A Day at the Pool

by Draggo469©

It was a sadistically hot summer afternoon – the kind of relentless,

steaming-hot furnace that provided a taste of what hell should be like. Hot –

incredibly fucking hot. The entire world seemed hushed and muted, as even the

birds sought refuge from the rippling waves of heat that scorched everything

they touched.

It was perfect, absolutely perfect.

Cindy's skin was moist with perspiration in an instant as she walked from her

car across the parking lot to the entrance to the swimming pool at the country

club. The heat boiling up from the asphalt hit her like a sledgehammer after the

cool, air-conditioned interior of her car. The hot breeze played with her long

dark hair, giving her a steamy, wanton, on-the-prowl look.

Her tight, cropped white T-shirt clung perfectly to her skin as if painted on,

without a single wrinkle to mar the seductive curves of her body. The swell of

her breasts and her nipples were clearly outlined through the taut fabric;

proudly visible through the thin cotton.

She walked slowly, savoring the heat, and the anticipation.

Cindy's short, tight, black spandex microskirt provided a distinct contrast to

the white T-shirt and the deeply tanned flesh of her body. It hugged her ass

like a second skin, while the indecently high hemline barely touched the tops of

her thighs.

Heads turned and eyes locked onto her body as she made her entrance into the

clubhouse; each man mentally undressing her minimal outfit, and each woman

viewing her with disdain - or as formidable competition for those hungry,

devouring male eyes. Her mere presence roiled the languid, heat-suffused

atmosphere in the clubhouse into sudden alertness, and the mental shock waves

rippled outwards like the circular waves expanding from where a pebble had been

tossed at the glassy surface of a pond. Only the children were oblivious to the

incredible, completely sexual creature in their midst.

Cindy made eye contact with each of the men as she passed; smiling that

patented, yet indescribable, combination of innocence and seduction at each one.

Good afternoon, Sir. I know you want me. Is that your wife over there, watching

you – watching me?

Oh, look at the two of you! I know you're talking about me. You both want me. Do

you want to do me together? Two hard cocks for this little wisp of a girl? Mmmm,

I think I'm the lucky one today.

Hi there, baby. Would you like to fuck me today? You do? In the ass? How wicked

is that?

She wondered if any of them realized that she had absolutely nothing on under

the tiny black skirt, with her smooth-shaven pussy being caressed by the hot,

swirling breeze as it blew puffs of hot air up between her legs. She guessed,

not. Who would be so bold as to wear such a dangerously short skirt with no

panties, not even a thong?

As she entered the women's locker room her nipples jumped up, fully erect, as

the cool air-conditioned atmosphere hit her body. Going to a locker, she

gracefully peeled off her shirt and then slid the snug skirt down over her hips

in a single, long, fluid motion; and wiggling her ass in a slow demonstration of

her talents as a shameless flirt.

Anything for an audience.

Cindy heard a murmur of disapproval from the other women in the locker room as

they watched her place the two tiny pieces of fabric in a pile on the bench.

Naked now, she stretched provocatively, daring them to check out her deep brown,

all-over tan, unmarked by a single bikini line, zero in on her smooth, bald, and

also deeply tanned pussy. Everything she did, veering form subtle to overt, told

the story that she was a woman who was frequently nude, and who was very

comfortable with displaying her body in front of others.

While she stood there, still completely nude, Cindy reached into her purse and

took out the ankle bracelets that he had given her. She fastened the elegant

silver chains around each ankle, the small diamonds flashing and sparkling in

the light.

Then she took her new swimsuit out of her purse, and put her clothes and the

small pouch into the locker. This was her newest, most daring bikini ever; the

one he had bought for her on their recent shopping trip, when she had spent the

entire afternoon modeling a variety of provocative attire for his approving eye.

This had been one of his selections, an immediate, erection-producing hit when

she had modeled it for him in the swimwear boutique, in front of his and the

other patrons' admiring gaze.

It was a brilliant white color, a hue that helped to draw even more attention,

if that was possible, to her flawless, deeply tanned skin and her lithe,

succulent young woman's body.

Cindy stepped into the tiny string bikini-style thong bottom and pulled it up

over her pussy and ass. The strings rose up at an angle on the sides to rest on

top of her slender hips. The small triangle of fabric in front barely covered

her mound, so small, in fact, that it would be apparent to everyone that she was

clean-shaven. It would be hard for more than a small wisp of hair to hide under

the tiny patch of cloth.

The rear of the bikini was adjustable, permitting her to either stretch the

fabric out on the string to cover close to half of her ass cheeks when fully

smoothed out; or it could be scrunched, accordion style, to just barely fill and

cover the lovely valley between the firm, rounded hills of her ass.

Cindy decided to be "demure" for now, and she smoothed the seat of the bikini

out over her ass. It would still be the most daring bikini bottom at the club,

by far, even at the "modesty" setting.

The top consisted of nothing more than a couple of strings and two tiny

triangular, concave-shaped cups for her breasts. Like the bikini bottom, the

cups were adjustable. They were able to slide inwards and outwards on their

string, and the bottom of the cups could also be stretched or scrunched, for

either a daring, or a barely-holding-anything-in setting. As Cindy snugged her

perfectly-shaped, little-girl tits into the top and adjusted the strings, she

selected a "modesty" setting. Even so, her nipples were just barely hidden

behind the hem near the tops of the fabric triangles.

