Miss Nude Pie 2006

by froghills Â©

There is nothing like being naked!

I could smell her the minute she walked into Captain Bob's Bar and Grille.

It was the unmistakable smell of a luscious pussy in heat. She was wearing

a pretty pale yellow, spaghetti strapped sundress, and her tan was a

perfectly golden match. Intuition told me that was all she was naked under

that thin cotton garment. It was obvious that she was braless, but the

knickers were absent primarily in my imagination. When she sauntered by my

table I knew she was on the prowl, and that gorgeous ass was swinging with

a "fuck me full of babies" lilt.

Every eye in the joint was following her; even the women were entranced by

the pheromones wafting through the air, and her subtle, expensive, perfume

totally overpowered the pungent smell of burning onions on Captain Bob's

flattop grill.

I guessed she was in her mid twenties, maybe thirty and definitely the

type of girl who jazzercised every day at the local woman's club. Her

calves were a textbook example of a stair stepping queen, and the lift of

her cork platform sandals gave her legs that round muscular look similar

to five-inch stilettos.

My eyes drifted upward along her long, smooth, tanned legs while my mind

pictured her pussy; I just knew she had one of those Brazilian bikini

waxes that make licking and sucking a woman such a treat. I was getting

wood thinking of the nasty and unnatural things I would make her do when I

bedded her. The thought of running my tongue from her navel down that flat

belly and through the slit of her wet and throbbing cunt was only

surpassed by the image of my face buried between her cheeks sucking on her

asshole.

She passed through the dinning area leaving stiff cocks, and wet pussys in

her wake. The couple sitting next to me were both ogling her. I could tell

they were fantasizing about an orgy of slippery girl flesh, and how they

would take turns using her to pleasure themselves.

She swung her ass in time with her long blonde ponytail, as she strode out

the back door of Captain Bob's, and then took a seat like royalty at the

tiki bar overlooking Banana Beach. Banana Beach, sometimes called "Bare

Ass Beach", runs all the way north to the hedonistic resort, Club Corito.

Club Corito is the anchor attraction for Corn Island, but the locals

prefer Captain Bob's, whose owner is rumored to be a retired pot smuggler;

one of the lucky ones who didn't get busted by the federalies or wasted by

some psychotic cocaine cowboy drug lord trying to takeover the business.

Everybody on the island loves his place; the tiki bar is packed every

night for the fabulous sunsets and the tall, cool, rum drinks, a few of

the Captain's Rum Runners will take your worries away and along with your

better judgment. As the sun sets, you can watch the lovers slipping into

the coconut palm paths; the local girls of the evening use these coral

lined nooks to administer blowjobs for the tourist dudes, normally a

bargain at twenty dollars, American.

A cool summer breeze was beginning to blow into Bob's place, along with

the sunset crowd, so I picked up my drink and cruised out to claim my spot

at the tiki bar before it filled up. Blondie, the main attraction for this

evening, was sipping her drink and spinning one of the little umbrellas

Captain Bob puts in every drink, even cokes. As I slid onto the rattan

barstool next to her I said, is this seat taken? Blondie grinned and said,

nope, not yet, guess you're the lucky stiff tonight. Stiffy was more like

it. She swung her head around to face me and pushed her Wayfarer's down

her nose, and then she winked. God what a pair of eyes; they were emerald

green and had a brilliance that was eerie. I caught myself staring and

mumbled; Contest, what kind of contest is it?

She held out her hand as if it were to be kissed, and politely said, hello

my name is Lisa. I said, hi Lisa, it is a pleasure to meet you, my name is

Richard, but everyone calls me Rich.

I leaned in and jokingly whispered, you've put a spell on everyone in

Bob's place tonight. How so, she answered, making a little kissing sound

on her cocktail straw? I took a long pull off my Morgan and Coke, and just

smiled at her. She noticed my cool and crossed her legs letting the shear

sundress slide up her thighs a bit, and then began kicking her leg to the

beat of the salsa music coming from the combo.

She was so fucking perfect; the strappy little sandal that hung from her

foot drew attention to a single silver ring on her second toe. I began to

wonder if she was pierced, I'm not sure why, but I was hopping she had a

ring or a barbell through her clit so I could toy with it.

