My Naked Days

by finally99Â©

Years ago, I had a female friend who I was very close with. We had met on the

East Coast when we were both in graduate school but then lost sight of each

other for a couple of years since we both moved to different cities. Chance had

it that we ended up in the same city, the lovely San Diego where we began an

adventurous relationship.

Joyce and I had always had a platonic relationship although it was not free of

ambiguity. Particularly, the last summer of graduate school, we spent much time

together, going to concerts, to restaurants and to the beach. There was

considerable tension between us and I was sure that if one of us crossed the

line there would be no holding back. But for some reason we never did, and in

all honesty, the main reason I never did was that I always found Joyce a bit

intimidating. She is a beauty, tall and slim with beautiful dark skin and long,

pitch-black hair. She is also very athletic and spends much time sailing,

swimming and running. But it is not her physical attributes that intimidate me.

She is also very controlled and, to be honest, a bit controlling. That does,

however, not mean that you cannot have a ton of fun with her.

When I first arrived in San Diego, Joyce offered that I could stay with her

until I found my own place. She came to pick me up at the airport in her

convertible sports car looking truly splendid as she drove up. Her hair was

flowing in the wind and with her dark sunglasses she looked every bit like a

movie star. We spent the evening together at a sushi restaurant and then retired

to her house, which is overlooking the coast. Joyce suggested that the next day

we go to the beach with her sister.

The next morning, Barbara, Joyce's sister showed up relatively early. Both are a

few years older than myself with Barb being the oldest. She is, however, even

more stunning than her sister and used to make a living as a model. I had not

seen either of them for several years and was happy to be the man accompanying

these beauties. We grabbed our towels, swimsuits and a few refreshments, and set

off for the beach at La Jolla.

When we got to La Jolla, we parked the car changed into our swimsuits and walked

to the beach armed with towels and suntan lotion. The beach was busy with the

usual crowd of surfers, sunbathers and people letting their dogs run around.

Joyce is not crazy about large crowds and dislikes dogs even more. So, she

suggested we walk down the beach towards Blacks Beach. I was excited since I

hoped the two sisters would at least take off their bikini tops at that clothing

optional beach.

We climbed over the rocks until we got to a flat stretch of beach where we put

down our things and lied down on our towels enjoying the relative calm. I was

quite tired from the jetlag and travel, and so it did not take long for me to

doze off.

When I awoke I slowly opened my eyes without moving. The two sisters were

sitting next to me, chatting and giggling. I started to look around and noticed

that the beach had filled up quite a bit. In fact, there were a good number of

men around, many of them stark naked. As it turned out we had ended up in a

primarily gay section of Blacks Beach although there were some women. From the

looks of it, the two sisters were enjoying the sight and I decided to try to

embarrass them.

"Girls," I said, "are you enjoying the show?" "Well, since you were asleep, we

had to busy ourselves otherwise," Barb said, followed by some giggling from

both. "But yes, the show is stimulating," again giggling. "So, sleepyhead, are

you ready to join us in the water?" Joyce asked.

I sat up, looking around. I then noticed that I had developed a slight boner

while sleeping. Not wanting to embarrass myself getting up with a bulge in my

swimsuit I decided to wait until it subsided. But the two sisters were already

up and started pulling me up on both hands so that I was on my feet within a few

seconds. I noticed both glancing at my crotch where a bulge was clearly visible.

Neither one said anything but Barb, who is the by far more outgoing of the two,

pinched my butt to move me along.

The water felt quite cold and I took my sweet time to get into the water. Barb,

being the impatient one, gave me a push so that I fell in. I yelled and as soon

as I was on my feet, I jumped at her trying to push her under. We struggled and

finally Joyce joined in and the two sisters teamed up on me. Barbara came up

from behind and wrapped her legs around my hips while Joyce put her hands onto

my shoulders and pushed down so that I was with my head under water in no time.

I was thrashing around like crazy but could not help myself against those two.

"I give up," I managed to yell holding my hands up in the air as a sing of surrender.

