**Meeting Sorcha and Megan**

by Joanna86

Summer in England can be extremely frustrating, two or three days of sunshine, followed by a humid hell and then thunderstorms. If you’re lucky, the sun will return a few days later and you can feel the heat on your body once more. There are summers when the sunny days are few and far between but there are those when it’s day after day of gorgeous weather and there’s no place better to be.

This story took place a few years ago, when England was experiencing one of its better summers, temperatures were regularly hitting the high twenties and my all over tan was getting darker and darker. I’d just turned twenty-four and was a little irritated when a client requested that I visited them and give their new accounts staff advice and tuition on their role in their accounts department. It meant I’d need to drive two hours, down to the south coast, spend a couple of hours telling their staff how to do tasks which I thought were easy to anyone with a little common sense and then drive two hours back home. The weather forecast suggested a day of scorching sunshine, temperatures of thirty degrees and I’d miss most of it.

I’d made my appointment to see them, meaning I’d need to be there by 11.30. that way, I could miss the bulk of the rush hour traffic and given the weather forecast and that I should be finished doing what I had to, by 1.30, I could find a beach and enjoy some sun on my body before I started my return journey.

Waking about 8.00am, I had breakfast and filled my Jacuzzi bath and climbed onto the edge. As was my daily routine, I covered my legs and pubic region with soap and shaved off any unwanted stubble that had dared to grow in the previous twenty-four hours. Sliding into the bath, with the Jacuzzi working fully, I gave myself chance to relax before I faced the day ahead. It wasn’t long before I was back in my bedroom, dry, naked and deciding what to wear. After a few seconds of deliberation, I selected a white, multi-coloured patterned summer dress but decided not to put it on until I’d arrived on the south coast at my clients. The daring and exhibitionist part of my character, thought it would be more exciting to drive, wearing one of my string bikinis and a pair of flip-flops on my feet.

After brushing my hair, putting on the bikini and flip-flops, I picked up my dress, shoes and sunglasses and headed out to my car. It had just turned 9.00am when I shut the front door of the house and despite being early in the day, it was already warm and sultry, so stood beside the car for a few seconds, enjoying the heat on my virtually naked body. The bikini was red and left little to the imagination, three triangular pieces of material covering my nipples and pussy lips, held together by flimsy string around my back, hips and arse cheeks but it made me feel very sexy.

Finally, I was in the car and on my way. As I’d expected, traffic was busy with those trying to avoid the morning rush hour. The M5 had three lanes of heavy traffic but was flowing at a steady sixty miles per hour. Within fifteen minutes, I was filtering onto the M42 and running along the southern side of England’s second biggest city and despite the flow of traffic thickening, I maintained a steady speed. Another twenty minutes later and I was on the M40 driving south. Each mile south I drove, the thinner the traffic became, allowing me to speed up a little, to seventy miles per hour.

With my ipod playing through my car stereo, sunroof and back windows open, to create a flow of air, I was totally relaxed and enjoying the drive. I realised after some time that other drivers were enjoying the sight of my upper body, covered scantily by my bikini top and as I watched a lorry driver go past and look down at me, I began to feel aroused. My pussy started to throb and felt my nipples harden. I couldn’t resist slowing down a little, allowing, wanting more vehicles to go past and look into my car but after an hour of my journey, I’d soon be exiting the motorway and starting the next stage of my trip.

I took my foot off the accelerator and filtered left onto the slip-road to leave the motorway, joining the queue of vehicles at the traffic lights. Glancing down at my bikini bottoms, I chuckled when I saw how wet the triangular piece of material, which covered my pussy, had become. My head filled with mischievous thoughts in an instant. Slipping my car into park, I raised my hips and without hesitation, pulled my bikini bottoms off, throwing them triumphantly onto the passenger seat to my left. Returning my car back to the drive position, I looked to my right and saw the driver in a lorry looking at me and smiling. I’d driven completely nude on a few occasions previously but only locally, around my home town. However, feeling as horny as I was, I was considering taking off my bikini top and driving the rest of the way naked but just as I was about to unfasten my top, the lights changed to green.

The traffic started to move, filtering onto the roundabout ahead but as I inched forward, I couldn’t resist glancing down. My nipples were fully erect, pressed firmly against the material of my bikini top and as I gazed lower, to my bare lower body, I could see my swollen clit poking out between my glistening pussy lips. I chuckled as I thought, thank god I’ve got leather seats. Refocussing, I turned off the roundabout and began to speed up as I joined the duel carriageway that was the A34. For the following fifteen minutes, with the influence of one of the country’s major university cities, traffic was going to be heavy once more and I needed to concentrate on driving.