As Cindy prepared to make her entrance into the pool area, she gave herself a

long look in the full-length mirror in the locker room. One of the things he had

insisted upon when specifying their requirements to the saleswoman at the

swimwear store was that the bikini had to be unlined, and made of a thin,

clinging body-revealing fabric; that exposed and highlighted every curve and

contour of her flesh, beneath the minimal coverage of the suit.

Cindy remembered how hot and wet she had gotten just hearing his word tell the

woman how he wanted her bikini to look, while she stood next to him, her arm in

his, in the shop. "I want something that will hide nothing, and highlight and

accent every nuance of her body. Something shameless and sinful and daring. I

want Original Sin – in spandex and nylon."

Modeling it that first time, in the boutique, had been incredibly thrilling –

better than being naked - almost. The shop girl had blushed beet-red when she

took the bikini from her to wrap up in the pretty gold-colored box after he had

pronounced it to be perfect. It had been that wet.

Now, as she stood there, combing her hair, Cindy could see the outline of her

pussy lips and her slit clearly defined between her legs. Her nipples and her

rings were also visible behind the tiny cups of the top, and even the dark

circles of her aureoles were discernable under the gauzy, translucent fabric.

She smiled back at the lovely sensual visage from the mirror. When she emerged

from the water of the pool, she would, literally, be a dripping wet

advertisement for sex; sure to elicit a painful erection from every man within a

hundred feet of her.

Cindy put on her dark, impenetrable sunglasses and picked up her beach towel,

her tanning oil, and her cell phone. She was ready to fuck with the minds of

every man at the pool.

Stepping out from the shadows of the locker room into the bright sun of the pool

deck area, she made her entrance.

She paused there, in the middle of the milling group of people congregated

there, to ostentatiously adjust the strings to her bikini bottom and to make a

show of separating her bra cups a little bit farther apart; to expose a bit more

of her breasts from where they nestled precariously behind the tiny swaths of

fabric.

It was as if time stood still for a single, infinitely long moment.

Conversations stopped in mid-sentence. Heads turned. Eyes widened. And a woman

walked right into a man who had stopped dead in his tracks, like a deer caught

in the headlights of an onrushing car, cursing him under her breath when she

realized what had happened to him.

And the curtain comes up.

Following her dramatic entrance, Cindy made a complete circuit of the pool desk,

looking for the perfect lounger to stretch out on to soak up the sun and to

display herself. She moved slowly and deliberately, while feigning a casual,

disinterested air.

It wouldn't do to be obvious about it. The aura of an innocent who hadn't the

slightest idea of the commotion she was causing – improbable as it was – was the

effect she wanted. And she played the role flawlessly, the perfect balance

between innocence and shamelessness, conveyed without a hint of the crass or the

lewd.

Several times, she stopped to slip a finger beneath the seat of her bikini

bottom to adjust its fit. However, unlike most women, she did not tug the edge

of the seat to increase the coverage on her ass. Instead, she playfully ran her

finger under the hem, and slid it a millimeter or so inwards, towards her ass

crease, to ratchet upwards the amount of flesh that was displayed.

Cindy finally decided on a recliner near the lifeguard tower, where a solidly

built young man in a pair of tight bikini trunks was perched, scanning the pool

for misbehaving little kids. It was partially screened by a swath of flowering

shrubbery from the frenzied activity in the pool – the perfect location.

She took a spot right in front of a handsome older man sitting on a recliner,

who pretended to read a magazine. She knew that he was really taking in every

inch of her proudly flaunted body, and imagining what was hidden behind those

few scraps of cloth.

Moving with the elegance and grace of a dancer, Cindy spread out her blanket,

and sat on the recliner, facing the man with the magazine, her legs straddling

the seat. Looking the man directly in the eyes through her dark, nearly opaque

sunglasses; she watched him as his eyes shifted repeatedly between her cunt, her

tits, and her face. Then she opened her bottle of tanning oil and began to

massage the oil into her skin, turning her flesh into a glistening, shimmering

vision of sensuality.

After she had covered every inch of exposed skin with a generous application of

oil, Cindy smiled briefly at the man to hook his attention – as if he wasn't

already completely overcome with his fantasies of having her. Still looking

directly at him, she poured more oil onto her hand, and then proceeded to oil

her nipples and her tits behind the tiny bra.

Sighing deeply, she massaged the oil into her skin and teased her nipples into a

visibly excited state. Then, she cupped her hand and splashed more oil into her

palm. Pausing a moment for dramatic effect and to ensure that she had his

complete attention, her hand descended to the center of her womanhood, where her three middle fingers disappeared behind the small triangle of fabric. Her thumb

and her pinkie finger framed the white cloth, as it was far too narrow to cover

all five of her fingers.

Cindy slid her fingers up and down her pussy, as she lubricated herself with the

oil.

The man watched, mesmerized, as his eyes followed the outlines of Cindy's

fingers as they undulated and slithered beneath the wet and now-sheer fabric of

the thong. Bolder now, she briefly dipped a finger into her cunt, to draw her

own lubricant out, while she masturbated with her slippery, well-oiled fingers.

