### Cape Town Getaway

My name is Candice. Having just finished school, I was really yearning for a break from the routine of studies and rules that had been part of my life for the last 12 years. The only thing I’ll really miss is my athletic career at school. I was the high jump team captain, and was also on the netball team. ( I’m 5’10”) I love sports, and find it more exciting to stay in shape that way, than spending hours in the gym, lifting boring weights or doing super circuits. I also love swimming, and as a result, I can proudly say that I have a lean, well toned body. My hair is light browny blonde, to just above my shoulders.

As I said, I was dying to get a change of scenery, so when my best friend Clara suggested that I join her at her parents home in Cape Town for the holidays, I just couldn’t say no. Clara Müller and her family moved to South Africa a year and a half ago, from Germany. Her father, Gunther, is an investment banker for Deutsche Bank, and to say that they’re loaded is an understatement. Her mother, Bergitte, lives the good life, and her younger brother, Werner, goes to a high school in Cape Town. Clara stayed at my school’s boarding establishment, here in Johannesburg. For some reason, her parents believed that a school away from the beauty of Cape Town would be the best thing for her. Well I’m glad they sent her up here.

A more open minded and tolerant friend you could not find.

We arrived in Cape Town on the Friday afternoon, after a short flight, and were picked up by Clara’s mom. (If you have never been to Cape Town, do yourself a favour, and buy your plane ticket as soon as you can. It is the latest playground for the rich and famous, and with the famous table mountain as a backdrop, few places can make you feel more relaxed, and eager to party.) We wound our way along the coastline to Lundadno, where Clara’s folks live. Tom Cruise has a house here, if that gives you any indication as to the setting, which overlooks the Atlantic ocean.

The sun was scorching this day. We pulled into the driveway and got our stuff out the car. The entrance hall was beautiful. Almost entirely surrounded by glass, overlooking the pool and patio. Clara showed me to my room upstairs. It had a balcony, and overlooked the pool, as well as the ocean!. To my left was a beach. Yes! I remembered now. This was Sandy Bay.

A well known, somewhat secluded nude beach. To my right was another room with a balcony, .....with a telescope on it. I figured that must have been her baby brother’s room. Ideal for spying on naked girls!!

I went back downstairs after packing my clothes into the cupboards, and on my way to the kitchen I was somewhat surprised to see Clara’s mom lying by the pool, completely naked, in a deck chair, while her brother was snorkeling in the pool. Although I wasn’t offended in the least, I found it odd that her mom would be so open with her nudity around her brother. I asked Clara quietly, “So what’s that all about?”

“What’s what?” she asked.

“Your mom, by the pool” I said awkwardly.

“Oh that. It’s totally normal for us. Nudity is part of life in Germany.

We’re very open minded.”

Clara and I had sometimes tanned topless at my place, but that was always before any of my folks came home. Once, my dad came home early, and walked in on us. I quickly covered up, but come to think of it, Clara was in no hurry to hide her bare breasts from my dad. In fact, I remember her greeting him with a big smile. My dad was the one who was slightly embarrassed I think, cos he quickly went back into the house.

“Doesn’t your brother get,.... turned on....or horny, when he sees you guys,...you know?” I asked.

“I don’t know. He’s seen us all naked so many times, I guess the novelty must have worn off by now.” She giggled.

The idea of being naked with other people around, acting as if they’d seen it all before, was kind of intriguing.

“Want to go for a swim?” asked Clara.

“Are you daring me?!” I asked surprisingly

“No. I’ll keep my bikini on if it makes you feel more comfortable” she laughed.

“Alright.” I mumbled.

It was getting incredibly hot now, with the mid afternoon sun beating down on us, I was dying to take a dip in the pool. Her brother got out of the pool, wearing swimming trunks. I wondered if the same rule applied to him, or only to the girls. Although he was still quite young, he was quite big for his age. I’m sure he played rugby for his school.

We grabbed our drinks from the kitchen and went upstairs to get changed. I closed my door, and went to close the curtains, but not before peeking down at Clara’s mom, who was still lying on the deck chair naked, chatting to her son, who was sitting on the chair next to her. I could see him looking down at her breasts while they chatted. She had a beautiful body for a woman of 41, but her breasts were a bit small though. I could see where Clara had got her small titties from. No more than a “B” size. I on the other hand, sported a pair of nice, full, firm 34C’s.

I slipped out of my clothes, and into my bikini. I grabbed my drink and walked to Clara’s room. She was on the phone to a relative or something, cos she was yakking away in German. Couldn’t understand a word she was saying. She still needed to get changed. I went to the window. The view was unbelievable.