God, I was horny and couldn’t get thoughts of driving nude out of my head and of lorry drivers looking into my car, seeing my tanned athletic body, firm 34 B cup breasts and shaved pussy. Travelling between fifty and sixty miles per hour, I wondered if I could remove my top. Even though I’d been on that road for a few minutes, I’d had a couple of appreciative thumbs up and smiles from fellow drivers. Another few minutes passed by as I tried to decide. What’s wrong with me, I thought. I spend every day at work, naked with my colleagues and have sex with any of them. Nudity is second nature to me, I love the feeling of freedom and I love to be seen. So, why was I driving with my bikini top on or wondering if I should drive naked?

Imperceptibly, there were less and less vehicles on the road as the influence of the city grew smaller and urban sprawl, replaced by lush green fields. Another lorry rumbled by to my right, horn honking as the driver looked at me. Full of mischief, I accelerated to keep pace with him. Leaning forward a few inches, as I focussed on the road and traffic ahead of me, I reached behind my back and pulled at the bow that fastened my top. I felt it loosen and looked up at the lorry driver as I took hold of the strap around my neck and pulled my bikini top off to leave me naked.

Suddenly, the sensations of arousal intensified further, juices trickling faster from my pussy, clit and g-spot throbbing hard. The urge to cum was becoming impossible to ignore. The traffic had thinned considerably, allowing me to relax a little or to put it into other words, place the fingertips of my left hand on my clit and tease. Oh god, I moaned as I started to circle slowly, making sure that I could still focus on driving safely. There was around ten minutes to drive before I’d reach the next road intersection and thought I could cum there if I needed too. It felt as though I was sitting in a puddle of my juices and the smell of sex in the car was turning me on more.

I allowed one finger to penetrate between my pussy lips, causing me to moan and tense up when my pussy squeezed hard in response. As I let my finger move slowly in and out, I was amazed by how wet I felt and despite using only one finger, of how hard my pussy was squeezing onto it. I was only doing fifty miles per hour, which allowed many vehicles to pass and see my naked body, turning me on further. Another few miles travelled and the next intersection came into view, the traffic slowing down in front of me. I continued to masturbate, slowly moving my fingers in and out of my pussy but kept my focus on the quickly changing traffic conditions ahead.

Much to my surprise, the roundabout over the M4 only help me up by a few seconds and meant there was no chance for me to orgasm. Frustration radiated through my body as I pulled away from the roundabout, my pussy throbbing hard and demanding satisfaction. There was about forty minutes left to drive and endure the sensations of sexual frustration but then I saw salvation, a sign, one mile to a service station. My decision was made, I would stop there and masturbate.

Just over a minute later, I was pulling into the carpark of the service station, looking for a space away from prying eyes. I opened my windows fully, lay my chair back and plunged my fingers into my throbbing pussy as I opened my legs wide. As soon as my fingers penetrated between my pussy lips, I moaned with pleasure and gasped when my fingertips touched my g-spot. I was desperate, teasing hard and fast, with urgent desire, fingertips working my g-spot mercilessly. My pussy throbbed hard on my fingers, making me feel as though I’d cum with the next contraction. I manoeuvred my thumb onto my clit, gasping loudly as my body tensed and back arched. My eyes clamped shut, unable to breathe, until my pussy relaxed its grip on my body and I started to cum, squirting juices against the dashboard. Despite my clit being unbearably sensitive, I couldn’t resist teasing it with my fingers, hard for a few seconds, until I started to orgasm once again.

Breathing heavily, I gave myself a minute or more to come down from my orgasmic high and relax. I sat up and opened the car door. I’d parked in a quiet area of the carpark but still felt I should check if it was safe to get out of my car. I slipped off my flip-flops and stepped out of the car, the tarmacked ground was very hot, causing me to hop a little. I walked a few paces away from the car, exposing myself to anyone that decided to look in my direction. After a few seconds, I turned around and looked onto the driver seat, where I’d sat. It was no surprise to see a pool of juices had formed on the leather. Moving back to the car, I dipped my fingers into the puddle, coating them liberally with the juices before I put them in my mouth and sucked them. I loved the sweet taste of my juices but resisted the temptation of tasting more and brushed the puddle off the seat.

I took another few paces away from the car, in an act of defiant exhibitionism, before returning to the car and preparing to drive once more. With the engine running, flip-flops back on my feet, I took a glance down to my clit. Even though I’d cum very hard, I was surprised at just how swollen it looked as it poked proudly between my wet pussy lips. I looked at the clock on the dashboard, saw I had just under an hour to do the last leg of my journey, so pulled away from my parking spot and a minute later I was back on the A34, travelling south.