Then, knowing that she had him in the palm of her hand – no, he's hold it in his

hand - she turned away from the man to lay down on her belly, her feet and ass

pointed at the bulging cock that she saw outlined in his boxer style trunks.

Now, let the show really begin.

As she settled into a comfortable position, Cindy spread her legs apart and

dangled her feet over the sides of the recliner. The man now had a clear view of

her minimally covered pussy, and the outlines of her labia and her slit, showing

wetly through the sheer, wet fabric of her thong. She made a show of unfastening

the strings on her top, to avoid getting even the slightest hint of a tan line on her back and neck.

Now. He's mine now. Completely mine.

She began her show, to tease and torture her helpless victim.

Like an insect stuck on a pin, on a display board. Nailed into place and unable

to escape – pinned there by his cock.

First, she placed her hands on the strings of her bikini bottom. She pulled them

higher over her hips, stretching the already taut fabric covering her pussy even

tighter. The slender swath of cloth covering her labia contracted a bit more,

narrowing the coverage between her legs. Then, she placed the index fingers of

her hand under the sheer white cloth that was struggling to cover her nut-brown,

flawless ass, and slid it further into the crack between her luscious globes,

transforming the thong bottom into more of a G-string than a bikini.

Without even a glance over her shoulder, Cindy knew with complete certainty that

he was fantasizing about what was hidden behind that scrap of fabric, and on how

much he wanted to touch it, kiss it, lick it – and fuck it.

Do you like that? You want to ram your cock into my cunt, don't you? I know you

want to.

Cindy lifted up her ass and placed her arms underneath her belly, her hands

resting under the mound of her pussy. Feigning sleepiness, she pretended to nap.

To everyone except the man directly behind her, she was dozing in the sun,

oblivious to everyone around her who was gawking at how she so wantonly, yet

casually, displayed her hard, brown body.

Visible only to him, her fingers began to play with her pussy.

She started to masturbate, running her fingers lightly over the outside of the

cloth that now barely covered her clean-shaven pussy. Her index finger danced

provocatively up and down the now sharply defined relief of her cunt lips while

her other hand was under her mound, fingering her clit.

Mmmm, yeah, Mister, watch this. I'm doing this all for you, you know. I'm your

private show, your secret fantasy-fuck, for you and nobody else.

Cindy slowly clenched and unclenched her ass cheeks to heighten the wickedly

sinful sensations she was arousing in her body. The sun beat down on her nearly

naked flesh, the oil and the sweat on her skin combining to make her as slickly

wet on the outside as she was on the inside now.

You could be my daddy, you know. I bet you have a daughter, probably just about

my age, too. Would you like to fuck someone the same age as your little girl?

Cindy was very turned on now, and utterly uninhibited from the magical effect

that her fingers were having on her now very-wet pussy. The knowledge that she

was masturbating for this unknown man was a powerful aphrodisiac. She did truly

enjoy playing the part of the wanton slut and of the cock-teaser.

Feeling bolder and empowered by her lust, Cindy refastened the strings on her

top, and rolled over. She raised the back of the recliner, so she was sitting up

and facing the man, who by now had given up any pretense of reading his

magazine. He pretended to be sleeping, behind the sunglasses he was now wearing, but the immense erection in his trunks betrayed him.

Emboldened by her heat-fueled lust, Cindy decided to take the step from

cock-teaser to cock-torturer. This was going to be an afternoon this man would

never forget.

Water Torture

Deciding to surprise him, Cindy swung her feet to the ground, facing him, and

rose to her feet. She stretched her arms above her head accompanied by an

exaggerated yawn; and then bent forward from the waist, pretending to adjust her

ankle jewelry while she watched her target out of the corner of her eye.

His gaze was locked onto her lewdly swaying, almost-naked breasts. After

adjusting her chains, Cindy straightened up, moving ever so slowly and running

her hands up her legs. When her fingers reached her pussy, she took two fingers

on one hand and reached inside her tiny thong and pulled it down slightly, as if

she needed to smooth it out over her cunt.

The tiny triangle of cloth was so small that her fingernails extended out the

other side of the thong. Instead of adjusting the fabric that had been pulled up

into her slit, Cindy slipped a finger into her pussy to get it wet with her

juices. Then she tugged on the strings to pull the thong even higher and tighter

over her labia.

Then, still looking directly at her victim, she sucked the finger she had just

withdrawn from her pussy into her mouth, thrusting in and out several times and

then wagging it at her victim.

Yes, please do. Come with me. I want to play with you. Catch me if you can...

She giggled at the lewd double ententre of her unspoken words. Come with

me... indeed – if you can.

Then Cindy turned and walked towards the pool, her hips swaying provocatively as

she paraded in front of the awed onlookers with a slow, sensuous stroll.

She sat on the edge of the pool, waving her feet in the water to test the

temperature. Then she slipped into the pool, and swam underwater to the other

side, gliding effortlessly beneath the sun-dappled wavelets. Reaching the other

side, she surfaced and tossed her golden tresses in the air, sending sun-kissed

diamonds of water flying in all directions, before sculling over to where an

underwater jet pulsed freshly circulated water into the pool.

Backing up so that her ass was directly in front of the turbulent stream of

water, she calculated her next move, and waited.

