

Bellyflop

The wind is whistling through my helmet as I fly down the trail. My legs are wired, rock hard, and I'm having a great day on the bike - it's been a long time since it's been this good. I haven't ridden this well in more than two years, since before the crash that broke 5 ribs and punctured my lung. I don't stay on that thought long though. I'm having too much fun on this trail. I think my buddy, Jason, is somewhere behind me, but he can be such a weenie at times... wouldn't surprise me to find out he bailed out and went back to the car to drink beer and doze in today's beautiful sunshine.

I love Henry Coe SP. The hills can be a bitch, but the solitude, beauty, and wildlife outweigh the distance I have to travel to get here and the soreness that I'll experience tomorrow. I saw a bunch (flock?) of wild turkey earlier, and some feral boars as well. On the bike you are pretty stealthy and come up on game quickly so that they don't get a chance to bolt. The rains stopped about a month ago and the grasses are still mostly green, though not the deep luscious green of rainy season. The streams still have some water in them (as my muddy shoes and legs will attest to), which is a good thing since I'm headed out to some great swimming holes near the middle of the park.

I've only to get down this one long hill and then up and over another much smaller one and I'll be there. The sun is hot and I've been working hard for the last hour so I'm relishing the notion of falling into one of those pools. Push on... Push on.... The muscles in my legs are burning - my imagination pictures my lycra shorts melting in smelly black gobs on my thighs.

Another 20 minutes of biking and I'm on the downhill trek to the pools. Oh this is going to be soooo good. I'm gaining speed on the narrowing and increasingly bendy trail. A thought, mostly buried in the back of my head, tries to push forward into consciousness, is it a warning of some sort...hmmm... never mind... I speed up. This is too good. At one with my bike and the trail. I'm flying. The pools are just ahead now... I can almost smell the water.

I realize only after it is far too late what my memory was trying to remind me of... the log at the end of the trail. The log that reminds (insists really) that you stop or plunge. Crap... this isn't going to be graceful.

It is one of the most incredible things that I've ever experienced. In those moments of absolute terror, or a catastrophe, or even when I have that first kiss with a woman I've been pursuing, time seems to almost stop and my senses sharpen to the point where I can take in a seemingly impossible amount of information in the space of milliseconds. I'm experiencing this time-stop sensation right now, as I leave the relative safety of the bike (which is now probably a mangled heap on the other side of the log I just hit) and launch into space. I utter a silent prayer that there is a lot of water in the pools this year, and a much louder and more explicit curse. I'm traveling headfirst over the small cliff that surrounds the pool and I register, mercifully, that there is a lot of water there.

Also registered (even the embarrassment registers) are the two other people in the water (bikers? hikers? backbackers? who knows!). These women are both looking up at me in what might be disbelief cut with amusement and worry - I'll be honest that I can't really read the expressions on their faces as well as I might like to - I'm sure you understand given the circumstances.

They say that hitting water is, at the instant of impact, not much different than hitting concrete, especially if you (like I) hit it in an ungraceful, limbs akimbo, bellyflop. My wind is knocked out of me as I hit and then plunge through the surface of the water. Fuck... not only does it physically hurt, why did anybody have to see this?!?!

It was a bitch of a week and a long hike to clear my thoughts was just what I needed. At the last minute, I invited Sam to go along with me. Her week hadn't been any better than mine and we needed some girl time.

We decided the solitude of Henry Coe would be just what we needed. The hike would be strenuous and we'd work up a sweat, but the pools at the midway point would be cool and refreshing.

We arrive early enough that there is still a crisp bite in the air and dew on the grass, so we layer up, knowing that it won't be too long before we start to shed a layer or two. Our pace is slow to begin, it's been a while since either one of us has done any kind of intense hiking, but the muscles loosen up and our pace picks up. I can feel the blood start to flow a little quicker through my veins. I can feel the sweat starting to flow and it feels good, natural and freeing.

Sam and I are in a heated discussion about the men in our lives. We are both casually dating a couple of men - nothing serious. We enjoy giving each other advice on how to handle the sticky situations involved in any relationship. We also enjoy sharing our sex-ploits with each other. I find that the more she and I talk about some of our more intense sexual experiences, the more titillated I become. I'm not sure if the blood is pumping a little faster because of the hike or because of the intensity of our discussion.

Although we are enjoying our surroundings, we are enjoying the time with each other much more. We take off our jackets and expose our arms to the sun that has just come out. It feels glorious as the sweat evaporates from our skin. We pick up the pace a little more in anticipation of the cool water awaiting us. This hike is more intense than we had initially anticipated, but it feels incredible to be exerting ourselves more than usual. After another 1/2 hour or so it's time to take off another layer. Now we're down to our sport bras and shorts. We're moving at a really good pace and it should only be a few minutes before the pools are within our reach. We crest the final hill and there they are, shining in the dappled sunlight.

