

# A Cookout With Quite A Spread

By WayneGibbous

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Nov 2012

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*My neighbor, Harry, had some of his retired friends over for a cookout and asked me to be dessert.*

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*This story covers both the Incest and Wife Lovers categories*

We really haven't met so you don't know much about me. I guess I should tell you right off that I'm something of a slut. No, I'm a whole lot of a slut. I love to show my body and get fucked just as much as I can.

I suppose my hormone levels are high. I knew even in high school, I was rubbing myself and fingering my pussy, anything to make me feel sexy and good.

Then, well, I'm going to tell you something that maybe you won't like, okay? My first sex was with my brother, Phil. He was two years older than me and one day during the summer when we were both home all day alone, I was sixteen, he was eighteen, we decided we wanted to see what we each looked like.

Of course, it quickly went from look to feel as we each explored the other. He knew more about sex than I did, though, in reality, girls usually talk more about sex than boys, yes, just ask any woman. Trust me.

So, that first day, I sucked his penis and he licked me until I just exploded, my first real orgasm from another person. Well, that was it, I was hooked and so was he. We were in each other's pants from then on. Well, actually, during the summers and after school, we often spent much of the time together naked and having sex of one kind or another.

I was still sixteen when he got his dick in me (not that I refused, oh, no, I wanted it) and fucked me to orgasm. I was never the same since. I loved to suck my brother's cock and adored him fucking me with it.

We lived with our mom who was divorced and she did catch us once when she came home early from work. She sat us down together, then each of us separately, especially to make sure that Phil hadn't forced me. I figured that I'd best be honest with her and told her that it was as much my idea as his and that, whether she wanted to know or not, her daughter just loved sex and, oddly, that seemed to bond us even closer. She wasted no time getting me on the pill as she knew that Phil and I were home alone every afternoon and all day during the summers.

So, when I was safe taking the pill, we just fucked all the time. Even at night, he would come to my room or I would go to his, usually after Mom went to bed, but not always, and we sometimes woke up together in each other's arms as Mom got us up for school.

I realize that all this doesn't exactly make me a slut though it may be a lot different from your own early sexual experience. My slut life began when I was almost seventeen and Phil had two friends for a sleepover.

It was during the summer and after Mom left for work, I got up, pulled on a teeshirt (I have always loved the feel of my skin on the sheets and on whoever is in bed with me) and went down to Phil's room where the three boys were. Phil was in his bed and the two boys were on the floor on top of several blankets and under a top cover.

I knew them, of course, and as I came in the room, they were all awake under their covers, I walked over to the two boys, Ricky and Mason, and asked them if they wanted any company.

They immediately lifted the covers and I crawled in between the two of them.

I instantly had four hands all over my body. My breasts were quite nice at that stage, just good-sized handfuls but I did look quite pretty and the boys, of course, were horny as you would expect.

I raised up and pulled off my tee, then snuggled back under the covers. Ricky ducked his head under the covers and began sucking a nipple as Mason worked his middle finger up into me while I spread wide. I looked over at Phil's bed and he was leaning on his elbow watching me with his friends.

Mason was getting me really hot with his finger and I leaned into him and whispered, "I'd rather have your dick in me than your finger. I'm on the pill, so it's okay."

He looked rather astonished and asked, "What about Phil?"

"Oh, I'll give him some after you two guys do me."

Now he really looked astonished.

"I meant he's going to see us. Do you let him have sex with you?"

"Well, you better keep it a secret or you can't fuck me and yes, we do have sex and you can, too, you and Ricky. All you want."

Mason was immediately up over me trying to jam his dick into me and I had to have him slow down so I could grip him and lead his cock up into me.

Well, that day, I was fucked continuously, except for a few potty breaks and lunch, until right before Mom got home. It was a lot, maybe even a dozen or more times. I loved every second of it. I stayed on the blankets on the floor, my butt in a sodden circle of cum and juices that had drooled out of a very happy pussy.

