Who knew what the river would bring: Part 2

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A little satisfaction after the tease...

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‘Get dressed’ he says! Seriously?! I’m just getting started and he tells me to get dressed?!?! But I knew we had to get going so I began to pull myself together.

“Ya, Ya,” I said, “I’m getting there, but hey, could you help me with this first.”

Before he had a chance to respond, I leaned over to him and slowly brought my sticky, recently pussy fucked fingers up to his mouth and inserted them for a quick lick and clean up. Not really paying attention to why I was sticking something in his mouth, he naturally scowled at me for at first. Then in a split second he clued and there was that familiar grin. He reached up and removed my hand, then one by one he separated my fingers and placed each one in his mouth and swirled his tongue around until every last drop of pussy cum was gone. I love how the sucking feeling from a mouth can feel like a tight wet cunt - soft, warm and wet.

“You done now?” he asked with a teasing raised brow.

“For now,” I replied with an equally teasing brow.

Time to roll. First, harness the girls back into their little triangles, second adjust bikini bottoms back into place and put my cut-offs back on and last, locate hair tie to put my ponytail back in. At this point we were at the boat launch and he was reversing the truck and boat down into the water. The boat launch was already pretty full so it was likely to be a busy day on the water. I looked around to see if I recognized any other vehicles – nope! I was happy, maybe we would get some alone time on the river today.

I hopped into the boat and waited for him to park the truck and trailer. I sat patiently and scoped out some of the boaters getting ready to hit the water. This was a fishing river so it was a good 80% men. Some were the serious fishermen – all about the catch and some were just about having a good time. They easily ranged from 18-80. I must say though, some of those 20somthing young studs really turned my eye. Having recently reached the age of cougar status, these young ‘ens really got my

attention. I loved the tingle they gave my petunia! And even though I never had children, I've been told that I have honorary MILF status. I liked to know I can still turn an eye my way now and then so I made sure I bent over as much as I could while I made sure everything was tucked safely away and wouldn't roll around too much when we took off. Bending straight from the waist, my cut-offs rode nice and high showing off just enough ass cheek to get a little whistle. Mission accomplished.

I found the cooler and got a nice cold one ready for him beside the wheel. By now I was in my seat, feet up on the side bench and happy to see my boy walking my way. Not sure what was up with him, but he was wearing his devilish grin again. "Nice nipple." he said as he pushed the boat off the beach and hopped onto the bow.

I looked down to see one of the girls had popped out of the little triangle sling and was standing a full attention. Was it the cool breeze off the water that made that happen or the hot guy who gave me a whistle? Once again, I adjusted myself to make sure I was properly contained and the day got underway.

I stood beside him and the wind was blowing strong as we pushed up river to where there were a few good fishing holes and some nice sandy beaches. As we passed other boats on the water, it is customary to give a cordial wave or head nod. Shortly after we passed a boat, of course, we would hit their wake which caused a lot of bouncing and shaking on the boat. I always found myself needing to hold the girls in place cuz those DD's loved to sway and jump around. And my boy, being the breast man that he is, loved every minute of it. He handed me his empty beer can and asked if I could get him another, he kept one hand on the wheel and with his now free hand reached over and gave a good squeeze to my ample bosom – his play things.

I opened his second cold one and handed it over to him. We were still blasting along the river but there were no other boats in front and without a wake, the water was smooth as glass. At this point the girls were properly tucked in and sitting nice and perky. Apparently not perky enough because my cheeky boy reached over with his ice cold one and touched the closest nipple he could find. Whoa! Fuck was it ever cold. Sure did what it was supposed to do! My right nipple now stood a full attention. A fucking smile from ear to ear and a head nod up and down, up and down – he was so proud of himself.

I of course, completely caught off guard jumped back and swatted his hand away. "What the fuck??!?! Do you know how cold that is???" I screamed with eyes opened wide. I tried to give him shit, but really couldn't. I should have expected it. It wasn't the first time he teased my nipples and it won't be the last. I just shook my head and smirked right back at him. Instead of getting mad, I decided to play along so I pulled the triangles of my top aside, fully exposing my very tanned boobs and let him bring nipple number two to full attention. Yeah, it was cold, but it was also turn on. A quick

jolt to my pussy added to the moment.

Wanting to get a feel for himself, he put the cold can down and gave each breast a good hard squeeze and massage. Unlike the highway, driving a boat on a wide open river doesn't require second to second attention of eyes forward, so he took a liberty, bent down and wrapped his warm lips around my nipples. First he gave the right one a tender soft suckle, then he raised his lips to mine and gave me a nice kiss and then back down to the left tit for a long lingering, tongue flicking tease. Hmmmmm now that was much better. He stood up, kept the boat on course and then reached over and grabbed my hand and placed it on his stiff cock.

Now it was my turn to give a devilish grin. Through his shorts I started rubbing his cock making it grow and grow. I moved a little closer, stood on my tip toes and gave him a kiss on the lips. I pulled away, still with my hand stroking through his shorts and not taking my eyes off his. He gave me that rapid head nod. The one that silently says 'yeah, yeah, keep going, keep going'. My eyes locked on his, I slowly got on my knees. While looking up at him the whole time I brought my other hand to his waist band and slowly pulled the front of his shorts down to let "Thor" spring free. As I wrapped my hand around his now throbbing dick, it was time to play our game.

