

Burping Frog Publishing

# Grant's Big Day Part 1

an erotic novel by

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It had already been a long torturous wait. Grant let out a deep breath and peeked over the brick half wall where he was hiding behind the church. Those two guys with the skateboards were still there by the steps, and the three girls were still with them. He ducked his head behind the wall again, wishing Jon would hurry up, and wishing those skateboarders would go away.

How long did it have to take? Jon said he found some magazines in his brother's room with pictures of naked girls. He said all he had to do was sneak them past his Mom. Did she catch him doing it, and now they'd never get to see what was in those magazines?

Just the thought of what might be in those magazines had him excited already. His dick was as hard as a bar of iron, and it felt like it was going to rip out of his jeans.

What if those girls came over to help him out with his problem? He peeked over the wall again. They were still there, standing with their backs to him, watching the guys skate up and down the church steps. One was wearing blue sweat pants low on her hips, with long dark hair. The other was wearing blue shorts and a white tank top, and the third had long blonde hair and was wearing tight white shorts.

"I got them," Jon said.

Grant turned quickly and yanked his hand away from the lump stretching down the leg of his jeans. Finally, Jon had arrived, but his hands were empty.

“You got them?” Grant said.

“Yeah.”

“Where are they?”

Jon glanced at the skaters and the girls. “Let’s go over here.”

They snuck a little farther behind the half wall, to the back wall of the church, out of sight of anyone. Jon lifted the back of his shirt, pulled out a couple of magazines and handed one to Grant.

“Wow,” was all he could say. He couldn’t believe what he was looking at. Right there on the front cover was a naked woman, and she looked good. “I thought you said your brother was gay.”

“He is. These are the only two he had with girls. The others just have pictures of guys,” Jon said and shivered. “You check that one out. I’ll check this one out.”

He plopped down in the grass with his back against the wall and started flipping pages. Grant did the same, but turned the pages slowly, lingering on the exquisite images. His magazine had pretty girls without clothes, and their legs were spread. He never thought he’d see anything that looked so good in his whole life. Each page had images that only made his dick harder, so hard it hurt. On one page the girl’s legs were spread and she had her fingers in her tiny pink slit. He stared. How would it feel to put his dick in there?

“Here, you look at this one. I wanna see that one,” Jon said, and traded magazines.

Grant nearly choked. The second magazine was even better because it had pictures of girls having sex with real men. The guy was some dopey looking jerk. The girl had long red hair, fat red lips and big, round boobs. In the first picture she was holding his dick. In the second picture, it was in her mouth, between her big, red lips.

“Oh my God.”

“I know. I never thought a girl would put it in her mouth,” Jon said.

In the third picture, she had her legs spread and his dick was

pushing into her pink, wet slit. Grant groaned.

"I can't stand it anymore," he said, and started to unbuckle his belt.

"What are you doing?"

"I gotta get it out. It hurts.

He pushed down his jeans and his dick popped out, standing straight up.

"Damn, Dude. That's bigger than my brother's."

Grant held the magazine in his right hand and rubbed his dick with his left. Jon made a disgusted face.

"Dude, you are sick to just start jerking off in front of me like that."

"Why don't you do it?"

Jon paused a second, his eyes on Grant's hand. Quickly, he unbuckled his own belt.

"What if those girls see us?"

Grant shrugged. "We'll ask them to do this for us."

He closed his eyes. What a great idea that was. In his mind, he pictured the three girls walking over to the wall and leaning on it to watch.

"What are you guys up to?" one of them would say.

"Just jerking off," Grant would say back.

"How about if we help you out with that?"

"Sure. That would be great."

Then they would come around the end of the wall and get on their hands and knees. One of them, probably the girl with the dark hair, would put Jon's dick in her mouth, and her head would bob up and down. The other two girls would take turns with his dick. First one girl would lick it and suck it deep into her mouth, then she would pass it to the other girl, who would do the same thing. Both girls would giggle and smile at him, and kiss each other. And the whole time he would be able to look down their shirts and see their beautiful, round boobs.

