**My New Year's Eve Erotic Night**

by[isanude](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5791682&page=submissions)©

I just broke with my boyfriend and the thought of being alone to celebrate New Year's Eve alone is such a pain.  
  
I booked that trip to Italy months ago to celebrate the new year with him, and as they could not reimburse me, I have decided to take the flight, even alone.  
  
So, I have decided to forget about him forever and begin the new year having sex with the first girl or guy that will accept to make love with me this night.  
  
To increase my chances, I do not hesitate to dress as provocative as possible. As I love to exhibit myself any time I can, and if possible, fully nude, this is easy for me.  
  
I am naked under my sleeveless red dress which doesn't really conceal any details of my body. I say sleeveless but, really, there isn't much to my dress at all.  
  
My back is exposed by a top cut so low it skims just above my bottom, and the whole thing ends only inches below my crotch.  
  
And it's so figure-hugging and tight over my breasts, that it's clear my protruding nipples are aroused beneath the flimsy material.  
  
Not surprisingly, when I walk into the restaurant, it falls into silence. There's just a low murmuring, and I'm totally aware that, at every table, people are staring at me.  
  
They're looking at my voluptuous curves, watching the bounce of my full breasts, the sway of my hips and the jiggle of my ass cheeks.  
  
Already, I am wet with pleasure. Dinners are devouring me with their greedy eyes.  
  
A couple just entered the restaurant, they are both gorgeous, and I immediately catch their attention.  
  
The way they both look at me, I feel like I have some horny effect on them. They whisper something looking at me.  
  
Her gaze, as well as her husband's, are burning me. I feel aroused.  
  
The waiter welcomes them, and from what I can hear, they didn't make a reservation.  
  
Being alone at my table and eager to be with them, I tell the waiter that they can sit at my table.  
  
The woman, Elena, sits in front of me, her big blue eyes are already lost into mine.  
  
I can feel her emotion, her growing need to kiss me, to touch me.  
  
Her husband, Renato, sits on her left, and he also looks at me with desire.  
  
I feel so womanly under their gaze.  
  
The young Italian waiter brings the menu. I do not know what to choose, but I am aware of him peering down at my breasts.  
  
I bend forward to read the menu, providing him with a better view of my nearly naked breasts.  
  
I ask him to advise me. As he puts his finger on the menu to indicate a suggested dish, his forearm brushes against my breast.  
  
I lean forward, squashing a breast onto his arm, and he blushes.  
  
I smile at him, and he gets bolder, the back of his hand brushing against my breast when he takes back the menu and goes away with our orders.  
  
I don't even know what I will be eating - I didn't listen, didn't understand.  
  
I just drank in the desire from his eyes and concentrated on his lips, imagining them on my breasts, on my open sex petals.  
  
He returns and has difficulty serving the wine. Some drops fall down on the tablecloth; his gaze unable to leave my cleavage.  
  
Elena didn't miss anything of my behaviour with the waiter, she knows she can go further, and she does.  
  
I then feel Elena's barefoot sliding between my thighs. I open for her.  
  
The contact of her toe on my pubic hair makes me quiver, I almost cum.  
  
She smiles at me; her toe slides easily along my wet lips, sinks slightly into my pussy.  
  
I lose control and jerk in my chair, knocking over my glass of wine. It rolls and tumbles to the floor.  
  
The waiter bends to pick it up.  
  
He is on his knees and lifts the edge of the tablecloth.  
  
I open wide my thighs and feel his warm breath on my sex. I wait, he hesitates, moves back and gets his head out from under the table. He is as red as my dress.  
  
Elena's foot is back against my already so wet pussy.  
  
I can feel the lust in Renato's gaze. Only one of his hands is still on the table, and I can guess what the other is doing.  
  
Sitting as we are, no-one can see what is happening, and she takes advantage of it.  
  
I imagine his opened fly, Elena's red-nailed fingers around his stiff shaft.  
  
I don't really need to see; the movements of Elena's shoulder and naked arm, her foot slowing down on my sex, his gasping for breath... all this confirms my thoughts.  
  