Are you here for the resort up the beach, I asked? She nodded, sipping

from her drink, then said, of course! I'm here for the big contest! She

looked in my eyes like I was supposed to know what the hell contest she

was talking about, but I live on the other side of Corn Island and rarely

follow the doings at Club Corito.

THE BIG CONTEST she said, you know the "Miss Nude Pie" contest, haven't

you ever heard of it silly? She smiled at my surprise and shifted her legs

to let that her sundress ride just a little further up her lean tanned

thigh. I gulped and said, I have, but I never thought it would be held

here on Corn Island. Not many of the locals, or the local expatriates, pay

much attention to Club Corito; we just prey on the sluttish women that

stray beyond its all-inclusive gates. Lisa was no stray; she was hot. Not

like your normal pudgy, bleached blonde, swinger from San Diego.

She asked me Richard, would you like to come to the event; I have one more

pass to give away? I couldn't think of anything to say except, sure, I'd

would love to come and watch you. Well then Richard, its settled, I'll

make sure you get your VIP pass so you can sit right up front and cheer

with my team. I took a sip of my drink and asked her, would you like to

take a walk down the to the kokomo, I'll show you some of the sights you

won't get to see at the resort? Lisa replied, I would love to; I've heard

a lot of stories about the "Kocomo", and laughed. She hopped down from the

stool and bent over to take her sandals off for the walk, and when she

did, the sundress did its magic; I was graciously treated to a quick view

of her 34D breasts. Her nipples were dark and thick, and they sat high on

her golden mounds. There were no tan lines to be seen on Ms. Lisa. She

caught me leering and giggled, Richard what are you looking at?

Well fellow pie enthusiasts, I think you will agree, you can have all the

nudist resorts, and nudist contests you want, but there will never be

anything to take the place of peeking down a girls blouse or up her skirt

to turn a guy on.

We headed down to the beach and mingled with the tourist in the sand

waiting for the big event. Sunsets in the tropics are truly awesome; the

colors of the distant storm clouds mix with the deep blue Caribbean ocean

and meet in a most unusual combination of light. Lisa and I scuffled

through the sand bumping shoulders and chatting about the natural beauty

of Corn Island, and we told each other little things about our selves; you

know, enjoying that time between meeting and involvement.

Around this part of Banana Beach you see the real island, lots of colorful

stilted beach houses made in the Jamaican fashion. We could see the small

fires burning in the yards and faintly hear reggae music playing on an old

boom box in the background. The intoxicating smell of grass was in the air

under the coco palms.

Captain Bob's was fading into the distance as we came to one of the coral

out-croppings that separate Banana Beach from Playa Bonita. You can make

your way around the point on the reef if you want to risk cutting your

feet, or you can cut across the hill on a path that is frequented by

passionate couples.

I quietly told Lisa, now keep your eyes open for lovers in the nooks along

the path. Lisa whispered; I hope we get to peek at somebody doing it! I

told her, baby you'll see more than you can imagine on this kocomo.

Just about then we heard a whimper off to the right of the path; when we

looked through the bamboo thicket, there knelt one of the local girls

earning her pay by sucking off a middle-aged gringo. She had his whole

cock down her throat and was mauling is balls at the same time. His shinny

dick was thick and pulsing as she pumped it with her mouth. By the sound

coming from the gringo it wouldn't be long before he would be blowing his

sperm down her throat. As he got closer to spewing, the girl pulled back

on his veined cock, only the head was left her hot mouth. She jacked his

hardon and squeezed his balls as he unloaded his cum in her mouth and on

her face, then she rubbed his dick over her lips and chin giving herself a

facial that you might only see in a porn flick. Globs of white cream ran

down her neck and onto her bare tits, and the moonlight caught it all for

Lisa to see. Oh my god, she moaned, that was fucking awesome! I told her,

wait baby; there will be more, you'll see.

As we crested the little hill that separates the beaches we saw a couple

fucking in the shadows. We thought it was just a normal couple getting it

on in the bushes when the unmistakable sound of two men and one woman

became clear. I grabbed Lisa's hand and yanked her off the path; we

crouched low by some bushes to peep. I said, Lisa lets watch this, its

gonna be freaky. We had a perfect view of the little clearing where the

trio was engaging in a three way cum festival.