The feel of cool air on my bare skin, rushing through the car as I drove at sixty miles per hour was refreshing. Of course, as had happened before, drivers passing by, smiled and waved as they saw my naked body but I tried to stay in control and get to my destination on time. The miles seemed to pass by quickly, green fields replaced gradually by the buildings of the coastal city. Once off the A34 it was only a five-minute drive to my client’s office and hadn’t considered that I would arrive there naked. What if I was seen?

It was 11.16am when I turned into the office carpark of my client’s business. I looked for a spot away from the building but the only ones free, were the places designated for visitors, adjacent to the building. I chuckled, realising that I’d most likely be seen by workers in the offices. With that realisation, I decided there was little point attempting to hide that I’d driven naked. I pulled into the middle of five free space, thinking that I may as well give anyone who looks, as good view.

I opened the car door, kicked off my flip-flops, took a deep breath and got to my feet. Taking a few steps forward, the heat of the sunshine hit my body, I raised my arms and stretched. Forcing myself to avoid looking through the windows, into the offices, I turned back towards my car and opened the back door. Picking my shoes from the foot-well behind the driver’s seat, I placed them onto the floor in front of me and stepped into them as I bent over. Mischievous thoughts entered my head once more, realising what type of view onlookers might be getting from the offices, so held my pose for a few seconds before standing upright. Leaning forward, I picked my dress off the back seat and took three paces backwards. Taking my dress in both hands and pulled it over my head, allowing it to slide seductively down my body. I reached behind my back, pulled up the zip to my dress, stepped forward, picked up my laptop, locked the car and walked towards to office entrance.

Entering the building, the cool air-conditioned air made me shudder and gave me goose bumps. I decided to go to the bathroom and wash my pussy, before I saw my client, well aware that I smelled strongly of sex. The cool water felt refreshing on my pussy but as I rubbed it over my clit, along with soap, I couldn’t help letting out a moan of pleasure. I resisted the temptation to tease myself and was soon dry and presentable.

A few minutes later, I was introducing myself to my client, Adam Roulande, exchanging small talk about the weather and that I was hoping to go to the beach after meeting with his staff. We discussed his account, company finances and of what Adam expected would happen in the future, short and long term and of assistance I could give. Adam then took me to an adjoining office and introduced me to the latest additions to his accounts team.

Both girls smiled as if holding back a giggle. I smiled, realising as I looked out of the window that they had seen me but calmly said hello and, “I bet you saw me arrive? It was their turn to be embarrassed and saw their cheeks redden quickly. Adam introduced them as his two Irish runaways and once again, they laughed with embarrassment.

Sorcha was about 5’2, with short brown hair and brown eyes. At best, you would argue that her physique was curvy, being overweight but to most who chose to look, her most striking feature was her E cup breasts. Megan, by comparison was the same height, with same eye and hair colouring but her hair was longer, shoulder length. However, she was very slim and boobs that were very small. Both girls were dressed in similar clothes; shoes, knee length skirt, underwear and white, sleeveless blouse. When they eventually spoke, both had a lovely soft Irish accent that made you want them to keep talking. From the moment I saw them, I guessed that they were lesbians and girlfriends and was later proved to be right.

Adam stayed in the room for ten minutes as I ascertained their level of knowledge of the accounting procedures they would be using. Eventually, he told us he’d be back in an hour to see how we’d got on and then left us to it. From a shy beginning, the girls started to relax and wasn’t long before they became flirtatious. They told me that they left their home, in a small village in Southern Ireland, to escape the antagonism to their sexuality and that they’d been very lucky to find jobs where they could work together.

I’d kicked off my shoes and sat at the desk with my laptop in front of me, Sorcha sitting to my left and Megan my right. Each time I’d point out something, I’d feel an arm round my shoulder as one or both tried to get a better view of my laptop screen. My dress was mid-thigh length. Id ignored the way either of the girls had brushed their fingertips against the bare flesh of my legs and didn’t notice that the hem of my dress was gradually being pushed higher. For what I considered to be butch lesbians, their touch was incredibly seductive, accidentally brushing my long dark wavy hair, allowing their warm breath to tease my neck and fingertips to softly touch my thighs. I was getting very wet and my clit and g-spot throbbing hard.

“Was Mr Roulande winding us up? He told us, you and all your staff work naked,” Megan blurted out.

I laughed. It was a question which came out of the blue and surprised me a little but told them, it was true. Their eyes widened and asked question after question, from how many of us worked there, were they male or female and did we have sex. I told them that there were six females, other than myself and two males and that of course we had sex.

Tying to remain professional, I managed to guide the conversation back to work and complete every subject that I was required to before Adam returned.

“Are you going straight back home after you’re finished here,” Sorcha asked.

“No. I thought I’d go and find a beach and spend an hour or so there. I have my bikini in the car.”