“You can see whales sometimes, if you’re lucky.” said Clara, having finished her chat.” I was just talking to my cousin, Anja in Munich. It’s freezing over there at the moment. I was just rubbing in how we were going to go and swim outside now, and get a tan. hee hee” She laughed.

She took off her blouse, bra, shorts and knickers, and went to her cupboard to get her bikini. I noticed that her bedroom door was still wide open, and one could see right down the passage, or should I say, anyone in the passage could see right into her bedroom. I could see that this nudity thing was no big deal to her either. God, she had such a gorgeous body. I bet all the guys I know would love to be in my position right now. She slipped on her bikini bottoms and top, and off we went downstairs.

We got to the pool, and laid our towels on the deck chairs not far from Clara’s mom. I think she was a bit surprised by us, cos she calmly wrapped the towel over her waist, leaving only her breasts bare. I think she did this more out of politeness to me, than being shy. Werner, her brother was gone. I’m sure I heard a motorbike leave earlier. He’d probably gone to visit a friend.

“So vat are you girls up to totay?” Clara’s mom asked in a strong German accent.

“We’re going to make the most of the summer sun, and tease all the boys with our gorgeous tans” replied Clara. I just laughed along. My eyes kept moving from her mom’s nipples, to the sea, to Clara, back to her mom’s nipples.....

“Plees excuse all ze naked bodies around here Candice.” said her mom. “You must plees say if you are offended, but ve are alvays in a state of undress here. We find it quite normal.”

“No, not offended at all Mrs Müller.” I said shyly. “It’s just unusual to see people acting this normally about nudity. You don’t often get that here. In South Africa I mean.”

“Plees, call me Bergitte. If you vant to get a nice all over tan, plees don’t be ashamed to take off your bikini too. You are most velcome.” she smiled.

Clara said something to her mom in German, and they both laughed. I imagine it was something about me being a bit of a prude about this or something. I’m definately not a prude though. I know that it’s what you don’t show, that guys find sexy. Wear tiny bikinis, but let the boys’ imaginations fill in the tasty bits. I’ve done my share of teasing, and thoroughly enjoy it!

Clara undid her top, and dropped it on the ground next to her deck chair.

The cow! She said she’d keep her bikini on.

“Sorry Candice, but we can’t let these sunrays go to waste! So many boys, so little time.” she sniggered.

She had a point. It was only us three girls around. I didn’t know where Werner was though. Besides, these Breezers we were drinking were starting to go to my head and gave me some courage, so I leaned forward, undid the knot at the back of my top, and slid it off my shoulders. There, I was topless.

“You better put some cream on those. You wouldn’t want them to get burnt so soon into the holiday” sniggered Clara.

She was right. I had big white triangular tanlines on my breasts. Burning my tender pink nipples would not be such a good idea. Clara’s mom handed me some tanning lotion. I squeezed some into my hands, and rubbed it on my breasts, making sure to get plenty onto my nipples and aeriolas. This was kind of exciting. I always saw tanning topless as something you did when you had a private moment, when no-one was looking. Now I was lying here in the open, with my breasts bare, glistening, in the company of my friend, and her mom, whom I’d only met a few hours before.

Clara’s mom stood up, dropped the towel, and walked over to the pool, totally naked. She dived in, and swam to the other side. Just then, I heard that motorbike again. It pulled up to the house. It was Werner. He’d gone to the shop to get more drinks. I suddenly felt a bit of a panic. I hadn’t even spoken to Werner yet, and he was going to see my naked breasts before we’d even said hello. At least Clara was topless too, so I felt a bit more at ease. Werner came out onto the patio, and walked right up to us!

“Hello ladies.” he said.

“Hi there.” I said, pretending like it didn’t bother me at all that he could see my nipples.”Nice to meet you.”

He handed Clara some change, and I could see that he was peeping at my boobs, behind his sunglasses.

Clara asked him something in German, and he replied. Again, I didn’t know what they were saying.

“We’re trying to put some colour onto Candice here.” she said to Werner.

He laughed, and unless it was my imagination, it also looked like he was blushing a bit. He kept looking at my breasts. I pretended I didn’t see him. I felt kind of,......powerful, lying here, almost naked, in front of a boy. I know how a young boy’s hormones are raging, and I knew that he was quite pleased to see a fresh pair of breasts around the house.

Especially my 34C breasts. I could feel my nipples throbbing slightly. The feeling of being in control was quite arousing. He knew he couldn’t just reach out and grab a mouthful of my nipples, although every cell in his body was probably lusting for him to do just that. I was teasing him, and I was loving it. A bit too much perhaps, because my aeriolas were starting to swell and go puffy, making my nipples look even bigger.

