap the cupcake as he stared. A meditative expression settled on his face then... a gleam of some new idea dawning in his eye...

And in a moment, he was loping after her, cupcake still in hand.

"On second thought," he began, watching in wry amusement as she jerked at the sound of his voice, hands frozen at the zipper of her shorts. He grinned softly and motioned her close, then drew her up against the smooth bark of the nearest beech. "Babe, I've got a better idea. One that I happen to know you're gonna love..."

Her breath hitched visibly, her breasts bobbing as she fumbled once more at her shorts. "David, what-? I- I don't get it," she objected, squirming softly in place. "I really need to go, honest-"

"Then *go*. Right here. Right now."

Her grey eyes clouded in confusion, even as David bent close and planted a kiss on her lips. "You're the girl who loves being all messy, and dirty, and soaking-wet, right?" he probed with a sly grin.

"You said so yourself – how it makes you feel all naughty..."

"Bu- but-, " she faltered, hands groping for support at the trunk behind her. Her expression was caught between mirth and astonishment, her lips parted in shocked glee. "In... in my pants? But- but then they'll be wet..."

"Oh, yes they will," David growled, and now he was gently pressing the massive bulge of his erection against her thigh. "You're gonna be so wet... so dirty... so soaking, dripping wet. Just like in that dunk tank, babe! And no one but me is gonna see, trust me. God, you're gonna be so wet..."

"Uh- uh-huh...?" She trailed off, but in her expression was all the glorious, confused arousal of a woman discovering a fresh new side of her lover. "You- really want me to, David? I- I guess if you-"

"I'm *ordering* you to," David chuckled, and with that word her chest heaved once more – her eyes fluttered closed in wordless, ill-repressed pleasure – and she bit her lip in a wordless nod. "Oh-okay..." she began, but before she'd managed to say more, his hands were pressing her insistently against the tree, his low-spoken words silencing her own and somehow turning her brain to mush.

"Go on. Be a dirty, pissy little girl for me." "Oh, yeah, you beautiful, wonderful thing!" "You can do it, babe, I know you can." "Just relax... breathe... let it all drain out." "Oh, yeah. Feel it bursting out... trickling down your legs... Mmm, yeah." "Such a wet, naughty little playtoy..."

And amidst the tangle of steamy words filling the silence, filling her mind, came her own strangled murmurs of assent. "Oh- oh! I'm- I'm gonna- I'm gonna pee-" "Babe, I- I'm doing it! I can't help it- I really can't-"

"No, you can't," he returned, and even while the wet blossom of urine was spreading across her shorts and the warm rivulets began etching their way down her legs, he was grinding insistently against her. "You're such a good, wet girl for me! You're so wet, so messy, so obedient..."

"Ob-edient," she stammered out through trembling lips, and her hands were now groping for his, guiding them downward, into her freshly soaked panties. "Please, David, please-! I- I need you-" "To finger you," he hissed in her ear, and she let out a whimper of assent and delight as his right hand slipped deep into her moist pussy. "To tease you and drive you crazy. To make this dirty little girl cum in her pissy panties..."

"Ye-cess, *please!*" She begged openly, groping desperately for his other hand. But it was still

occupied, of course – the forgotten cupcake still within its grasp. He paused... gave it a hurried glance... and then, a smile slowly spread across his face. "Babe... hang on. Wait. You almost forgot something."

Her eyes cracked open, a fire of aching longing burning within. "Wha-a? Did I-?" But now his low chuckle sounded in her ear, and as the gleaming chocolate and cream frost hove into her view, he let out a low growl. "You forgot your dessert, babe! Even messy, pissy little girls deserve dessert. Go on... open wide!"

And before her eyes could do more than widen and her lips part, he acted. Firmly... happily... he pressed the thick, cakey, gooey mass deep into his girlfriend's lovely, open mouth. Grinding whatever failed to fit inside firmly into her equally lovely face.

"MMMmnnnoouughhhh-!!!" No one else would have recognized the sounds that emanated from the quivering, visibly soaked young woman in that little forest clearing as being human – let alone expressing pleasure. But David knew better. His other fingers were working deep between her legs, after all. And as the gurgles and half-choked moans of her messy orgasm filled his ears, and the clenching warmth of her dripping pussy assured him of her orgasmic bliss, he let out another low laugh.

Pee, food, and degradation. Wow, his Veronica really did have a kinky side after all, didn't she? Sure, she still might not be willing to admit it to herself, let alone to others. But that was okay. With time – and a bit of help – she'd figure out the truth.

And he was *more* than okay with that.

*(To be continued!)*