Once more the girls’ eyes widened, suggesting I went to Eastney beach, where I’d have no need for my bikini. The idea of being naked on the beach really appealed to me and would be a first for me in England. Without thinking, I said it was disappointing that they couldn’t come with me. Before the conversation could develop further, the door opened and Adam came in. He asked how things had gone. I informed him of their progress and jokingly, suggested he allowed the girls to take the afternoon off, so they could show me the way to the beach. To our surprise, he agreed and a few minutes later we were on our way to my car.

The girls gave me the post code for their apartment, assuring me it was a five minute drive, having already told me that they walked to work each day. To my surprise, the girls both sat in the back seat but as I stared to drive, I could see why. Glancing into my rear view mirror, I watched them cuddle together and kiss passionately. I was still turned on from their attempts of subtle seduction in the office, so watching them kiss with such desire for the other made my clit throb harder.

Sure enough, it was less than five minutes journey to their apartment building and as soon as I parked the car, Sorcha suggested I went with them, instead of waiting in the car for them to get changed. The apartment itself was small, consisting of a living room and kitchen combined, a bathroom and bedroom. Sorcha and Megan went straight to the bedroom as I went to the bathroom.

“You can leave your dress here Joanna. We will put towels around us, until we get to the beach,” Megan said, as I walked back into the bedroom from the bathroom.

The girls stopped to look at me, standing side by side in their underwear, which consisted of lacy French knickers and lacy bras. I smiled, stopping a few steps away from them, kicked off my shoes, reached behind me, undid my dress and pulled it unceremoniously over my head and off, to leave me naked.

“Oh wow, your body looks so much better close. You looked amazing when we saw you get out of your car this morning but you’re exquisite to see now,” Megan said as she took off her bra.

I smiled, as I felt juices trickling from my pussy, down my thighs. I spread my arms out to the side and turned around slowly, allowing the girls to see my body completely and then, after handing my dress and shoes to Sorcha, left the room, sitting down, cross legged on the sofa.

Less than a minute later, the girls strode through the doorway, naked, Megan carrying three big beach towels. I was asked if I wanted to put on sun-cream but declined, arguing that I didn’t need any given my skin colouring and already well tanned. The girls turned to face the other. Sorcha took the bottle of cream and squirted several lines of cream down Meagan’s body before beginning to rub it over her pale Irish skin. The way she caressed her girlfriends body with her hands, it was obvious that Sorcha was trying to turn her on, looking at her hard nipples and the way she was breathing, her efforts were obviously working.

Watching Sorcha and Megan rub sun-cream on the other, was not only turning them on, my pussy was dribbling uncontrollably and acting as a magnet to my fingers. Without making a conscious decision to do it, the fingertips of my left hand moved onto my clit, circling with quickening pace. It wasn’t until I gasped as my pussy throbbed violently that the girls noticed. They had begun to kiss as they massaged the cream around the others pussy and tease their clit. It didn’t take long for them to start grinding themselves onto the others fingers and moaning as they kissed. As they heard my gasp of pleasure, the girls stopped kissing and turned to look in my direction. Their eyes widened but the sight of me masturbating as I watched them must have turned them on further because their fingers quickened to a blur on the others clit.

Suddenly, the room was filled by the sound of our moans of desperation. The familiar sensations of my pussy throbbing hard, were taking my breath away. Placing my feet on the sofa, I spread my legs further and plunged my fingers into my pussy, moving in and out, fucking myself hard and fast. An instant later, I saw Sorcha and then Megan tense, arching their backs and start to orgasm. I continued to finger fuck my pussy as I watched the girls enjoy their moment of orgasmic pleasure but as they started to relax, moved my fingers back to my clit. It took less than ten seconds for my body to react, gasping and squirting juices on to the floor as I started to cum.

“Oh my god, you squirt. That is so hot,” Sorcha exclaimed excitedly.

My clit throbbed hard as I squirted for a second time, juices splashing on the wooden floor by the girls bare feet and my knees clamped together instinctively, as if to say, no more, that’s enough for now.

There was a period of silence, none of us knowing what to do or say but once I’d recovered a little and sat upright, I chuckled, saying, “Time to get to the beach now that we’ve all cum.”

We laughed. Megan handed me a towel as I watched the girls wrap their towels around themselves. I got to my feet, unravelled the towel and wrapped it around my body. Sorcha moved to the kitchen area, picked up three bottles of water from the fridge and barefoot, we left the apartment and to my car.

It was no more than fifteen minutes to the beach carpark, the three of us talking excitedly about differing subjects but would return regularly to the topic of feeling the sun on our naked bodies. With the car locked, we started to walk down to the beach. The girls informed me that the first section of beach was for people wearing beachwear and that we had a half mile walk before we could take off our towels. The sand was warm, almost hot on our feet as we walked side by side along the shoreline. It was about 2.30 in the afternoon, the heat of the sun warming my flesh and soon felt beads of sweat trickling down my body. Considering it was a week day, I was surprised to see how many people were on the beach. Sorcha pointed out the clothing optional sign, about one hundred metres ahead of us and we laughed, noticing how the numbers on the beach swelled close to the clothing optional sign.