His mom stepped out of the pool and said something to him. He turned to her and they carried on chatting, while she dried herself off with the towel, rubbing each arm slowly, dragging the towel slowly over each breast, down her thighs, completely nude in front of her son. She had a fine layer of dark pubic hair, trimmed neatly. I could see her outer lips and a hint of her clit through her pubic hair, and I’m damn sure he could too, because he was only about a metre away from her, sitting down. He was basically face to face with her pussy, and she didn’t seem to mind. In fact, I think she was enjoying it. She lifted her arms above her head, drying her hair, arching back slightly as she did so. She looked like a Bond girl that had just stepped out of the ocean. I was getting turned on.

Not so much by Bergitte’s naked body, but by the way she was flaunting herself in front of this poor, young, virile boy, knowing that he was going mad inside, but he couldn’t do anything about it. She walked to the deck chair and hung the towel over the back rest to dry. Then she turned and walked back into the house.

Werner took off his shirt. He had a great body. Very athletic. He was quite sexy too, in a Vin Diesel kind of way. He had very short blond hair, and quite a tan. I wondered if it went all the way down.

He took his shirt and the packet he came in with, and dissappeared into the house. It looked like he was hiding something, because he was holding the packet in front of him. A huge erection perhaps?

It felt like there was a charge in the air. Clara got up and walked to the pool. I decided it was time to take a dip too, so I stood up and walked over to the pool aswell. As I walked, I could vaguely see Werner standing by the window, looking at my breasts. I was really starting to enjoy this.

I think this poor guy has been in hell all this time, with naked woman around him, and nothing much he can do except jerk off. In fact, that’s what most guys do after they’ve seen a naked girl. I knelt down and sat on the edge of the pool, jiggling my breasts in the process, dangling my feet in the water. Again I pretended not to see him looking. I think standing up sent a rush of blood to my nipples, because they were now throbbing intensely. My aeriolas were also very swollen. It looked like I had small cup cakes for nipples. Clara jumped in the cool water. Although I was enjoying the attention of my admirer, I desperately needed to cool off, so I jumped into the water aswell. It felt icy cold after being scorched by the sun, but very soothing.

This was one of those pools that seem to stretch to the horison. The water runs over the edge on the side facing the ocean, so it looks like you’re swimming in the sea. This was amazing. Clara was leaning on the edge of the pool, so I swam up next to her.

“Does your brother ever do the nude thing?” I smirked

“Not as much as he used to. I think it’s harder for guys to hide their arousal than girls.” she replied

“What do you mean?” I asked

“You know. Their hard ons. It’s kind of obvious when they get a boner....”

she said

“Yes yes I know that, but I thought you said that you guys were used to the nudity thing” I said inquisitively.

“ Well, few years ago, he started getting hard ons when we were lying around. I think it’s his hormones kicking in. You know, teenage boys. I think any naked body will turn them on when they’re at that stage. Even if it’s women they’ve seen naked almost every day.” she explained

“So that’s why he wears swimming trunks most of the time?” I asked

“Exactly” She replied.

“So you and your mom still walk around naked, in front of him?”

“Of course. Why should we stop doing what we enjoy, because he’s embarrassed about his penis getting hard. I’d much prefer he didn’t hide it, but that’s up to him. In the mean time, I’m enjoying him getting hard ons as a result of looking at my body. Makes me feel good about myself.

Mom too. The day a teenage boy doesn’t get a hard on when you’re naked in front of him, is when you start to worry. As long as they get hard, we have the power.” She explained. “Judging by the size of your nipples right now, I think you’ve already realised that.”

We both laughed and enjoyed the cool water for a while, then swam to the edge and got out. Clara walked back to the deck chair, and slipped her bikini bottoms right off, and hung it on the back to dry. She was totally nude, and started drying herself with the towel. She had her pubic hair trimmed quite narrow, about an inch wide, and halfway up to her belly button. I just grabbed my towel and dried myself off. I could see her smiling at me. I was getting braver, but I wasn’t quite there yet.

“I’m getting quite hungry. How about you?” asked Clara.

“I could definately eat.” I replied.

“Cool. Let’s go grab a bite in Camp’s Bay.” she smiled and walked towards the house.

I hung my towel over the deck chair, followed her into the house. To get up the stairs, we needed to walk through the lounge, and of course, there was Werner, pretending to watch TV. As we walked passed him, I saw his eyes gawking at his sister’s pussy, and then at my jiggling breasts, which were still capped by quite a nipple stand. I was feeling wicked, and winked at him as I walked by. He went bright red. We walked up the stairs, all the while feeling his eyes burning into our asses. I loved it.