That began my getting fucked by Ricky and Mason on a regular basis, along with my brother. Ricky moved away the next year and I had my brother bring in two more boys to take his place. Up until he went away to college, he kept me supplied with horny boys to keep me happy.

So, now do you see why I told you I'm rather a slut? I love a cock in my mouth and I adore a cock in my pussy.

I'm thirty-four, married to Steve, who's thirty-seven; we met after college and he's one of the few men who can just go and go and go before he cums. I often get off three times before he does. Yeah, I love it. By the way, hubby knows all about my brother and me, knows that we fuck to this day. When Phil visits, I usually sleep with him and we more or less fuck all night.

I also love guys looking at me. I am very relaxed about my body and can, still at thirty-four, go braless and look damn good. I'm C-cup and my nipples love rubbing on my blouse or tee, whatever I'm wearing and I like going commando when I can get away with it.

Any way, it was a cookout that I wanted to tell you about when I started all this. Sorry for the detour but at least now you know a bit about me that will help you understand the story of the cookout next door.

I was out back, it was a Wednesday afternoon, sunning myself as I love to do, topless, I just love the warm sun on my breasts and, being alone, I love pinching my nipples to arouse them, when I began hearing some voices from next door, male voices, deep and resonant, from beyond the fence. Our neighbor, Harry, was retired and widowed, both, and it sounded like he had some friends over and

they were outside.

That went on for a bit, when I heard Harry call out, "Hey, Maddie, come on over and join our cookout. I've got a few friends in who'd I'm sure like to meet you."

I looked over and saw Harry's head over the hedge. He's seen me before so I'm not particularly shy or embarrassed.

"Be right over, Harry, in a sec," as I sat up and put on my top and went out our gate and back in through his.

Harry introduced me all around. There was Tom, Walter, Harold and Howard, each one in his sixties, like Harry. They were drinking beer which I don't really like so Harry went in to get me a glass of wine as I talked with his friends. They were really fun guys and I was enjoying myself being the center of attention and the only female in a group of five guys.

One of them, Harold, I think, suggested that we all use Harry's hot tub which was on his patio and, as they were all in shorts, we six got in and sat around in a circle enjoying the bubbling water.

Then Walter said, "Maddie, if you were my wife, I would never hold a job, I'd just want to keep you home and fuck you all day long."

Everyone laughed, including me, though the thought also stimulated my flow of juices a bit. I put my head back enjoying the water and felt a hand rest on my thigh and begin to gently squeeze.

Well, well, I thought, somebody's got ideas and right then a hand on the other side rested on my thigh and began moving upward. I was now breathing harder, rather surprised at these older guys being quite so forward as my slut-self decided to spread my legs apart. The next thing I felt was the bottom of my bikini being pushed aside and what felt like a thumb rubbing up and down my pussy. But the two hands were still on my thighs.

I looked opposite me and there was Harry smiling at me as my hand dipped under the water to feel his leg stretched across and his foot rubbing my labia. The dirty guy.

"You're a naughty man, Harry," I said coquettishly as I felt the bra-top of my bikini loosen as one of the guys pulled the string open. Oh, well, I thought, if they want to see my tits, then fine, and I pulled the top off as all ten eyes watched eagerly.

"You're a beautiful woman, Maddie," said Harold whose hand was on my left thigh and moving down

toward my pussy.

"You sure are, you're so hot, I sure know what I'd want to do to you," this, from Howard, on the other side whose hand is also slowly sliding down my thigh.

"And what is it, Howard, that you would do to me if you had the chance?"

I knew I was egging these guys on and, yet, I was loving every minute of their ogling and flirting.

"Oh, honey, I'd get you off first with my tongue, then fuck you good."

"So would I, Maddie," added Walter and the rest of them agreed.

"Well, what if I let you?"

At that point, Harold and Howard's hands were now on my breasts as Harry's foot rubbed up and down between my legs.

"It would sure make this the best barbecue Harry's ever had, that's for sure," Tom said back.

"If I did this, you fellows would need to choose who goes when without getting into a fight about it."