We walked another twenty to thirty metres, when I decided that people were on that part of beach to look onto the clothing optional section, so pulled off my towel as we continued to walk. Megan was the first to look at me, smile and pull off her towel, followed an instant later by Sorcha. By the time the three of us were naked, we were within thirty metres of the sign and as you’d expect, noticed by many others on the beach.

I was quite proud of my 5’6 athletic body and was never short of getting complimented, especially when I was naked but as we walked along the beach, it was obvious that eyes were focussed on Sorcha’s boobs and nothing else.

“Does Sorcha always get the attention,” I asked Megan as I lay my towel down on the sand.

Megan laughed. “It’s not Sorcha getting the attention. It’s her huge boobs. Mind you, they are nice and don’t sag yet.”

Walking along the shoreline, onto the naturist section of the beach, I was amazed at the number of naked people there were. My other experiences of nude beaches were in Australia and on those occasions, also week days, it’s fair to argue that the numbers were few and space to sunbathe, plentiful. On Eastney beach, there looked to be a sixty to forty split in favour of female nudists. Ages seemed to be that females were younger and males older but that was a generalisation. I smiled, looking into the sea, there was a man in his late fifties, stroking his hard cock furiously as he stood a few metres away from a younger couple lying in the sea, having sex. This could be an entertaining few hours, I thought.

Having put my towel down on the sand, I dropped to my knees and eased forward to lie on my front. The girls placed their towels, either side and adjacent to mine, lying down on their backs, seemingly as close to me as they could get but I thought nothing of them doing that. A few minutes of silence passed by as we all took time to relax and enjoy the heat of the sun on our bodies.

Sorcha broke the silence. “Do you squirt every time you cum? Megan and I never have.”

“I didn’t start squirting until I was seventeen but every girl can do it. You just need to know which button to press to begin with,” I replied.

The girls became excited at the idea of them being able to squirt and asked if I could teach them, suggesting that I stayed, spending the night with them. It made sense to stay. I’d need to drive home in rush hour traffic, if I travelled back that evening and that idea wasn’t very appealing when compared to sleeping with the girls and driving home the following day.

Thoughts of teaching the girls how to squirt entered my head. I felt my pussy throb a little but became more turned on when I felt fingertips running up and down the back of my thighs as both girls touched me. With my legs together, it wasn’t long before the seductive touch of the girls fingertips made my thighs clench together rhythmically, making my breathing heavier. It felt as though Sorcha and Megan were teasing me in perfect unison. Their fingers moved to the cheeks of my arse, tracing in circles, one working clockwise and the other anti-clockwise. As I felt fingertips run agonisingly slowly between my arse cheeks, I moaned and spread my legs apart invitingly, grinding my pussy against the towel.

“Do you always penetrate your pussy with your fingers, like you did earlier, when you masturbate? Megs and I have never done that,” Sorcha said.

I told her that it depended on my mood but generally, I liked the sensations that teasing my g-spot gives me, so there had to be penetration for that. Fucking with my fingers makes me cum but it’s gives a less intense orgasm.

“So, sex with the men at work isn’t as good as the girls,” Sorcha asked.

That was a difficult question to answer. There were occasions, where I didn’t cum from having sex with Andrew or Peter but always did when others were involved but I’d never argue that I didn’t enjoy sex with them, just that it didn’t satisfy me sometimes.

It was Megan’s turn to be curious. “Do you use protection? Do any of your staff have boyfriends or girlfriends or married?”

Both Andrew and Peter had girlfriends, who were staff members but once in the office, there were no sexual boundaries. That was part of the agreement we all made when we decided to take off our clothes at first. All girls in the office, apart from Anika, were on the pill. Anika was of Indian origin, married and four months pregnant. Sorcha and Megan’s eyes widened when I suggested it was unlikely to be Anika’s husband’s child because they only had sex once a month but she fucked both Andrew and Peter once per day, she had an insatiable sexual appetite.

The fingers of Sorcha and Megan hadn’t stopped moving on my body, caressing the cheeks of my arse and down to the lips of my pussy.

“Would they make us pregnant too? We want children,” Sorcha said.

I suggested that the girls came to the midlands for a holiday, stay with me and Andrew and Peter could fuck them every day at the office.

As forty minutes passed by, I pushed myself up onto my knees, allowing juices to trickle from my pussy before I turned over and lie down on my back. Within a minute, I felt the flesh of my breasts being explored by the fingertips of Sorcha and Megan. I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensations radiating through my body. I bit my lip, feeling the girls fingertips circling the areola of each nipple and felt juices run faster from my pussy.

