**Lisa Viva and My Nudist Resort Fun**

by[LisaViva](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5396885&page=submissions)©

I've been encouraged to tell some of my stories. It never occurred to me that someone might be interested, but I'm happy to pass along some of my adventures. My First Photo Shoot started it all!  
  
I'm known as Lisa Viva. You know, like Viva Las Vegas. I've lived in Vegas for the past 9 years. I don't know how people can stand living in calm places like Dallas (where I am from), Chicago or even New York. Life is exciting here every minute and twenty-four hours a day. We have everything you could want or imagine here in this little corner of our world.  
  
The story I want to tell you happened a few years back. I was married to Mark at the time. We're no longer married, but I still think the world of him. He's probably still my biggest supporter.  
  
Mark was in love with my body then and probably still is. Maybe that's the reason we split. You see, I'm not a big woman. At least, not tall. When I'm in my wedge sandals I appear to be about 5' 7", but my shoes always have at least a three-inch heel. I like the way I look in heels. They make my legs and butt look good. I always attracted attention because my breasts are rather prominent. Imagine someone my size with a 38E. Yeah... I think you get it now.  
  
The truth is, I love to be admired by men. I catch a few women looking too, but I know that I've left a few strangers with hard cocks as I pass by. Because I like to be viewed and admired, I naturally drifted toward a nudist lifestyle. When Mark I and were married, we met with a group of nudists every weekend. The members in the group were probably all in their 50's and 60's but didn't fuss when we wanted to join them. I can assure you that when Mark and I walked out naked to the pool, no one suggested we were too young to be members.  
  
For a couple of years, I acted as the group's receptionist or greeter. I would welcome new people at the door and take them to a private room to disrobe. I'd get drinks and try to calm their inhibitions if they were doing the nude thing for the first time. Even though Mark and I were relatively new to the group, no one objected to allowing me to greet guests. They wouldn't have wanted a sixty-year-old woman with boobs down to her knees to be the first thing a guest would see.  
  
One of the odd things about me is my full bush. In today's world, most fashionable women keep their pubic hair shaved and tightly trimmed. I'm blonde, but it's not my natural color. My bush is black and quite a contrast to my blonde head. I've found that older men, in particular, liked a full bush. Maybe that's why I've always been attracted to them. Before you suggest it, I did not have a crush on my father and want to have sex with him. My father is a very nice and handsome man, but I never had a desire to take him to bed. But his older brother, Henry, was a different matter. I would have jumped his bones in a heartbeat. Damn, but that man was sexy.  
  
On a typical Sunday, Mark and I would be stretched out on lounge chairs by the pool, sucking up the sun and enjoying the freedom of being undressed. Quite often, there would be a pool volleyball game. The men were always trying to get me to join in. I understood that they just wanted to watch my big boobs bounce when I was trying to hit the ball. But if you're like me, you wouldn't mind that at all. I really enjoyed being the center of attention.  
  
From time to time, I'd spot a man sitting on the opposite side of the pool watching me. Oh, they might try to hide it, but I could see what they were doing. Once I knew they were looking, I'd open my legs a bit so that he could get a good look at my hairy pussy. Why not? It gave them a thrill and I enjoyed the eye worship.  
  
I was always reading a book by the pool. Now, again to be truthful, I wasn't always reading. Sometimes I just held the book in front of my face. Then behind my large sunglasses, I'd be checking to see who was watching me. More than once, I found some man in the pool looking at me and probably trying to hide his erection. That's the trouble for men being a nudist. They can't control their erections. A stiffy popping up when the wife is around could be a problem to explain.  
  
When Mark and I had been members of the Vegas nudist club for about a year, a new couple joined the group. I opened the door and welcomed Wyatt and Helen. I assumed he had married a younger woman. Helen was attractive and well dressed. Wyatt stood about 6' 1" and was dashingly handsome. In fact, he reminded me of my Uncle Henry.  
  
