Getting Caught in the Rain

The Tendo family was on the third day of their mountainside camping trip when a fierce thunderstorm began soaking their campsite, halting their planned hiking and exploring activities for that afternoon. The family sought cover in their various tents, Soun by himself a bit farther away from the main campsite, and then the three sisters in their own smaller, single-sized covers (yellow for Akane, green for Nabiki and blue for Kasumi), while two other tents nearby were rather close. A black one and a bright red one, shared by the two boys who had come along.

Omar though, perhaps completely by accident, wandered into the wrong tent in his hurry to get out of the rain, pulling aside the flaps to Ranma's red tent. Dripping water from his white t-shirt and baggy dark brown khakis, Omar was greeted by a welcome sight even as he had to stoop to accommodate his tall frame.

"Well, *there* you are, pal~ I've been wondering what's been keeping you."

Ranma Saotome, currently in her female form, was standing in the tent, her hair slick and in a tight braid down the small of her back. The petite yet busty redhead was eying Omar, her new and now closest best friend, like he was a hero coming to rescue her. Standing there with a wet tank top that was struggling to hold back her pert, huge tits Ranma looked every inch the impossibly fuckable Japanese sex kitten she was. Her shorts were little more than ass-floss, a pair of denim cutoffs that only accentuated Ranma's thick thighs and huge booty rather than hide it.

A crash of thunder resounded outside the tent and Ranma giggled like a schoolgirl, pretending to be overly frightened.

"Oh, wow that was a **big** one! We might need to stay in here all night, hee-hee." Her eyes roamed over Omar's body, taking in the sight of his broad shoulders, toned pecs and washboard abs through his t-shirt. Omar returned the look, each of them eyeing the other with obvious lust and an almost primal hunger. Slowly Ranma's hands slid across her slick torso, tracing the lightly muscled lines of her pelvis. With a smirk, Ranma hooked her fingers inside the waistband of shorts before tugging them ever so slowly down, cocking her wide hips from side to side.

Soon, as she wiggled and gyrated in place under Omar's watchful and approving gaze, Rama's shorts were pulled down her slender calves and dropped to the floor. Her pussy was dripping wet with arousal, completely smooth and hairless and still wet from the rainwater. Her pink panties were sheer with arousal, and Ranma pulled it to one side, giving Omar a full view of her dripping cunny. The cold water was a stark contrast to her obviously warm body, cheeks red with arousal as she drew closer to Omar.

“You definitely picked the right tent tonight. Gonna need you to keep me company through this storm, you know, just so I don’t get bored. We can totally hang out all night, buddy.” Ranma licked her lips brazenly, her entire body seeming to vibrate from how impossibly turned on she was. Fooling around with her hung stud of a boyfriend-or was it best friend?-under the Tendo family’s nose would never get old.

“Of course. Wouldn’t want you to get lonely, Ranma.” Omar’s voice was low, and just the sound of him saying her name was enough to make Ranma bite her plump lower lip, her eyes full of lewd hunger.

There was a slow zip as Omar undid his pants, letting them fall to the tent’s floor. His dark brown cock was already hard, rising to its full massive length, its vast girth throbbing with arousal. Ranma let out a deep-throated noise like a contented cat as Omar closed the difference between them. Slowly, the muscular Arab teen lifted his truncheon-like dick and slapped it against Ranma’s pussy with wet-sounding, heavy impacts. Ranma giggled as Omar ground his massive dicktip, the size of a large man’s fist, against her tight, tiny little pussy.

“Gee, I wonder what we can do to pass the time?” Ranma said, putting one finger on her dainty chin in an exaggerated thinking pose. Her cheeky air vanished as the pair locked eyes, like a feral breeding pair just waiting to devour each other..

“But, if we get too out of control, we might just get...caught.” Ranma whispered, her voice not so much a warning as a teasing hint. While Ranma and Omar had so far snuck around under most people’s noses (her mother very much an exception), Ranma wouldn’t mind getting caught at all, not really.

Omar just grunted at that, being of a like mind. He preferred to keep things a little more private, but the thought of fucking Ranma silly in front of an audience was also appealing. He kept slapping his hard cock off of Ranma’s pussy, knowing that if he wanted to push in, she wouldn’t stop him. Much the opposite, really.