The woman was on her hands and knees with a large black man behind her,

most likely a local dude. The other man was under her in a sixty-nine

position begging the black guy to fuck her cunt full of sperm; the local

dude was obliging and using his ebony pole to stretch her cunt to the

limit. They made lewd, smacking, sounds as his full nut sack slapped her

ass and the white boy's face at the same time. He was tearing her ass up

and pounding his meat in and out of the little white harlot's dripping

cunt.

Lisa was gripping my arm like a vise and breathing hard and fast. I could

smell her pussy getting hot and lathered, and it was clear her labia were

swelling up. When she reached under her skirt in the moonlight, I caught a

glimpse of her hairless crotch with a pretty little silver ring dangling

from her clit.

Lisa, made some unprintable sounds as she stroked herself and watched the

bottom guy lick this beautiful bitches pussy while the black guy was

pounding her ass, we could see him move back and lick the dudes cock and

balls when it slid in and out of her slut's hole. As he sucked, we heard

him say, please, please cum in her, I want to eat your nasty fucking cream

pie. Just about then Lisa squeezed my hand and moaned, is he gonna shoot!

Right at that moment the black guy pulled his huge dripping dick out of

the whore and fired his steaming load on the cuckold's face. The lucky

cuck licked his lips, her hole, and the black guy's dick while the light

of the moon gave his spunk-covered face an eerie glow.

Lisa had been on the verge of cumming while watching the show. She looked

at me and smiled a very wicked grin, and then pulled her hand out her

gushing twat and straightened her dress. Let's get out of here, she

groaned, I recognize that guy, he's one of the judges for the contest,

don't let him see me. We half ran down the hill to the beach laughing and

swatting each other, and joking about cream pies. She was howling with

laughter and said, Richard, that whore was another contestant named Shelly

Ann! Probably bribing the judge!

Lisa confided in me that having a man go down on her after she took a load

of cream was a fantasy that she had masturbated to for years, and that

kissing a guy with cum on his lips from her previous lover was her go to

fantasy for a sure orgasm. Hey, no problem here, I've munched more cum

filled cunt than I can count.

As we walked down the playa we naturally fell into a leisurely pace and

were holding hands like high school lovers. The sound of the gentle waves

and the warm tropical breezes was doing its thing for Lisa. She stopped

and looked up in my eyes, and then she gave me our first kiss. Standing

back and twirling like a ballerina, she said, Richard, tell me that you

like what you see, do you think I'm hot? She chuckled, am I a ten? I could

only smile and pull her into my arms. I loved feeling those perfect

breasts on my chest and the smell of her golden hair in my face. I

whispered in her ear, Lisa, I think you're the most beautiful woman I've

ever met; I may be falling for you.

She stepped back and stared at me with a very curious expression on her

face, then reached behind her back and pulled the zipper of that gauzy

yellow sundress. She shook her body and it fell to the sand, then she

said, almost asking permission, Richard, can we have sex on the beach? I

closed the distance between us and wrapped her exquisite body in my arms

and kissed her deep and hard. Our tongues met in her honey-moistened mouth

and we exchanged the fluids of love for the first time.

She took my hand and brought me down to the sand where she spread her

sundress for us to lie on, I took off my shirt and she added it to the

pile to give us a place to fuck. In the light of the full moon her golden

body looked like a magazine fantasy, pure sex. When she laid back she

lifted her tiny little foot for me to kiss and I started my tongue's

journey down her long luxurious leg to her hairless, swollen, gushing,

slit.

Lisa's smell and looks are unforgettable, but she definitely has the

sweetest pussy juice of any female I have ever enjoyed. Playing across her

silver piercing with my tongue made her throbbing clit stand at attention.

I held her legs up and began to lick her body from ass to belly button,

and just as I had imagined, she was delicious.

There was a rush of pleasure with ever inch of her body, the little golden

hairs that ran from her naval were tender and not more than peach fuzz.

She begged me to suck her clit and make her cum, but I was lost in the

taste of her body and didn't want this exploration to end to soon. Lisa

grabbed me by my hair and pleaded, please Richard, please let me cum, lick

my clit, suck it hard, I'll do anything you say, just let me cum, fucking

please.

I trailed my tongue down along her belly and through the crease of her

leg, I kissed the tendons that lie next to her vulva, and then dipped my

tongue gently into her drenched slit. As I ran it up and down her labia, I

watched her clit twitch and swell while I hummed my approval into her sex

slit, then I attacked her clitoris with little bites and some full

suction. I swathed my tongue across her clit as she pushed up with just

the right amount of pressure and started to heave and arch her torso. The

strength of her orgasm made her sculpted body rippled with wave after wave

of red-hot orgasm.