We jog the rest of the way to the water. As soon as we get there we dip our hands in the water, splashing it on our faces, arms, and necks. The playfulness in us erupts and we

start splashing each other. Soon we are both soaking wet, laughing hysterically, and holding our sides. We peel off our shoes and socks to let them dry, look at each other and say what the hell. The rest of the clothes come off and are laid out on nearby rocks to dry. We walk into the pool, it sets off goosebumps on our superheated skin, but we know that will soon pass, as the sun is so warm on our skin where the water isn't touching it.

We settle into a corner of the pool and continue our conversation. Just as we are starting to feel comfortable with the coolness of the water, we hear this scream coming towards us. As we look up we see what looks like a giant latex-covered bird coming directly towards us. We don't have time to react, just say a quick prayer that we won't be flattened by this incredible creature flying towards us. We are spared by inches as what we can now see is a man in riding gear perform a perfect 10.0 bellyflop about 3 feet in front of us.

As I sink towards the bottom of the pool I take a moment to reflect on what's just happened. I'm in a considerable amount of pain, albeit the temporary stinging pain of a bellyflop. I've just embarrassed the hell outta myself by performing the aforementioned bellyflop in the presence of (almost landing on!) two, possibly nude, women who were hanging out in the pool. How to handle this? I really wish I'd swallowed a lung-full of water and were just pleasantly drowning now.

After my need for air has grown uncomfortably strong, I push my way to the surface, treading water about 10 feet from the women. One is a blue-eyed blonde, with shorter hair and freckles, the other a blue-eyed brunette with very pale skin (that might be starting to burn and long curly hair. They are both beautiful, though not in the sterile, model sort of way. They are sitting in water near the pool's edge that rises to their armpits. Unfortunately the water is murky and I can't tell anything about what they look like or are wearing (though I'm guessing they are topless as I don't see any bikini straps over their rather yummy-looking shoulders.

Pulling off my sunglasses and helmet which I throw onto the shore I smile and say, "Hi... just thought I'd drop in for a swim. Hope I didn't startle you, but I usually prefer a dramatic entrance. Of course my little swan dive into the pool was almost a 10, right?" I pull my camelback off and fling it up onto the shore - noticing the girl's shoes, sports bras, and shorts on shore. Well, one question answered.

I swim in towards shore a bit so I can stand and catch my breath. "I'm Pete. And I'm really sorry to have spoiled your moment. My friend Jason may or may not be along in a few moments - we were headed here to cool off and play lizard-in-the-sun. Would you mind if I hang out till he shows?"

I'm praying that these gorgeous women, who look 25, but could be 18 or 35 for all I know, won't get all pissy on me. I've had crap luck in women of late and miss the company of an intelligent, beautiful woman (not to mention a woman with a risqué mind,

though that might be hoping a bit). I smile at the women, brushing my hair outta my eyes, trying to look relatively sane and composed.

The splash created by the latex clad biker/bird doused Sam and I thoroughly, leaving us shivering and shaking and more than a little worried about our unexpected visitor who had yet to emerge from the murky depths of the pool.

After what seemed like forever a helmeted head bursts free from the surface, gasping and sputtering for air. As he removes his helmet, we see that our guest is a very wet, very attractive young man with longish dark hair and bright gorgeous green eyes. Sam and I practically lick our lips in anticipation and then burst into giggles, followed by full-blown belly laughs at the absurdity of the situation. After all, here we are naked in the pool and our birdman is between us and our clothes. We couldn't really offer much assistance if we wanted to.

Finally, as we return to our senses our visitor introduces himself as Pete and further entices us with the possibility that his friend Jason may be joining us, as well. I express curiosity over how Jason would top Pete's entrance and we all burst into laughter again.

Pete removes his shirt and the water glistening off his chest causes my pulse to quicken just a bit. Sam and I share a quick glance and I can tell we're thinking the same thing. Yummy!

I smile at the look that both of these two women are wearing on their bright, sun-reddened faces. They are both smiling the smile of conspirators that are plotting the same get-rich-quick swindle, what's more, is that I have a feeling that I'm the target of their (hopefully) benign plan.

After tossing off my pack I strip off my gloves and black T. The sun feels great against my skin - it has been a way too long since I've felt sun this warm against my skin. I walk towards shore a bit, and pull off my shoes and socks tossing them next to the girl's gear. As I do this I'm contemplating how I should go about handling my shorts. I love to skinny dip, though I've rarely had the opportunity to do so with attractive women like these two. As I'm contemplating this, the shorter, blonde woman, smiles, then with a sing-songy giggle in her voice says "If you need help with your shorts, I'm sure that one of us has a swiss army knife with us!"

I blush, then smile at her mumbling something about it being ok, while realizing that this day is quite likely to bring more good fortune than warm, sunny weather. I'm still up to my bellybutton in the water when I reach down and peel the lycra bike shorts off. My legs and ass are hard and sore after the ride and the water feels really good. My cock stirs to life - free from the tight confines of the shorts, relishing the cool touch of water, and contemplating the women now sharing the pool with me.

I push myself into deeper water, flipping over and diving down. The water is cold but nourishing. I feel so alive in it and have this desire to share this feeling with whomever I can. I break through the surface, face first so that the hair will stay outta my eyes. I glance over at the women who have pushed into deeper water themselves and are gracefully swimming out to meet me.