I went to my room and closed the door. I was about to close the curtains again, when I thought, “Werner’s downstairs. I don’t need to worry about him peeking into my room now.” I slipped off my bikini knickers and looked for a place to hang them to dry. The railing outside on the balcony would be ideal. I felt naughty, so I walked up to the sliding door and slid it open. I briefly peeked out to see if anyone was watching, and stepped out, totally nude onto the balcony and draped my knickers onto the railing. The breeze blew my knickers off the railing, so I had to bend over and pick them up again. Wow, this felt so liberating. I stood there for a while, feeling the cool ocean breeze caress my body, then went inside.

It was still very hot and quite humid, so I decided not to wear a bra. I slipped on a pair of g-string knickers, and a short, light dress. This felt quite comfy, although not as comfy as being naked outside. As I sat and put on some make-up, I was thinking, “what’s the worst thing that could happen being nude. Especially in a place where it was welcomed, like here.

I wasn’t going to get into trouble for it. I could create a few erections, that’s all...” Just then, Clara walked into my room. She was wearing a lacy blouse that was quite see through, and shorts. I could see her big aeriolas through the flimsy fabric.

“You ready.?” she asked.

“Let’s go.” I smiled.

To be continued...

Cape Town Getaway Ch. 02

by mindrazor ©

Sitting in the open topped roadster, as Clara skilfully piloted it around

the twisty curves of Chapman's Peak, was exhilarating. The silver Mercedes

SL effortlessly glided down the tarmac, with towering rock face on the one

side, and glittering Atlantic ocean on the other. It was late afternoon,

and the sun was getting low, bathing everything in a warm, crimson glow. I

felt like a celebrity in a music video.

I looked over at Clara. The wind was ruffling her hair around her

beautiful face as we entered Camps Bay. She had a slight smile on her

face, as if she were anticipating something. She must have felt my gaze on

her lips as she turned to look at me. She gripped my upper leg and shook

it shouting "Aren't you excited!?" I smiled back at her, nodding in

confirmation.

Camps Bay was awash in the glow of trendy street cafes, the setting sun

and gorgeous people. We drove past a pair of boys while we were trying to

find a parking spot. The sight of 2 young girls in the sleek Merc, with

perky, wind chilled nipples straining against our blouses must have been a

treat for them. I saw them looking back as they continued walking by,

mumbling something to each other and laughing, as guys usually do. I still

felt the warm glow of power, knowing that those guys were really only

interested in getting between our legs. Clara and I looked at each other

and smiled. We were both thinking the same thing of course. I took a deep

breath and the ocean air filled my lungs. It was warm and soft. God I felt

great.

We finally found a parking space, put the roof up and got out. We walked

past a few restaurants before we picked one with a balcony overlooking

Camps Bay beach. I was starving. All the sexual tension earlier that day

had really taken it's toll. We were shown to our table by a shy young

waiter. He said his name was Eric and he'd be our waiter for the evening.

He was very cute and looked quite naive, but that was judging a book by

its cover. My experience has taught me that the quiet ones are the ones to

watch out for.

We ordered a bottle of white wine and wasted no time in emptying our first

glass. I needed something to take the edge off. I was feeling great, but I

was also feeling somewhat shaky. I don't know if it was because I was

hungry, or the feeling of power corrupting me in front of our young

waiter. He brought our menus to the table and asked if we were interested

in hearing the day's specials. We kindly permitted him to continue, and he

began rattling on about this and that. Clara was leaning back in her

chair, looking at me with a cheeky smirk on her face, when I noticed how

tightly her blouse was stretched across her breasts. Her nipples were like

needles, trying to push their way through the flimsy fabric, clearly

showing her dark areolas beneath. I could hear Eric skip a few words, as

he tried not to let Clara's perky antenna distract him from his task. I

knew what she was doing. The bitch was such a tease. She was going to try

and humiliate this poor guy and make him work for every penny of his tip.

Well if she thought she was going to get away with it alone, she was

mistaken. She was in for some competition. Our waiter left our table,

allowing us to make up our minds before taking our order.

"Did you see that little pervert?" Clara asked, smiling innocently.

"Staring at my tits instead of doing his job. I could practically feel his

tongue working it's way down my top." she smirked.

"Hey, don't flatter yourself too much. Two can play that game." I said.

The wine was starting to loosen my jitters somewhat. Especially on an

empty stomach. I decided to do some teasing of my own in my low cut

blouse. I wasn't going to let Clara steal the show. Eric arrived back,

with notepad in hand, waiting to take our orders. I looked at the menu,

and pointed at a particularly sophisticated sounding French dish, leaning

quite far forward in the process, allowing the front of my already low cut

top to fall open. I knew my now throbbing nipples were visible, because I

could feel the cold air from the airconditioning pouring down my front,

making them even stiffer.