The couple had been part of a nudist group in northern California before they moved to Vegas when Wyatt retired. I took them back to the 'dressing' room and found they were eager to get naked and not in the least embarrassed. I took them to the bar, fixed them both a drink and then began introducing them to the club members.  
  
The entire time I was making introductions, I was aware that Wyatt was studying me. His wife looked good naked for an older woman, but you can imagine how she looked standing next to me. While they were talking with the hosts, I finally had a chance to examine both of them. There was no question in my mind that Helen was a beauty in her youth. But Wyatt was quite a specimen. He was in excellent physical condition. He had hair on his chest, but he wasn't hairy. He had muscular looking thighs and calves. But my eyes bulged at the sight of his flaccid penis. I could only imagine that it would look like a log when hard.  
  
An hour later, I was on my lounge chair reading when I noticed that Wyatt was sitting on the edge of the pool directly across from me. I felt confident he couldn't know that I was looking at him, but he opened his legs and l saw me his impressive cock lying still and quiet there. When I decided he was looking my way, I quietly spread my legs apart, giving him a view of my own little piece of paradise.  
  
Since Wyatt was wearing sunglasses, I couldn't be sure he was looking at me, but I hoped he was. Watching him, I could almost imagine how sweet it would be to have that beautiful cock between my tits, watching that big head come pulsing through and showering me with his load. The idea excited me. As the breeze washed over me, I could tell that my exposed pussy was wet from excitement. I wondered if Wyatt could see it.  
  
Over the next several weeks, Wyatt and Helen became regular members of our nudist group. At some point in each of their visits, I'd spy him across the pool, looking in my direction. Each time I'd adjust my position to give him the best possible view. One afternoon when I thought he was watching me, I put two fingers in my mouth, wet them, and used them to twist one of my nipples. I saw him smiling and knew he saw what I'd done.  
  
I want you to understand that our nudist meeting were non-sexual. There was no outward display of sexual activity. That isn't to say that some people didn't become interested or aroused, but if they did, the players moved inside to a private room. More than once, I'd heard people huffing and puffing in one of the bathrooms. It wasn't exactly secret, but it's wasn't out in the open either.  
  
After seeing Wyatt half a dozen times, I began to dream about him. The dream was always the same. In the dream, I would be lying on a lounge chair by the pool. Wyatt would walk up and stand near my head, his big cock dangling six inches from my nose. I would hear my husband say, "It's okay, honey. Go ahead." In the dream, I would lean forward and suddenly, the man's cock would be stiff and too big for my mouth. I would hear Mark say, "If you can't get it in your mouth, take him in your pussy." At that point, I always woke, shaking with excitement.  
  
Wyatt became an obsession with me.  
  
After two months with the nudist group, Wyatt started sitting and talking with Mark and me. He generally talked about sports with Mark and I would just listen and think about what he could do with me. The man had a beautiful, soothing voice. I closed my eyes and thought about him taking me from behind, holding my breasts and encouraging me to cum for him.  
  
Finally, one Sunday afternoon, Wyatt came to sit beside us, but Mark walked away, leaving me alone with this man. He sat beside me, lightly rested his hand on my shoulder and began to speak softly. He said, "Lisa, honey. You have a wonderful body. I could just look at you for hours on end. When we're apart, I pleasure myself thinking of your beautiful breasts, shapely legs and your fantastic ass. But I need more."  
  
"What do you mean by more, Wyatt?" I asked.  
  
"I need to hold you. Kiss you. Fondle your breasts and finger your pussy. And then, I want to have sex with you."  
  
Of course, I should have rejected him immediately, but I was incapable of saying no. Suddenly, my nipples were as hard as stones and the inside of my thighs were wet, but I couldn't speak.  
  
"I've talked with Mark, and he gave us permission," he whispered.  
  
"He's what?" I mumbled.  
  
"He's given us both permission to enjoy each other's bodies," Wyatt said softly.  
  
"Come with me to the back bedroom and let's both do what I know we both want."  
  