That was a mistake because Barb dove down and yanked down my swimsuit. I was off balance and so my suit slipped off completely. She immediately realized her

victory and swam off, triumphantly waving my swimsuit above her head.

"Barbara, give it back," I struggled after her. But as I reached her she threw

the wet piece of cloth right at Joyce who was behind me. She now turned and ran

out of the water. Barb followed her and they both went back to the towels

sitting down expectantly.

I stayed in the water for a while and protested even though I knew it was to no

avail. Ultimately, I had no choice but to get out of the water. I felt

humiliated but also excited in a strange way. Joyce, my old friend, and her

gorgeous sister would both see me completely exposed. Moreover, they were the

cause of my embarrassment and delighted in it. I decided to face up to my

predicament and to not cover myself. So, I walked straight towards them. "Nice,

man", Barb was purposefully using her best Caribbean accent, "now you fit in

with the other guys." "Ahem yes, but can I have my suit back?" I said.

"What do you think, Joyce? Should we give him his suit back?" Joyce slowly

looked me up and down. Her eyes finally came to rest on my penis, which had

begun to slightly swell due to the attention. "I think not", she finally said

without giving any further explanation.

I weighed my options. To struggle for my swimsuit with Joyce who had hidden it

somewhere was a recipe for even more embarrassment. She is a strong woman who, I was sure, would not give it up without a fight. Thus I decided to sit down on my towel pulling up my legs to hide as much as possible. But I was also not going

to beg for my suit because I knew that this would encourage them even more.

The whole situation started to increasingly affect me. I felt my pride had been

violated but I also did enjoy the attention and the erotic tension. My penis

started to stir a bit and I feared an embarrassing erection coming. Meanwhile,

the sisters were looking at me clearly anticipating my next move. I decided to

play it cool, grabbed my book and lied down on my stomach to read. After a

while, the two apparently lost interest and began to read as well. None,

however, seemed to have any intentions of returning my suit.

"Your back is getting a bit red," Joyce remarked after a while. "Shit, I don't

want to burn," I said. "Do you want me to put lotion on?" Joyce asked matter of

fact. "Please," I said putting the book down and resting my head on my

outstretched arms. Joyce squeezed a good portion of lotion on my shoulders and

proceeded to rub it in. She moved methodically down my back until she reached my bare behind. At that point, she took her hands off my back. But soon I felt

something cool on both of my cheeks and she started to massage some cream in.

She squeezed my flesh and started to move her hands up my back again giving me a delightful massage. I started to relax. But suddenly, I felt another pair of

hands moving up my legs, spreading cream towards my buttocks. Both were now

kneading my flesh but Barb was definitely trying to arouse me by moving her

hands over the insides of my legs, occasionally brushing against my testicles. I

felt my penis starting to swell but it was tucked in an uncomfortable position

and started to hurt. To relieve the pressure, I lifted my hips up and my penis

sprang into a more comfortable position.

Both had noticed that move and stopped the massage. "Turn around," Barb

commanded. I am not sure why but I simply obeyed. And so I found myself lying on my back between the two sisters with a beginning erection. They looked at each

other and now it was Joyce who spoke: "I think he needs some cream on these

white parts as well." She squeezed some cream into her hands and started to

gently apply it to my balls. I instinctively moved my legs apart and she took my

dick, which was now fully erect and started to spread the cream in slow strokes

from tip to base. "Oh god", escaped my lips. It felt incredible but I was also

nervous as hell. She stopped massaging my penis and moved to my belly and chest.

Meanwhile Barb had started doing her routine on my legs again where she ever so

gently rubbed against my balls.

"Ok, you are all creamed now," Joyce said and sat back. "You look nice," Barb

said and joiner her sister. The two were looking at me unabashedly. "Thank you

but I feel a bit strange", I thought honesty would serve me best at this point.