We talk for awhile and they relate how surprised they were by my odd entrance into their lives. They are really funny and flirt not only with me, but also with each other a bit. They drop hints about the sexual nature of the conversation that they had on their hike in, and also make it very clear that they are unattached. I occasionally get a glimpse of their bodies through the murky water and the glimpses do nothing to soften my situation, so to speak. We splash playfully for awhile and I begin to wonder where Jason has gotten himself to.

“So I wish I could offer you some beer or wine but they really don’t pack well, not to mention that pulling shards of a wine bottle outta my ass would be a crap way to spend a day after a fall. I do have a nice joint on my bike though, interested?” I smile hopefully, only realizing that a “yes” to this it will require total exposure, a situation which may move things forward more quickly or may result in some catastrophic embarrassment.

Watching Pete strip down, what a show! I particularly enjoyed your consternation over what to do with your bike shorts. I really think my suggestion of cutting the shorts off would have been a lot more fun. However, watching you struggle with taking them off, while trying not to reveal anything was quite the sight as well. The very idea of what you were trying to do resulted in several escaped giggles at your expense.

I must admit that in addition to the obvious humor in the situation, I’m also beginning to feel my body respond to the interesting strip tease taking place. My nipples were already hard in response to the chill of the water, but now there’s a very pleasant tingling sensation in both my breasts and a very nice throb has started in my pussy. I look over at Sam and see she’s having a similar reaction. In fact, her nipples have taken a nice rosy glow. desire to take one of her beautiful nipples into my mouth and sweetly suckle on it is growing. Sam and I have teased and giggled about ravishing each other’s bodies, but have never followed through on our obvious attraction to one another.

I’d almost forgotten you were there, when he makes a wonderful dive exposing just a flash of his rather sweet ass. Hmm, three hot naked bodies in such close proximity. Now if only we had a little something to break the ice.

Just then you mention the joint in the pack on his bike. Obviously like minds are at work here. Sam and I share a look and in unison express our delight at the idea. At that moment, the look of consternation on your face elicits another gale of laughter from Sam and I.

"Pete, it's okay if you're shy, we'll turn away and won't peek until you get back. We promise." I tell you in a very solemn, serious voice, followed by a quick giggle.

You turn a brighter red, but start moving towards the shore.

As promised, we turn away and not quite accidentally brush against each other. Sparks fly! I can feel the heat rush into my cheeks and other places as well. Where is this going? We glance back towards you in time to see you slipping back into the water. Oh my, what a nice hard cock. Again, Sam and I share a glance and actually lick our lips knowing this is going to be a very interesting day.

I climb out of the water, and to tell you the truth I'm feeling anything but embarrassed. I'm in good shape and something tells me that we all are headed in the same direction. Jason will be absolutely pissed if he misses this. I know that the women will sneak a peak - they are too giggly and happy not to. I hope that they like the tattoo of a little duck on the upper part of my right cheek (what a fucking night THAT was, I remember). I find my bike in heap on the trail by the log that I flipped over. It seems fine and I pull the spliff and a lighter from the little bag hanging under the saddle.

As I turn back to the water I see the girls touch each other in a sensual way. It drives me wild to see the blonde girl's cheeks blush at Sam's touch. My cock grows harder still and is now impeding my ability to run as it bobs curiously in front of me. I'm normally of moderate size when aroused but these two women have me spiking out about 8 inches or so - a long white sword growing from a tangled dark patch. It is almost painful when I try to move quickly back to the water.

Dropping down into the water I sit in a shallow, sandy part of the pool. I look over at the girls and ask them if they would like to join me. More giggling. Much of their modesty seems to have disappeared as the walk towards me they leave the cover of water and I finally see their beautiful, feminine bodies glisten in the sunlight. We all know that I'm staring but nobody seems to really mind, in fact when they are standing in front of me, looking down at me as I fiddle with the doobie, Sam asks "like what you see?"

I'm sure that the grin on my face is laughable, but I can't stop it. "Ummm, yes. I can honestly say that I've never seen such an amazing sight on such an amazing day in such an amazing way. Why don't you sit and join me?" As I gesture to both sides of me, hoping that I'll be the meat in a girl sandwich.

They do sit there, Sam, the taller brunette to my left, and Deb, the blonde to my right. I fire up the joint and inhale deeply. The smoke smells so good out here, mixing in with the smell of the pond, the pines, the women. I exhale and giggle a bit myself after coughing... "smooth" I say.

I look at Sam and ask her if she wants to shotgun a hit. She looks at me curiously, and asks what that is. I tell her that I'll hit on the doobie, and she is to exhale all the air in

her lungs, then I'll blow the smoke into her mouth as she inhales. I explain that it is the smoothest smoke you'll ever feel. She glances questioningly behind me at Deb, who (I assume) gives her the go ahead as she laughs and nods her head approvingly.