"What is that?" I asked him.

"Er, what exactly ma'am?" he muttered.

"This delightful sounding dish over here." I cooed, pointing closely at

the menu.

The writing was very small, and Eric was obligated to lean closer for a

better look. I glanced down at my blouse, and was quite shocked to see

exactly how wide open the front of my blouse actually was. I could see

both of my nipples as my breasts hung freely in the cool air. Eric

continued to mutter this and that. I wasn't paying much attention to his

explanations though. I glanced at Clara. She was trying very hard not to

look like she knew what was going on, but she was grinning, biting her

bottom lip, glaring at me. She loved it.

"Um, that'sss a mushroom fillet, sauteed in red wine, smothered in ....a

creamy white sauce blah blah ." he mumbled on.

I got the distinct impression that Eric was trying to stall for time. He

was talking very slowly, and incoherently, like someone trying to do two

things at once. I quickly glanced up, to see his eyes quickly flicking

back to the menu. He gave a little cough, and turned a very definite shade

of pink. He was busted!

The little pervert was trying to soak in as much viewtime of my very puffy

and voluptuously swollen aeriolas and nipples as he possibly could, before

the opportunity was gone. He would then more than likely retrieve the

"footage" from his twisted memory archives and use it to stroke his

rapidly stiffening penis to orgasmic oblivion, before shooting a wad of

cum onto the duvet, where it would dry into thin air, along with the

memory of my gorgeous swollen nipples.

"I'll just have the juicy fillet with the creamy sauce please." I

whispered into his ear.

He was still leaning over very close to me, after that little translation

exercise. He realised his monumental intrusion on my private space, and

stood upright, avoiding eye contact with me.

"And how would you like that fillet done ma'am?" he asked with his pencil

in hand, ready to scribble my meat preference onto the notepad.

"Medium rare please. I like my steak to be somewhat tender." I grinned.

"And you ma'am, what can I get you?" he asked Clara.

"I'll have the same Eric." she blurted.

"And how would you like that done?" he asked cautiously.

"I'll have it medium." she said, looking at him with one eyebrow lifted

high.

"Thank you. I'll have your order prepared immediately." he mumbled

quickly, before turning round and walking off towards the kitchen.

"Shame Clara. Wasn't that a bit harsh?" I asked.

" Watch and learn my darling." she smirked.

"Ooh, I know that tone of voice." I said, looking at her with an evil

glint in my eye.

Clara was quite a master when it came to manipulating the clay of the male

mind. She could sculpt most guys into doing just about anything she

wanted. I was not about to question her tactics, although her somewhat

aggressive attitude towards Eric the waiter was quite surprising.

"The thing with guys is that they always want to get between the legs of a

woman they can't have. Unobtainable women are seen to be more successful,

and that drives guys nuts. They want to fuck us just to prove a point."

she explained. "Plus it's a great story to tell their mates later." she

smiled, raising her glass to me.

I raised my glass too, and we toasted.

"To guys. May they always be soft in our hands, and hard between our

legs." we cheered, and winked at each other.

Our food arrived, skillfully carried by Eric. He was juggling the two hot

plates, extra wine that we had ordered and a corkscrew, while quickly

trotting in between the other tables, on his way to ours.

"There you go ma'am." he smiled as he positioned our plates in front of

us. "Bon appetit"

I could see him looking briefly down my blouse before turning his

attention to the cork in the new wine bottle. I pretended to reach for my

wine glass, and deliberately knocked my knife off the table, making it

crash to the tiled floor. I acted surprised and quickly posed myself

forward in the chair, legs spread, ready to lean down and pick up the

dropped item, but Eric beat me to it. He was down on the ground, with a

perfect view up along my spread thighs, to the lacy g-string knickers

covering my somewhat moist lips.

He slowly stood up, letting his gaze linger a bit longer on my long

thighs, before rushing to the kitchen to fetch a new set of utensils.

"Oh very clever." Clara laughed, raising her glass." We'll make a vamp out

of you yet."

"Thank you milady." I smiled "I am being instructed by the best." I said

as I winked at her again. " Do you know that I could actually feel his

gaze, slithering up my thighs while he was down there getting that

utensil. It felt warm, like warm water slowly washing over my clit." I

said.

"And did you get that tingling feeling in your stomach?" asked Clara,

"like someone gently blowing on your skin?"

"Yes I did." I answered.

"That's your clitoris telling you that you have his balls in the palm of

your hand." she smiled, before putting a slice of cucumber between her

teeth and snipping it in two.