"But you are enjoying yourself", Barb was staring at my penis again. "Well, I

have been to nude beaches with friends before but we were usually all naked," I

said in an attempt to entice them to take off their suits. "That is ok. You will

get used to it", Barb responded and moved to her towel to lie down. Joyce

followed suit and I was left alone with my still erect penis. I looked around

the beach and it was obvious that some others around us had noticed the show.

This made me even more uncomfortable and flipped over onto my belly again. But

it took a long while before I calmed down a bit again from the brief but intense

massage and the tension that was in the air between us.

As the day went on, I became increasingly used to being naked around the two. I

do not think the sisters had planned any of the events; however, they did take

charge and seemed emboldened by my nakedness and the fact that I had resigned

myself to it. At one point, we went back into the water and were goofing off

with a Frisbee; this included a lot of wrestling and from time to time I felt a

hand on by ass or a slight brush against my penis but nothing as direct as the

brief massage with the sun lotion. Barb was the first out of the water again and

was already dried off when Joyce and I followed. She had a smirk on her face and

I soon noticed the camera in her hand. "Barb, please, no pictures" I pleaded but

it was already too late. The first picture was already snapped.

"OK, you two pose with your backs against the water", Barb instructed us. "No,

stop", I protested once more but Barb kept aiming the camera at me. Joyce

swiftly took me by the hand and dragged me towards the water. I trotted after

her and, once we reached the water's edge, positioned myself behind her in order

to cover my nakedness. "Don't stand there like two logs," Barb yelled. Joyce

stepped aside and grabbing my waist pulled me towards her. I was now fully

exposed and Barb started snapping away. I was still unsure whether I wanted this

to happen when Joyce addressed her sister: "Now your turn." "Come here naked

boy", Barb said. "Yes, madam, right at your disposal." I was playing along but

was, as always, apprehensive of Barb.

We posed for a couple of pictures in the same position as before but then Barb

got other ideas. Since she had been a model she feels comfortable in front of a

camera. Barb struck up poses in front of and beside me while I was still

standing beside her rather sheepishly. When she bent down to stare at my penis

and to make 'oh lala' faces the predictable happened. I felt the familiar

tightening in my groin, which precedes an erection. "Oh dear," I muttered. "Oh

dear," Barb echoed and cupped her hands over my swelling penis. This, of course,

made things worse and my member sprang to full life. The result was a series of

pictures where Barb grabbed my penis with one hand, thus seemingly holding on

while she struck all sorts of poses. All this was documented by a laughing

Joyce.

"One last picture," Joyce said. I was relieved that the torture would be over

since it was obvious that a great number of people at the beach were now openly

staring at us. I even saw some guys pointing the scene out to others. But I did

not know what Joyce's idea of a last picture was. She lowered the camera and

looked around the beach until she spotted a couple of girls who were sitting on

a towel nearby. They had clearly been watching us. Joyce walked up to them and

from the gestures I guessed that she was asking them to take a picture of the

three of us. Joyce handed the camera to one of the girls and both stood up.

Joyce ran towards us and positioned herself so that I was in their middle. The

new girl with the camera was obviously enjoying herself and she started to issue

commands for the picture. Joyce and Barb both wrapped their hands around my

penis and waved with the other hand for the camera and finally each placed a

kiss on my cheeks. Without invitation, the photographer's friend came towards us

and started to pose with us. I now had hands on my penis and my behind. Finally,

the two girls switched places and there were a few more pictures taken.

This was the end of the picture session and I now faced the difficulty of

getting back to the towels with a full erection and with the beach inhabitants'

full attention. Not quite sure what to do, I ran towards the towels and plopped

myself down. Joyce and Barb followed, sat down and smiled at me. "That was fun,"

Joyce said. "I have always wanted a naked man at my disposition." "Well, you

sure had me there," I responded.

As we were exchanging those pleasantries, a shadow fell over me and I looked up

to discover that the two girls had come over as well. "My name is Jane and this

is my friend Ann. We don't want to intrude but we both have never seen anything

like this," Jane said a bit coyly. She was obviously embarrassed and was

blushing as she spoke. Both girls looked quite young, I now noticed. "I hope you

don't mind but we wanted to talk to you all," Ann continued. She was the

prettier of the two although both were rather plain looking. Jane had dark,

short hair and was small and boyishly skinny, while Ann was a tall rather plump

blonde with ample breasts.