She extended her arms out and laid them on the sill trough of the pool to

support herself as she let her legs float out in front of her. As her body

floated just beneath the surface; her breasts with their tiny white canopies

rose out of the water in front of her eyes like soft brown, snow capped islands

in an azure sea. Cindy flexed her belly muscles to let her toes and her pussy

undulate in and out of the water, just breaking the surface so she could feel

the water wash over them as she slowly levered herself up and down.

All the while, Cindy watched the man on the other side of the pool, and the

lifeguard on his tower. She met the admiring gaze of the young stud sitting on

the lifeguard chair, and she winked at him to acknowledge his unspoken

compliment. His hand was in his lap, underneath a strategically placed towel.

Don't fall off your chair, baby.

The man she had been teasing had taken her bait. He was getting up from his

chair now. He turned away from Cindy momentarily while he attempted to rearrange his cock so that his erection was not so prominent. When he turned back towards her and dropped the towel he had been holding to hide what he had been doing, Cindy saw that it had been an utterly futile attempt at modesty. It appeared

like he had a long, thick sausage in the front of his suit. She guessed that the

tip was just barely hidden by the suit, with his penis forced straight downwards

in his attempt to hide it.

Come to me. Come to me, come and see what I've got for you. I want it. Yes,

truly, I want it.

She waved her toes and cunt and tits up and down as she rode the small waves

churned up by the maelstrom of children at the other end of the pool while she

silently urged him onwards, beckoning him closer to his fate. the pool while she

silently urged him onwards, beckoning him closer to his fate.

Yes. That's it. Time to get wet....

He eased himself into the pool and began to swim across to Cindy. He swam

gracelessly, splashing and flailing about, while he pretended that he was

swimming across the pool as a means of exercise. To avoid a direct advance, he

aimed for the wall near Cindy, but a few feet away.

His bow wave washed over Cindy's breasts, inundating their white-covered tips

with the tsunami of his approach. When he finally reached the wall, he stood to

shake the water out of his hair and eyes, and then he looked directly at Cindy,

giving her a tentative smile, not sure exactly what she intended.

Never been seduced by a mermaid before? When was the last time a hot little

hardbody looked at you like this? Go ahead – pinch yourself. And stroke that

big, hard cock for me. I can see you doing it, you know. I know what you're

doing. I'm the one doing that to you. That's my hand holding your cock. Isn't

that what you want? You want my small, soft hand wrapped around that big, fat

prick, stroking it.

Have you ever shot off in a girl's hand underwater? Surrounded by a hundred

people? You know some of them will be watching. But you don't care, do you? Not

any more. You can't stop – not now...

Looking slyly in his direction and flashing her gorgeous smile at him again;

Cindy nodded her head towards the other side of the pool, from where they had

just come. She propelled her body away from the wall in a slow sinuous glide,

and dove beneath the surface. Her ass's twin globes, glistening in the sun as

they rose into the air before she submerged, were the last thing the man saw as

Cindy's body disappeared beneath the nearly still water.

Halfway across the pool, Cindy surfaced and looked back to see if he had

followed her. He was slowly floating and stroking his way across the pool in her

direction, threading his way among the flotilla of small children that suddenly

coalesced in front of him.

Smiling at him again, Cindy submerged again.

Not knowing which way she had gone underwater, the man stopped and stood in the center of the pool, watching and waiting for her to reappear.

Unknown to him, Cindy had reversed course, and was swimming back towards him,

skimming the bottom and zig-zagging around the flailing pairs of small legs

above her, and watching for his tree trunk legs to appear in the water. When she

spotted him, she swam directly at him. Flutter kicking harder; she accelerated,

still completely submerged. She was coming at him from the side, making a flank

attack. She was sure that he had no idea where she was.

You're mine, now. All mine.

Cindy passed directly behind him. As she glided past him, she reached between

his legs to squeeze his cock.

Gotcha! Mmmm, very hard.

Then, she propelled herself forward with a strong kick, to surface just beyond

his reach. This time, when she surfaced, she rolled over onto her back, to begin

a slow backstroke towards the side of the pool again. Her arms floated in the

water, gently sculling herself while her legs float on the surface, trailing

behind her. Her breasts and her pussy glided along the surface with the water

swirling around them and over them like small islands caught in a tidal current.

Fuck me now, oh god, please fuck me now.

Cindy arched her head backwards so she could see the approaching wall behind

her. She saw the lifeguard, upside down, on his tower directly above her.

Still a few feet away from the wall, she paused in mid-glide, and reached down

to her bikini bottom and pulled on the strings to snug it up even higher and

tighter over her slit and to hide as much of the rear panel in the crease in her

ass.

The lifeguard grinned at her as he watched her from behind his dark glasses, his

hand moving on his lap beneath his towel.

Hi, there. Like the show?

Cindy blew him a kiss as she reached out to touch the wall. Then she hoisted

herself up to the pool deck next to the lifeguard tower. She stood there for a

moment, letting the water cascade down her hair and trickle down her body.

Again, she adjusted her bikini bottom to get the maximum exposure.

Looking up at the lifeguard, she adjusted her top, lifting and resettling her

breasts behind the tiny triangles of sheer white fabric, and giving him a brief

glimpse of her nipples and the flashing silver of her twin rings, as she gently

tucked each tit into its tiny white cradle.