Eric returned with the clean utensils and apologised for the

inconvenience. With the occasional visit to check if we needed anything,

he kept quite a low profile. When he did come over to our table, Clara and

I made sure to display enough thigh and nipple to keep him interested. The

night was progressing beautifully, and I was getting less inhibited with

each sip of my wine.

We finally finished our meals and leaned back, allowing Eric to clear the

table. He took several liberties peeking up my skirt or peering down my

blouse. I made little attempt to stop him. He was feeding my appetite for

dessert and Clara was about to order for me...

"Eric!" snarled Clara. "What time does your shift end?"

"Pardon? My shift?" he asked, confusedly.

" Yes. What time are you free to join us for a drink? The least you could

do is make it up to my friend here for being so clumsy!" she blurted

I looked confused!! What was she doing?

"At....at eight pm. In about fifteen minutes." he said, not quite sure if

it was the right thing or not.

"Good, then you'll meet us in the lounge next door!" she said. It was more

of an order than a request. Her German heritage wasn't about to leave her

anytime soon!

"O...okay." He mumbled.

"What are you doing??" I shouted as quietly as I could.

"Welcome to Cape Town my darling." Clara smiled and closed her eyes,

blowing me a kiss.

We got up from our seats after settling our check, and slinked over to the

lounge in the pub adjoining the restaurant. We sat down at one of the

tables. Despite several glasses of wine, I was feeling quite nervous, as I

had no idea what Clara was up to. It wasn't long before Eric arrived as

instructed. I had no idea what was going on in this poor boy's head, but

Clara obviously did, and before he even had a chance to say "Hi", she got

up from the table and put her arm through Eric's, like an elegant lady

would do with her gentleman.

"Let's go for a drive." Clara smiled, and took me by the hand.

We walked out to the SL which was parked just up the road from the

restaurant. The sun had already set but the air was still as warm and

humid as earlier that afternoon. Clara opened the car, and gestured to

Eric to sit in the back. All this time, he hadn't even spoken a word.

Clara gave me the keys, and suggested we drive home. I opened up the roof,

allowing the balmy air to wash over us while we slowly pulled off towards

Lundudno.

"So Eric. You were stealing quite a few glances down my friend's blouse

here." she said." Care to explain yourself?"

Eric looked shocked, like a deer caught in the headlights.

"uurrrrrrrr?????" he managed to groan.

"Did you like what you saw? asked Clara. Her voice was now a lot softer,

and more relaxed. " Do you think Candice has pretty nipples?"

The boy looked absolutely stunned. The look on his face was between a

smile and a look of utter amazement.

"They're gorgeous." he managed to speak, glancing at my eyes in the rear

view mirror. I winked at him and smiled.

Clara climbed over the seat to get in the back with Eric. SL's aren't

renowned for their rear passenger space, so she landed in his lap, with

her legs stretched out along the rest of the back seat. She put her one

arm around his neck, and looked settled for the evening. She undid the top

two buttons of her blouse, and pulled the fabric away from her breast,

giving the boy his first, close up look of her uncovered nipple. He looked

like a kid that had just opened a present.

"Are they as pretty as my nipples Eric?" Clara questioned the boy. " Are

they as pink, as tender, as beautiful as my nipples?"

She slid her hand up below her breast, pushing the soft skin up and making

it swell up to Eric's mouth. I could see his eyes exploring her perky

nipple with great interest and his chest was heaving heavily as he lowered

his head to take Clara's nipple in his mouth. His lips pouted furiously

around the swollen bud, making succulent sucking sounds as he explored and

tasted her aroused nipple. She looked at me in the rear view mirror,

licking her top lip and biting her tongue before closing her eyes and

leaning her head back, letting her slave boy have his way with her aching

nipple in his mouth.

God, I was getting so horny looking at the two of them through the mirror.

I squeezed my left breast, sliding my fingers to a point along my

incredibly swollen areola and nipple. God it felt electric. I was giving

myself little shocks each time my fingers caressed the tip of my nipple. I

moved my hand down between my thighs, exploring the moist crease in my

soaked knickers. They were only obscuring my access to my pussy, so I

started to slide them off, one ass cheek at a time. After swerving quite

severely several times, I managed to get my knickers off completely. I

threw them directly behind me onto Clara's lap. With her nipple still

firmly lodged in Eric's mouth, she took my knickers and scrunched them up

to her nose, inhaling deeply, smelling the scent of my wet and hungry

pussy.