"Well, I'm the oldest, we can go by age," Harry offered. They all agreed, I think they knew that this all was happening because Harry invited me over anyway, so they wanted to give him first shot. I looked these guys over and decided that while it might be one thing to offer myself to five twenty-year old guys, this might prove to be a bit less strenuous, so I lifted myself up out of the water, pulled off my bikini bottom, spread open and Harry waded across on his knees and began tonguing me.

Well, I must say that experience is an advantage of one's age and I've heard many women express their own experience that men become better lovers as they get older. Harry sure knew his way around a pussy, that's for sure.

"Mmm, oh, yes, that's good, mmm, ooh, right there, Harry, mmm," as I writhed under his tongue. The others were all around me, sucking my nipples, my hands on cocks, quite hard cocks, actually, it was looking like a fun time. One of them, Walter, it was, got up next to me and put his cock up near my face, so I figured I'd oblige him and leaned over and took the tip in my mouth and began to pulse-suck him like my husband, Steve, just loves. Well, it quickly appeared that Walter loved it, too.

Harry stood up, moved up closer and pushed his cock into me and began fucking me as my legs

churned the water.

"Oh, Maddie, you are better than I even dreamed. I hope you can give all the guys a go, you are so tight, mmm, what a fuck you are."

"All five of you, huh, well that would be a new record but, well, we're all here and we've started, so, sure..."

A cheer went up, it was looking like I was headed for a senior-citizen's gangbang, that's one for the record books. Mine, any way.

It wasn't long before Harry was cumming me full, then he pulled away and Howard got between my legs and pushed his cock inside me and began fucking me nice and slow the way I just love it, his hands moving across my boobs, softly pinching my nipples. I closed my eyes, it did feel good, yes, I was enjoying this maybe as much as he was.

The others were sitting around, naked, each stroking his cock, patiently waiting his turn inside me.

And, I did them all, every single one. There was an oil-slick of cum in the water beneath me as Walter, the last man standing was pumping in and out of me.

About then, I heard Steve calling my name.

"Maddie, are you over at Harry's?"

Well, I knew he loved me and we've both had a pretty open marriage with some threesomes and foursomes, so I called back, "Yeah, I'm over here, entertaining the troops."

The gate swung open and in he came, still in his business suit, laughing as he walked up to the scene before him.

"You sure are, hon, god, what, five guys? Well, they all look pretty happy. Do I get my turn?"

"Get out of those clothes. I'll be ready in a few minutes," I choked laughing as Walter fucked away, not letting anything interrupt his fun. He was having fun, too, I don't think many of these guys get much pussy any more though I suppose I could be wrong.

Walter soon shot his load of cum into me as Steve came back into Harry's back yard, now only clothed in a towel wrapped around his waist which he soon dropped.

My husband was just like I like him, hard and ready, as he waded into the tub, his cock bobbing up and down in expectation as he moved forward between my legs and pressed into me, squishing out some of the cum previously deposited inside.

"Oh, hon, you are just full of cum. Guess I'll leave some of my own," he said as he started fucking me nice and slow as the others watched.

"I like fucking you to an audience. You've been a pretty naughty girl this afternoon but at least you've made all these guys happy."

"Oh, she sure has," added Harry, "Think we could make this a weekly event?"

"Better ask Maddie that one, what she does is up to her as long as I get my share like right now."

"Well, Maddie?" they all asked in chorus.

"You mean every Wednesday afternoon, a cookout and a 'fuck Maddie' session?" I asked.

"Want us to take a vote?" Harry asked.

I nodded and six hands went up, then seven as I raised mine as well.

That began our regular cookout-fuckout Wednesdays next door at Harry's. Steve tries to take off early from work to partake in more of the festivities, even sometimes fucking me twice before it's all over. So, now you know a little more about me and how I try to help make a few of the older gentlemen in our neighborhood just a bit happier. Well, probably a hell of a lot happier according to them. Beats working with Meals on Wheels, at least they think so.