"Sit down", Barb invited them. Jane dropped down on Joyce's towel while Ann

decided to share mine. I moved to the edge so that we would not touch each

other. "We had been eyeing you for a while," Ann continued, "and, honestly, we

became really curious. Do you do this thing a lot?" She was clearly curious but

did not know how to begin the conversation or even what to ask. "No,' I tried to

preempt a response by the sisters, "they took my swimsuit and never gave it back

to me." I tried my best at shooting an angry glance at Joyce and her sister.

"What do you mean? They took your swimsuit?" Jane asked. "He was naughty in the water and this is his punishment," Barb offered. I looked at her feeling

violated again. "You see, we have never really... well, I mean, neither of us

has seen such a thing," Jane continued, clearly now becoming a bit more

emboldened. "What thing?" Barb implored, always being the more aggressive. "I

guess, a situation where only the guy is naked," Ann cast her eyes down, "and,

we both kind of enjoyed the show." "Yes," Jane almost whispered. "Does it excite

you?" Barb was now taking control. "Ahem, yes, quite a bit..." Ann said,

glancing at me from the side. "We also wanted to ask whether we could have

copies of the pictures." The sisters glanced at me and I slowly shook my head.

But Barb had other ideas: "Sure you can." "Cool, can we have your e-mail

address," Ann was not addressing any one of us in particular. "You can," Joyce

said. "It is my camera and I can send them to you if you like." They exchanged

e-mail addresses and I gave them mine as well. It turned out they were in a

college not far from here. This made me panic a bit; I guess you never know

who-knows-who, and how the gossip flows.

With this it became apparent that we had run out of things to talk about and the

situation became increasingly awkward. After a few more minutes passed with

stolen glances and some chitchat, the girls left for their own spot on the

beach.

The day was indeed drawing to a close and the beach was slowly emptying. The

events had left their mark on me. My arousal remained at a high level and

manifested itself in occasional swelling, which still caused much embarrassment

on my part. But worse was my state of confusion. I realized that I had liked

giving in to their commands and that the humiliation of being naked and openly

aroused in front of my old friends was deeply exciting. That arousal persisted

because of mental rather than physical stimulation, and although I craved

release, I also did not want the situation to end.

While I was reminiscing about my situation, Barb suggested we leave the beach.

"Sure, but you have to give me my swimsuit then," I demanded. "Well, we have

been talking about that, and we have one condition", Barb said. "What is it?" I

wanted to know. "You have to promise to entertain us again if and when we

desire." My thoughts were racing and while I was sure that I could obtain my

clothes without much trouble even if I refused, the excitement I had felt during

the day made me reconsider. So, it came that I agreed and was finally handed my

swimsuit. I dressed and we made our way off the beach. The two girls waved at us

and blew me a kiss.

The drive home was uneventful and we soon arrived at Joyce's place. We sat down

on the porch and Joyce served us cold drinks. I felt it was time to address what

had happened during the day but did not know how to approach the topic. So, I

brought up the beautiful scenery visible from her porch. Joyce's condo borders a

nature reserve and has a spectacular view of abundant birdlife. We talked a bit

about bird sightings Joyce had had and about how lucky she had been to find such

a beautiful place. After a while, Barb disappeared to take a shower. This left

Joyce and I alone. We sat silently and after what seemed like a long while she

looked at me. "How are you doing?" I knew what she meant and was actually

prepared for a confession. "I never expected this but I had fun today." "Good, I

am glad to hear that," she said looking at me. We heard Barb come out of the

bathroom. "I will take a shower now too," with that she walked over towards me

and gave me a brief kiss on the lips. After that she disappeared and I heard

muffled speaking inside.