I feel my cock twitch in anticipation of getting nearer to these women and pull a long hit off the smoking doob. I nearly cough, but managing to hold it in, I gesture to Sam. She exhales and leans in. I lean in to her, run my left hand through her hair and pull her in closer to me, her mouth open. Our lips brush gently and I begin to exhale in a slow, steady stream. I hear her begin to inhale and open my eyes. I'm looking directly into her eyes and the passion that passes between us can be seen behind her blue eyes like a sizzling electrical fire. She hold the breath in for a moment. Then coughs out the smoke giggling and exclaiming "That was sooo good. You've gotta try it Deb!!"

I turn to Deb.

Pete takes a seat across the pool from us and invites us to join him. I'm sure he's done that on purpose since we'll have to emerge out of the protective depths of the pool and expose most of our delightfully naked bodies to him. Oh well, I guess fair is fair.

Sam and I walk across the pool, actually glorying in the feel of the sun on our cool skin and thoroughly enjoying the look of admiration on Pete's face. Of course, we are used to admiring glances, but it's an unexpected pleasure today. Sam is usually very careful about covering her very pale, freckled skin from the sun, but she seems to be throwing caution to the winds. Her 36C breasts are extremely pale in the sun and shimmer with the water droplets that still cling to her skin. Her ample hips catch the droplets from her waist length hair that is wet about halfway up her back. She has her infectious grin on her face and I know that mischief is right behind that smile.

Sam and I are very different body types. She's the tall amazonian, while I'm much more petite, but fully-rounded. I tend to look for the opportunity to show off my 42C breasts, tiny waist, nice full hips and gorgeous legs. I may be short, but my legs are my best feature and I spend a lot of time in my 4" heels showing them off. It's still early in the summer so my full tan hasn't developed, but I'm definitely sun kissed on my arms and chest, with nice sunlit highlights in my hair.

We take our places on either side of Pete, knowing he's enjoying having two gorgeous, naked women surrounding him. He offers Sam a shotgun hit. She plays dumb, something she loves to do with guys, and asks what that is. I smirk behind Pete's back, but play along with her game. I must admit I'm a little jealous that she's going to get the first crack at our new friend, but I'm sure there's enough to go around.

I watch in anticipation as he administers the hit, watching Sam's eyes the whole time. It's obvious she's enjoying his hand in her hair as well as the nice long hit. We exchange a wink.

Just at that moment, Pete opens his eyes and sees the passion she's feeling for the whole situation. Sam coughs out the smoke giggling and exclaiming "That was soooo good. You've gotta try it Deb!!"

Oh boy, my turn and I'm more than ready. Pete turns to me and I let a slow, sultry smile play over my face. It's been a long time since I've smoked a little and enjoyed the company and attentions of a very hot stranger. I notice Pete gazing at my breasts, and lift one in the water for closer inspection. "Do you like what you see?" I ask. "Very much" you reply and stroke just the top of the left breast with the back of your finger. I shudder in anticipation. "How about that hit?" I ask. "Mmmm, yes how about that hit."

You inhale a nice big hit and I lean to receive the smoke deep into my lungs. Our lips meet, and I can feel the intensity of the moment, as I stroke slowly up your inner thigh. It's your turn to laugh and cough.

"Oh shit... girl, you see, now I lost your smoke! Looks like you'll have to do without." I give her a disappointed face. I lean in closer. "No smoke, but I get my kiss."

It is with some anticipation that I've been contemplating kissing Deb. She looks like she knows how to kiss very well and I'm so very very high. It isn't the weed either. Its more about being with two uninhibited women, in the sun, about to experience my first threesome (or so I hope).

Our lips meet and its like an electric zing. Her lips are soft, yielding, she opens her mouth and our tongues meet. This makes me feel like I'm melting into her. She pulls my tongue into her mouth somehow, such an amazing kiss. Holding the pipe and lighter in my right hand I reach across with my left, laying it gently upon her breast. It is warm and soft, and Deb reacts almost immediately by pushing her chest out a bit and running her hands through my wet hair.

As I'm kissing Deb, I feel Sam's hands wrap around my chest, touching my moderately hairy chest. Then I feel her lips on the back of my neck.

I don't want to stop, but I want to go slower, to enjoy every moment with these intensely sexual women. I pull away from Deb and hit on the pipe while Sam's hands continue to explore my chest. I think that she is now kneeling behind me, I feel her breasts press into my back as she continues to gently bite my neck. I have a long full of smoke again as I lean in to Deb, who exhales in anticipation. We continue to look into each other's eyes as our lips meet and I exhale into Deb's receptive mouth.

My cock is raging. I feel like I could break cement with it. I don't think I've ever felt quite as hard as this. I'm also smiling to myself because I know that the pot effects me in this really odd way - I have a really hard time coming when I'm high. I once had sex with an x for an hour or so (thank god for KY!) and never came.

I wonder if I can tire these two women out, before they exhaust me. I'm certainly game to try!

I finish smoking out Deb and lean back. "I don't suppose you happened to bring a blanket out here, did you?"

