**New Neighbours**

by [Joanna86](http://www.lushstories.com/joanna86)

*I'd not met my new neighbours, only heard them having sex but I was about to meet them.*

I live in a small town in Central England, on a very secluded road, which has just six houses. In the early summer a newly married couple moved in next door.  
  
I’m twenty-seven years old, long dark hair, five feet six inches tall, blue eyes, slim athletic body developed from swimming every day and smallish boobs. I’d only seen the new couple briefly, long enough to say hello and tell them my name was Joanna and for them to say they were Vicky and Ian.  
  
From the day they moved in it was clear that they were extremely sexual. As soon as they were back from work, I’d hear their moans of sexual pleasure emanating through the walls. I guessed they must have been at it every moment they had together. There would be short periods of quiet and then the moans would begin, building and building, lasting for hours. I couldn’t help being impressed and a little envious about their endurance.  
  
When I was at home, I was always naked and more often than not, when I began to hear the moans from next door I’d begin to masturbate. I’ve never been a quiet girl when touching myself and it hadn’t dawned on me that my next door neighbours could hear me as well as I could hear them and maybe we were turning each other on.  
  
It was a Friday morning and I’d woken as normal around 6 a.m. No sooner had I opened my eyes and I could hear the sounds of sex coming through the walls. My neighbours were obviously having sex before they left home for work. Immediately my pussy began to dribble and tingle and instinctively the fingers of my left hand were drawn towards my clit. I always woke early and aimed to be in the local pool by 6.30 and swimming but as soon as my fingertips touched my clit, I knew I was going to have to cum before I went anywhere.  
  
I assumed from the noises they were making that the couple next door must have been having sex for a while. Their moans had growing desperation in their tone, so knew he’d be filling her with his cum soon. Almost as soon as my fingertips touched my clit, I began to moan and my hips buck in response. I threw back my duvet to expose my naked body and felt the cool air tease my smooth hairless body. As my fingers increased speed quickly, I raised my knees, opened my legs wide and had a vision in my head of the couple on the other side of the wall fucking. I knew it wouldn’t take long for me to cum. My pussy was throbbing hard as my fingers teased my clit with growing desperation and intensity. Suddenly, the unmistakable sound of Vicky cumming echoed through the wall into my bedroom. My pussy responded, contracting hard and holding my entire body in a state of suspension for a few seconds. I always loved that sensation of being completely powerless and knowing what was going to follow. As my pussy relaxed, I squirted hard. I was overwhelmed by sensations of ecstasy, radiating through my body.  
  
I lay motionless for a few seconds, still listening, hearing grunts as I imagined Ian thrusting hard into her, spurting his cum in the process but then as it fell quiet I got up and prepared to go for my swim.  
  
It was very quiet when I arrived at the pool. I walked onto the poolside, saying hello to the other swimmers, who I saw every day, pushed off my trainers, followed by my shorts and pulled my t shirt over my head. I bent down to pick my goggles out of my bag and looked at my costume, which I’d put on at home before I left. I was surprised to see a big damp patch around my pussy but then, I was still very tingly and turned on, should I really have been so shocked?  
  
Once I began swimming, it was easy to re-focus my mind on what I was doing. I enjoyed pushing myself physically for ninety minutes up and down the pool but as time went by, more and more people got into the water and I decided to get out.  
  
I walked down the poolside, picked up my bag and as soon as I entered the changing room, took off my costume, strolling calmly and naked to the showers, ignoring the other girls in there. I placed my bag away from the shower and took out my shower gel, shampoo and razor, before stepping underneath the cascading warm water. I stood motionless for a few minutes, enjoying the sensation of the water running down my body and being naked with people walking by as they went for their swim. Eventually, I took a step back, away from the shower, picked up the bottle of shampoo, poured a dollop over my hair and then began massaging and lathering it through my hair, before stepping back into the water to swill away the suds.  
  
Once more, I moved away from the water but instead of shampoo, picked up my shower gel. As I began washing the top half of my body, running fingertips over my breasts and stomach, I became aroused very quickly. I couldn’t resist massaging and caressing my boobs longer than normal, allowing my thumb and fingers to tease my hardening nipples. I let out a moan as I pinched and pulled, feeling a tingling sensation radiating from my pussy. Without question, I was on the verge of having to let go and masturbate but took control of my senses just in time and continued to lather up the rest of my body.  
  