"Joyce is preparing a load of laundry. Why don't you give her your shorts and

T-shirt so that she can wash them." I understood what Barb meant but decided to

be coy. "That would be nice. I'll go and put on something else." Barb looked at

me and shook her head. "If you put on fresh clothes now they will just get

smelly before you wash up. Just give them to me now. There is nothing I haven't

seen already today." She stretched out her hand and winked at me. Meanwhile

Joyce had reappeared and was leaning in the doorway watching us.

I realized that this would be the first time I deliberately stripped for the

two. Pulling off the shirt was easy and I quickly handed it to Joyce. I then got

up but hesitated. I felt my penis stir again and saw that the sisters were

staring at my crotch. This added to my excitement and as I finally pulled down

my swimsuit my member sprang to life. I handed my last piece of clothing to Barb

and was now fully exposed again. This time, however, it felt different. We were

in a private setting rather than at a clothing optional beach where quite a few

people had chosen to be nude. Here, on Joyce's porch, there was more intimacy

and the tension was even stronger. There would be no pretending that I simply

had been nude at a beach where this is commonly done. Here, I was with two

clothed women who were clearly unsure where things were going but who also had

decided to push the limits and enjoy the situation.

Barb broke the silence: "Come here, you still have sand all over you." That much

was true, sand had been trapped in my bathing suit. I stepped forward and she

started brushing it off with her flat, outstretched hand. She first worked on my

behind and then turned her attention to my front. She took the shaft of my still

erect penis and with her thumb started to rub off sand grains. This sent the

most intense shivers down my spine. The sensation was so strong that was almost

painful. I finally could no longer take it: 'I should take a shower.' Barb

nodded her permission.

My excitement had reached an intensity I had not known before. Never in my

previous sexual encounters had I been denied release for so long. Intermittent

stimulation had been going on all day and all I wanted was the opportunity to

masturbate and release the tension. Alternatively, a really cold shower might do

the trick, at least for a while. As I moved towards the bathroom, all I could

think was that I needed to be alone under the water. But Joyce came with and

tuned on the shower for me. 'Here is a fresh towel.' I smiled. She still found

excuses to create situations while Barb had given up all pretenses. The water

felt good and I let it fall onto my face from which it cascaded down my body.

Joyce had left the room but I still felt exposed. The door was open and the two

could come into the bathroom any second. My groin felt tight and my penis

tingled all over. As I applied soap, I realized that I would not take much

stimulation at this point. I turned the water to colder and felt immediately

invigorated.

After I was done toweling off and about to leave the bathroom, I heard voices

outside. I could clearly hear Barb voice but I was not sure whether in addition

to Joyce, there was someone else speaking. I tried to listen but since the

conversation took place on the porch I could not discern what was going on. I

grabbed the towel and tiptoed out of the bathroom trying to find out more. 'Ah,

there you are,' Barb had just come into the living room. 'Come outside and join

us.' I trotted behind her. To my relief, the porch was empty and my fears

dissipated. I put my towel on the chair and sat down. Barb sat across the table:

'Would you like to drink something?' I did feel like drinking. In fact, I needed

a drink. 'Can I have a glass of white wine?' She got up and soon came back with

a deliciously cold glass of whine. As I took my first sip, Joyce reappeared and

behind her a blond woman of about forty.

I was so startled that I jumped up and tried to cover up with the towel. Both

Joyce and Barb laughed. 'This is our friend Samantha,' Joyce said. 'Nice to meet

you,' Samantha extended her hand. I did not know what else to do and extended my hand but still held the towel with the other hand. 'Sam will be joining us for

dinner,' Barb said. 'Oh, ok' I managed to stammer. Samantha was looking at me

and smiled. I was unsure of myself in front of her and avoided looking at her.

But Barb took control again by taking the towel from my hand. I was now fully

exposed in front of this stranger. There was a moment of silence while Samantha

looked at me until Joyce diffused the situation by suggesting we all sit down to

have a drink. 'Do us a favor and get the bottle of wine from the fridge,' Barb

said to me.

