A visit to the vineyard, Pt. 2

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Surprises to both on our visit to the vineyard....

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“mmmmm…. you taste so good”, I say as I lean back in my seat. “I hope you haven’t been here before but even so, I can’t wait to experience this with you.”

“I have been here but it seems like so long ago and I think this time I will not forget”, you say with a sly grin.

The way your lips curled up and the twinkle in your eyes was so sensual and suggestive. If I thought I could compose myself and keep from hiding the bulge in my jeans I was kidding myself. We got out of the car and made our way inside. The tasting room was simple and organized with a long counter to belly up to. There were actually quite a few people already engaged in their tasting experience but one of the winery staff caught my eye and motioned us to the end of the counter. She was tall, maybe 6” tall which might have accounted for us seeing eye to eye over the crowd. She had long blonde hair, blue eyes and looked like she might have been just old enough to be pouring. Perhaps she was a local college girl or maybe even the daughter of the proprietor. Whatever was the case, she seemed exuberant and eager to help us.

“Hi, welcome to Jewel Towne! My name is Amy and I will be your host today. You two seem like you are looking to taste something good!”

I looked at you and smiled, to our own inside joke of what happened only moments before on the ride here. You smiled back, licked your lips and turned to Amy,

“Thank you Amy. Yes we do hope to taste something spectacular here and something tells me that you are the perfect person to help us experience that!” You said this with an innuendo that was subtle and erotic. Your eyes never leaving Amy’s as you articulated each word in only the way you could do. I too was mesmerized by how this transpired. Did you mean what I thought you meant? If I had any doubt, the squeeze of your hand in mind quickly cleared that up. My already aroused body was just sent a jolt that left me flushed. Amy too was starting to read between the lines. Her color also turned a nice shade of red but she composed herself quite well. Amy’s lips curled upwards and in an

endearing shy girl manner she looked down then at me.

“I think you two are going to be the highlight of my day! I will start you off with our 2009 Pinot Grigio. I think you will appreciate its subtle complexity with a hint of peach.”

Amy says this in an equally suggestive connotation and left the emphasis on peach. Your hand releases mine and casually moves to the front of my jeans. I take in a larger than normal breath of air as you gently rub my hardness. Looking at Amy you draw her eyes to your casual ministrations and smile.

“Perfect choice to start with Amy!”

Our close proximity to the counter allows for the movement of your hand to go unnoticed by the others tasting but knowing Amy knows has a very erotic appeal. Your fingers continue to play with the length of my cock straining under the denim of my jeans. Amy returns with two glasses and a bottle. In a deft and professional way she shows us the label and quickly and generously pours our tasting. Then she smiles and is gone…off to assist the couple to our right. We take our glasses in our hands and swirl bringing the glass to our nose. The aroma is delicate and fruity but I could not pick up the peach. We took our first sips and slurped it in our mouths.

“Nice! Sweet and very drinkable. Perfect choice for a hot summer day.” You say this while increasing the pressure on my hardness.

Another couple entered the tasting room and Amy waved them over our way. Turning to us she motioned for us to slide around the small side of the counter.

“I think this is a better spot for you two.” she said with a wink and a grin.

I was now almost behind the counter with you are just to my side nearest the new couple. Amy can now easily see your hand and at the same time I am now shielded from the rest of the people at the counter. We exchange greetings with the new couple if you could call it that. There hello was curt and very disingenuous. They are older, perhaps mid to late fifties, and very conservatively dressed. First impressions would put them in the prude and rude segment of society.

We turn our attention back to our wine and your hand resumes stroking me. Amy, meanwhile, finishes pouring our neighbors and slides down to the end of the counter, almost right beside me. She looks you in the eye and just smiles.

“Did you like that first one?”

You squinted as if thinking deeply, “Very much! But we couldn’t quite pick out the peach.”

“Oh you will! You have to let it linger on your tongue for a bit. I learned that from my college roommate. She has a great tongue for this type of thing.” Amy looks down casually towards your hand on my bulge. She seems to catch her breath for a second as she watches you slowly caress my hardness. Her face again flushes pink and she turns to you and meets your gaze. You both grin.