She tilted her head back and blew him a kiss. I knew you would like that.

Her suit was even more translucent now that it was wet. The chill of the water

had turned her nipples into large, prominent, protruding white bullets, poking

through the thin filmy fabric, and making a shameless display of her rings. And

her cunt lips and her slit were clearly outlined as well.

Once she was done preening for the lifeguard, Cindy turned her attention back to

the pool. The man was now at the wall nearby, looking up at her with a look that

veered from awe and lust to anguish and frustration.

Pretending not to notice him, Cindy walked slowly back to her lounge chair. She

rolled her hips as she walked, to make a pronounced, lewd display of her ass for

the man.

Come on. I'm not done with you yet.

She reseated herself on the lounge and toweled the water off her body, and

combed out her hair.

A minute later he returned to his seat directly across from her.

Cindy saw out of the corner of her eye that he had lost none of his erection's

vigor in the cool water of the pool. Smiling to herself, she put on her dark

sunglasses again, raised the back of the lounger to a halfway position, and

settled down to continue her game.

Moving in for the Kill

Cindy took out her bottle of oil and began to recoat her body. Soon, every inch

of skin glistened and glowed in the summer sun. Her body was silky soft and

smooth, and fragrant with the scent of vanilla - a well-lubricated machine,

finely tuned and ready to be used.

She stretched and relaxed and started to stroke her left nipple through the thin

fabric covering it. She played with the nipple and its ring, in a slow, almost

absent-minded manner. She pulled and twisted the silver circle, teasing her

nipple into an enflamed, extremely sensitive state. The other fingers on her

hand lightly stroked the exposed skin on the underswell of her breast, beneath

the tiny bikini top.

I'm so hot. Hot for you. You know I want it so bad.

The fingers on her other hand traced her thong's string from hip to hip, feeling

the stretchy nylon gently rub against her flesh as she fondled it, stroking it

softly to feel every nuance of texture. She lifted the thong's strings up, away

from her belly, and away from her cunt; so that she could see the soft, pink

folds of flesh, shaded by the triangular tent suspended above her pussy.

Cindy tried to imagine what it would look like after her clit had been pierced

to receive a ring, and a chain. The idea of a round, hard silvery circle of

metal sticking out from between those sensitive pink lips was intoxicating.

Fuck me. I need to be fucked. You know I want it, so bad.

She felt like she was melting under the relentless force of the sun's rays and

the hot, still air that surrounded her. Her body had entered a quiet, dream-like

state from the effects of the oil, the sun, her fingers, and the soft voices and

splashing sounds coming from the nearby pool. The drone of the cicadas in the

nearby trees serenaded her, singing quiet rasping songs of insect lust as they

thrummed and buzzed their mating calls.

Cindy watched him through heavily lidded eyes. His hand was beneath the towel he

had draped across his lap. It moved almost imperceptibly, up and down, as he

fondled his erection. He had had it out – she was sure of it – sticking out of

his hiked-up boxers like a weapon aimed right at her.

After floating in this dream-like state for a long period of time, Cindy swam

back up to the surface of consciousness, and decided that it was time to bring

this little drama to its conclusion.

It must be getting painful by now. Do you want to come? Do you want to put it in

me? Are you going to shove it between my legs - in my soft, juicy cunt? Or are

you going to drill my mouth with it?

Cindy raised her knees and spread them wide so she could apply more oil to her

feet and legs. She massaged the oil into her skin all the way up to her pussy.

She was looking right at him, daring him to turn away.

You want to do this, don't you? Your hands on me, kneading my flesh, feeling my

muscles and my bones beneath your fingers. Your fingers working their way up

towards my bare, wet, slippery cunt. So you can stick it in me. Those fingers

that are milking that cock, spreading me, to open me up for your big, hard, fat

prick. Uh huh, you know that I know what you want. And you know I want it, too.

Your big dick up inside my fuckhole. Yeah, baby. Work it harder...

Cindy smiled at him, and slipped two well-oiled fingers under the narrow crotch

of her bikini bottom. She slowly massaged her clit, and then worked her fingers

down her slit to her pussy. She began to finger fuck herself, sliding the two

fingers in and out, while she licked her lips and closed her eyes. Her juices

were flowing freely now, soaking through the thin fabric and mingling with the

oil and sweat on the insides of her thighs.

After spending fifteen minutes or so exploring the inner recesses of her body,

Cindy slowly withdrew her fingers and held them up above her body for dramatic

effect, to admire the frothy mixture and to let a few droplets gather and fall

from her fingertips onto her tits; before sucking them into her mouth and making

a show of licking them clean. Then she returned her fingers to her pussy to get

them dripping wet with her sweet juices again.

At the same time, her other hand was overtly fondling and pulling on her nipple

rings, alternating between each breast so that each nipple was now rigidly

erect.

Her audience was riveted by her performance. He was breathing faster now, and

his hand was moving more forcefully beneath the towel.

Now. Are you ready? Do you want to come for me? Are you going to shoot it into

that fluffy white towel? I can see it in your eyes. You're so fucking ready....

and so am I.