I don't mind missing my hit when I realize that the kiss is imminent. Ever since I saw Pete, I've wanted to feel those lips on mine and tease his tongue into submission. Our lips meet and it's everything I'd hoped for. I love to kiss and Pete is an amazing kisser. I fall into the kiss and feel him melt into me. This is glorious and I'm becoming hotter by the moment, especially when I feel his hand caressing my breast, bringing my nipples to full throbbing erection. As I linger and delight in the kiss, I run my hands up his back and into his hair, pulling him closer into me.

I sense Sam behind him and feel her hands on his chest, yet grazing my breasts at the same time. I feel like I'm going to explode at any minute, and actually do experience a mini-orgasm, just from the heat of the moment.

Pete pulls away from me and I must admit I'm disappointed until I see that he's going to finish his original intent of giving me a hit from the pipe. I exhale in anticipation and then our lips meet again, this time with the addition of the sweet, strong smoke filling my lungs. Gazing into Pete's eyes and seeing the desire and the twinkle in his eye is bringing me to the brink again very fast. I let my hand wander lightly down his neck, across his shoulder and start down his back when I encounter the top of Sam's breast. I've often wondered what it would feel like, and now the softness and firmness intrigue me. I don't stop for long, but continue my travels down Pete's back, to his hip and then around his waist to his rock hard cock.

As he pulls his mouth away and leans back, I gently grasp his cock and give it a couple of long slow strokes. Just feeling the throb of his erection is driving me crazy with need. Pete coyly asks if we have a blanket with us. "As a matter of fact we do," we reply in unison, then burst into giggles.

Sam rises out of the water like a glowing sea nymph and her beauty takes my breath away. As she walks up the bank with a definite attitude in her walk, she throws her hair over her shoulder, glances back at us and gives a sultry smile and a wink. That's enough for me and I rise to join her, you follow right behind, definitely enjoying the view of the backsides of two gorgeous horny women in full heat.

I catch up to Sam and we pull the blanket from our pack. There is a lot of "accidental" touching going on between the two of us as we find a flat, soft spot on the shore. Finally, I can't take it anymore, it must be the fact that I'm a little high, but I reach up and pull Sam's mouth down to mine. I revel in the feel of her lips on mine. I've thought about what it would feel like for a long time, and it's better than what I had anticipated. I feel her arms slip around me, down the small of my back, caressing my ass. A chill runs up

and down my spine at the contact. My hands start to roam all over her body as if they have a mind of their own. Every spot they touch seems to ignite a deeper burning within both of us.

Just as I'm becoming carried away in the moment, I feel another pair of hands on my breasts. I was wondering how long it would take Pete to get in on the action. I'm glad it didn't take very long. He presses up against me and I feel his throbbing member settle into the crack of my ass. The heat being generated inside my overheated pussy is incredible. His left hand travels down the flat of my stomach, lightly twirling the hair he encounters at the edge of my super-heated slit. I feel like I'm going to faint, but I'm being held up by both Pete and Sam's wonderful hands and arms. The kiss being passed between Sam and I has deepened and intensified, and although I don't want to break the kiss, I do.

I turn in her arms to face Pete, with a smile so sultry it glows throughout my being.

Both Sam and Deb, who is wrapped up in Sam's arms, look at me as I kneel in front of them on the blanket. My head is spinning with possibilities and pot smoke. "So are you two a couple?" I ask a bit naively.

They both smile, Deb blushes a bit, and Sam says "No, but I think we've been waiting for this moment for a long time. Wouldn't you say so Deb."

Deb, who looks like she may have been non-stop coming for the last 10 minutes, simply smiles, and presses herself back against Sam. She places her hands over Debs which are roaming over her tits and belly and squeezes them closer to her.

"Deb" says Sam, "lie down for me." Deb does so without a hint of hesitation. She is lying on her back between us, her legs, pointing towards me are slightly spread and I can see the trimmed curly hair framing her glistening pussy. Kneeling over her I can see Sam looking down lovingly at Sam. She kneels down and gives Deb and upside down kiss. I can see Sam's breasts sway under her as their lips meet. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the world that has turned me on more than seeing these two women kiss in their passion.

I move forward, my cock wanting to find a place in this tangle of legs, tits, asses, breasts and lips. I contemplate just slipping it to Deb as she lies there - I've no doubt that she would enjoy this, but I want to have some other fun first.

A girlfriend once told me that she loved the feeling of having a man cum in her mouth. She said it made her feel powerful to know that she had that effect on a guy. She also loved the complete intimacy of the act. Ever since I'd dated her, back in the early 90s, I'd developed a true love of cunnilingus for the same reasons. The other thing that attracted me to the delicate wet folds of a woman's sex was the smell. I'd read somewhere that women release a mass of pheromones during sex and that these aphrodisiacs have a

strong effect on any guy who happens to be there to smell them. There was no doubting that at all. The same X who'd told me of her love of oral sex used to get herself a little hot, then slide a finger along her slit. She then dab the scent behind her ears, a perfume of seduction, when she wanted to get laid. I didn't know about this for almost half a year after she started doing it, but she had confessed that every time she'd done it we had ended up fucking like rabbits. Moreover she wouldn't have to 'do' anything else, just lean in close to me and make sure I inhaled the odor (which I never noticed). Women can be witches when they want to be.