With soapsuds trickling down my body and legs, I took hold of my razor and began shaving. Though I kept myself smooth, I shaved my pubic area every day, so started there before going down each leg. It didn’t take long for me to shave and then shower the remaining soap off my body, dry off, put on my t shirt, shorts and trainers and head back to my car.  
  
On leaving the leisure centre, I was surprised to see that there wasn’t a cloud in the sky and despite only being 8.30am it was very warm. It was early July, so knew it was going to be a gorgeous day, SO wasn’t hard to make the decision to take the day off work.  
  
As I approached the car-park, I could see there were only a dozen cars with no sign of people but then as I looked over at the main road the traffic was bumper to bumper and barely moving. My heart sank, realising that a normal five minute journey was going to take me at least twenty to get home. I unlocked the car and after scanning the area again and paused for a few seconds. I pulled off my top, pushed my shorts down over my hips and let them slither to around my ankles. I bent over, took off each of my trainers and kicked off my shorts to leave me naked. With my bag on the driver’s seat, I opened it, put in the clothing I’d taken off and then, still standing outside the car, picked up my phone and rang the office to say I was taking the day off.  
  
I stood beside my car for a few minutes, fully aware that those stuck in traffic on the adjacent main road could see me. I was enjoying the feel of warm sun on my bare flesh, loving that my body was being seen by complete strangers and getting more turned on by the second. I could feel my pussy beginning to throb and juices trickling down my thighs. I felt so naughty and walked to the front of the car and sat on the edge of the bonnet, wanting those sat in the traffic jam to see me fully and I wanted to cum again.  
  
I pushed my arse further onto the car, so I could lift my feet off the ground. I opened my legs, plunged two fingers into my pussy and began to tease my g-spot.  
  
I didn’t was to rush, wanting the sensations to build gradually and to put on a show for those stuck in traffic. My fingertips circled around my g-spot slowly and as softly as I could with my legs opened wide. Gradually I allowed myself to lie back further, until I’d lain down completely and could put my feet on the bonnet. Once I’d spread my knees apart I began to slide my two fingers in and out slowly, my mind thinking about Ian and Vicky having sex. I’d not realised how much or how loud I was moaning but as I moved my fingers faster and faster and as deep as they’d go, my body started to writhe more and more.  
  
“Go for it girl,” I heard from the queue of traffic.  
  
I wanted more fingers inside me, so began to circle wider, enjoying the sensation of my pussy being stretched. After a short while I inserted a third finger and teased my g-spot hard and fast. I fucked myself fast and deep and then stretched myself even wider as I wondered how many fingers I could get in my pussy. Three felt so tight but so good too. I was so wet and turned on and was being encouraged by more and more comments from those stuck in traffic. I’d opened my legs as wide as I could as I circled my fingers wider to stretch myself more. My moans developed into gasps, almost of pain as I stretched myself wider but sensations from my pussy made it impossible to stop. With four fingers deep in my pussy and teasing my g-spot, I felt I was going to explode. With every circle of my fingertips, my back arched and hips lifted up off the car. I had to orgasm. I was desperate, teasing my g-spot as hard and fast as I could. I didn’t care that those in the queue of traffic could hear and see everything, I felt so sexy and good.  
  
Suddenly my pussy contracted violently, gripping my fingers hard, gasping and unable to breathe or move. It was a moment that seemed to go on forever and felt like I was going to pass out but then I came, juices spurting between my fingers as I moaned and writhed in pleasure. I wanted more, immediately starting to tease my clit as fast as I could. My orgasm hadn’t had chance to subside and within seconds of teasing my clit I was squirting again but with greater intensity I couldn’t help screaming with pleasure.  
  
I lay on the bonnet of the car for at least five minutes, allowing myself time to recover. My legs felt so shaky, I didn’t think I’d be able to stand but had never felt so exhilarated and wanted to enjoy every sensation radiating through my body.  
  
Sweat was oozing from my body, a combination of heat from the sun and exertion of masturbating but it was time to get home, so sat up gradually. I looked down with a sense of pride and amazement to see the puddle that had formed on the floor, chuckling as I looked at the shocked look on drivers faces as they saw me standing there naked.  
  
I stood there for a few seconds as my juices flowed down my legs before walking back to get into the car. Within a few minutes was sat in the queue of traffic, still naked, heading out of town towards home. There were two rows of vehicles crawling at snail’s pace, side by side, giving those driving close to my car plenty of opportunity to look at the top half of my naked body. As they looked at me, their eyes were full of shock but as I gave them a naughty smile, they seemed to relax and offer a comment or two.  
  