Reaching up, I covered Megan’s hand with mine, guiding it off my breast, down my stomach and onto my wet pussy. I moaned as I used her fingers to tease my pussy lips. Easing Megan’s fingers up and down my lips, I then pressed two of her fingers into my pussy. Looking at her face, I watched her reacting as my pussy throbbed and squeezed as her fingers pushed deeper inside.

Breathing heavily, obviously turned on, Megan said, “Oh my god Jo. That feels so intense how your pussy is squeezing my fingers.”

She paused and continued, “We have never kissed another girl or boy.”

I turned my head and smiled. She was already lying on her left side, still with her fingers in my pussy, exploring, circling inside, so I rolled to my right. I put my left arm around her, moved my head towards Megan’s and tenderly kissed her lips. Pulling away a few inches, she smiled before I moved forward again, running my tongue along her lips. I tensed, feeling her fingertips on my g-spot, my pussy throbbing harder in response. Megan opened her mouth instinctively and I wasted no time, exploring her tongue with mine.

“Wow. I never thought I’d be turned on as much as I am, seeing Megs snogging another girl and fingering her,” I heard Sorcha say.

I was surprised to feel the intimacy and passion in her response to my kiss, her nerves disappearing in seconds and allowing herself to be lost in the moment. It would have been easy to have allowed our passion to develop and have sex, she had her fingers in my pussy but I wanted to kiss Sorcha too.

Rolling onto my back, I broke off my kiss with Megan. She moaned with disapproval as I took hold of her wrist and eased her fingers away from my pussy. I told her to wait as I turned onto my left side and lifted my right knee. Reaching between my open legs, I took hold of her hand and guided her fingers back to my pussy lips. I watched Sorcha’s eyes look between our bodies and heard her gasp as she saw Megan’s fingers slide into my pussy.

“Keep fucking me Megan or teasing my g-spot now you’ve found it. I like it. Make me cum.” I said.

An instant later, Sorcha moved forward, placing her open mouth on mine, immediately swirling her tongue with desperation and urgency on mine. Megan moved closer to me and began kissing the back of my neck as her fingers moved in and out of my pussy while I kissed her girlfriend. Sorcha’s tongue slowed, making the kiss more seductive and passionate.

We heard a voice from a few metres away, “Excuse me. It is the etiquette here to move to the shoreline to have sex.”

I pulled away from Sorcha to look at who was talking to us. Megan however, continued to move her fingers in and out of my pussy as my body responded, bucking against her. There was a tall elderly man, I guessed in his seventies, standing close to our feet, sporting a fully erect cock, which I’ll admit looked to be quite big, given he had no pubic hair.

I looked at him and said, “Well, I’m as turned on as your cock looks to be. I’m going to have sex with these two gorgeous girls. I have to make them cum. Feel free to watch.”

Pushing both girls away, I got up onto my knees, facing the girls. I looked at Megan and saw her chest rising and falling as she breathed heavily. Reaching to my left, I encouraged her to bend her legs and part them. Having made eye contact, I moved to my left and between her feet. Megan parted her knees, invitingly further, making it impossible to resist lowering myself on top of her. My tongue met hers as our open mouths met, kissing passionately. I felt Megan wrap her legs around me as my pussy pressed against hers and I spread my legs a little.

Our tongues swirled together seductively, allowing passions to be fuelled further, as I rotated my hips in circles, grinding against her pussy. The more I ground against her, the further apart I felt our pussy lips spread, exposing our clits gradually. Megan began to respond, pushing up against me. I felt Megan lift her knees higher, towards her chest, enabling me to open my legs further. Circling my hips faster, harder and wider, my clit exposed and began to rub against Megan’s.

Within an instant of our clits touching, we stopped kissing as desperation took over from controlled seduction. Breathing harder and harder, it took only a few seconds before both Megan and I began to moan. Circular movements with my hips, altered subtlety to ones where I pounded hard, with a quickening desperate rhythm. I felt Megan respond, her hands clutching my arse cheeks, encouraging me to pound harder.

“Harder Jo. I’m so close. Fuck me,” Megan moaned desperately.

With my pussy throbbing, it was getting hard to focus on satisfying Megan and simply cuming myself. With her words in my head, I pounded my pussy hard onto hers and after about thirty seconds, Megan’s back arched, legs wrapped tight around me as she started to orgasm. Her moans of pleasure were all I needed to send me over the edge and continued to pound on her but with desperation to cum. Suddenly, my pussy contracted hard and a second later I was squirting over Megan.