Cindy suddenly got up from the recliner, standing and stretching her arms over

her head to let the man see every inch of her, front and back, as she turned and

pirouetted in front of him. Her thong was completely wet, and translucent with

the wetness seeping out of her. Her nipples were fully erect, making hard, long

points in the fabric of the indecently small bikini top. She tossed her head

back to make a show of swirling her long, silky hair around her face and across

her back.

As she made a show of bending over and picking up her towel, she bumped into her

bottle of oil with her hip, causing it to roll across the pool deck and under

the man's recliner. She looked up, acting bewildered, while she pretended to

search for it beneath her lounger.

Aha! There it is. You naughty man. You've got it!

Grinning a wicked, teasing smile, she slowly walked over to him and knelt down

next to him. She clumsily stubbed her toe against his chair and tripped. As she

pretended to catch herself from falling, she slipped her hand underneath his

towel, and placed it directly on his erection. She held her hand there,

motionless, as she reached under his recliner with her other hand to retrieve

her oil. She whispered, "Sorry about that. I hope you don't mind."

The man was silent, struck dumb with astonishment and paralyzed; a motionless

statue with a huge erection. His body was held rigid and immobile by the

feather-light weight of Cindy's left hand, resting casually on his cock. His

mouth gaped open, as if he wanted to say something, but he could not even begin

to form words, much less sentences.

I was right. You are a naughty man. Sitting here with your cock sticking out of

your swimsuit while you jerk off. Did I do that to you? Me?

Cindy started to stroke the painfully hard erection sticking out from beneath

the thin nylon of the man's swimsuit. Her fingertips moved slowly and sensually

up and down the shaft, using such a light touch that it was as if he was being

touched with a soft, downy feather. She felt his erection pulse and twitch

beneath her excruciatingly slow strokes. All the while, she stared into his

anguished, fearful eyes.

He stared back, and then his eyes darted around, to see if anyone nearby had

noticed what the lithe, nearly naked young goddess was doing to him right there,

out in the open. He shuddered and groaned, while Cindy studied his face, her

eyes round and bright with excitement.

As she grasped the bottle and prepared to stand, she lifted her hand from his

bulging cock and tossed his towel aside so his erection was revealed to anyone

looking in his direction. As the shock of what she had done hit him, she

surprised him again when she forced her wet, fragrant fingers into his open

mouth.

He just sat there, staring at her, awestruck at the extremely sensual being who

was teasing him so mercilessly. Without thinking, he sucked on her fingers,

licking them with his tongue as she slowly retrieved them from between his

teeth.

Cindy stood up, and then leaned over him, dangling her tits in front of his face

while she smiled at him and said, "I hope you have a nice day." Squeezing his

cock one more time, she tossed his towel back over his cock and turned and

headed for the exit, her mission accomplished.

As she neared the locker room, she looked at her Master, on the other side of

the pool. He raised his drink to her, in salute and recognition of her performance.

Inside the locker room, she hurried to put on her T-shirt and skirt. She did not

shower, knowing that her Master would want to take her as she was; hot, sweaty,

and soaking wet. She strode quickly out into the parking lot, heading directly

for the last row of cars, near the bushes. Her Master's car would be there, and

she knew that he was going to lift up her tiny skirt and fuck her right there in

the parking lot, in the back seat of his car, in broad daylight.

In The Car

Cindy found the large blue Lexus sedan in the last row of the parking lot, a

shimmering island in a lake of hot, black asphalt. Thankfully, no other cars

were within several rows of her Master's car. She unlocked the door and got into

the driver's seat. She started the car and adjusted both the driver's seat and

the passenger seat to slide them all the way forward, and to make their seat

backs as vertical as possible. Then she opened the sunroof to let the hot air

trapped inside the car escape. Her mission accomplished, she turned off the

ignition.

Then Cindy jumped into the back seat, to wait for him. She tossed her sandals

onto the floor, and put on the blindfold that was waiting for her, neatly folded

and tied with a red ribbon, in the center of the seat. As she settled back to

wait, she spread her legs and placed a hand between them. The hem of the tiny

black skirt was right at her pussy, giving her fingers easy access to her hot,

wet slit. Her other hand was busy playing with her nipples through the

skin-tight, sweat-dampened T-shirt.

I did it. I did it for you. I am so fucking hot, Master. I need to be fucked.

God, I need to be fucked right now.

Cindy's cunt quickly became as wet and juicy as it was when she was masturbating

for the man at the pool. As she had done so many times before, she was making

the leather seat slick with her copiously flowing wetness. She smiled, knowing

that her Master likened this to a wolf bitch marking her territory with her scent.

After all, this was one of Cindy's favorite places to fuck.

There was something about being fucked in the back seat of a car, cramped and

uncomfortable as it was, that was deeply thrilling and erotic. Perhaps, it was

the combination of being enclosed in such a powerful metallic cocoon, or maybe

it was the risk of getting caught. She didn't try to analyze it. She only knew

that it fulfilled a deep, primal need for her; almost as much as belonging to

her Master did.

And she knew, for a fact, that her Master would always trade the "new car" smell

for the "just fucked Cindy" smell in his fleet of automobiles. For that was

exactly what he had done with this one. Cindy had gone to the dealership with

him to pick it up, and after she had provided a maddening distraction to the

salesman who had the misfortune of having to perform the delivery checklist for

him, they had stopped in the first parking lot they had found on the way home;

to jump in the back seat so he could strip her naked, spank her ass until it was

bright red and she was squirming under his hand like a bitch in heat, and then

fuck her hard and passionately.