As she descended from the peak of ecstasy I had to move my lips away from

her tender clit and just enjoy the nectar pouring out of her love hole. I

let her rest for a few minutes before I commanded, get on your hands and

knees little kitten; you're my pussy now! It was possessed like an animal

in rut, my cock was iron hard and my balls were ready to send a tsunami of

cum crashing up her cervix, flooding her ovaries. I had a doggie style

grip on her sweating hips and got ready to strike with my baby making

machine gun. I was sure it would be twins, maybe triplets.

She laughed and slipped from my clutches like a hairless cheetah covered

in KY, then she took off down Playa Bonita on the run.

The evening moonlight glimmering off her sweating, nude, body, and made

every muscle from her neck to her ankles flex and quiver. The hollows of

her ass, just below her boyish hips, rippled as she sprinted for the surf.

Jeering me, she turned and yelled; you'll have to catch me to fuck me

daddy! Seeing her naked body, diving in to the crystal clear Caribbean,

was a scene right out of a wet dream. She slid under the water and swam

away like a nude mermaid silently streaking over the sugar white sand.

I ran as fast I could and dove in after Lisa, as I glided over her back

and my bone ran along the split of that perfect ass. The waters off Corn

Island are indescribable; the ocean is body temperature and gin clear. I

swept her into my arms to kiss her ears and begged her, Lisa, I got to

fuck that pussy baby, please let me it, please. Lisa was simmering hot,

and the heat off her thighs was warming my waist with legs around me and

locked at her ankles. The tip of my blood engorged cock was just at the

slick opening of her honey hole, I was ready to plunge it to the hilt and

fuck it in and out of her lava hot cunt while sucking those bullet hard

nipples. I waned to plant my seed in the back of her womb. Lisa wrapped

her arms around my neck and took me into her body softly, hissing,

Richard, fuck my pussy, tonight this whore belongs to you baby, do me.

With the tempo of the tropical waves we fucked each other with a silent

ease; our passion was hard and relentless, her velvet pussy gripped and

clutched my steel calling my sperm from the primeval depths to be

injected, with all my strength, up her cunt. My pulsing rod came like a

cannon, shot after shot of hot cream splashed up her hole to fill her

cervix. Our intermingled juices were lubricating her slit as we rocked

back and forth locked together at the crotch and our tongues entangled.

She threw the sundress over her shoulder and we walked back to Banana

Beach naked. Most of the people along the beach just stared and nodded as

they took in this exceptional beauty and eyed her swollen and leaking

slit. It was parted oozing fuck juice down her thighs. Maybe there was

something to this nudist lifestyle that I hadn't understood, Lisa plainly

loved the looks and smiles of the men and women that admired her

nakedness. She returned their knowing smile like a true exhibitionist.

As we neared Captain Bob's place she reached down and drug two fingers

through her sopping trench and held them up for me to lick, Then slipped

her sandy yellow sundress over her body and kissed me good-bye, but it

wasn't a goodbye kiss. The next day a VIP pass to the Miss Nude Pie

contest was hand delivered to my cabaÃ±a by a Club Cerrito employee. I had

seat ten, front row! The messenger told me that the first row seats were

reserved for the press and the team members. Team member?

I have to admit though that Club Corito was well done. They have tropical

gardens, several pools and tubs, and lots of little shops and services.

Everyone was naked in some respect; some topless women, but most of the

guests were totally nude. Being nude is easy for me; I never minded

showing my ass.This place had reputation for some hot parties and huge

orgies, so I was in meet and greet mode. The beach is fantastic and the

resort has set aside two areas for the public to enjoy, you could go

anywhere where you wanted but the main division was the nudes vs. the

prudes. The Pie Eating contest was on the nude side and there was a strict

rule of required nudity past the warning sign that said; "Nude Beach,

warning, you may encounter public displays of affection"

A low, wide, stage was set up with the ocean as the backdrop. Some other

pie competitions and preliminary events had been held during the day, but

the final five contestants would compete at sunset. I was amazed how many

seats there were; maybe close to a thousand. The chairs had been set up in

a shallow semi circle around the stage, and were half taken by the

revelers.