Ranma giggled, licking her lips again, her arousal almost painfully obvious and growing by the second.

“But, I think I have a few other things that you might like~” Ranma winked and stepped back a bit, her panties snapping back against her body, riding up her wide curvy hips. Her hands slowly trailed along her leanly muscled stomach and sides before reaching up to her looming, enormous perfect breasts.

“Do you like these big fat Japanese tits, *stud?”* Ranma leaned down, while Omar whispered a quiet ‘yes’, his accented voice just one more thing that turned Ranma on. Squatting lewdly, ankles together and knees out, Ranma wrapped her huge tits around Omar’s hard, giant cock. He let out a sigh of welcome release, looking down at Ranma with a satisfied look on his face.

“Well, thanks...buddy. This’ll do just fine.”

Ranma grinned up at him, shaking her fat jugs around his cock, which was too large even for her enormous funbags to completely cover.

“Oh, it's no problem.” She said, her casual tone at odds with the nasty speed and intensity she was using to titwank Omar’s sweaty, hard cock.

“After all, we’re just hanging out like pals. With my *big* fucking *tits.”* She glanced down at Omar’s hard cock, loving the way it contrasted with the creamy skin of her breasts, feeling his steel-like firmness as she worked his shaft up and down in a tight, slick embrace. Ranma stared at that giant dick like a love-sick teen before she glanced back up at Omar, looking completely smitten. They were both exactly where they wanted to be, doing exactly what they wanted, completely in synch with each other’s lusts.

Ranma’s efforts persisted, the sound of Omar’s balls slapping against the bottom of breasts filling the tent as the passionate titfuck continued. Eventually, Omar’s breath grew a bit ragged, his balls tightening as his orgasm grew closer. That only made a giddy Ranma work faster and harder, bouncing her tits up and down around his cock in a blur.

“Yeah, that’s it baby, don’t hold back. Give it all to me, gimme that fat greasy load. I love this hard, hunky fucking Arab cock! Come all over these fat fucking tits, I can practically smell the sperm churning in your balls now. I want it, I want it all, you fucking stud! These big fat tits are all for you, buddy~”

Ranma squeezed her tits together more firmly, her fingers actually causing the huge jugs to puff out under her grip as she squeezed Omar’s cock in her hot, soft embrace. Omar traced a hand through Ranma’s hair, and she turned her head to nearly nuzzle against his palm, while he muttered in Arabic about what a ‘filthy little cockslut she was’.

“Paint these fucking tits, please~ They’re all yours, coat my fat slutty tits with your jizz!”

Finally driven over the edge, Omar grunted, his hand in Ranma’s hair tightening and holding the back of her head as he began to come. Thick, nasty ropes of hot sperm jetted out of his cock, squirting against the bottom of Ranma’s chin and dripping down her swan-like neck. Ranma kept pumping her chest, wanting every last drop.

The scent of Omar’s jizz filled the small tent, and Ranma’s eyes seemed to fill with hearts as she moaned, coming herself silly just from getting her tits covered in her hunky friend’s potent, virile spunk. Her tits were soon covered in the thick, tacky stuff, piling up on her enormous breasts in an off-white glaze.

“Ahh...fuck that’s good.” Omar muttered, taking a small step back and jerking his cock a few more times. Fat, thick streamers of spunk splattered all over Ranma’s tits, while she rocked her hips in place, practically humping the air, nipples painfully hard and pussy dripping as she was used as Omar’s personal big-ttited Japanese fuckdoll, an irresistible target for him to blow his load and mark his territory.

When he was finished, Ranma looked up at Omar with a mix of lust and almost reverence. She hefted her tits up, proudly, displaying how thoroughly Omar had covered them.

“That was such a huge fucking load, Omar. Your fucking cock is such a monster, I love it!❤️ I hope it rains all *week*.”

Omar nodded, sweat trickling down his forehead.

Ranma giggled, happily licking sperm off her fingers. “Hmm...maybe we should push our tents together tonight. We might need a bit more room, and I wouldn’t want you to get *lonely* tonight.”

The End...