Eventually I made it to the roundabout and once around it was out of the flow of early morning rush hour traffic and knew I’d be home in less than two minutes. As I turned left into my road was surprised to see Vicky’s car still in front of their house, so assumed she was having the day off too. I pulled onto my driveway, turned off the car, picked up my bag and walked slowly to my front door as I looked across at the house next door. One of their windows was open and as I got closer to my front door, could see Vicky sat in a chair looking straight at me with a huge smile on her face. I smiled back as she wolf-whistled her approval and couldn’t resist spinning around to let her see my body completely and then waved as I went inside.  
  
Once inside, I went straight into the kitchen to make my breakfast. I prepared two Weetabix, a slice of toast and cup of coffee and took it into my front room. I immediately understood why Vicky had her window open. The sun had warmed everywhere considerably, so I followed her lead and opened the window closest to their house. As I’d hoped, Vicky was still sat in the chair by the window, so I sat up on the window ledge and began to eat my breakfast as we looked at the other. She was only wearing a short dressing gown and as I ate my cereal, re-positioned her chair, pushed her window open and knelt on her chair as she leant through the window.  
  
She told me that I was incredibly naughty driving naked but that she thought I looked gorgeous. She allowed her gown to drop open but all I could see was her cleavage and stomach. Nevertheless, that little glimpse was enough to turn me on again. I continued to eat as we talked through our open windows and just as I’d finished, taking my last mouthful of coffee, Vicky asked what I was going to do as I’d taken the day off. I replied that I was going to sunbathe in my back garden after I’d cut the lawn.  
  
“Oh good, I can perv on you all day then,” Vicky giggled.  
  
I laughed in response, blew her a kiss as I said goodbye and got up to take my empty bowl, plate and cup back into the kitchen.  
  
A few minutes later, I’d found a blanket to lie on and was in the back garden. Although it was only about 10am, it was getting very warm, so decided to cut the lawn before I sunbathed. As I’d be doing it naked I’d be getting a tan anyway. I have a big back lawn and use a manual push mower, so cutting the grass properly took about an hour. After about twenty minutes I looked up at Vicky’s bedroom window and good to her word she was there watching me as she talked on the phone. Each time I glanced up she was still there and if I wasn’t mistaken, naked. I wasn’t sure if she was there so she could watch me but definitely liked that she was and I was turned on. As I got closer to the fence that separated our gardens, I was sure I could hear moaning and couldn’t help wondering if she was masturbating because of me.  
  
Eventually I finished cutting the lawn and spread my blanket over the freshly cut grass and as I sat down shouted to Vicky, suggesting she came round if she wasn’t too busy. Not for one instant did I expect her to accept my invitation but in less than five minutes my back gate was opened and there she was.  
  
Vicky was about five feet three inches tall, with shoulder length sandy brown hair and brown eyes. She was slim but with C or D cup breasts and as I’d find out later, shaved completely. She was wearing white trainers, tight small blue shorts and a white crop top. As she stepped onto the lawn, took off her trainers and walked the last few metres barefoot until she could sit down by my side on the blanket.  
  
I noticed straight away that she was tanned, more than likely from the holiday that she’d returned from two weeks earlier and we began to chat, lying side by side. After a few minutes, Vicky told me that her and Ian had invited a few friends and family around that evening and asked if I’d like to go too. It meant that she’d need to go and prepare everything mid-afternoon. I immediately offered to help but declined the offer of staying for the party.  
  
She wasn’t one to give up and continued trying to persuade me but in an effort to deflect her focus, suggested that she stripped and let the sun get to her body completely.  
  
There was a few seconds of uncomfortable silence and uncertainty in her eyes.  
  
“I’ve never sunbathed naked Jo.”  
  
“There’s a first time for everything,” I quipped as I giggled.  
  
Virtually before I’d stopped giggling, Vicky had sat up, pulled off her top and taken off her shorts and was naked facing me.  
  
“Is that better Jo?”  
  
I took a few moments to look at her body. Her legs and feet were gorgeous, stomach well defined, almost muscular with a six-pack. Considering the size of her breasts, they were beautifully shaped, with very hard proud nipples and as I gazed between her open thighs the sun glistened off her wet and swollen pussy lips.  
  