When I came back from the kitchen, the women were all seated at the table

engaged in conversation. When I stepped closer, I realized that the sisters were

recounting the events of the day to Samantha who kept smiling and giggling.

'Pour us all a glass, please,' Joyce said. I stepped closer to her and started

to do as told. She looked up at me while her hand migrated to my penis. Her hand

wrapped around it and she started to slowly stroke me. I stood still while the

sensation enveloped me. But Joyce knew when to stop. 'Serve the others,' she

said and gently slapped my butt. I moved along the table to Barb. She did not

wait for me to come close but extended her hand and grabbed my now erect penis

to pull me towards her. I poured her glass while she also applied some strokes.

When I got to Samantha, she smiled at me and moved the glass closer to the edge

of the table so that I could fill it. While I did so, she stared at my penis,

which was now close to her face. After a short moment of hesitation, she also

took my penis and massaged it a bit. I moaned and, to my disappointment, she

stopped touching me.

'Sit down with us', Barb said. 'Sam is an old friend of ours and we thought we'd

invite her so that she can meet you.' Sam nodded: 'So, I hear you had fun at the

beach,' I smiled meekly and nodded instead of a direct answer but I felt

compelled to say that I had never done anything like that before. 'Sure,' Barb

said teasingly. But Joyce was more earnest: 'Neither have we.' Sam was looking

at me intently. Everyone was sipping the wine, which tasted good. I felt

increasingly relaxed. The conversation started to pick up and I was glad that

for a while I was not the focus of it. Soon the women sent me to get another

bottle of wine and I served them again but was left alone this time.

Joyce got up. 'Will you help me prepare some food?' she asked me. I followed her

into the kitchen where she had already started to take things out of the fridge.

I noticed that she was a bit tipsy when she turned around to face me. She was

standing very close to me and looked me up and down. I had the strong urge to

kiss her at that very moment but did not dare. Joyce took a step closer, grabbed

my penis and started to stroke it slowly at first but then at an increasing

pace. I gasped and leaned back against the counter. My member was now fully

erect and was twitching with every stroke. Suddenly she laughed and said: 'Now

go back and take that bread outside.' I looked at her confused but did as I was

told.

Sam was the first one to see me approach with the tablet seemingly balanced on

my erect member. 'Oh my god,' she exclaimed. 'This is by far my favorite table

service.' I set the tablet down and returned to the kitchen where Joyce handed

me the next food to carry outside. This went on until the table was set. 'Can I

dress for dinner?' I asked Joyce. She looked at me and shook her head. 'We enjoy

you like this.' And so, it came that I ate completely naked with three clothed

women who were visibly enjoying the situation.

'Let me show you the pictures we took at the beach,' Barb said to Sam after

dinner was finished. They went inside and started to download the pictures onto

the computer. I followed them and stood behind them. 'Look at the girls,' Sam

exclaimed. 'Yes, they were bold,' Barb said. 'They even asked for copies of the

pictures.' Looking at the computer screen and remembering the events of the day,

I started to get aroused again, this time without help from the women. Sam

noticed and cupped my balls with her hand. 'Touch yourself,' she suddenly said.

My hand moved slowly to my shaft but I hesitated. The two sisters were also

looking at me. I started to move my hand and an incredible sensation shot

through my body. Barb started stroking my buttocks while Sam still was moving

her hands over my balls. 'I will come soon,' I stammered as I felt the tension

of the day had increased my sensitivity. 'Yes, come,' Sam said who was visibly

agitated. I was now leaning back against the table, stroking in full sight of

the women who were seated and looking at my penis. My knees went wobbly and my muscles started to contract. I had one of the strongest orgasms. 'Wow, did that

feel good?' Sam asked. 'Yes, incredible,' I had to admit.

After the sensation subsided, I felt increasingly embarrassed with cum all over

my chest and hand. I went to the bathroom to clean up and came back with a towel

in my hand. The women were talking and laughing a lot and I sat down with them.