She had even been permitted to come, as soon as she was ready, which was a rare

treat. She had gotten the back seat soaking wet and imbued with her feminine

essence, to mark it as her personal fuck-nest, before the odometer had reached

25 miles.

Cindy started to squirm on the seat with arousal and anticipation, as she

remembered that first fuck in this car, when the door to the rear seat was

thrown open and a man climbed in beside her.

Just as they had done so many times before, Cindy did not say anything, and

neither did he. Part of the thrill was in not knowing, for sure, that the man

sitting next to her, with his hands reaching for her thighs and her breasts was,

indeed, her Master. The possibility that this was a stranger, to whom she had

been given by her Master – or an absolute stranger - was a powerful aphrodisiac.

Cindy turned to face the man sitting next to her. His hands were on her tits in

a flash, his thumbs cupped underneath each firm, rounded breast, lifting them

up, like a sexy, push-up bra. His fingers wrapped around the sides and top of

each soft globe, squeezing them up, out, and together.

Please, Sir. Fuck your cunt. I need it now. Please, take me.

She opened her mouth, in expectation of his lips touching hers and his tongue

entering into her soft, sweet tasting cavern to dance with her own tongue. Right

on cue, his hot breath was there and then his mouth was feasting on her lips.

Soon, their tongues were dancing a feverish pas de deux.

Cindy moaned in response to the taste of her Master's lips, knowing now that it

was, indeed, him; and to his firm, yet gently erotic manhandling of her breasts.

His thumbs flicked up from beneath her breasts to fondle and tease her pierced

nipples, the thin cotton and spandex of her T-shirt chafing at her painfully

erect pink buds.

Then his hands pulled Cindy's T-shirt up above her breasts, to expose her

luscious tits. He kissed his way down her neck, across the narrow white strip of

shirt that framed her lewdly displayed breasts, and into the gentle valley

between the soft, smooth hills on either side. At the same time, Cindy's hands

left her sides to land in her Master's lap.

She expertly unzipped his shorts and freed his erect cock, to cradle it in her

hands. She stroked it lovingly, caressing the long, smooth, hard shaft that she

knew so well. Then, whispering obscene words of endearment, she gently rubbed

the palm of her hand across the crown of the large, flaring, head; feeling the

sudden wetness as his pre-come moistened her hand.

Her Master's lips circled her nipples now, sharpening them into hard, pink

points. He extended the tip of his tongue to insert it through her nipple rings,

one after the other, teasing her and turning her into melted butter, just like

he always did. C

Cindy purred in response to the way he played her body like a virtuoso played a

violin. Her entire ass was wet and slick with her juices, now that her skirt had

ridden up far enough that her naked skin was in direct contact with supple,

fragrant leather of the seat.

After slapping her hard on her hip to signal his intent, he turned Cindy around

so she faced the rear window. He encircled her waist with his hands and guided

her into a standing position, her feet on the floor of the car, and angling her

body backwards to wedge it between the front seats so that her head, shoulders

and chest were sticking out the sunroof.

Cindy's t-shirt was still pulled up, her naked tan breasts exposed above the

roof of the car for anybody nearby to see. He grabbed her wrists, and held them

firmly at her sides. Knowing what he intended to do, Cindy spread her legs as

wide apart as she could in the tight confines of the car.

His face descended to her naked pussy.

Yes, fuck yes! I am so wet for you. This is your cunt, Sir. Take it!

He teased her by blowing alternately cool and hot puffs of air across her slit.

A moment later, his tongue snaked out of his mouth and touched her, licking her

up and down the length of her slippery, wet labia. Cindy tossed her head and

hair back and around as she urged him on. "Please, Master, lick my hot, wet

pussy. This cunt is yours, it belongs only to you. Please, suck on my clit. Lap

up the juices pouring out of my warm, pink cunt. Please let me come, Master."

Saying nothing, he parted her fleshy pink lips with his tongue. He teased her

hard, engorged clit with the tip of his tongue, circling around it repeatedly,

and flicking it back and forth across it, in a blur of motion.

Cindy was fighting him now, her arms struggling to get free so she could pull

his head and mouth even closer to the center of her being. For now, her entire

existence was focused on her clit, and on the orgasm that she knew was not far

off.

But he held her arms tightly, not letting her take control of what he is doing.

Cindy writhed and twisted back and forth as she fought him.

Sensing that she was finally ready to have him substitute his cock for his

tongue, he suddenly twisted her around and pulled her down to impale her on his

cock.

Her wet pussy greeted his penis eagerly. She spread her legs to straddle him,

and she lowered herself onto the long, hard shaft. Cindy moaned in satisfaction

as he stretched and filled her cunt. His hands were on her hips as she began a

slow up and down rhythm. She lifted herself far enough to keep only the tip of

the cock insider her, before easing herself down the long descent to his belly.

Again, and again, she slow-fucked the man she belonged to, the man who knew her

body so well, and who fulfilled her every need, no matter how wicked or deviant

or scandalous.

"You know me so well, Sir. I am a whore for your cock. I'll do anything for you.

Anything. Did you like my performance? I was thinking about you the entire time.

I love being your little cock-teaser and your slut."