So I gently begin to kiss my way up the inside of Deb's spread legs. She senses what is happening and spreads them for me a bit, giving me unrestricted access. I begin by gently biting, kissing, and licking the top of her thighs. The skin is soft and warm and I begin to smell that wonderful, musky odor. I lie on my belly, between her legs, and begin to gently kiss the folds of Deb's wet pussy. I slide by arms under her legs and up the sides of her body, finally finding her breasts, which now lie flattened by gravity on her chest. In addition to her breasts and surprisingly hard nipples I find Sam's hands, which are also enjoying the soft warm skin of Deb's supple mounds. Our hands begin to explore not only Deb's wonderful tits, but each other's fingers as well.

Smiling I spread the lips of Deb's sex with my tongue and begin to delicately explore the inner folds. She is so wet, and her hips begin to writhe a bit. I slide up towards the top and brush gently against her swollen little clit. I begin to trace little circles around it, occasionally dancing across it with the tip of my tongue. I continue to do this for a while, intently focused on Deb's ever-more-passionately writhing hips.

I glance up and see Sam looking down at me with a gleam in her eye as she moves forward towards me. I realize though that she doesn't have any intention of joining in on my delicious snack. Instead she places her own trimmed pussy over Deb's lips, reaches down with her right hand and spreads her lips for Deb who seems to pause for a moment before lifting her head and beginning to do unto Sam as I am doing to her. Sam's eyes close and she braces herself, hands supporting her weight just outside of Deb's hips and begins to move her hips in almost exactly the same way Deb is doing with me.

I can't resist kissing Sam at this moment, forgetting that my face is smeared with Deb's cum. I lean forward and our lips meet, we trade a passionate, tongues-tied kiss. After I pull back to resume giving Deb head, Sam looks at me and does this sigh-moan kinda thing and says "God, she tastes sooo good, doesn't she!"

I smile a shit-eating-grin back at her and focus my attention back onto Deb's pussy. I'm more direct now, more aggressive. I continue to tease, but occasionally I'll cup her clit with my mouth and suck, creating an even pressure across her button which Deb seems to enjoy quite a bit. I hear Sam's moans pick up and I slide a finger along Deb's very wet slit as I lick up by her clit. I slowly open her up and slide the finger in, moving slowly until I'm up to my knuckle. I begin to twist and turn it while I lick and lick and lick.

Deb is now actively humping against my face. I can feel more than hear the moans coming from her and am pretty sure that she is about ready to cum. I wonder if I should stop here, teasing her a bit, or finish the job...

So many hands, tongues, mouths envelope my body. The feel of Sam's lips on mine, then replaced by her sweet, silky pussy. She tastes better than I had ever imagined. I've often wondered what it would feel like to eat another woman and Sam is the perfect foil for my first adventure in this area. I stroke lightly on the outer lips, moving from the top to the bottom and then lightly back and forth, before I part her sweet lips with my very adventurous and hungry tongue. I'm carried away with finding the sweet spot. I know where mine is and I try to locate Sam's. I swirl my tongue around her inner lips and hear the intake of breath. She tastes so sweet. I sweep my tongue up and back over her clit, feeling it spring back. Her hips grind into my face a little, just enough to tell me how much she's enjoying what's being done to her.

I'd almost forgotten that Pete was exploring my super-heated pussy, but then he hits that irresistible spot that causes me to arch high and hard into his pussy-hungry mouth. It feels so good. This is almost more stimulation than I can handle. I've never been fond of 69 for this very reason. I love to give as much pleasure as I can, as well as receive as much pleasure as I can. I'm having a hard time splitting my concentration, but I'm managing.

I find myself arching and grinding into Pete's mouth. I am so close to having an extreme orgasm, just a few more sweet licks and I'll be there. Pete pulls away from me. I arch but he's not there. I focus my attention on Sam, wanting to bring her over the edge. I swirl, play, and tease her clit until I hear her scream and she floods my mouth with her sweet essence. It tastes so good and I bury my mouth inside her so that I capture every drop. This is what I've been waiting for.

Sam collapses next to me on the blanket, sighing in contentment and release. I lean over her and give her a long lingering kiss so she can experience how sweet she tastes. It's a long, lingering kiss that leads to a fever pitch in each of us again.

"Pete, how could you leave me like that," I inquire. You just smile. I reach over and lightly stroke and tickle your raging hard-on. I can't believe how hot and hard you are and I have to return the favor. I push you down on the blanket, give you a long, lingering kiss to both taste myself and share Sam's essence with you. I want to continue the kiss, it feels so amazing, but I also want to bring you to the brink that you've brought me to. I turn around, bend over and take just the head of your cock into my mouth. I swirl my tongue under the ridge, into the slit, over the head, getting you very wet. I feel your hands in my hair trying to pull me further into your crotch, but I resist. I want to take this in my own sweet time. You won't regret the time and energy I spend bringing you to a screaming orgasm.