He closes his eyes, his head goes back, and he calms down. Elena smiles.  
  
Her hand is back on the table, closed in a fist. She offers it to me. I understand.  
  
I offer her my open palm, she turns over her hand on mine, and I see the thick white cream.  
  
Nobody is looking at us, they are busy drinking and eating.  
  
I bring my hand to my lips and drink his nectar, looking at him. I lick the open palm of my hand, then my fingers.  
  
I don't know how many glasses of wine I have drunk, but I need to go to the ladies' room before leaving the restaurant.  
  
Yet I am so wet between my thighs that I dare not walk through the restaurant because of the substantial dark spot of cum that must be on my dress.  
  
Dinner over, I stand, my back to the wall to avoid the gazes on my wet ass cheeks. Elena has understood my embarrassment, and she brings back my coat.  
  
Slightly drunk, I have some difficulty walking in my high stilettos, but Elena and Renato are on either side, holding my hands and they guide me to the exit.  
  
I am still so aroused by the whole erotic dinner experience - the waiter, Elena's foot between my thighs, and Renato's sperm in my mouth.  
  
The memory of these hot moments makes me cum again.  
  
My new friends' house is still some distance away, and I yet haven't peed! I will not be able to wait until we get there. I cannot hold on, I have to pee. And quickly!  
  
We are alongside a little canal near a bridge and steps down to the water's edge.  
  
I lift up my coat and the dress over my waist, and bend down, my bare bottom in full view. The cold of the night on my buttocks arouses me.  
  
Just as I open my thighs, a couple crosses the bridge.  
  
She turns her head away, but he stops and cannot take his gaze from me.  
  
Happy to have an audience I pee with such pleasure in full view of all.  
  
Finally, we reach my new friends' home. The walk, the fresh air of the winter night, has sobered me a little. I am still a bit hazy, but my thoughts become a little clearer again.  
  
I am taken to the bathroom where they strip me and tell me to shower.  
  
But I am still so aroused by my nude exhibition along the canal that I ask them to join me. I want them with me, against me, inside me.  
  
The cubicle is really too small for all three of us to make love.  
  
But, squeezing into the tight space and embracing as the flowing, steamy water washes our nude bodies, Elena kisses me, hungrily, insatiably, for a long time. I also feel Renato's hands on my breasts, his hard cock against my bottom.  
  
Elena now moves behind me, her breasts pressing against my back, and he faces me. Elena's fingers are between my ass cheeks, fondling my puckered hole, and she penetrates it.  
  
Renato's fingers are digging into my offered sex.  
  
I circle his hard and thick cock, pump it slowly, then more intensely and more and more quickly.  
  
Their fingers are thrusting inside me at the same frantic pace, and I cum, my juices flowing from me at the same moment as Renato ejaculates in my hand, splashing against my belly.  
  
We finish washing and dry ourselves. Elena is the only one not to have climaxed in the shower.  
  
Once in the lounge, I take her warm body against mine and kiss her tenderly while Renato rubs himself against her back. He is again fully hard - what an exceptional man!  
  
He spreads her legs, and I hold her against me while he plunges his hard, fat cock inside her, lifting her up with each thrust.  
  
She pants hug me, scratches my back with her long red nails and cums, a massive orgasm with wave after wave crashing through her until she collapses in my arms.  
  
In less than ten minutes, it will be midnight, the New Year!  
  
I want us to celebrate it nude on their flat roof. But it is only 8°C up there, and Elena prefers to remain inside.  
  
I grab Renato's hard and warm shaft and lead him to the French window.  
  
On the roof, the cold marble stones under my feet make me shiver. I bend over, offering myself to Renato. I want him to take me there, under the stars of this beautiful winter night.  
  
I hold the railing, my legs slightly apart when he penetrates me.  
  
My breasts are swollen with desire, my nipples firmly erect in the centre of areolae covered with goosebumps because of the cold.  
  
Now my breasts are swaying with the slow but powerful rhythm of his hard, thick and long cock.  
  