All I could do was smile at her as I lay on my back but knew that once she looked at my pussy, the way it was dribbling, she would know what I thought of her naked body. We started to chat and I altered my position so I was more on my left side, allowing me to look between her legs. The toes of her left foot were agonisingly close to my lips and thoughts of licking them entered my head.  
  
“You must be able to hear me and Ian having sex,” Vicky blurted mid conversation.  
  
I must have looked stunned. There was a few seconds of silence before she continued.  
  
“We can hear you moaning and it really turns us on.”  
  
We both laughed but I could feel my cheeks glowing with embarrassment. It was an almost instinctive response as I leant over and kissed her toes softly and as they began to wiggle, licked around them,  
  
It was her turn to act cool and attempting to ignore my actions but virtually choked on her words as I sucked on her big toe.  
  
“Ian thinks you’re so sexy and thinks we should all have sex.”  
  
Once more, I was stunned by her words, stopped sucking her toe and looked into her eyes. As I did I felt her fingertips meandering idly on my stomach and with each passing moment she got closer to my breasts but just as I tensed, thinking she was going to touch them, she spoke again.  
  
“I’ve never kissed a girl Jo.”  
  
“That’s easily solved Vicky, it’s not as though we don’t fancy each other.”  
  
I could see the uncertainty in her eyes, so gently as if trying to reassure her, took hold of her hand and coaxed her towards me. With our eyes focussed on the others, she shifted her legs, easing to apposition where she was lying on my chest looking up at me. I put my arms under hers and eased her closer still. As soon as I could, I kissed her lips softy, lingering for a few seconds. Vicky pulled back, smiling, before lowering onto my mouth again. This time, our mouths opened and tongues caressed gently. Slowly they swirled together and I felt her body shift.  
  
Her left leg pushed between mine, thigh pressing hard onto my pussy. Instinctively I raised my right leg, placing my foot onto the ground. With each passing second our kiss intensified and we began grinding our pussy’s hard against the others thigh. Our breathing became shallow and erratic as we moaned more and more. I took hold of her arse cheeks and squeezed hard as I pulled her against my thigh while I pushed myself harder and faster against her. We were both extremely wet and movements becoming more desperate. We stopped kissing, moans echoing around the neighbourhood. I could feel my pussy throbbing hard and knew I’d cum at any moment. Vicky must have been at the same stage, I thought, both of us pounding and out of control. Suddenly we both gasped and tensed and an instant later, we were cumming, squirting against the others thigh.  
  
For a few seconds Vicky slumped on top of me as I wrapped my arms around her, both of us trying to recover our composure. We looked at each other, smiled and kissed once more. Our tongues swirled slowly, intimately as we relaxed together.  
  
Vicky eventually pulled away a little.  
  
“Oh my god Jo, it’s dreamy kissing you, it’s so nice. Ian would die to see us kiss. Hell, I’d love seeing you kiss him.”  
  
Vicky giggled as she rolled onto the blanked to my left with a look of total pleasure in her eyes.  
  
“I didn’t think I’d cum that hard or as quickly with another girl,” she said still smiling.  
  
I turned onto my side and as she looked at me, kissed her lips softly and we began to talk again. It was all about sex. She’d only ever had sex with Ian and that he was very good in bed. There were times where she didn’t orgasm when he fucked her but he always knew and would then tease her clit until she came. In some ways, he enjoyed that more, being amazed by how much she squirted. As soon as they moved in next door, they’d both fantasised about having sex with me as individuals and as a couple.  
  
Without thinking what I was doing, as we talked I started to run my fingers up and down her pussy lips and then in and out of her slowly. From the instant I started touching her, her breathing became erratic and as my fingers probed in and out, her hips responded, bucking more and more.  
  
“Well, you’ve had sex with me now Vicky.”  
  
Her juices were dribbling steadily between my fingers and it was no surprise when the talking stopped. I started to circle my fingertips around her g-spot, her legs opened wider, invitingly as my thumb teased her clit. Both thumb and fingertips moved faster and harder with each passing second and Vicky responded more. Vicky’s moans were turning me on and couldn’t resist sucking on her left nipple. I felt her body tense and pussy throb hard on my fingers. Suddenly she gasped and knees clamped together and a few seconds later, her back arched and she began to cum, squirting juices, soaking the blanket.  
  
I kept my fingers inside her as she started to recover. Her eyes remained shut, still breathing heavily as my thumb gently circled her clit. Once she’d climaxed, she closed he legs again, almost as if to say no more but the expression on her face and little gasps suggested otherwise.  
  
