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| **Bobbie Kaye's Backyard Thrill** |  |
| Written by Bobbie Kaye | | |
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| I must have gone into my back yard at least ten times last night, fully dressed, doing a little reconnaissance. I wanted to be really sure what I was doing, before I did it. I confirmed that only the two upstairs apartments next door, and anybody standing in my other neighbor's driveway, would be able to see.  So I waited until my antique cuckoo clock chirped twice, and, clad in just my laciest bra and panties, I stepped from my kitchen out onto my deck. I was outside in my dainties! There is enough ambient light from street lamps that my back yard is visible, even at night, and I realized that I wouldn't be in the shadows as much as I had expected. I suddenly became very afraid, and I nearly dashed back into the safety of my kitchen. But I was determined. So, ensuring the door wasn't locked (what a disaster that would be!), I closed the kitchen door and stood on my deck, for all the world to see.  I unhitched the gate, and stepped down onto the grass. It was just a little chilly, but I wasn't feeling it at all. I could only feel the heat radiating from deep within me. I slowly moved across the lawn, the damp blades of grass tickling the bottoms of my bare feet. I looked towards the apartments next door; the curtains were drawn. I padded over towards the gate leading to my other neighbors' driveway; no one was visible. So I walked, feigning nonchalance, towards my lemon tree. In California, I can find fruit on the tree most of the year. I held a lemon to my nose and inhaled its fresh scent.  I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensation of the night air on my skin. The feeling was intoxicating. But then I opened my eyes, and I realized what I was doing! I was standing in my yard in my underwear! I could actually feel the heat rising in my face, along with the sense of embarrassment! I dashed back across the yard and up the steps to my deck.  The night was deathly quiet, no crickets, not the faintest hint of a breeze. I could hear a few cars somewhere, a million miles from my back yard, but there wasn't another soul anywhere near. I stood staring at my back yard for what felt like hours, but was in reality only seconds. I reached behind my back, unhooked my bra, and let it fall to the deck.  I was standing on my deck in just my panties! Oh my God! I couldn't believe this. I was terrified, but at the same time I was so excited! I stepped through the gate and descended once again to the ground. Purposefully keeping my hands to my side, I walked to my neighbors' gate, confirming once more that no one was there. I glanced at the apartment; curtains still closed. And I walked through my back yard some more, slowly, savoring the feeling. I was so wet, and I longed to reach into my panties, but I fought the urge.  After a few more minutes, I calmly retreated once more to my deck. But I just knew I had to go all the way. So, after a million more years had passed, I removed my panties and stood there in all my naked glory!  Back down the steps, back to the middle of the yard. I was so horny by that point, it took all my willpower not to touch myself. And this time, I checked neither the neighbors' gate, nor the apartment windows. They could have been open this time, and I'll never know! But I'll admit I wasn't completely naked; I had my iPod. I turned it on, and clicked through until I found the song I knew I had to hear. When Eternal Flame began, I simply closed my eyes, and I danced. I danced naked in the back yard. I pretended the entire world was watching, and I didn't care!  When the song ended, when Susannah Hoffs hit that last amazing high note, I opened my eyes again, and the world came crashing back! I outside, and I was bare ass naked! Oh my God! I made a beeline for the deck, and slammed the kitchen door behind me, leaving my bra and panties behind! I ran straight for my bedroom, grabbed my vibrator and a bottle of cherry-flavored lube, although I hardly needed it, and I went to work. I wanted it all to last, so I put the vibrator on the lowest setting, and I touched it lightly to my most private place.  It wasn't but a few moments, it seemed, before eight days worth of self-inflicted, pent-up denial, combined with the most erotic thing I've ever done in my life, culminated in the most intense, longest lasting, most satisfying orgasm in the entire history of the human race! The contractions were so powerful, the feeling so exquisite, When it was finally over, and I began to breathe again, I could barely find the strength to shut of the vibrator, before falling into the deepest, most wonderful sleep I've ever known in my life! | | |