I suddenly had a vision of me trying to take his hard cock into my mouth and my cheeks flushed. I could feel his hot jizz covering my face and tits. Wyatt held out his hand to me and I took it. Even if I had the ability to speak, I could not have said no.  
  
We walked quietly, side by side, without touching. My nipples were tingling and my pussy on fire. I could feel a trickle of fluid running down the inside of my leg. As we walked to the back of the house, I tried to find Helen, but didn't see her.  
  
When we reached the back bedroom, Wyatt pushed open the door to let me in. Once inside, I heard him lock the door behind me. This was what the members of the nudist group called the rendezvous room. If any sex was going to happen, this was the room that would be used.  
  
Looking around the room, I was shocked to see my husband sitting in a chair near the bed. Before I could open my mouth, Mark smiled. "It's all good, baby. I know you want him and I told Wyatt I would approve of you two having sex as long as I could watch."  
  
I turned around only to have Wyatt scoop me up in his arms. "At last, your marvelous body is mine. I will worship it and give you thunderous orgasms." He pulled my mouth to his and kissed me. It took only a few seconds for me to get lost in his kiss. One hand was in my hair, pulling my face to his while his other hand grasped one of my ass cheeks. Seconds later, the hand on my butt moved to fondle my breasts.  
  
The desire that I thought I had hidden for Wyatt pushed through. I kissed him back with all of my passion, moaning into his mouth. I felt his cock growing between my legs, moving an inch upward at a time until I felt it pressing against my nether-lips. Without hesitation, I opened my legs so his monster cock could press against my dripping pussy.  
  
Again he grabbed my ass and began pushing and pulling it so that I was sliding across his cock, covering it with my love juices. I cried out as I felt his hot cock rubbing against my clit. It was simply indescribably delicious.  
  
Wyatt pulled away from me, letting me see the wild look in his eyes.  
  
"I must taste you," he growled and pushed me back to the bed. After pushing me down on the bed, Wyatt took off both of my sandals and kissed each of my toes. "I want all of you, Lisa. Every inch of your exceptional body."  
  
Wyatt took one of my legs and held it up and out. To my great surprise, Mark held the other leg, leaving my pussy wide open to their eyes. Wyatt kissed his way down my leg until he reached my thigh. As he left little kisses on my heated skin, he told me how hot and sexy I was and how much he loved the aroma of my aroused sex. When his tongue finally ran through my slit, my head flew back and I cried out in joy.  
  
I was ready for an orgasm in a matter of seconds, as Wyatt played my pussy like a violin. His tongue played with my clit while his fingers probed inside me. I was gasping and wiggling, trying to push his tongue into my wanting hole.  
  
It took just a few minutes for my body to explode like a cannon shot. I put my fingers in Wyatt's hair and pulled his face into my sex, screaming out in uncontrolled lust. My orgasm seemed to last forever. Each wave of pleasure was followed by another as Wyatt kept his mouth attached to me until my body collapsed.  
  
My body felt like melted butter, lying in the middle of the large bed, unable to move even a finger. When I was able to focus my eyes, I saw Wyatt standing between my feet, his mouth and chin covered in my orgasmic fluids. He ran a finger through the wetness and sucked it.  
  
"Now I'm moving up to those fantastic tits," he murmured.  
  
I was amused to find what a short time it took Wyatt to get my motor running at top speed again. While he bit, sucked and licked my breasts, I glanced at Mark. My hubby was happily stroking his own cock, his eyes wide as he watched a professional at work.  
  
Wyatt rolled me onto my side to get into a spooning position. I felt the heat from his cock pressed against the inside of my thigh. I was consumed with the need for that monster cock inside me. I knew I was so wet and relaxed I could easily take it all.  
  
When Wyatt lifted my leg to clear a path for him to enter me, I gasped with anticipation. To my shock, Mark came around the bed to hold my leg up so that another man could fuck his wife. I could see his eyes glued to the spot where cock and pussy would meet.  
  