Eric's hand had worked its way into her shorts by now, and I could see the

rythmic pumping of his hand push against the material as he probed her

inner folds with his fingers. Clara proceeded to yank her shorts off,

letting them slide down her curvaceous legs, and drop onto the floor of

the car. She spread her legs wider, putting her one foot on my seat's

headrest, giving Eric more room to manouvre his nimble fingers in and out

of her delicious vagina. I could see his thumb pressing on the front of

her pubic mound as his other fingers worked their magic. She moaned and

squirmed like a dancer as she felt two of his fingers forcing their way

ever deeper up inside her slippery pussy. She again looked at me briefly

before pulling her nipple from Eric's relentless lips. She got up

slightly, turned around and positioned herself with her ass on Eric's

chest. She then leaned back, lowering her head between the two front

seats, looking at me with wicked eyes. She then wrapped her tanned thighs

around Eric's face, pulling it in towards her pussy. I saw his tongue

shoot out of his mouth just before it disappeared into her velvet folds.

His probing tongue pushed her soft labia lips up and down in a rythmic,

circular wave. He was in her really deeply. His nose was buried deep in

her pubic hair, inhaling her musky scent, tasting her sharp, silky juices.

Occasionally I could hear her high heels banging on the trunk lid of the

car as an electric spasm ripped through her lithe, tight body. Her body

was rocking back and forth. She was grinding her pussy into his face quite

furiously, gyrating her hips in wide circles over his merciless tongue.

She tightly gripped each breast in her hands, squeezing them tightly and

pulling her nipples as far as she could stand it. Her eyes were rolled

back, and her teeth were clenched tightly. She let out a deep groan that

grew louder and louder, until she screamed "yyyyyyyyyyyyyyessSSSSSSS!

oooohhhhhh god! yesssss." She had tears in her eyes, and her body went

limp, as the warm waves of orgasm washed over her body, spasming

occasionally, as the unspent energy coursed through her nervous system,

arching her back, and jolting her body uncontrollably.

I had by this time taken my blouse off and dropped it on the passenger

seat, freeing my ample, firm breasts to the ocean air swirling in the

cockpit of the car. My nipples and aeriolas were so engorged and swollen

that they were painful. My pale breasts were capped by what looked like

thick pink marshmallows, with a red cherry on the end of them. It felt

like they would pop at any second. This entire experience was feeling so

surreal and exciting. I was driving this expensive Mercedes, stark naked

with the wind blowing through my hair, and Clara now blowing the waiter in

the back seat!

We pulled up to the electric gates of the house, and drove down the

driveway, stopping in front of the doors to the garage. I switched off the

engine and turned around, looking at Clara taking Eric's penis deep into

her throat. It was hard to tell how big his dick was because she never let

it out of her mouth. She had her hand wrapped around his balls, squeezing

them gently. They were quite big, and looked heavy as the skin folded

around her fingers.

"You guys are having all the fun." I said.

Eric looked at me and smiled with a look of great content on his face.

Clara finally came up for air, allowing me the first glimpse of Eric's

thick, veiny cock. It was average length, but very thick. His shaft was

glistening from Clara's saliva drooling all over it. The bulbous purple

head bobbed up and down as he tensed his thick dick every now and then. I

looked back up at Eric and saw him grinning at me through slitted eyes. I

was unconciously massaging my tender, swollen breasts with both hands

while I was ogling his gorgeous penis. I was longing for it to make it's

way up inside me and satisfy my hungry lust for a big cock.

I got out the car and took Eric and Clara by the hands. They got out

aswell, and we walked across to the pool area. I was so devastatingly

horny that I couldn't even be bothered getting upstairs to a bedroom. I

sat down on one of the loungers and pulled Eric towards me. He seemed to

instictively know what to do, as I lay back with my hands above my head on

the headrest, and my legs spread wide open in front of him. He kneeled in

front of me and took off his shirt, which is all the clothing he had left

after Clara had got hold of him. He dropped his shirt to the ground and we

stared at each other for a while. His erect penis towering out in front of

him. He gently stroked his shaft, back and forth, as his eyes hovered over

every inch of my erotic body. I felt his gaze wash over my pink,

glisteningly tense nipples, the curves of my pale, full breasts, the

curves of my waist and down to the mystical beauty of my swollen pussy

lips as I quietly lay completely naked, in front of him. I lay their in

front of him with my long legs, my warm thighs, spread wide open. The most

private and sensitive part of my body, was on total, unobscured display to

the boy who had served us dinner about an hour earlier. I loved the

feeling of seeing him stroking his penis while he perved at my body. I was

turning him on with my swollen nipples, my curvaceous, creamy thighs, my

dark, hungry pussy, all begging him to penetrate me deeply, pumping his

thick love muscle into my inviting body. Clara slipped back from the

house, and quietly sat down next to me. She placed her hand on the inside

of my thigh, and gently stroked my skin, down to my incredibly wet and

swollen labia. Her fingertips gently brushed against my protruding clit.

