

Rocket Pop

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Published on Lush Stories on 25 Mar 2011

I scream, You scream, We all scream for Ice Cream.

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It's only the first weekend of spring and today it is ungodly hot outside. I have all the windows open. A light breeze flows through the house and relief covers my body. That breeze is the only relief that's drifted through this house since about 9am this morning. It's so hot I don't hear kids playing around outside and it's only 11:30. I'm sprawled out on my bed with nothing on. Peter, my boyfriend, will be coming over in a little bit to fix my A.C. I thought I could go without one for a while, but if this is the first weekend of spring and it already feels like hell outside; then I don't stand a chance. I get out of bed and walk over to the floor to ceiling mirror on one side of my bedroom. I lift my arms and do a slow spin. I don't have a perfect body but it's pretty damn close. I'm 5ft 6in. Long legs, long blond hair that falls to my waist. I have big blue eyes. I'm a 36 D. There's a scar across my tummy that I've had since I was little, I don't really remember how I got it. I realize that I need to work on my tan. I start to look around the room in search of my black bikini. I think for second to go outside completely naked but I really don't want to chance the creeper next door catching a peek. I find the bikini and put it on. I throw my hair up in a messy bun. I grab an ice cold beer from the fridge and head out to the pool. I have a nice pool with wide lawn chairs, great for parties. I head to my favorite lawn chair. It's a lawn chair that is wide enough for two people. It's a couples lawn chair. I got it when Peter and I started dating. I sit down and put on tanning lotion. I rub some on my arms, legs, and belly. I really wish Peter would hurry and come over so he can put tanning lotion onto my back. I lay back to catch some sun. Then I hear the ice cream truck. It's the first one of the season. I hear children running from inside their houses to catch the truck. It must have stopped in front of my house because the sound is extremely loud. I hear the kids screaming what they each want. "Rocket Pop!" "Vanilla Cone!" "Cookies and Cream!" I can't help but smile. The ice cream truck used to be my favorite growing up. I could live off Rocket Pop Popsicles. Something always fascinated me. I would suck on that Popsicle until there was nothing left. Then I'd run to the mirror to see if my lips turned colors from sucking so hard. The ice cream truck must have done its duty because the kids have calmed down and I can hear the music of the ice cream truck start to fade off in the distance. I close my eyes and take in the sun and the happiness of the day and how much happier I'll be when Peter gets here to fix my A.C. Seconds after I close my eyes I hear a familiar voice. "Hello, beautiful," it's Peter. "Hi," I reply with a smile. I look up at him and he leans over and kisses me on the mouth. "I see you're in our favorite

chair, but I have a surprise for you." says Peter with a smile. "Really?!? What is it? You know I love surprises!" I say with excitement. "First I want you to take off your bikini and close your eyes." Peter says with a devilish grin. "But Peter, I don't want the neighbors to see me," I say with concern. "Do you want your surprise or not?" says Peter I look at him with pouty lips and puppy dog eyes. Peter and I often play this game. His surprise is always sex. I do as I'm told and close my eyes and lay there before him without anything on. "Spread your legs wide," says Peter. I do as I'm told and I feel a cool breeze float across my hot pussy. Peter is blowing cool streams of air over my hot cunt. I instantly become wet. He then licks my pussy twice. "Mmmm, don't stop, that feels good," I say in what seems like mumbles. Then Peter does something I had never experienced before in my life. Peter shoves something cold and hard into my hot, wet pussy. I let out a loud scream. I opened my eyes and looked down. Peter was grinning from ear to ear. I look over and see the wrapper from a Rocket Pop Popsicle. " Surprise!" says Peter still smiling. I'm at a loss for words. Peter pulls the Rocket Pop out of my pussy. I see the colors appear. He takes the tip of the Rocket Pop and rubs it across my clit. I let out a moan. "Oh Peter, fuck me with it." "Anything you want babe." Peter takes the Rocket Pop and shoves it back into my pussy. He shoves it in and out a couple times and I can tell the Popsicle is starting to melt. "Peter, it's fucking melting, you need to fuck me with your massive cock, NOW!" Peter removes the Popsicle, releases his cock and shoves it into me. He only has to pump a few times before I am exploding with pleasure. While I'm still coming down from my intense orgasm, Peter removes his cock and places it in my mouth. The taste is spectacular. A mixture of my favorite Popsicle mixed with my juices. I suck Peter hard just like I would suck a Rocket Pop Popsicle. Peter shoves his cock all the way in my mouth. I can feel it touch the back of my throat. I moan. The vibrations are too much for Peter. Peter screams and he shoots 7 streams of his seed into my mouth. I swallow every drop. I lick him clean. Peter moves back and bends over. His head is between my legs. He licks my dripping pussy. He licks me clean and sucks my sensitive clit. He kisses up my body and then he kisses me on the lips with passion. We pull away and look each other in the eyes. "That was the best surprise ever," I say with a smile of satisfaction.