Gradually she relaxed, stretching her legs out on the blanket, opened her eyes, looking at me as she smiled and then giggled as she said, wow.  
  
I got up onto my knees and moved to lie on top of her, kissing her; lips on lips, repeatedly, lingering longer each time.  
  
Vicky wrapped her legs around me as the sun heated our bodies, making us sweat a little. Intimate caressing of lips soon developed to proper kisses, open mouths and tongues swirling together. My pussy was dripping and body tingling as though I wanted to cum again. It’d have been easy to grind against her but I resisted as we eventually stopped kissing and began to talk again.  
  
Time flew by as we lay side by side enjoying the sun baking our bodies and talking but eventually Vicky said she needed to go and prepare for the party later. Once again, she asked me to go, I declined but agreed I go and help her prepare everything and say hello to Ian.  
  
In an instant, there was a look of delight and mischief in Vicky’s eyes and as we stood up, she asked if I was putting clothes on. I couldn’t help chuckling but when she continued, saying that it’d be great if Ian came home and saw us both naked. How could I resist, I had to stay nude. As we started to walk off the lawn, I was surprised that she simply picked up her clothes and followed a step behind me. We didn’t stop talking as we went through my house and out the front door, carrying on across to next door, completely naked.  
  
We only had about an hour to get things ready. Ian had promised Vicky that he’d be home earlier than normal so he could help her. We got to work preparing food for the party, both sweating from the heat in the kitchen. As we continued to talk and were near to getting everything completed, Vicky said she was going to text everybody and tell them it was going to be a beachwear party, no other clothes allowed.  
  
The weather forecast was for a hot and humid evening, so Vicky’s idea was a good one, being inside and wearing too many clothes would be a bad combination.  
  
“I’ve only been to nude beaches and I don’t have a bikini,” I quipped  
  
Vicky laughed and immediately said I’d changed my mind about the party but that I had to wear what I’d wear to the beach and grinned when she said me being nude at the party would be amazing.  
  
She’d not looked at me, all the while texting the six who were coming to the party and Ian, telling him she had a massive surprise when he arrived home. Eventually she looked up at me and smiled but her attention was taken by a succession of texts, which she replied to straight away.  
  
Once we’d finished getting everything ready, bringing sun loungers round from my back yard, placing a few blankets and big cushions on her lawn. We made a coffee and went outside, sat side by side on one of the sun loungers, chatting constantly. Vicky started to tell me about those who’d be there that night. I was amazed to hear that both her and Ian had twin sisters, Vicky and hers being identical. Ian’s sister would be coming with her boyfriend. The remaining three were friends they worked with. Two were seventeen and the other twenty-two.  
  
I was still, far from being convinced I should stay to the party but I was undeniably wet thinking about being nude in front of everybody. We almost lost track of time but once we’d finishing drinking, headed back into the kitchen. Vicky looked down at my body and ran her fingers seductively up my thighs and pussy lips. It was impossible not to respond, moaning with pleasure and grinding against her fingers.  
  
“You’ve been so wet all day Jo. It’s such a turn on and makes me feel so sexy that I’m doing that to you.”  
  
An instant later, we were kissing as we stood by the kitchen table, tongues entwined as our passion began to ignite once again. I felt her fingers penetrate between my pussy lips and slide effortlessly deeper and deeper.  
  
“Imagine how good Ian’s cock will feel inside you Jo, fucking you slowly.”  
  
My pussy started to throb immediately, gripping her fingers hard as they slid in and out, building speed quickly. I tried to open my legs as much as I could but standing made it difficult.  
  
We heard a key in the front door and then opening. Vicky didn’t relent and calmly called out, telling Ian that she was in the kitchen with his surprise. No sooner were the words out of her mouth than we were kissing again as I squeezed the cheeks of her bum. Neither of us looked at Ian as he came into the kitchen.  
  
“Oh my fucking god,” Ian blurted after a few seconds.  
  
Vicky stopped kissing me as she began to tease my g-spot and clit at the same time as she said, “Don’t stand there with a hard-on in your pants and get your clothes off.”  
  
Ian was about five feet eight, with short blonde hair and blue eyes. His eyes were fixed on us as I moaned more and more, feeling my pussy contracting harder as another orgasm was nearing. He pulled off his tie, unbuttoned his white shirt, crouched down as he untied his shoes and then as he stood up kicked them off. Next, he removed his blue socks, followed by his dark grey trousers being unfastened. He pulled off his shirt to reveal a tanned and hairless, well defined stomach and chest. His trousers had slithered down his smooth muscular thighs to rest around his ankles and before I had chance to see the bulge in his undies, he had them off and was walking towards us.  
  