“I think you two are ready for something a bit more bold and daring. Normally I pour our 2007 Cabernet, but I am going to go grab something special for you in the back. It’s our 2005 Reserve Cabernet, highly prized for its mouth feel and body. It is a dark velvety fruit forward cab with hints of cherry and chocolate. I know you two will pick up on the taste of cherry!” Amy looks me in the eye this time. She licks her lips, turns on her heels and heads towards the back.

“Did you pick up on that?” I whisper in your ear.

Turning to my ear you whisper back, “I think Amy is a dirty little slut waiting for both of us to ravage her. Things may get interesting or else she is the biggest tease!”

I feel your fingers move to my zipper. My heart beats faster as I look around the room wondering how inconspicuous we are at this moment. You pull my zipper down and reach in to grab my hard cock. I scoot a bit closer to the counter in an effort to further hide myself. You have no trouble finding your grip as you pull my cock free. I feel the cool air of the outside against my hardness and if feels both liberating and scary at the same time. Your hand comes up to your lips as you put your fingers inside your mouth coating them with your wet saliva. I am going crazy with desire… looking in your lustful eyes as your fingers emerge from your mouth’s grasp and casually slide down your side. You grab my cock with your now wet fingers and begin stroking up and down.

Amy returns and stops to re-fill our neighbors prior to turning our way. My heart beats faster wondering if we are truly reading Amy’s innuendo correctly. Amy professionally turns her attention to us and again slides right next to me at the edge of the counter.

“Like I said, this is a special bottle. I can’t wait for you to taste it and tell me what you think!”

Amy pours our glasses, again being overly generous. We swirl and bring it to our lips inhaling the exquisite aroma. We each take a long deep sip, holding it in our mouths before finally swallowing. Meanwhile, you begin stroking me again, my cock pulsing in your delicate but firm grip.

“How does it feel, baby?” you say seductively as your eyes fall to your hand stroking my cock. Amy’s

eyes follow yours and upon seeing me exposed in your grasp, she turns an even darker shade of red and an audible gasp escapes from her mouth. Our neighbors turn towards Amy to see what the problem might be. Amy again composes herself quite quickly and the couple turn away resuming their silent sipping.

“I love how it feels…” I say quietly as I lock eyes with Amy. “Amy, can you take a moment to enjoy this with us? Pour yourself a sip?”

“Yes, I would like that very much!” and she deftly grabs a glass and pours herself a taste.

“I want you to tell us what your professional impression is Amy. Please sip away!” you say as your eyes again go down to your hand stroking my cock.

Amy swirls her glass of wine in her left hand as her right hand slides down her right side towards me. I breathe harder as I see her slurp and slosh the elixir in her mouth like a true pro. Suddenly I feel another hand wrapping around my stiff cock. I can feel yours and Amy’s fingers intertwine as you both slowly stroke me. Then your hand releases me to Amy completely. Amy sips again as you two stare intently into each other’s eyes. Amy’s soft fingers grip me tighter as she tries to increase her pace without giving her away. I look around the room again wondering if we are being watched. Seeing everyone in active conversation relaxes me a bit and increases the stimulation I feel. I am close.

“I think I really like this one the best. It feels so smooth in my mouth and is such a delight to drink.” Amy leans in to us both and whispers softly, “I want to drink one more thing before I go home today.” Turning to you, “If it is okay with you of course”.

You smile and pull her ear to your lips. I can see your tongue reaching out to her ear lobe then your teeth grabbing it gently. Releasing it you whisper back, “I want to share generously with you like you have with us. But I also want to taste you…I need to taste you.”

Amy’s hand gently releases me and she tuck’s me back inside my jeans. I reach down and secretly zip myself back up groaning inside eager to cum.

“I am off in 15 minutes. I would love to take you on a private tour of our vineyard. Will you go?”

We look at each other and grin then lean in to kiss. It is a soft sensual kiss, not to daring for the public view but passionate nonetheless. Turning to Amy we say in unison “YES!”

To be continued……