"Whatchya got?" I asked.

"Meat straw," he stated. Meat straw! One of his favourite lines. Man, it was so crude and I always pretended to be offended when he said it, but secretly it cracked me up.

"Meat straw, huh? I guess I should suck on it then and see what cums out," I asked with a questioning tone. Clearly I didn't need to wait for permission as he helped clear the way and pushed the waist band of his shorts down further to make himself more comfortable.

Of course it didn't hurt that my favourite make-me-horny song was blasting on the stereo. The lyrics go something like "*I like your pants around your feet, I like the dirt that's on your knees, and I like the way you still say please when you're looking up at me, you're like my favourite damn disease".* DAMN! That song gets me wet every time!

I then stuck my tongue out and gave this swollen dick a long slow lick from balls to head. I reached around to the other side and did the same thing. I loved to tease, but when it came to sucking cock, he hated it. He loved it when I wrapped my lips all around and took him all in. So without much further ado, I indulged.

It was big, it was thick and it was fucking hard. I began at his bulging head and my lips wrapped fully around. He was a big boy and if I wasn't careful it was easy to take in too much and have a gag

reflex. But I had a pretty good pattern, take in a good inch and pull back, go back down and take another half inch to inch on top of the first one I just did, and pull back up again. The trick was never to pull away completely so I always had his pulsing tip wrapped in my moist wet lips.

“Hmmmmm! Son of a bitch you give great head babe! Oh yeah, keep going, keep sucking it all in.” I think these were the words he moaned. It was hard to tell over the rumble of the jet engine on the boat and the blasting stereo.

Up and down my head bobbed, lubing him up with my saliva and every time I went down his solid shaft I took another inch or so. With one hand on the wheel, his free hand reached down to massage my shoulder and neck to reciprocate the pleasure. It took him a while to figure it out, but a hummer will last a lot longer if I’m enjoying it as much or (if possible) more than him.

I know what my man likes – a long, wet, suck-it-all-fucking-in hummer – and I aim to please. It took me about a minute or so to work up to taking him all the way to the back of my throat and now that I was there I made sure he was paying attention. On my knees, big fucking dick touching my tonsils I paused and stared up at him. I wanted to lock eyes. I wanted him to watch me suck him silly. And it worked because as soon as he looked down at me to see why I wasn’t moving, the next words out of his mouth were, “Baby, my knees are shaking, I gotta sit down for this,” and with that he sank back into his Captain’s chair.

Up until this point I let my mouth and tongue do most of the work, but it was time my hands got in on the action to kick his moment of euphoria into high gear. One hand came up to fondle his balls and the other found a good, firm, solid, 4 finger 1 thumb grip on his pulsing shaft. None of that wimpy, index finger/thumb ring for my man. Admittedly I needed to take a breather from my deep throat action so since he was well lubed up I gave him a good solid hand job while my lips slid down to his now rock hard balls. I licked and sucked and rolled them around in my mouth as my hand continued to stroke him off.

Things were working for him this I know. He was managing to still keep one hand on the wheel but his other hand had now gravitated up to my ponytail – or Hummer Handle as he liked to call it. And I don’t know why, but it sure made me even more wet when he grabbed on tight and pulled. He starts off gently, just sort of massaging the back of my head but I sure know when he’s getting close to cumming. He wasn’t there yet but I could feel an explosion getting ready to burst out of that “Meat Straw” of his.

“You have no idea how good that feels, fuck I love it when you suck me like this.” By now his cock was receiving a mixture of tongue and firmly gripped fingers. Every once and a while I would take him all in to make sure he was good and lubed up. When he was getting close he liked it when I stroked

his pulsing red tip with the palm of my hand. It was quite a particular motion requiring a bit of finessing. The trick was to make sure the palm of my hand was good and wet as I would roll over the head in a swirling, figure eight kind of motion. When I did this, it usually spurred on the start of the grand finale.

“Oh yeah, baby, stick it back in your mouth. Stick it back in so you can swallow for me. Fuck I love it when you swallow.” Oh yeah, he was definitely getting ready to fill my mouth with his sweet nectar. I felt his grip tighten on my ponytail and he began moving my whole head up and down to make it so he was fucking my mouth. “Oh yeah, here we go... you ready, baby, oh yeah I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna fucking cum and fucking shoot it straight down your throat.”

In two more quick deep thrusts he came and he didn’t lie. He filled my whole mouth with his hot, sweet cum. I still had a solid grasp of his pulsing cock with my hand could feel every last drop shoot up his shaft and right into my mouth. “Mmmmmmmmmm, fuck me that rocked,” was pretty much all he could say after this little love-in.

At this point, he was done, but I kept my lips and tongue in action still as I gently licked his still hard cock all over and gave a couple of tender kisses to his balls. I made sure that I took in every last drop of my sweet boy.

When I knew he was completely and fully satisfied I reached over for his beer and took a sip. Nothing like a cold beer chaser after a solid shot of cum! Still on my knees, he leaned over to kiss me on the forehead and then held his hand up for me. I smacked it for the high-five I knew he was looking for which was my cue for fuckin’ awesome job well done. I smiled. I know how to please my man.

I finally rose to my feet and once again had to pull myself together and harness the girls back in because of course that’s what started this whole thing. I decided it was time for a drink myself, opened a cold one and sat back in the passenger seat to enjoy the beautiful day on the river.