Hot sand, Hot Blow Job!

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Shawn and Melissa steal a few moments to make each other cum!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/quickie-sex/hot-sand-hot-blow-job.aspx

“**Morning! Going up to the lake today. Come with!”** I read the text from my friend Grace as I ran on the treadmill. Puffing a bit as I finished the fifth and last mile, I mentally reviewed my to do list for the day. A day at the beach sounded much more fun than tackling the mountains of laundry waiting for me in the laundry room. Without a qualm for the guilt my flashing-neon-to-do list was trying to inflict upon me, I gleefully abandoned my plans for a chore day.

“**beach sounds great. Time? Who else is going?”** My hands were shaking a bit from my run so it took me a few times to get the text right. I am forever sending typos. The auto-correct feature doesn't help. In fact, it sometimes results in rather Freudian-like slips.

I was breathing myself into Downward Dog when Grace finally responded. **“10:30. whole gang.”**

I meant to text, “ **coming, meet u soon, yay** !”but my auto-correct is used to me sexting Shawn, so instead it sent, “ **cumming, Melissa soon, yay!** ”. Turns out, auto-correct was correct...

It was a perfect day at the beach; hot and crowded. I settled myself and my kids--and all the various beach crap that is required to take kids to the beach--between my friend Grace's family and Shawn's family. As my husband was on-duty, I was the only single there but that was fine. We're a group of cop families and at least one of the men is always missing due to work.

The group shifted around as groups will do, everyone chair-and-blanket hopping as conversations flowed. Eventually, Shawn settled into the chair next to me. After a moment, my phone dinged, signallinga text.**"Let me lick your pussy!"** Shawn was looking away from me but grinning as I read his message.

"Only if you'll let me suck your dick," was my instant reply.

"Over and over while I make you cum." I have dark olive skin, so it is rare for me to blush, but the fact that his wife was laying right at my feet as he kept alerting my phone turned my cheeks pink.

"Yes please!" I responded.

"I will cum on your sexy ass!" was his immediate response.

While I was still breathless from this, he rose and went to the bar to buy a round of drinks for all of us. I deleted my phone and went in the water with my kids. He joined me later with his own kids. In between playing with the kids, he played with me, running his hands over my ass, pressing his hard dick against me from behind, tugging the ends of my hair to remind me how he likes to hold it while fucking me. To the people on the beach, we simply looked like parents entertaining our children in the lake. In reality, I was incredibly turned on and eager for him. Eventually, I was much too cold to stay in the lake, despite how warm thoughts of Shawn were making me.

“How was the water?” Shawn's wife, Gretchen, asked, scooting over on the blanket so I could join her.

“Sooo cold. I have no idea how the kids can stand it for so long!” I indicated all the kids, still splashing gleefully as if the water were bathtub-warm instead of snow-runoff cold.

Gretchen handed me a drink. “I have no idea how you and Shawn even stood it long enough to play with them! I'd much rather stay here, warm in the sand!” I ducked my head to hide my smirk; I knew exactly how he and I had 'stood it long enough'--we kept each other on a nice warm simmer of desire.

I sipped at the vodka cran and lay on my tummy paging thru a magazine with Gretchen and trying to warm up. He sat in the chair at my feet, facing my ass, and I spread my legs so that he had a good view of my ass and pussy. I could feel his eyes on me and would wiggle my ass for him every once in a while, knowing that when I do that it drives him crazy.

My phone dinged. I angled the screen so that Gretchen couldn't see it. **“I'm really enjoying my view!”**

“**Having dirty thoughts darling?”**

“**You have NO idea!”** I wiggled my ass again in response to this and heard him faintly groan. Pleased with myself, I deleted my phone and returned to my conversation with Gretchen about the latest celebrity divorce featured in *People* .

The day slipped away with him sneaking little touches and gropes between the conversation flowing between all the adults and the various parenting demands of keeping all the kids happy. I was sitting

next to him in a chair later when he leaned over and whispered, “I'd like to show you the dirty thoughts of you I've been having all day!”

I gave him the response I always give whenever he suggests playing to me, “Yes please!”

