

**Summer Heat  
Erotica for Hot Days  
and Hotter Nights**

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and  
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Unseen Words



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*Adrift... and Sun, Sea, Sand and Sex* Copyright © 2011  
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## If You Go Down In The Woods

Clare knew John was up to something when he insisted on packing the bag for their walk and picnic, and wouldn't let her look inside it as she passed him the food and drinks.

"How about we go down by the stream, where the willows are?" John asked as they left the holiday cottage. "It's nice and quiet down there."

"Why not?" Clare replied. They had found the stream earlier in the week when first exploring the area. A well-worn path lead down to a small stream, next to which stood several willow trees with well developed screens of branches. The couple had spent some time there enjoying the peace. Despite the path obviously being well used, they hadn't seen anybody else while they were there.

John lead the way down the path, and pushed his way through the branches of a willow tree. Clare thought it was almost like being in a cool, green cave, with a soft grassy floor. He passed her a blanket from the bag, then pulled out a bottle and two glasses as she spread the blanket on the ground.

"This definitely beats being in the office." Clare said as she settled down and John passed her a drink. "I think I'm really starting to unwind now."

"I know what you mean." John said, lying back on the blanket and looking over at her. "You could almost forget about the rest of the world while you're in here."

"Mmm, yeah. Quiet, peaceful, private."

“Very private.” John said, looking at his wife with a wicked grin.

“I thought you were up to something.” Clare said. “But it’s not *that* private. We’re right next to a path.”

“Which nobody uses. We’d just need to be quiet, hun.”

Clare looked at him thoughtfully. “I don’t know.”

“Trust me.”

“Oh what the hell. Come here, stud.” Clare put down her glass and reached for her husband. Pulling him on top of her they kissed. “So what’s in the bag?”

“Well, I had this idea, seeing how private it is in here.”

“John...” Clare’s protest was interrupted as he placed a finger on her lips.

“Don’t worry, babe. You’ll be fine. And I know you’ll enjoy yourself.” He rolled over and grabbed the bag. “Just put these on.”

Clare took the leather cuffs he handed her and fastened them to her wrists and ankles. “I didn’t know you’d bought these.”

“Little holiday surprise gift.” John smiled. “Now, stand against the trunk.”

Clare stood up and put her back to the tree trunk as John pulled some rope out of the bag. “Want your own damsel in distress do you, love?”

“I don’t think you’ll be too distressed.” John fastened a rope to one of her wrist cuffs then took it behind the tree and fastened it to the other cuff, pulling his wife’s hands round the trunk behind her. He took the ends of the rope round the tree trunk again, letting it run down to ground level, then used it to fasten her ankle cuffs together and secure them to the base of the trunk. “Can you stand OK?”

“I think so.” Clare answered, pulling on the rope and finding she couldn’t move very much.

“Good, but better safe than sorry.” John took more rope from the bag and wrapped it around the tree and his damsel’s waist. “That should stop you falling over, my pretty one.”

Clare giggled. “Shouldn’t you have a moustache to twirl if you’re going to call me that?”

“Only if you wear a corset, hun.”

“Maybe if you buy me one.” Clare answered quickly.

“I’ll think about it. Now lean your head forward.”

John placed a sleep mask over her eyes. “And we should do something about the noise.”

“I’m not making any noise.”

“Not yet.” John said; Clare was sure he was grinning mischievously by the sound of his voice.

“So what arph.” Her question was cut off as a knotted scarf was pushed between her lips and tied securely in place.

John kissed her over the gag. “That should help you remember to keep quiet.”

Clare’s comment was muffled, but John thought she said “It’s more than a reminder, you sod.”

“Language, dear.” John said as he unbuttoned her blouse and ran his hand up the side of her body from waist to breast, and cupped her tits. Clare felt him ease her left breast out of her bra and kiss her nipple. Then she felt him move away.

“Oh damn.” John said. “Left something back at the cottage. I’ll just go back and get it. Won’t be long.”

“Wah?” Clare couldn’t believe her ears. Was he really going to leave her tied to the tree with her tit hanging out while he went back to the cottage? The cottage which was fifteen minutes’ walk away! She

started struggling as she heard the branches moved aside. It seemed like he was! Clare fought the urge to shout after her husband, caught between wanting to call him back, and not wanting to attract any attention from anybody else who might be passing.

Clare was left standing in the quiet shade; she had quickly determined that the ropes were too secure for her to get loose, and the blindfold and gag weren't going to come off from just shaking her head. She thought about trying to push the gag out of her mouth, but for some reason thought it would look better in place rather than hanging round her neck.

Because of the blindfold and the quiet, she had no idea how long she had been standing there when she thought she heard the branches moving again. Was that a quiet gasp from whoever had come in? She tried to say John's name, but the gag turned it into a muffled grunt.

A finger on her lips and a quiet "Shh." made her stop trying to ask if there was anybody there. A flick of a tongue over her exposed nipple made her gasp. Soft fingers skimmed over her breast and down her stomach, making her wriggle against the ropes. Clare felt fingers run gently over her hair and down to the back of her neck, and caress the spot at the base of her skull that made her go weak at the knees.

She felt her jeans being unfastened and pushed below her buttocks. Her muffled complaint was once again stopped by a finger on her gagged lips, and turned to a moan by the sensation of another finger running over her knickers and pressing on her *other* lips. Those other fingers continued to gently rub the front of her underwear as the tongue returned to her nipple.

Gentle lips closed over her breast as the pressure on her crotch increased, and Clare moaned into the gag as the tongue flicked her nipple and a thumb rubbed her knickers over her swelling clit.

The moan of pleasure changed to one of complaint as Clare felt the cool air on her breast and the hand pulled away from her crotch. She felt her jeans being quickly pulled up and refastened, then heard the branches to one side being pushed apart as whoever had been with her quickly left the enclosed space.

Clare stood against the tree, her nipples hard, with a sense of aroused frustration, wondering what had just happened. Who was that? And why had they suddenly left?

Who was the mystery visitor? What happened when John returned?

Read more in the steamy *Summer Heat* collection from Unseen Words for the rest of this fun story and other hot erotic stories to make your vacation go with a bang.



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