I slumped on top of Megan but before I had chance to relax and come down from my orgasm, I heard Sorcha say it was her turn. I felt Sorcha pull me away from Megan and push me onto my back. There was no time for me to think, Sorcha straddling my head, pushing her pussy against my mouth.

Opening my mouth, I ran my tongue up and down Sorcha’s pussy lips before plunging deep, fast and hard into her. As my tongue penetrated between her pussy, I felt Sorcha’s body tense and heard her gasp. I moved my hands to caress her plump, curvaceous arse cheeks as my tongue moved in and out of her pussy, five slow strokes, followed by five fast. Continuing the slow then fast rhythm in and out of her pussy, it wasn’t long before she started to buck her hips in response. Her moans were developing quickly as I moved my hands up her body to her breasts, caressing them gently.

I was surprised how wet Sorcha was, sweet juices on my tongue and trickling steadily into my mouth and wondered why she hadn’t squirted before when she’d cum. Sorcha was straddling my head with her arse facing away from me, allowing me to see the look of pleasure on her face. She gasped as I took her clit between my teeth, pulling it gently before flicking my tongue across it. Her back arched, pushing her pussy hard against my mouth and I guessed she was close to climaxing. I sucked hard on her clit, released and sucked again, repeating in a quickening rhythm. Sorcha tensed, gasped and an instant later started to cum.

Sorcha knelt motionless for a while, her pussy dribbling juices onto my lips and face, until she eventually moved. She eased herself backwards, until her knees straddled my waist and then bent down to kiss me tenderly on the lips. A few seconds later, Sorcha was lying on her towel beside me, the three of us lying face up, naked and enjoying the afternoon sun.

Time ticked by. Looking lazily at my watch, I saw it was 4.30 and suggested we should go back to the car as we’d had enough time in the sun. As we stood up, I noticed the numbers on the beach had thinned out a little. We picked up our towels, shook them free of sand and the girls started to wrap theirs around themselves before we started to walk back to the car. I told them I was going to carry my towel and walk as far as I could, naked. Sorcha and Megan giggled but immediately pulled off their towel and said, “Let’s go.”

As we had earlier, we walked side by side along the sand but this time, with me between the two girls. Within a minute, we’d gone past the sign, advising normal beach attire was required but we continued to walk naked. Our exhibitionist instincts were running on over-drive, taking the most direct path towards the carpark, walking between people who were still on the beach. It was impossible not to enjoy the attention we were getting, however there were as many bad comments as there were good. The closer to the carpark we got, the more people there were and as if reading the others thoughts, the three of us took our towels and wrapped them around ourselves to cover up.

Five minutes later we reached the carpark and soon in the car, heading back to Sorcha and Megan’s flat. As we crawled along through the rush hour traffic, we chatted and laughed about the days events. Suddenly, we heard an audible rumble from Megan’s stomach, making us chuckle when she announced that she was hungry. Sat in a queue of traffic, the smell from a nearby Fish and Chip shop wafted through the car, wetting our appetite and was no surprise when Sorcha suggested we could get some to eat.

The girls argued that the best place for Fish and Chips was over the road from where they lived, with Megan joking that we could even eat them there and not taking them back to the flat. Dressed in nothing but a towel, I thought buying the Fish and Chips as a takeaway, we could get away with but eating them there, might be stretching our luck a little. However, the more we discussed it and closer we got to the girls flat, the more excited Sorcha and Megan became, almost demanding that we did it. I was still wet and turned on from having sex on the beach with the girls, my pussy throbbing intensely with thoughts of doing what the girls wanted.

Rush hour traffic meant that it took a further ten minutes before we could see the Fish and Chip shop and the building where the girls lived and was advised to park in the carpark adjacent to the girls flat. It was barely a fifty metre walk across the road to the Chip shop, the intoxicating smell of the food wafting towards us on the gentle breeze. With the car parked, my heart racing with excitement, I picked up my purse and prepared to walk, wearing nothing more than a towel, to the shop with the girls.

I was surprised how warm the floor was on my bare feet given that it was after five in the afternoon. Sorcha and Megan walked, holding hands, a few steps ahead of me. Suddenly, the traffic stopped and the girls changed direction to cross the road, running between the stationary vehicles. As I followed, I felt my towel loosen around my breasts and a further step later, dropping off my body. Without stopping, I grabbed it just before it hit the ground but not in time to prevent my body from being exposed. Slowing to a walk as I reached the middle of the road, I smiled at a driver who gave an appreciative wolf whistle when he saw my exposed body. My heart pounded with excitement but resisted the temptation of staying nude longer than I needed, wrapping the towel around my body as I continued towards the opposite side of the road. Sorcha and Megan had witnessed my towel dropping off and laughed loudly while the waited on the curb-side for me to catch up with them. Within a few seconds I’d joined them on the pavement and we’d continued the short walk towards the Chip shop.