Eventually, it was time to go home. His wife looked at both of us, "Why don't you guys go get the cars? We're all parked so far away...I'll watch the kids."

I acted reluctant at first, "Are you sure? My kids can walk...would be good for them."

"No, no," Gretchen insisted, "Our cars are like a mile away. Go on with Shawn and I'll stay here." The other parents agreed (none of them had such crappy parking spots), so Shawn and I set off, carting various beach stuff and chatting about innocent topics.

Once we reached my car, he climbed in with me. Instantly, his hands were all over me, his lips on mine, hungry and tasty. As always happens as soon as he touches me, I instantly felt my pussy get wet in my bikini and groaned into his mouth. "Shh, baby...shhh" he whispered between kisses, sliding his hand up my thigh. I spread my legs and tried to squirm closer to him. "Drive up to where I'm parked...find a more secluded spot." Shaking with anticipation and nerves from what we were doing--broad daylight! a public beach!--I drove carefully and parked between a couple of trees.

The instant I put the SUV in park, he lifted the armrests and shifted, his hand sliding up my thigh. "Let's see if that hot sun made your pussy all wet," he said into my mouth, his sensual lips molding mine. I spread my legs wider and he deftly untied my bikini bottoms and slipped his hand inside. I was sopping wet. "God, you're ready for me," he moaned.

"Always," I gasped. He thrust two fingers deep inside me, instantly finding my sweet spot and tickling it, just the way I like. I began to pant, "OH, Shawn...please...Shawn...please..." He continued kissing me on my mouth, my neck, my ear as his hand worked magic.

“Come on, baby...cum for me!” I moaned louder, feeling my orgasm build. “That's my girl, cum now!” At his command, I came all over him, crying out with the intensity of my release.

He rubbed my clit and kissed me as I floated back down from my orgasm. I began to squirm, my body already gearing up for more. "We don't have much time, love," he whispered, pulling his hand out. I gasped--my cum was all over his hand, making it shiny and wet. I knew I had cum hard, but hadn't realized how much. He grinned at me and licked my cum off his fingers. I groaned and kissed him, tasting myself on his lips. He leaned back in the seat, spreading his legs. Knowing what he wanted--and what I always crave--my little fingers went immediately to the tie of his suit. I made short work of

the knots and quickly freed his huge, hard cock. Brushing my long hair over my shoulder, I leaned over and took him in my mouth.

He's so huge--thick and long and salty with precum--that it is hard for me to get all of him in my mouth. He gently grasped my hair and pushed my head down so that he slid deep into my throat. I took as much as I could, gagging gently. I pulled out, turned on by the sight of his dick wet with my saliva. He groaned, "You're so good at that," and then grunted when I took him swiftly in my mouth again, taking him all the way until I gagged again.

Wrapping one of my little hands as far around his thickness as I could, I began stroking and sucking him in the rhythm I know he likes. "Yes, baby, yes, that's how I like it," he told me, his voice deep with arousal. His free hand cupped my full breast, gently kneeding it and pulling on my nipple as his hips thrust up into my mouth. I kept sucking him, loving the taste and feel of him between my lips, sliding over my tongue, filling my mouth.

Soon, his moans told me he was close to coming and I quickened my pace. "You're going to make me cum," he cried out, lifting his hips off the seat and tightening his hand in my hair. I put my free hand under his ass, lifting him to me and sucked hard.

"YES! Melissa...fuck...Melissa," he came in my mouth, his thick cum shooting down my throat. I swallowed quickly, trying to take all of him. He kept cumming and I swallowed again, but couldn't take all of it and some dribbled out of my lips and down his shaft.

Slowly, his breathing evened out and I sat up. He smiled at me and we put our suits to rights. I dropped him at his car and he leaned over, kissing me gently and sweetly on my lips, "Love you."

I parked down at the beach and my phone dinged just before I climbed out to get my kids, "**You were delicious! kisses!"**. I smiled, then collected my children. Later that night, our two families had a BBQ. Shawn and I exchanged a few secret smiles at the memories of our naughtiness.