As the speed and the sense of urgency of their coupling increased, he released

her wrists. One of his hands reached around her hip to fondle and tease Cindy's

swollen clit, nestled in the soft folds of her labia; while the other played

with her ass cheeks.

Cindy reached down to grasp the base of the long, hard cock that was turning her

insides into freshly churned butter, and to fondle the large balls that she so

dearly loved to hold in her grasp. Holding a man that way – by his cock and his

balls, while he fucked you – was the ultimate in intimacy. To be able to feel

him tense and contract and then spurt his orgasm up into her spasming cunt was

heaven on earth.

Neither of them said a word – this was part of the game – but Cindy's mewing and

her ragged little cries left no doubt that she was on the edge. His long, deep

breaths and the way he used his hands on her hips to pull her down onto his cock

predicted the immediacy of his need.

They were ready, both of them – cunt and cock – to do what this entire afternoon

had been scripted to deliver.

Knowing that neither of them would last much longer, he took the thumb on his

right hand and pressed it against Cindy's asshole. Her puckered brown entrance

resisted at first, and then opened, to admit the insistent visitor. He forced

his thumb in up to the first knuckle, feeling the pressure as her muscles tried

to tighten around the invader. He began to slide it in and out, to get her

asshole well lubricated with her own juices and to loosen her up for what was to

come.

Cindy never missed a beat. She maintained her elevator ride up and down his cock

while her asshole was being breached. She moaned louder now, as the combination

of the cock in her pussy and the finger in her ass started to dance a duet. His

finger, now deeply embedded in her ass, massaged her cunt and the cock

imprisoned within it, through the thin wall of flesh that separated the two

passages.

She lifted her hands up from his cock to grip the sides of the front seats while

she levered herself up and down; forcefully ramming her cunt down onto his cock

while her body pistoned up and down like a sledgehammer. All the while, her head

and her mane of long, silky hair bobbed up and down through the sunroof.

Anyone within a hundred feet of them would see in an instant that Cindy was

fucking like an insatiable and utterly shameless slut. The mere sight of her

face through the sunroof was all the evidence an onlooker would need. But Cindy

saw no one and would not have cared if she had. Her graphic, profane

vocalization of her lust, and of her insatiable appetite for the penis that was

pumping in and out of her pussy, disintegrated into a series of unintelligible

animal sounds as she neared orgasm.

Without being told, Cindy knew when they were ready. She lifted herself up and

held herself with just the cock head within her pussy for a moment. She trembled

and shook, waiting for the last possible instant. Then, she rammed her cunt

down, her pussy slapping wetly against his belly, and using her muscles to

squeeze and milk the cock inside her while grinding her pussy against him in a

lewd, circular motion.

That was it. The final threshold shredded and torn away.

He cried out and lunged forward, latching onto a nipple ring with the hand that

had been furiously massaging her clit. His wet, slippery fingers barely managed

to hold onto the nipple ring, pulling it up and down, and left and right; while

the thumb in her ass danced a wild tarantella; competing to divert Cindy's

orgasmic explosion from the firestorm in her cunt.

At precisely the last moment - plus several slow-motion heartbeats of time -

when she could bear the intensity no longer, he granted her permission to come.

Cindy instantly careened over the edge of the cliff into the long free-fall of

an intense, sustained orgasm. Synchronized down to the heartbeat, his cock

erupted and shot white-hot bullets of come deep into her cunt, seemingly

shooting all the way to her brain and ricocheting off the insides of her head.

Cindy screamed loudly as she came again – loud enough to wake the dead. The cock that owned her pussy came again, too, pumping more semen into her now

sloppily-wet cunt. She gushed a combination of her own juices, come, and sweat

all over their legs and the car seat as their orgasms cascaded and crashed into

each other.

Finally, spent, they collapsed into each other's arms in the back seat, and

rested. It took several minutes for them to regain their composure, for their

heart rates to return to normal, and for them to disentangle their intertwined

limbs. When her arms were able to respond to her commands, Cindy pulled her

T-shirt down over her sweat-soaked chest; and after making a feeble attempt at

adjusting her skirt, she staggered out of the car and into the front passenger

seat.

Not bothering to put his cock back into his pants or zipping up, Cindy's

stage-master dragged himself around to the driver's seat. And when he started

the car and prepared to drive her home, she removed her blindfold and leaned

over to kiss him gently on the lips before snuggling down in his lap to lick his

cock clean of the deliciously sticky combination of come and cunt juices, just

as she always did.

As she ended her kiss and slid down his chest towards his lap, Cindy saw the man

she had teased and tortured at the pool standing next to a nearby car, watching

them. She smiled at him, while he stared at her.

Cindy kept looking, and studying his face, as their car approached him. She

waited to lower her head down onto her Master's lap until they pulled up right

next to the man.

He stopped the car there, right next to the man; pausing long enough for him to

look down into their car to watch Cindy sucking and licking his now-stiffening

cock.

Cindy raised her lips from the cock, looked up, and smiled again at the man.

"I hope you have a nice day, Sir."

And then she lowered her head down to resume fellating her Master's cock.

And then they drove away, leaving the man standing there in the parking lot,

watching the taillights of the car as they turned out into the street into the

onrushing gloom of the warm summer evening.