Like Vicky, Ian had tan lines from their recent holiday but as he got closer, I could only admire his totally shaved body and fully erect cock pointing at us, oozing pre-cum in anticipation.  
  
“Stop there Ian. Is Jo as gorgeous and sexy naked as you imagined?”  
  
Vicky’s fingers moved even faster and I moaned louder. There was no stopping now. I was going to cum at any second. She took her fingers off my g-spot and pinched my clit hard, pulling and stretching it until I gasped. I could hardly stand as she pinched and pulled even harder but this time as she let go a jet of cum spurted from my pussy. Again she pinched and stretched and again I squirted over and over until my orgasm relented.  
  
“She’s ready for you Ian”.  
  
My heart was pounding as Vicky stepped forward and kissed him passionately, stroking his cock slowly before pulling away and directing him towards me. Juices were still dribbling from my pussy, a growing puddle forming between my feet as Ian finally touched me. He ran his fingertips from my thighs, slowly up my body and then caressing and squeezing my breasts. I moaned involuntarily, muffled as his tongue found mine. His cock pressed against my pubic region as we pulled each other close, kissing with a building intensity.  
  
I felt Ian’s hands roaming up and down my back and onto my arse, caressing it. As they worked lower, it felt as though I was sitting on his hands until he started to lift my feet off the floor. Instinctively I raised and opened my legs invitingly, feeling the shaft of his cock slide down my pussy lips as I was lifted higher. With my legs spread apart, as Ian’s knob lined up with my pussy lips, he was able to penetrate into me. I groaned as I felt myself being stretched as he pulled me closer, pushing his cock deeper into me and my legs wrapped around him.  
  
He walked so I could put my arse on the edge of the table and put my hands down to steady myself. I leaned back and looked down at where his cock was inside me and how my swollen wet pussy lips were stretched around his thick shaft. Ian stood motionless, enjoying the sensation of my pussy squeezing him rhythmically. Vicky hopped up onto the table, sat beside me and began to masturbate as Ian started exploring every inch of my body with his hands.  
  
From my toes to my neck, he touched, almost as though he was admiring my skin and body and not rushing despite my efforts to ride him. With Vicky having told me that Ian had wanted to fuck me, I expected him to pound me hard and fast. Even with his wife, naked beside me, he was in total control, making sure he was intensifying my experience. I lay back further as he began to work my breasts. He squeezed my flesh between his fingers and thumb until my hard nipples raised to a point and I gasped as he pinched and pulled them hard. I watched as my nipples stretched like a piece of elastic on the verge of snapping. Suddenly as he let go, my pussy clenched tight on his shaft. I was going to climax. I gasped as I tried to thrust onto him, feeling the pleasure radiate through my body as my orgasm took hold.  
  
Ian leant down, kissed and sucked my neck as he took hold of my waist with his hands. He stood back up and began to move his cock in and out of me. He was looking at Vicky as she pushed her two fingers in and out of herself and matching her rhythm with his cock in my pussy. Vicky and I were moaning louder and louder as her fingers moved slow, then fast, then slow and fast again, Ian thrusting hard when the pace quickened. It felt as though she was controlling how I was being fucked. Each time she moved faster she did it for longer. Ian’s cock was throbbing more and more and the longer he fucked the bigger he felt inside me.  
  
It was so hot, the sweat was pouring out of me, dripping down my breasts and stomach and as I looked at Vicky, I could see that her body was reacting the same way.  
  
Suddenly she began to tease her clit as fast as she could, bucking wildly as she lay back on the table. That was the sign for Ian to let go, pounding me as hard and fast as he could, driving his cock as deep as he could inside me. Watching Vicky was turning me on as much as Ian fucking me and knowing she was about to climax was sending me over the edge again and as she started to squirt her juices across the kitchen floor I orgasmed again. He continued to pound for a few minutes after I’d cum until he thrust hard and spurted his first stream of sperm into me. Spurt after spurt, I felt his cum spurting into my pussy until he slumped on top of me exhausted.  
  