She sank a finger into my slit, and slowly ran it down, between my lips,

to the entrance of my pulsating vagina, where she changed course and

slipped inside me. Ohhhhh it felt soooooo

beauuuuuuuutiffffuuuullllllllllllllllll. "Aahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

yyyyyyyyeessssssssssssssssssss" I whispered gently, all this time, looking

into Eric's eyes. All this time, letting this relative stranger, stare at

my naked, beautiful, sacred body. I was on complete display, to him. I had

totally surrendered to his eyes. My gorgeous, voluptuous breasts, were

completely open to his gaze, his touch, whatever he wanted.

Clara then reached for Eric's thick, throbbing penis, which he was

stroking this entire time, and gently pulled him towards my waiting

entrance. He leaned forward, supporting his weight on either side of me. I

felt his warm head, bump into my soaking labia, moving closer, spreading

my warm lips apart. I felt myself being slipped wider open by his incoming

penis. I could feel his pulse, throbbing through his head and into my

lips. He gently slipped deeper inside me. That warm, electric feeling

raced through my pelvic region, as I felt myself being stretched wide open

by his penetrating muscle, being filled up. mmmmmmmmhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

yyyyyyyyyyyyeeeeeessssssssssssssssssssssss...........the fullness was

beauuuuuutifffffullll. The gorgeous feeling of being filled up by a man's

penis sliding deep inside my body, filling every erogenous space inside my

electric body hhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa............... I

was in ecstasy.

He slowly began swinging back and forth, inside me. I could feel every

ripple, every bump and muscle in his beautiful cock as it slid inside the

silky walls of my aching pussy. The friction created between our two body

parts was driving me to absolute heaven. He increased the speed of his

pumping as he started to fuck me a bit harder, pushing his head as deep

and far up inside me as he could, pushing my cervix further up inside me

as it made way for his intruding cock.

"mmmmmmmmmmm fffffffffffuck meeeee........

yyyesssssssss.............fffffffffffffffuck meeeee" I heard myself

whispering.

Clara leaned forward, and I felt her wet mouth engulfing my swollen

aeriola, wrapping her long steaming tongue around my nipple, sucking on

the warm bud, feeling my pulse quicken, as her deep rythmic sucking on my

heaving breast made me even wetter. Eric's cock felt like it was on fire

as it rhythmically pumped in and out of my velvet sheath. I could feel him

tense up, as he was nearing orgasm. This turned me on immensely, as I was

making this boy cum, merely by letting him slide his rock hard penis into

my soft, moist, warm body. I felt the electric charge of orgasm building

up inside me too. I felt my thighs and hips shivering uncontrollably, as I

instinctively started arching my back in response to the electric pulses

racing through my body. I could feel my pussy tensing around Eric's

thobbing shaft, while he pumped me furiously. I could feel his head

swelling inside me, like a grapefruit, about to burst. The heat being

generated inside me was triggering small, orgasmic explosions that

uncontrollably jolted my hips, my back and thighs. Eric's breathing

suddenly stopped as he tensed up, clenching his teeth, and thrusting his

engorged cock so deep inside me, I could almost feel him in the back of my

throat. His cock exploded in my pussy as I felt his hot cum splash against

the back of my vagina, bathing it in creamy ecstasy, in turn triggering my

own devastating orgasm that made me jolt and squirm, wrapping my thighs

tightly around Eric's waist, keeping him inside me as long as possible,

feeling our pulses throb in unison, as our bodies were mercilessly

consumed by wave after wave of electric, orgasmic shocks. Our breathing

was so deep and heavy, as we suddenly felt quite exhausted and wasted,

having fucked for what seemed like hours.

As Eric pulled his soaking cock out of my very sore and tender pussy,

Clara wasted no time in grabbing it and taking it in her mouth, extracting

the last few bursts of sweet cum. Eric tilted his head back as he let

Clara suck his still hard cock, into another dimension!

God she looked sexy, wearing nothing but her pointy, black, high heeled

shoes, sucking this boy's throbbing cock, and her hands filled with his

large heavy balls.

I lay back, still with my thighs spread wide, allowing the air to cool off

my ravaged pussy lips. I could feel Eric's cum slowly seeping out of my

hot, drilled hole, like valuable oil. As I lay there cooling off, watching

Clara bring a second orgasm to Eric's cock, I realised how easy it was to

be truly happy. I slowly managed to get up, and slipped into the cool

waters of the pool, with the moonlight bouncing off the ripples.

What a gorgeous day.