I felt the large head touch my opening and begin to enter me. I gasped again, but this time for joy and wonder. His motion was steady and the hard rod slid into me. When he was entirely in me, he rested for a few seconds allowing me to adjust to his girth. When he began to move, I growled like a lioness, knowing I was about to have the fuck of a lifetime.  
  
Wyatt began moving slowly, each stroke giving me a thrill. After a short time, he picked up speed and I already knew I would cum again. Wyatt twisted my nipples as his thick member moved faster. Now it was his turn to growl and he slapped my ass. His cock had become a piston.  
  
I rolled my head back, offering him my mouth. Our tongues danced while the moment played out. When he was ready, his cock slammed into me. I felt his body stiffen and heard him roar as his semen shot into me. As his body shook, I had another orgasm, easily as grand as the first.  
  
As we lay there trying to get our breathing under control, I felt a hot liquid on my calf and decided that Mark had stroked himself into orgasm and blew his load on me. I'll be honest... it was a heady feeling knowing I had the power to get two men off at the same time.  
  
When Wyatt had his breathing under control, he rolled me on my back. Positioning himself of top of me, he pressed his still reasonably hard cock back into my pussy. I admit to being surprised. This man was over sixty years old and he had just fucked me blind. I was just past my thirty-fifth birthday.  
  
"I'm not through with you," he whispered in my ear. As he began to kiss my neck and breasts, his cock began to slowly move inside me, making my insides start to wake again. "He can't go again," I thought.  
  
I could feel how his cum was making my channel slick. I could also feel it flowing out onto my thighs and getting into my bush. It was trickling down the crack in my ass. "Are you going to fuck me again?" I asked timidly.  
  
"Hold on, Lisa," he said with a grin. "I told you I wasn't through with you."  
  
In seconds, Wyatt was pounding me with his cock again as hard as when he started. The only thing I could do was wrap my legs around his thighs and dig my fingers into his ass. The man had unbelievable stamina. We were both covered in sweat.  
  
When he hit his stride, my body complimented him with my third orgasm. I held on for dear life as this wild man humped me. "No one's ever fucked me like this," I whispered in his ear, not knowing if Mark was close enough to hear.  
  
Wyatt suddenly pulled out of me, grabbed my feet and moved me to the edge of the bed. He placed my feet on his shoulders and shoved his monster dick back in me. "Buckle up, sweetie," he said with a grin. "One more to go."  
  
Standing up, Wyatt could move better than he could on top of me. His fantastic body moved faster as his cum covered member continued its mission. I was completely out of my mind and had no idea how long he pounded me. I seemed to have one more outrageous orgasm after the other. I wanted to watch him, but didn't have the strength to hold my head up. Wyatt was holding me by my arms, pulling me onto his stiff cock each time he slammed into me, all the while telling me what a wonderful body I had and a perfect pussy. To be perfectly honest, I had no idea how long Wyatt fucked me before he filled me with his spunk for a second time. I had completely lost track of time. Then he stood back and smiled as he watched his white cream dribble out of me.  
  
I lay there unable to move when Wyatt leaned over me. "You have a wonderful body, Lisa. I hope you'll invite me back for more fun." He gave me a long, but tender kiss, before he left the room.  
  
I noticed Mark was looking down at me with a smile. "Did you enjoy yourself?"  
  
"It was just amazing," I replied as I felt him apply something wet and hot between my legs as he cleaned me up.  
  
When I was able to stand, we walked back out to the pool area, acting as if nothing had happened. I noticed that Wyatt was in the pool playing volleyball.  
  
"Want to join the game?" he called out to Mark and me.  
  
"Sure," Mark answered as he jumped into the water.  
  
"Maybe later," I called back over my shoulder. "What I need is a long rest," I muttered as I stretched out on my lounge chair.  
  
Looking down between my feet, I watched Wyatt playing the game. "Amazing," I whispered. "Just amazing."