"Oh God," Grant said with a grunt. His cum erupted and splattered on the open page of the magazine.

"Hey, what'd you do that for? Shit, now my brother's gonna

kill me,” Jon said.

Grant couldn't speak until all the spasms finished. That was probably the best one yet. When he opened his eyes, Jon was still furiously pumping his dick in his fist, but he was staring at him with a confused, angry look on his face. Grant wiped the sweat from his upper lip.

“He's gay. How bad can he hurt you?”

Jon shook his head. “He can still kick the shit out of me.”

His hand pumped faster, but nothing was happening for him. Grant peeked over the wall. The girls were still there. One of the skater guys was standing with them, watching the other guy go down the stairs. His arm was around the waist of the girl in the white shorts, and his hand was on her ass.

“Damn. I wish one of those girls would come over here and put my dick in her mouth. I'd love to know what that feels like.”

“Yeah. Me too,” Jon said. He sucked in a deep breath and finally shot his stuff into the grass by the other magazine.

They were quiet for a long time, sitting in the grass with their backs against the church wall and their dicks hanging out of their pants. Jon's had gone soft and shrunk up, but Grant's was still mostly hard and lay across his left leg like a snake taking a nap in the warm sun. The blobs of sperm were running over the open page of the magazine.

“Dude, you live by Owen, don't you?” Jon said, and buckled his jeans.

“Yeah. He lives a few houses down from me.”

“You should get his Mom to do it. You know, suck you off.”

“What? Are you crazy?”

Jon leaned forward, looking excited.

“Dude, I heard my Mom say she's a slut and she sleeps around with other guys. I bet she'd suck on your dick if she knew it was big like that.”

Grant shook his head. “You think I should just go over there and say ‘Hi Mrs. Stills. You wanna suck on my dick?’”

“No, stupid. But I bet if she saw it you wouldn’t even have to ask her to. All you gotta do is figure out how to let her see it and I bet she’ll be all over it.”

Grant didn’t say anything. He just nodded and put his dick back in his jeans and zipped them up.

Owen was running up the score on the hockey video game. Every time he got the puck he moved his players down the ice and scored. And every time he scored he whooped and pumped his fist.

“Man, what’s wrong with you? I never beat you this bad before,” he said.

Grant shook his head. “Just can’t concentrate.”

Owen stole the puck again. His fingers flicked over the buttons on his controller, moving his players in for another score. Grant stopped the first shot, moving his goalie with his thumb on the controller, then the second shot, but the third shot went in.

Jon whooped and pumped his fist over his head.

“Can you believe that? Serious, man, my guys are gonna win the cup like that,” he said.

Grant plunked his controller down among the scattered CD cases and video game boxes on the floor of Owen’s room.

“You play for a while. I gotta take a leak.”

“Whatever. Serious, man. I’m just gonna whip you some more when you get back.”

Grant stepped out of Owen’s room and closed the door behind him. He was headed toward the bathroom at the top of the stairs when Mrs. Stills appeared from the room at the other end of the hall carrying a plastic basket full of laundry. She smiled at him.

“Hi Grant. Are you guys having fun?”

“Yes, Mrs. Stills,” he said.

She was wearing an old t-shirt and jeans with paint stains. Her large boobs stretched the front of the shirt, and rested on the rim of the basket. He blinked and looked away so it wasn’t obvious that he was staring.

“Good. I’m gonna make hot dogs for lunch when you guys get hungry. There’s more pop in the fridge, if you want,” she said,

and started down the stairs.

“Thank you.”

He paused outside the bathroom to watch the way her ass moved in the jeans. If only he could put his hands on it, squeeze it, or press his dick against it. He groaned and rolled his eyes and went into the bathroom.

When he finished peeing and flushed the toilet, he leaned against the counter. His limp dick hung from the fly of his jeans. What if Jon was right? What if all he had to do was show it to her and she would beg him to let her suck it? So how would he do that? Should he walk up to her and pull down his jeans and say check this out? He chuckled. Sure, he could just see her drop to her knees to blow him if he did that.

