I Think There's Something Funny Going On Here

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There really WAS something funny going on there!

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“I think there’s something funny going on here!” Mila whispered.
We were just getting back to our room from an afternoon down at the beach. It had gotten dark, and we were going to take a dip in the hot tub in the common room of the rustic bed and breakfast where we were staying.
“What do you mean?” I asked.
“Listen!” She said, her ear to the door.
I put my ear to the door, and could hear noises of people moving about.
“So we don’t have the carriage house all to ourselves any more. So what?”
“I don’t know, it’s just a feeling.”
“It means we’ll have to put on our suits if we want to get in the tub.” Having had the whole place to ourselves had meant they were still bone-dry in our suitcases.
Mila shook her head, and put on her bikini. It was white, with gold cylinders like napkin rings at the cleavage and hips. It set off her all-over tan.
I pulled on my jammie-styled red suit, grabbed the towels and we headed out.
She was right about other people being in the common room, an old wooden chamber chock-full of antiques and bric-a-brac, just as you’d expect a northern California B&B to be. They were all over in the corner around the hot tub, behind the Japanese screens. The Jacuzzi motor was running, and people were laughing.
As we approached, one of the women caught sight of us over the screen and said to the others: “Oops! Hey, guys, we’ve got company.” To us she said: “Uh, we’re all in the natural, if you know what I mean. Does that offend you? We can leave.”
I looked at Mila, and Mila looked at me. Neither of us were shy, we’d been to nudist resorts before.
“No, we’re good. Hang on a minute.” I replied, and we began to strip.
Mila is 5 foot four, and slender, but with enough padding that she has a fine shape. Her breasts are rather pointy, with big, smooth nipples like dollops of whipped cream on top of a sundae. She has a little pot belly that I think is adorable, and legs that can kill at a hundred paces. She was as brown all over as finely polished walnut, and her hair is light gold, and pulled back into a bun at the back of her neck, which makes her look as sleek as a panther. Me? I’m average everything.

We came around the soji screen and met three other couples: Linda and Tom, Billie and Bill, and Frank and Alicia. A sign hanging from the rafters said no alcohol in the hot tub, but wine bottles were sitting on the table, and there were plenty of Styrofoam cups. We could tell the party had already started without us, and everyone was in a good mood, as well as naked.

Linda was dark-haired and rather plump. Her breasts were more like “tits,” small and rather sharply pointed. Tom was average like me. Billie and Bill were also dark, and Billie had jugs. No other word described them. Even she described them as “jugs,” holding them up for all to judge for themselves. Frank was short and had brillo hair. He was a comedian-singer from Las Vegas , and kept us all in stitches. Alicia was taller, also with dark hair, but almost mannishly short. She had a nose sort of like a prizefighter’s, all pug and flat, a fine pair of tah-tahs and square hips. Like Mila, she was nudist-suntanned from head to toe, only she didn’t have the “bunny tail” of a tanning-bed tan as Mila did. Alicia’s was real. The very thought of her in the sunshine, naked, was enticing itself.

The Westport B&B was across the Pacific Coast Highway from the beach, the northernmost California B&B possible, since the road turned and went inland just a mile farther north. There was an old farmhouse across a creek from the carriage house, and enough trees around the creek that the carriage house was totally private all round. That, plus the atmosphere of the old wood building, plus the fact that it was difficult in the extreme to get to, was why everyone had chosen it in the first place.

“So, I take it you all know each other away from here?” I ventured, joining the conversation.

“We come up every month or so from San Francisco and Oakland to get away from it all and have a little playtime.” Alicia answered.

Catching the implication of the word “playtime,” Mila said: “What kind of playing do you do?”

Sideways glances all around. Tom said: “We like to get naked together and…”

“Screw each other’s brains out!!!” the rest chimed in together. I later found out it was kind of a slogan for them.

Mila looked at me, and I looked at her.

“Well, it sounds like we’re right at home!” I said. We like to too, only there isn’t anyone back home to play with.”

“Where’s `home?’ Billie asked.

“ Southwest Florida , where the average age is `died of old age.’”

Linda made a face like she had bitten into a lemon. “Well then,” she said, “maybe we can help with that.” And she moved across to Mila and me and I saw her hand cup Mila’s breast as I felt a hand under the water searching for my cock. Tom was stroking Linda’s back, with a smile on his face as he watched the scene unfold before him.

“Yeah, let’s get started!” Frank said behind us, and he and Alicia came and sat on the edge of the Jacuzzi to watch.

Linda leaned over to kiss Mila, gently and hesitantly at first. Mila is a little reserved about kissing, so she jumped back a little, which caused Linda to pause, but then Mila threw herself into Linda’s face and the two locked lips with tongues meshing to the applause of the rest of us. Linda’s hand found my shaft and squeezed hard, which caused me to grit my teeth and bear it.

Alicia leaned over to me, her fine tits dangling inches before my face. I reached up and cupped her, as she kissed me. This time there was no hesitancy, and our tongues danced together fiercely. Our of the corner of my eye I could see that Frank was giving his attention to Billie, and Bill apparently was jacking Tom under the water. I confess my eyes lit a little more with that, because I like a taste of boy in a pile-up too.