He starts slowly, increases his speed and thrusts deeper, growing ever wilder. I am fully open to him, to his desires, and match his rhythm, backing into his pounding hips.  
  
His hands are on my breasts, his belly slaps against my round buttocks, which are firm and tense against his strong thrusts.  
  
He is the man, and I am his woman.  
  
His balls flap against my clit each time his cock reaches the bottom of my vagina.  
  
I moan, I cum, I flow. I feel my warm cum running down my inner thighs, along my legs as I shiver in the cold of the night.  
  
Elena looks out at us. Her red-nailed fingers are deep inside her pink slit, thrusting at the same pace as Renato's cock inside my pussy.  
  
She crushes her heavy breasts against the windowpane.  
  
She licks the window, looking at me, and I imagine her tongue licking my clit. I watch her half-open lips kissing the glass until I can "feel" their warmth on my labia, on my open and offered sex petals.  
  
I am hers, I am his, I am her.  
  
His pace is now more violent, faster. He clings to my hips, and I impale myself with passion on his warm and so hard sword.  
  
I speed up and so does he, bringing me to a magnificent climax, fluids flushing through me while he continues to pound me, his balls flapping, flapping against my groin.  
  
Elena, her naked body crushed against the window, is so beautiful, so arousing, so attractive. She looks at us, then concentrates on me as she comes, smiling before collapsing on the floor.  
  
I hear people counting down, shouting in the street, "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six..."  
  
Renato holds me by my hair, pulls me up and I inhale deeply, expanding and tensing my breasts.  
  
He pierces me and stabs into me at the same pace as the counting in the street.  
  
I am all his, and I crush back against his belly, taking in all his rigid cock.  
  
"... five, four, three, two, one..."  
  
"Zero!" His spurts of spunk fill me. His warm and thick sperm keeps shooting into me, and I moan loudly. I cum, I shout, I yell.  
  
My lusty shouts and moans mingle with the joyous noise in the street. "Buon Anno! Happy New Year!" I shout my joy, sharing my happiness with them.  
  
I suddenly feel weak. Renato takes me in his arms and brings me inside to the warmth.  
  
Elena presses her beautiful breasts against his muscular arm as he carries me without any effort. She kisses me tenderly, caresses my long hair, and he sets me down on their bed.  
  
She lies by my side, takes me into her arms, slides a warm thigh between mine, still numbed with cold. I warm my breasts against hers and melt with desire against her burning body.  
  
Renato's sperm, mingled with my cum, is oozing between my pussy lips. She goes down and licks me, drinks me. I open my legs and my petals, offering myself to her lust, to her tongue and fingers.  
  
My pelvis raises up to better feel her fingers thrusting into me. She curls her fingers, finds my spongy spot while her tongue circles my clit hood, flips it, enters it.  
  
Her fingers are not content with just my sex. I offer her all my holes, and I feel fully taken, at her mercy, in her power.  
  
I give up, I cum and cum, flows of cum. I come in her hands, on her hands, in her mouth.  
  
My legs still wide open, she is above me, and Renato penetrates her from behind.  
  
Her heavy round breasts sway over me. I take them, fondle them, press them. I roll her nipples between my fingers, pull them gently, and she quivers, moans.  
  
He thrusts deeper into her pussy. I can see him between her thighs, and I cum at the sight of it.  
  
She moans deeply, sharing their orgasm with me, and collapses on me. I caress her back, her hair; she gives up to me.  
  
We fell asleep, cuddled together...  
  
I open my eyes, three o'clock in the morning. I get up and go to the kitchen, remains of Renato's sperm dripping between my thighs.  
  
I open the refrigerated wine cabinet, take out a bottle of champagne and three flutes, and walk back to the lounge. Renato and Elena are awake.  
  
She says we don't need the glasses. I understand why at the way she smiles at me.  
  
I open the bottle with a 'pop.' The gold and cold liquid splashes on my breasts. Elena and Renato lick each drop of the precious wine off my bare skin.  
  
We pour it on Elena's breasts, Renato's cock, my sex, Elena's pubic hair... champagne has never been so tasty!  
  
Happy New Year!