I made my way to the front row and watched while a few maintenance men

were mopping something on the stage and straightening the equipment out

for the main event. There was a chair like contraption and a tall bench,

covered in leather, in the middle of the stage. Off to the left was a fold

out table and five chairs; a sign on the table skirt said "Judges".

The arena was filling up and the sun was getting low in the sky. The other

nine seats in our section were slowly becoming occupied with a nice

looking selection of young guys who all shook my hand and introduced them

selves to each other. I couldn't remember any of their names, but I told

them I was Richard but they could call me Rich. The "team" was in good

shape and had some fine swinging meat between their legs. I elbowed the

guy next to me and asked, are you with Lisa's crew? He said, sure aren't

you? Yes I guess so, I said. He began laughing and said, shit man you got

the top job on the team, how'd you do it?

Bill, my new teammate, told me that Lisa needed nine volunteers for the

style and pie event, and one guy for the final judging. He slapped my

shoulder and said, damn man; you're the lucky stiff tonight, then he

pointed to my swelling dick and chuckled. Relax Richard; this is going to

be a real cum festival.

The Master of Ceremonies hushed the crowd, and said Welcome to the thirty

sixth Miss Nude Pie Contest. We are ready for the final event of the

contest. These final five contestants are here tonight to compete for the

honor of being crowned "Miss Nude Pie 2006".

The crowd clapped and you could hear some whistling and a few lewd

comments while the contestants entered the stage. They were five very

appealing women, I thought maybe contestant number three, could have been

porn star I'd seen in a bukaki film. Lisa our princess was in the front of

the line, she looked perfect. She had been given a rubdown, a duesch, and

a waxing to freshen her up after the pie-throwing event earlier.

The MC called her name and Lisa strode out on the stage like naked whore.

She pointed her finger and stuck out her tongue to the guy in seat one,

and then mounted the leather bench, and assumed the doggie position. The

lead off hitter (guy in seat number one) walked up and stood right behind

her slick oiled ass. Her pussy was smooth and almost the color of a peach.

There was a glow from the oil on her skin and the stage lights showed her

pussy juice where her lips parted. Pie man number one ran his cock up and

down her slit and prepared to fill her hole full of cream.

No. One was pretty hung, eight inches and a good thick shaft; it looked

totally hot watching him fuck in and out of Lisa's puffed up pussy lips.

Bill leaned over and said, the object is for each guy to shoot as much as

he can and not get it all over her crotch. They take off points for wasted

pie.

Lisa's stud was fucking her in a nice easy pace, you don't want to wear

yourself out to early, and there was a lot of cock to go. No. One's nut

sack tightened and we could see the veins swell out on his shaft and his

ass cheeks clench. He was a heavy cummer, and he could fill a shot glass.

Lisa fucked all nine of these guys like a pro; she cheated no one. She

fucked each one in a separate position and only lost a couple of points

from dribbling sperm onto the bench. It was apparent that Ms. Lisa was the

crowd's favorite; many people new her and the cheers and whistles were

constant.

With a ballerina move, she spun and took her place in the chair like

devise. The audience roared to its feet; she was spread eagle and sopping

wet. The body oil, the cum and the pussy juice boiling in her fuck hole

was a smoldering mess.

Lisa held up her finger to signal for the crowd to hush, the said, No.

Ten, on stage please. Her green eyes were glazed and she had a sweet smile

of satisfaction on her face. She'd been fucked, and fucked the just the

way she liked it. Now was the moment of her triumph and she had the calm

and confident demeanor of a winner.

The crowd was silenced as I stumbled to the stage. I was directed to kneel

in front of the chair where Lisa's legs were perched in their stirrups.

Her legs were on either side of my head and her drenched, fucked, sperm

soaked cunt was right in my face. There was almost not wasted pie on

Lisa's thighs or ass; she had done an amazing job holding all that spunk

in her hole. Right below her clit you could see it begin to emerge like

sweet cream from a pastry bag. Her labia were fat and distended and the

tip of her clit was totally exposed. She was ripe, she had all the cum she

could hold.

When the judges told the timekeeper to start the count down, she looked

down at my face, smiled and said, get it all baby; clean your whore good,

suck my cunt, make me Miss Nude Pie 2006.

Out of the loud speakers I heard the MC announce: "ready, get set, on the

mark..."