After a few seconds Ian looked, first at Vicky and then me as he smiled. An instant later we were kissing, his cock still inside me and still hard. I heard Vicky moving to my right and a few seconds later he turned and they kissed. My pussy was still throbbing and felt as though I wanted to cum again. Watching them kiss on top of me was such a turn on. We stayed in that position for, what seemed like hours but in reality it was about five minutes and to my amazement, Ian remained hard.  
  
“It smells of sex in here. I love it,” Vicky said as she laughed.  
  
Ian pulled away from the table and as I sat up a concoction of cum poured from me, onto the floor.  
  
“We need to have a shower before everybody arrives. Smelling of sex would be great but we are all so sweaty,” Vicky suggested.  
  
“Are you coming with us Jo,” she asked.  
  
I was on auto-pilot not wanting to leave them but gave no answer, simply got up and as she took me by the hand, followed her upstairs and into the bathroom.  
  
The shower cubicle was easily big enough for two but three would be a bit of a squeeze. Ian entered first and smiled as he encouraged Vicky and I to follow him. As I stepped in to join them, I started to realise why their sexual moans lasted as long as they did. From the moment Ian had become hard, his cock had remained fully erect, even after fucking me, there were no signs of him going soft, it was amazing.  
  
Vicky and Ian manoeuvred so I was under the water. Straight away, I could feel their hands all over my body, covering it with soap. No part of me was ignored, Vicky washing my front and Ian my back, leaving my middle section till last. She washed slowly around my pubic region as his hands were on my arse. Their hands and fingers seemed to be perfectly in harmony, as hers slipped effortlessly inside my pussy, his eased into my bum. My legs buckled, still wobbly and weak from being fucked in the kitchen and I moaned loudly as I felt myself tense.  
  
Vicky probed in and out for a few seconds but then began teasing my g-spot and clit as she had done earlier. Both were still sensitised from before and started to throb and tingle as soon as she touched them, sending waves of pleasure through my body. Once Ian had finished washing and caressing the cheeks of my arse, his fingertips ran up and down between them, eventually circling the rim gently but as he teased, it felt as though he was opening me little by little as he pushed in deeper. I wanted desperately to buck my hips but had to focus entirely on standing upright and not collapsing in a heap. I was clenching hard on Ian’s one finger as it continued to stretch my hole wider while probing in and out.  
  
This was the first time I’d had double penetration and was experiencing pure ecstasy. I was tingling all over and though I wasn’t cumming, it felt as though my pussy was throbbing so hard that I was squirting constantly. Suddenly, I was stretched again as Ian pushed in a second finger as deep as it would go. I gasped in pain but within a few seconds, it had been replaced with pleasure as my bum reacted, squeezing and throbbing on his fingers. Vicky meanwhile was teasing my clit and g-spot, steadily and softly but as soon as I gasped when his second finger entered me, she started to tease harder and faster. I couldn’t take it for much longer, the strength was being sapped from my legs, I needed to cum, I needed a release but to my surprise, they pulled away and stopped teasing, giggling as Ian said it was his time to be washed.  
  
We swapped places, Ian standing under the water. I stood to his right and Vicky to his left. As they had done to me, Vicky and I washed her husband all over. From his neck to his feet, our hands covered him in soap and the cascading water rinsed him clean. We left the middle section until last and I wondered if we’d be as intimate or sexual with him as they had with me. I was still throbbing and tingly, desperate to climax, one flick of my clit and I knew I’d explode.  
  
“Wash his cock Jo and I’ll make sure his balls are clean,” Vicky said as she grinned.  
  
I wasted no time, pouring more shower gel onto the palm of my right hand and then wrapping my fingers around his shaft whilst Vicky squeezed his balls with her left hand. I looked up at Ian’s face and saw pleasure in his eyes as I began moving up and down his shaft slowly and running my thumb around his knob. At first, he stood motionless, allowing our fingers to work their magic but as Vicky squeezed and caressed more and more, so he started to move his hips. Instinct was driving my fingers, gripping his shaft tighter as my pace quickened, stroking faster. His eyes closed as he groaned a little. The same type of groan I’d heard coming through my bedroom wall day after day. It took a while before my hand was wanking him as fast as I could go and his body writhing out of control. I switched my gaze down to his cock, expecting to see it cumming at any moment but just as I thought it was going to happen, Vicky demanded we stop and wash her.  
  