We walked into the Fish and Chip shop less than a minute later, to be asked, within seconds, if we’d been to the beach for the day. There were a few customers waiting to be served, in the takeaway queue but apart from a middle aged couple sat waiting on one of the tables, the eating in section was extremely quiet and lacking patrons. Megan and I meandered our way to an empty table while Sorcha went to the counter to order our food.

As soon as Sorcha sat down at the table, adjacent and to my right, Megan and her started to discuss when they might be able to take time off work and visit me. I sat quietly, listening to the girls, enjoying the seductive sound of their Irish accent. Just hearing them talk, would have been enough to make me wet but surreptitiously, the girls slipped a hand under the table and started to run their fingertips up each of my thighs. as they had done at the office that morning, the girls were seducing me with effortless ease, encouraging my legs to open as their fingers teased higher. Even when our Fish and Chips arrived, five minutes after we’d sat down, the girls continued to tease.

“Sorcha, slide your fingers inside. It was so intense on the beach, how Jo’s pussy squeezed on my fingers.”

An instant after Megan whispered those words across the table, Sorcha’s hand disappeared under my towel and I felt two of her fingers penetrate deep into my pussy. My eyes closed as my body reacted and I choked a little on a chip that I was chewing.

“Oh my fucking god Megs! You were right. And she’s so wet.”

Sorcha only allowed her fingers to slide in and out of me for twenty or thirty seconds, before pulling them out slowly. I watched her look at her glistening fingers, beneath the edge of the table and my body, then as if she couldn’t resist, raised her hand to her mouth, before plunging her fingers inside. There was a look of pleasure in her eyes as I watched her tongue swirl around her fingers, tasting my juices. I’d tried my best to be as nonchalant as I could be, continuing to eat my food, one mouthful after another but the truth was that I couldn’t take much more. My eyes clamped shut, once more. My body responding to the sensation of Megan’s fingers entering my pussy.

Although, having the table as cover, kept her actions relatively discrete, Megan was far less subtle than Sorcha had been. She pulled at the towel, exposing my stomach, thighs and pussy, allowing me, as I looked down, to see her fingers fucking me. I made myself look away, trying to continue eating as her fingers moved faster and faster but when I felt her thumb flick across my clit. I had to bite hard on my lower lip to stop myself from moaning. I’d not realised how much I was responding, legs open and hips bucking against her fingers as I tried to eat.

With time passing by quickly, the shop was filling quickly with patrons queuing for takeaway Fish and Chips and with those eating at the tables and it was no surprise to see most looking at Sorcha, Megan and I sat there in our towels.

My pussy throbbed harder and harder, squeezing Megan’s fingers as they continued to fuck me faster. As I raised my fork with more food towards my mouth, I let out a moan of pleasure. I knew I was getting close to orgasming and it was with some relief when Megan pulled her fingers away from me and began to taste them.

“God Jo, you taste absolutely divine,” Megan said.

“Her towel will come off if you keep fucking her Megs,” Sorcha said as she laughed.

Fortunately, all three of us were close to finishing eating and I thought that I could resist their seduction until we got back to their flat. However, the exhibitionist side of me wanted my towel to fall off again and although Megan or Sorcha made no attempt to continue touching me, I made no attempt to cover my pussy with the towel. I was the first to empty my plate, followed by Sorcha and finally Megan but as I took a mouthful of my drink, I felt Sorcha’s toes run up and down my left foot. The girls must have had some sort of telepathic understanding because an instant after Sorcha’s toes touched my one foot, Megan’s touched the other. It took less than ten seconds of the girls toes running up and down my bare feet for my pussy to contract hard, my back to arch and for me to gasp. Two seconds later, my hips thrust forward involuntarily and juices from my pussy were splashing onto the floor as I began to cum.

Sorcha and Megan stood up and without saying a word started walking to the exit. It took a few seconds for my senses to recover and a few more for my thighs to regain enough strength for me to be able to stand. By the time I’d walked through the exit of the Fish and Chip shop, the girls were already half way across the road. I walked quickly towards the road and when I noticed a gap in the traffic, ran across the road. As soon as I picked up pace, a gust of wind hit my towel, ripping it away from my body. Not breaking stride, I reached down with my right hand, grabbing the towel just before it hit the floor. I made no attempt, on this occasion to cover up, continuing to run towards the girls apartment building, catching up with Sorcha and Megan when they were about fifteen metres from the apartment door. To my surprise, they pulled off their towels and ran with me to the door.

We hurried across the foyer and entered the lift. As soon as the lift doors closed the three of us began to exchange passionate kisses but with us only going up two floors, there was little time before the doors were opening and we were hurrying to the girls flat for a night of lustful threesome, lesbian sex.