But it wasn't a bad idea. It stuck out in the leg of his jeans when it was hard. How many times was he afraid of being embarrassed that someone would see it? Now was his chance to find out what would happen if someone saw it for real.

He started rubbing. His hand was cold and shaking. All he had to do was get himself hard. Then, if it worked, he might get Mrs. Stills to touch it, or even better, suck on it. Could there be anything better?

But nothing was happening. He pumped faster, hoping for any response. Still, his dick hung limp from the front of his jeans and he felt nothing. He let out a deep breath. What was wrong with him? Usually, all he had to do was think about a girl and his dick got hard enough to rip through his jeans. Why couldn't he just-

The bathroom door opened and he scrambled to cover himself. Loren, Owen's younger sister, came in a glared at him.

“Are you still in here? I gotta go pee,” she said.

Grant turned away and covered the front of his jeans with both hands.

“Don't you know how to knock?” he said.

“I gotta pee. What are you doing?”

“Nothing. Go away.”

She smiled. “Are you jerking off?”

“No. Go away.”

“Can I watch? This one time, I watched my brother do it when he didn't know I was watching. Can I watch you do it?”

Grant had his back turned, and looked at her over his shoulder. She had closed the door and was leaning against it. She looked a lot like her mother, with long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail and smaller breasts that pushed against the front of her t-shirt. He sighed, turned around and took his hands away. Her eyes immediately dropped to the front of his jeans.

“It's no use. I can't get it hard,” he said.

Loren was staring at his dick with her mouth hanging open. Her hand reached out and touched it. The tips of her fingers were warm.

“Can I do it?” she said.

“Sure, I guess.”

She picked it up and rolled it in her fingers. The bathroom became very quiet. His eyes were fixed on her hand. She was actually touching it. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

“It feels kinda funny. What do I do?” she said, with her nose wrinkled up.

When he spoke his voice was choked and he had to clear his throat.

“Just hold it like that and move your hand back and forth.”

She stroked his dick slowly with a very light grip. He sucked in a sharp breath and closed his eyes.

“Like this?” she said.

“Yeah, like that.”

“Does it feel good?”

“Oh yeah. That feels really good.”

Her grip tightened. It only took a second and he started to swell. In the back of his throat, he groaned.

“It's getting hard,” Loren said.

“Yeah.”

Her whole hand closed around the shaft and she pumped harder.

“Is it supposed to be this big?”

“Do you think that’s big?”

She nodded. Her eyes were wide. His dick continued to swell in her tiny hand, growing longer and thicker.

His fingers tightened on the edge of the vanity. The muscles in his legs tensed. With another groan, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away.

“You better stop. You’re gonna make me shoot,” he said.

She looked confused. “What do you mean make you shoot?”

“You know, my load, my wad.”

“Oh, you mean like make that white stuff come out? I saw Owen do that when he was rubbing his dick. I smelled it when he was gone. It smelled really gross,” she said and wrinkled her nose.

Grant stuffed his hard dick back into his jeans and angled the shaft down the right leg of his jeans. The tip reached almost to his knee. He looked at himself in the mirror.

“Yeah, she can’t miss that,” he said.

“Who can’t miss it?”

“Your Mom.”

“What’s my Mom gonna do with it?”

“She’s gonna suck on it, I hope, and make me shoot my load.”

Loren made a disgusted face. “Ick,” she said.

He reached for the door handle, but she stopped him and adjusted the front of his jeans. The ridge of his dick stood out even more.

“There, that’s better,” she said.

Grant went downstairs. Mrs. Stills was in the kitchen. He leaned against the counter with his feet apart. There was no way she could miss what he wanted her to see.

“Hi Grant. What’s up?” she said. She was standing by the window over the sink and the sunlight shined through her golden hair.

“Oh nothing. I came down to get some more pop.”

“Are you guys getting hungry? I’m making fish sandwiches

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