

The Barbecue

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A little teasing at the barbecue gets us both worked up

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It was a beautiful, hot, summer's day for a barbecue. I stood in my shorts and muscle shirt, flipping burgers and dogs on the grill. There were about thirteen friends over, eating, drinking and mingling about the yard. I saw you out the corner of my eye exiting the house and headed my way. You had striking, long, tanned legs, that crept up to a sexy, short denim skirt. Your little, light blue shirt was just as intoxicating. It held your large breasts upright, showing just enough outline of your perfect nipples. The first few top buttons were unbuttoned, producing a sweet view of your deep cleavage. My hand, unconsciously went to the growing bulge in my shorts, pushing it down. You pranced my way, looking over my shoulder while nonchalantly brushing your nipples across my back. "So, how's the meat coming?" you asked, secretly bringing your hand around to tickle that bulge in my shorts. "Oh, it's about done," I replied, pointing to the dogs with my tongs, "See how the meat swells?" "Yes, I do," you said, glancing around before giving my shaft a gentle squeeze. "Stop that," I chastised, "Someone might see." "Oh, I'm just getting started." You playfully licked my ear then headed back into the house. You returned to sit with a group of friends but maneuvered your chair facing the grill. When no one was looking, you caught my watchful eye and glanced down, smiling. Very slowly and carefully, you opened your legs. I nearly choked on my beer. You must have gone inside and removed your panties. I tried to hide my surprise, but I know that my face must have turned the same color as the hot dogs. To try and hide the rise in my shorts, I shifted closer to the grill almost burning myself in the process. You laughed, then quickly shut your legs as someone turned to talk. Every few minutes when someone turned away, you would do it again. This was going to be a long day. I plated some food looking around before heading back to my grill. You had been gone for some time. My cock twitched and I was wondering where you had gone. I then felt those familiar nipples at my back. They felt harder this time, more erect. You waved two fingers under my nose. Through the grill smoke, I caught the undeniable smell. I almost fainted with lust as the blood rushed from my head straight to my cock. You pressed the fingers into my open mouth. I sucked them in, savoring them, not wanting to let them go. Marsha walked by. "Got sauce on your fingers?" she asked. "Ah....Yea," I stammered. "It is good barbecue," she said. "Th...Thanks." I looked to you. "Here, take this plate to the table. I'm not moving from behind this grill." You grinned, "Oh, why not?" Suddenly, you and the plate were gone, disappearing back to the crowded table. "This barbecue better end quickly," I

thought, "I'm hard as a rock." I could hardly eat my food. You sat next to me, constantly finding little ways to tease me and keep me on edge. Finally, yes, finally, our friends began to leave. You went to the front door, seeing the last ones off while I stayed in back to clean up. You re-entered the backyard and found me, leaning against the picnic table, pointing towards my crotch. "What are we going to do about this?" I asked. Saying nothing, you strode up to me and looking me deep in the eyes, unbuttoned my shorts, grabbed the waist band of my underwear, then jerked them both to the ground at my feet. My erect shaft bobbed up to the summer sky like a cork. Immediately, your lips locked around the thick shaft and you took me into your mouth's embrace. My fingers dug into the table top and I groaned aloud. "Aghhh!" You looked up at me, licking your lips. I knew the head was already slick. You had it dripping all day. You kept eye contact with me and went back to work. Your hands pumped it as your tongue licked from tip to base. The rough wood of the picnic table chafed my ass. My strong hands were tangled in your soft hair and my hips pumped faster and faster. Groaning, I held back. I did not want to spend myself in your mouth. I wanted to take you, take you hard. Yanking you up by the hair, I swept paper cups and plates from the table and almost threw you over its surface. The denim skirt was gone and I still found you naked beneath. Naked and soaked. I stood and slipped my strong arms under your knees, pulling you towards my waiting manhood. I loved that look on your face, the look at first penetration. "Ah, finally!" I cried, submerging my thick rod in the depths of your sex. I rolled your shirt up and over your breasts. The taut nipples stood at attention released to the warm air. I eagerly opened my mouth and fed on their flesh. It is a wonderful feeling to feel them swell on my tongue. You were so wet, you must have teased yourself as much as me. Each thrust of my hips splattered our thighs with your cream. The smell of barbecue smoke and sex curled around our bodies. I slammed into you harder, but it was not hard enough. You wanted more. Leaning up, you grasped my ass and began to forcefully tug me into you, thrusting your hips up in the same motion. The wet slapping of flesh on flesh soon filled the yard. Birds and squirrels stopped to stare at the odd spectacle. Unknown to us, Marsha had returned. She had forgotten her salad bowl. She stood at the gate, biting her lower lip, frozen, and unable to move. There was her salad bowl on the bench of the picnic table just below your thigh. The same thigh that was wrapped tightly around my naked, thrusting ass. The bowl was daring her, "Come Marsha, come and take me. I'm right here." A light wind blew the smell of our sex in her direction. She held on to a post, steadying her weak knees. Her fingers, worked themselves into her jeans and she found herself wet and wanting. As her eyes latched on to our bodies, her fingers went to work on her clit. Without missing a beat, I quickly flipped you over, face-down, and drove my shaft back into your burning sex. The rough wood stung your thick, sensitive nipples, giving you a strange new pleasure. The cock inside you expanded, throbbing and pulsing. I grabbed your hair and pulled your head back, raising your breasts from the table. Leaning into you, I said, "I'm going to cum, cum all inside your hot body." These words set you off and you came with me, your flesh dancing on the end of my twisting, spurting shaft. Marsha, too, was cumming, her hips twitching as her sex clinched at her fingers. Hearing her moans, our eyes darted up in surprise. She jumped, pulled her hand from her jeans and ran, quickly grabbing up her bowl, and in a flash of light, she was gone. The sight left us looking at each other wondering, 'Did that

just happen?' "Well, now, the next barbecue will be interesting," I said. "Maybe we should invite Marsha over first?" you replied. I glanced at you in shock. "Whatever has gotten into you, I like it." You just blushed, batting your eyelashes.