I slowly lick up and down your hard, hard member. I can feel you pulsing against my tongue and I'm so turned on I start to reach for my pussy, but Sam's fingers are already there, stimulating me, but not distracting me. At the same time, she's sucking on your nipples. It's your turn to feel what a couple of very horny women can do for you. Finally, after a very thorough tongue bath of your cock and balls, I take you deep into my mouth and down my throat. It feels wonderful, silky and smooth, yet hard and throbbing. I've also captured the first few droplets of pre-cum and you taste absolutely fabulous. I can't wait to feel your full load down my throat. Your hips arch into my mouth, trying to control the speed, but I won't be hurried. I want to make this last as long as possible. I vary the speed, hot and hard, slow and lingering.

You are thoroughly enjoying what's being done to you both by myself and Sam. Sam works her way down your stomach and we meet at your cock. We exchange a couple of deep kisses, then both of start to work on your cock. She sucks, licks and nibbles your balls, while I take as much of you down my throat as possible. You are stroking both of our asses while we service you. I take a second to glance up and see the look of sheer and utter pleasure on your face. This sends me off again without even being touched. I hear you chuckle, which causes me to erupt in giggles as well.

You sit up and suggest we switch positions ...

I'd almost blown my load down Deb's throat. That girl could suck cock like none other, but I wanted to save it for a bit, but just a bit. "Sam, Deb, why don't you girls sit right here next to each other", I say standing in front of them. My cock juts out from me, in front of their sex n' sun reddened faces like a glistening wand. My balls have started to pull up into me - a sure sign that I don't have long before I'll deposit a heavy coating of jizz somewhere on one or both of these babes. "I want you to two to get me off together... I want to blow a wad on your angelic, fuckable faces."

Its like they have one mind in the way they respond to that. Leaning forward Sam gently grasps the base of my cock and kisses the head while Deb starts liking the bottom of the shaft and gently manipulating my balls. I also notice Deb's other hand reach down to Sam's soaked cunt and started teasing the top of her slit. Deb closes her eyes as this happens and takes my head into her mouth, sending my nerves into a furiously spinning state from which my orgasm is bound to follow.

Deb works her way down the shaft to the head, pushing Sam off it gently. They start to kiss each other with my mushroom head dancing along the skin of their soft cheeks. Sam breaks the kiss and pops my cock into her mouth, while while Deb moves behind her, her breasts pushed into Sam's back, they are cheek to cheek. Deb's hands move down to Sam's pussy, and begin to manipulate her so perfectly that Deb loses control of her mouth a bit, distracted by Deb's fingers on her soon-to-cum cunt.

When Deb's attention wanders I fuck my hips forward and slide almost the entire shaft into her open, wet throat. I then start to fuck her face, feeling the come begin to boil up

in my balls. Sam licks my shaft as it slides between Deb's puffy red lips and I feel the cum begin to rush and my knees begin to weaken.

I pull my throbbing member from Deb's throat, moaning, and grasp the base. "Of fuck, oh my God" I cry. Deb and Sam know what is happening and they look up at me while each of these women grasp the shaft in an overlapping grip. They then look at each other and the fire in their eyes seems to pull their lips together as they kiss again, lips exploring each other. My cock twitches and explodes forth, spraying my hot, sticky, white come over their cheeks and lips. Spurt after spurt, I've never come so hard, issues forth and with the last burst I drop to my knees in front of the women who are locked in their passionate, come soaked kiss.

I apply all the knowledge, skill and finesse I can muster to Pete's hard cock. It feels so good in my mouth and throat that I want to keep it there as long as possible, but I know the end is near when I feel Pete's balls tighten, his stomach muscles ripple and I know his release is inevitable. Just as I'm looking forward to taking a nice hot load down my throat, Pete pulls out of my mouth, fortunately Sam is close enough to fill my hungry mouth with her sweet hot tongue. We kiss passionately, as Pete spills one of the largest loads I've ever seen all over our faces. We part just enough to lick his seed off of each other's faces.

Pete kneels before us and each of us turn to place hot, salty kisses upon his face, lips, and chest. He returns our kisses, but it's obvious he might need more time to recover. Sam and I return to our embrace, while Pete leans back and watches. I gently push Sam onto her back. I lightly stroke her breasts one after the other lightly, then more passionately. Finally, I lean over and start to suckle on first her right then her left nipple. Slowly drawing it further and further back into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the rosy tip, flicking back and forth. Sam's hands are entangled in my hair, drawing my head further and further into her chest. I glance over to see a gleam in your eye and a smile on your face.

I start to lick my way down Sam's torso. The taste of the water and sun is intoxicating. Her hips are arching gently, but I keep working down slowly enjoying teasing her as I move over her slightly rounded stomach, across her pelvis, and just to the edge of her engorged lips. I lick slowly back and forth, run my fingers lightly over the mound, feeling the silky strands of her hair run through my fingers. Her musky smell drives me further into her steaming slit. Now I become ravenous and begin to ravage her completely. My tongue goes wild swirling, dipping, licking, enjoying. Sam is arching hard into my face, pulling my head further into her. I stick my middle finger inside her, stroking, but one is not enough, so I stick the second finger into her and the third, stroking in and out, faster and faster, licking faster and faster across the surface of her clit until with one final heave, she screams, arches and floods my face with fluid. She tastes magnificent.

