

BBQ

(By Naulitboy1)

This should be a fun one to write because there are all sorts of possibilities and my mind can run wild. I'm already getting excited. First of all we will set the scene. We are at the neighborhood bbq. across the street. It is a hot sticky day and all the kids are in the pool playing, while the adults are pool side watching or in the yard doing there thing. I am six years old and dressed in my little multicolored knee-length bathing suit and you are poolside in your black one-piece suit with a short sage-green terrycloth robe, with 3/4 length sleeves on (the type that reaches your upper thighs). Everything is going fine, and everyone is having a great time when all of a sudden you hear out of my little mouth, "YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE JIMMY GET AWAY FROM ME!"

You turn quickly around and say "RICHARD! WHAT DID YOU SAY? GET OVER HERE NOW!"

As I come over to the edge of the pool, I mutter softly "He wouldn't let me play with the ball and he splashed me mommie."

You respond "THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOUR MOUTH, YOUNG MAN. WHAT DID I TELL YOU WAS GOING TO HAPPEN THE NEXT TIME I HEARD THOSE KIND OF WORDS?"

I say "Mommie, I'm sorry."

You say, "LETS GO. WE ARE GOING HOME NOWWWW!" Then you reached down over the edge of the pool, grabbed me by the wrist and hand and yanked me straight up out of the pool while all the adults stood there watching(I'm sure they were all thinking "Boy, is he gonna get it now!") You then took me by the hand pushing me in front of you (I was kind of doing a fast walk trot, with my free hand back behind my little white, bottom trying to cover my little wet rounded bottom mounds from an expected smack which never came) and you were walking at a quick pace bent part way over at the waist to keep me in front of you, your free hand available to land that much feared smack to my little bottom. Fortunately for me you have other plans in mind at the moment, and we walked out of the yard, across the street, into the garage, and through the door into the kitchen.

All the time I am screaming "NO MOMMY, PLEASE DON'T, I'M SORRY, PLEASE DON'T, PLEASE DON'T I'M SORRY!"

Once inside the kitchen, you march me right over to the sink and then position yourself behind me, pushing me to the counter and holding me there with your thighs on my sides and your stomach behind me. All that could be seen was my little head sticking up above the sink and your open sage green robe surrounding our bodies. You then with your left hand, grab the bar of soap, turn on the water, lather it up and say "OPEN YOUR MOUTH - NOW!" I stand there tight-lipped saying nothing - "OPEN IT NOWWWW!"

Getting no response you take your free right hand and land a resounding SMACK on the side of my bare, white little leg. I open my mouth and scream, as your handprint begins to appear as a big pink spot on the side of my leg, and you shove the bar of soap into my mouth... "AUGG" I sputter and begin spitting while pushing back into your warm moist thighs, meantime your lips are tight and your eyes are afire with anger and you continue to force the soap into my mouth, rubbing it from side to side and up and down. This goes on for about a minute, me struggling, spitting, crying, wiggling and trying to get away, and you scrubbing, washing and pressing your body tightly against mine to hold me still. It is quite a battle but you, as usual, are the easy winner. Then you put the soap down, and say "THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT MOUTH OF YOURS YOUNG MAN! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT I PROMISED YOU YOU WOULD GET IF I EVER HEARD YOU TALK LIKE THAT AGAIN!".....