The evening proceeded as if nothing had happened and it was a normal social

gathering, except that I was still naked. It turned out Sam was an artist and

she told about the difficulties of selling her art since it was quite

experimental. 'I'd be interested in seeing it some time,' I said. 'Of course,'

Sam offered and smiled. After a couple of hours, Sam decided it was time to go.

We all got up and she gave me a hug. 'Call me and I will show you my studio,'

she smiled.

I was now alone with the sisters again. This proved to be awkward since it was

time to go to bed. Barb was not staying with Joyce and was thus supposed to

leave. But it was clear that she did not want to go. I decided to diffuse the

situation and said that I was so tired that I had to go to bed. I gave both

sisters a hug and disappeared into my room. I was lying awake as I heard Barb

leave and Joyce rummaging around the apartment. But after a while, everything

went quiet and I was alone with my memories of the day, and slowly, I drifted

off to sleep.

I woke up the next day and opened my eyes to daylight flooding my room. I

noticed that the door to my bedroom was open. Joyce appeared in the door, still

in her nightgown. 'Did you sleep well?' she smiled. 'Wonderful.' I now noticed

that my cover was off the bed and that there was morning wood between my legs. I wondered whether Joyce had removed the cover but did not say anything. 'Coffee?' she offered. 'Please, I need some.' Joyce left the room and I slipped into the bathroom where I tried to calm myself down before washing up.

There was coffee in the kitchen when I returned but Joyce had stepped out of the

room. The coffee was deliciously strong and I felt invigorated. I had not

bothered to dress. Being naked around that house felt increasingly natural to me

and I was also excited about the thought of what the day might bring. 'You are

up,' Joyce had appeared in the patio door. She looked absolutely stunning. Her

white nightgown was hugging her upper body and came to about mid thigh.

Underneath, the outline of her body was visible as the morning sun was shining

on her back. I must have stared for a while until I saw Joyce smiling at me. She

moved her legs slightly apart and I now noticed that she was bare under her

nightgown. I followed her gaze down my body where the sight had had its effect.

Joyce stepped closer and without saying a word took my hand. Our eyes were

locked in a gaze and slowly our lips found each other, at first timidly but then

with increasing intensity. We were in a passionate embrace. My hands started to

creep down her back, feeling the curvature as they traveled along the spine. Her

bottom was deliciously round and firm, and I gripped it a harder. Joyce sighed

quietly as she pressed into me. I felt her hard nipples under the thin fabric.

Suddenly, she threw her head back and gently pushed me away. 'Come.' She led the way back to her bedroom where it was still dark since she had not raised the

blinds. Joyce turned to face me, slung her arms around me and pulled me down on

her bed. I wanted to kiss her but she placed both hands on my head and pushed me down towards her belly. I grabbed her hips and slowly pulled up her nightgown

while kissing the inside of her thighs.

With a final pull, her black triangle came into view. Joyce parted her legs and

I smelled her for the first time. I gently placed a kiss on her lips. She moaned

and her hands, still resting on my head, pressed down more firmly. I felt the

warmth and delicious moisture as my tongue started to explore. Joyce was

sighing, moving her hips. I felt how excited she must have become during the

last day. Her whole body vibrated under my touches and she had lost all

reservation, moaning louder and louder. Suddenly, she fell quiet, breathing

heavily, and not long after, she cried out and exploded with several violent

twitches.

Her hands slid to the side of my head and she pulled me back up towards her.

'That was divine,' she whispered. Her hand wrapped around my penis and started

to stroke me while we were kissing. This felt incredible and I rolled onto my

back. Joyce reached over and pulled lubricant from her nightstand. She squeezed

some on her hand and spread over the entire length of my penis. Her hand moved

slowly but firmly, and this sent the most incredible sensations up my spine. My

teeth were buzzing, so strongly did I feel her. Joyce now used her other hand to

pull down the skin at the base of my penis, and increased the frequency of her

strokes while applying less pressure. I knew she wanted to make me come and knew that I would not be able to hold back. I relaxed completely, letting things

happen. A few minutes passed in this completely suspended state when my muscles started to tense and I felt the most incredible orgasm.