Holy crap! Watching Deb go down on Sam is drawing the blood back down into my cock faster than I could have ever imagined. I'm thinking that I have yet to actually slide into one of these beautiful women its just a matter of who is to be first. I'm watching Deb with her face buried in Sam's loins and its just amazing. As she licks Sam, from her position on her knees, her ass wiggles invitingly in the air as Deb draws closer and closer to her orgasm. The moans and near screams of these two women as they cum must be heard throughout this valley. Its really incredible.

I keep looking at Deb's dripping cunt pushed up into the air and glistening in the sun and hear Sam cry out as she cums and my mind, and my cock are ready. I move in behind Deb, who continues to finish Sam's pleasure - Sam's hands wrapped up in her hair. I slide my hands down Deb's ass, to the lips of her pussy. At my touch she pushes out to me, giving me easier access which I take full advantage of. I rub the head of my cock across her wet slit and consider whether I should take her slowly, letting her feel me slide in slowly, teasingly, or if I just fuck her hard, slamming into the tender folds. I'm thinking about this as I continue to rub the spongy head of my cock against her little engorged clit when she turns to look at me, Sam's cum nearly dripping from her cheeks, and gives me this look that basically says "I NEED to get FUCKED". So be it.

I slide the head of my cock into Deb's smallish pussy, watching her lips curl around the head and coat it with her juice. I grasp her hips and pull them back against me as I thrust forward - it is fast and decisive - and in one swift stroke I feel the head of my cock press up against Deb's cervix. The intense sensations from this are so amazing, as is the way that Deb cries out in surprise and joy. I love the feeling of fucking from behind - being able to control a woman's hips and dictate the speed and depth of my strokes. I'm in a mood to fuck - especially after the look that she gave me - so I do. I begin to hammer my shaft in and out of her delicate pussy sliding the entire length in and out on almost every stroke.

Deb, whose face is turning red with the intensity of what's going on arches her back a bit more and braces herself, arms outstretched in front of her. The warm, wet grip of her pussy around my shaft is so intense - she is a smaller woman and I'm a larger guy which really magnifies the sensations. Sam, who I've kinda forgotten about (hell - I've forgotten about breathing) kneels beside me. Both of these women are incredibly sexy and gorgeous, but Sam's height, closer to my own is really appealing to me. She looks me in the eyes and we kiss as I continue to doggie-style fuck Deb. The kiss is hot, she knows how to work her tongue and her hands roam across my chest and ass. She breaks off the kiss and whispers in my ear "I loved the taste of your cum."

Uhhhhhh. Is this real? It can't be....

Sam slides her right hand across Deb's swaying breast, pinching the nipple as Deb moans in passion. She slides across Deb's belly and down to the point of her triangle patch. Sam touches my shaft as I slide in and out of Deb, my pace beginning to quicken as we work out our rhythm. She then starts to delicately finger Deb's clit and all of a sudden Deb's pussy begins to get even wetter and tighter on my cock - almost milking my shaft as she begins her inevitable slide towards another orgasm. As I continue to

piston in and out of her Deb calls out to us, "Yes... fuck me... oh my god... fuck me." and so we do. Its clear that she is going to cum after another minute or two of my cock and Sam's fingers - creamy girl cum is dripping down her leg and completely coating my cock when. She then starts to moan and bites her lip as her pussy contracts on my cock in a hot orgasm. Sam, almost mercifully, stops playing with her clit because it seems as though Deb is about to pass out with the intensity of her orgasm. She slides off my cock and lays down on her belly, eyes closed and obviously totally wrapped up in the bright totality of her orgasm.

Sam and I look at each other and smile, proud of what we've managed to bring to Deb. Sam looks me up and down, her eyes fixing on my red and dripping tool. She tells me to lie down on my back, and I crawl beside Deb and do so. Sam looks me in the eyes as she straddles me and places my cock, so wet with Deb's slick juice, just inside the folds of her delicious pussy. Her breasts hang down in graceful curves punctuated by the points of her nipples which are hard and beautiful. Never looking away from my eyes, she lowers herself down onto my shaft and I gasp as I slide into her. She feels different than Deb - she is larger so there is less friction but the angle stimulates more of the top of my cock. I love being fucked with a woman on top - truly my favorite position. Sam presses her hips down onto mine, working my 8 inches fully into her until I can just feel the bottom of her cleft tickle my head. I look to my right and see Deb, propped up on an arm and looking at us as Sam begins to grind on my cock, stimulating her clit against my pubic bone. She does this for awhile and then does something that only one other woman had ever done... she moves off of her knees and shifts her weight onto her feet. She is now squatting over me, her hands helping her balance as they mash into my chest. The only thing I can feel now is her pussy, which she slides expertly up and down my cock.

The sun is shining in my face, my mind is spinning, my sex bursting. All things considered life couldn't get any better than it is right now.

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