Vicky and Ian switched places and within seconds, we were covering her body with soap. I couldn’t resist taking my time washing her breasts, squeezing and caressing and then pinching and pulling her nipples. From the moment we touched her, she began to moan and writhe. It was obvious that she was incredibly turned on. I leant forward and kissed her neck as I washed her stomach and then as my fingertips brushed across her pussy lips, she turned and we kissed passionately. Our mouths opened and tongues worked feverishly together and I moved to grind my pussy against her thigh.  
  
“It’s so hot seeing you two kissing.”  
  
No sooner had he uttered those word and Ian had turned off the shower and opened the door for us all stepped out. I expected that we’d have used a towel to dry off but Vicky took hold of my right hand and encouraged me to run with her into the bedroom. Playfully she pushed me towards the bed. Without hesitation, I move to sit in the middle of it as she knelt by my side. As I wondered what she was going to do, she pushed me onto my back and in the blink of an eye, straddled my head, facing towards my feet.  
  
I shifted to get myself comfortable as droplets of water dripped off her body and onto my face. Despite being clean, I could still smell how turned on she was and took hold of her arse cheeks, gently spreading them. Slowly I ran my tongue around the rim of her hole and pushed it deep inside her, encouraged by he moans and exclamation, “Fuck yes Jo”.  
  
As I circled and wiggled my tongue deep inside her bum, I felt the bed bounce and a few seconds later, heard the unmistakable sound of Ian and Vicky kissing. As I probed slowly in and out of her I felt her tense and release on my tongue. Gradually I moved faster and faster, feeling her beginning to writhe on top of me.  
  
My body was tingling all over and despite wanting to make Vicky cum again, I needed to climax too, I couldn’t wait. I raised my feet, placing them on the bed either side of my bum and spread my knees apart. I moved my left hand down to my pussy and immediately began to tease my clit.  
  
It was impossible not to move my tongue at a different pace to my fingers. As they circled my clit frantically, so my tongue slipped in and out of her bum and she moved in response. I could feel her juices dribbling onto me until she suddenly tensed and froze. A few seconds later, I felt her cum being spurted out onto my breasts and stomach. The speed of my fingers quickened again, encouraged by her orgasm, until I gasped and moaned in pleasure, squirting hard onto the sheets.  
  
Vicky rolled onto the bed, smiling at me and then looking at Ian kneeling between us and stroking his cock.  
  
For a few seconds we watched him until Vicky got to her knees and pushed Ian onto his back. In an instant, she had straddled him and guided her pussy onto his hard, throbbing cock.  
  
“Don’t just lie there Jo. Straddle Ian’s face and he can lick you out.”  
  
I needed no more encouragement, immediately doing as she’d suggested, straddling his head, lowering my dripping pussy onto his mouth as I faced her. Vicky leant forward and kissed me, our tongues swirling together as we began to fuck him. Vicky was riding his cock and me, Ian’s tongue. It didn’t take long before we pulled away from our kiss and concentrated fully on ourselves. I found out very quickly that, for a man, Ian’s oral skills were very good. His tongue felt very long inside me. At first, he simply explored as deep as he could go, until he flicked my g-spot. It was impossible not to respond by tensing and moaning. Once he found my g-spot, he was merciless, teasing faster and faster as I writhed on top of him.  
  
It was such a turn on, being licked in that way as I watched Vicky ride his cock. She moved her pussy, expertly around his cock as she slid up and down his shaft, all the time, moaning with a look of pleasure and lust in her eyes. I couldn’t resist and began teasing my clit, mimicking the same pace as Ian’s tongue on my g-spot. My pussy was throbbing so hard and knew it wouldn’t be long before I exploded. With each passing second, his tongue moved faster, my fingers followed suit and as I looked at Vicky, she too was moving faster.  
  
Suddenly, the doorbell was ringing.  
  
“Go and open the door Jo please, we’ll be down when I finish fucking Ian.”  
  
I moved my fingers as fast as they would move on my clit, desperate to climax.  
  
“Oh fuck, I need to cum,” I shouted with frustration and Vicky laughed mischievously.  
  
Reluctantly I climbed off Ian’s tongue and sat for a few seconds on the edge of the bed giving myself a moment to recover.  
  
“Remember it’s a beachwear party Jo and you have only been to naked beaches,” Vicky said as she chuckled.  
  
The doorbell rang out once more, Vicky had sped up, fucking Ian faster, moaning louder and as I got to my feet, my heart begin to pound, thinking about opening the door and being naked. My pussy was dibbling, juices pouring down my thighs as I stepped nervously down the stairs and looked at the solitary silhouetted shadow the other side of the door.