Mila moved up to sit on the edge of the tub as Linda moved in to eat her. Alicia straddled my lap as Linda withdrew her hand to work on Mila, and Alicia and I began to neck furiously. I felt hands reaching through to jack my cock, and realized it had to be Tom, Bill, or maybe even Billie reaching across, because Alicia had her arms around my neck so that I could play with her tits.

Whoever was playing with me was also playing with her, as she began to stiffen and cry out. I could feel a hand hammering fingers in and out of her pussy, and in a minute she came with a cry and collapsed on me. I held her tight as she recovered.

“Sit up on the side, I want to suck your cock.” she whispered in my ear. She said it so sexy, adding an “H” or two to the word “cohhk.” When I looked at her face she had a devilish grin. She knew what she was saying, and more importantly, how to say it. Yes maam!

I moved up to the rim, and she wasted no time sucking my throbbing dick all the way down to the base, her hand cupping my balls, squeezing them just so. I looked to my right, and Mila was arching back in her pleasure, Linda between her legs making slurping noises. Mila raised one leg and draped it over Linda’s back, and I knew it wouldn’t be long for her either. Frank and Billie were standing in the middle of the tub, her back to his front as his hands roamed all over her, her tits, her cunt, her belly. He put a finger in her slit and began to wiggle her nubbin, which caused her to melt against him even more. Her wet body glistened in the dim lights of the room as she squirmed her ass into his crotch. Tom and Bill were taking turns jacking and sucking each other. Bill noticed Linda’s ass was available, so he knelt down behind her, put his cock in her crack and began dry-humping her, which began to set Mila off. She and Billie both came to climax together, and for a moment we had stereo orgasms. Tom began to dry-hump Alicia as well, and for a moment he and Bill looked like two jockeys racing for the wire. Billie began to kiss Bill, and Frank turned his attention to Mila, moving in to suck on her tit. Linda had broken contact with Mila when Mila climaxed, so she moved over with Alicia to work on me. I opened my legs as far as they would go and leaned back against a convenient wooden post as my two ladies used my cock as an excuse to make out with each other.

Billie moved over to pull Tom and Bill Away from Alicia and Linda, and turned them to sandwich her in the middle. Hands began flying over bodies, squeezing tits, squeezing and stroking butts, cunts, cocks, and balls. Mila was sucking and jacking Frank, and squeezing his balls. Having a new playmate was having its effect on her, and I could see she was unusually aggressive tonight.

I needed some tit, so I pulled my two women up and began to smother myself in their fine bosoms. When they saw what it was I wanted they raised them up and out for me, rubbing my face with their nipples. I grabbed big handfuls of babeass and drew them to me. I could tell they were kissing above as I feasted.

The tub was beginning to get a little crowded and hot, especially hot. Tom, Bill, and Billie got out and

disappeared, followed by Frank and Mila. Suddenly it was quiet and alone for the three of us left behind.
“I’ve got a big shower in my room, why don’t we go and soap all this chlorine off?” Linda suggested.
“Let’s go!” We got out and grabbed our towels, and went to Linda’s room, which was the biggest suite in the carriage house, and surprisingly empty. Apparently Tom had gone with Bill and Billie to their room.
Linda’s shower was big enough to hold all eight of us at once! I’ve never seen such a shower before, the one in my room is just a stall unit from Home Depot. It also had a setup like you see in the plumbing fixture ads, but nobody actually has, where the jets are all coming over. Soon we would be too.
We soaped each other up, making sure to finger and feel each nook, cranny, crevice, and protuberance. I soaped tits and cunts and asses, they soaped the same plus cock and balls. We slithered together and they humped my thighs. They sandwiched me and I humped each other’s ass cracks, we were so slick and wet.
Eventually, even this had to change. We dried off and went to the bedroom. Linda threw back the covers and crawled on the bed, her arms wide to take us in. From that point on it was all a blur of girlskin and wagging cock, jiggling tits and dangling balls. Alica ate out Linda, Linda sucked me, I ate Alicia, then I ate Linda, Linda ate Alicia…you get the picture. They smothered me with tits, I fingered them over the edge I don’t know how many times.
At last, Linda pushed me on my back and straddled my loins. She took my cock and held it to her slit and impaled herself on me. I slid right in all the way in one stroke she was so wet and receptive. As Linda began to ride, Alicia crawled up and dangled a tit in my mouth, then slapped my cheeks with both wabbos. I was in Heaven.
“Here, Al, it’s your turn.” Linda said, slowing her pace and getting off. Literally only? Then again, maybe I should be grateful., because I only have one load to shoot, and if she had gotten off she might have taken me with her before I had had a chance to experience Alicia.
Alicia moved off my face and raised her ass high, grabbing a pillow and resting her head and shoulders down on the bed. “Do me, big boy!” she purred, as she waved her tail in circles. Like I need a roadmap to know where I should go. Linda was a hands-on helper. She stroked my cock all the time it was out in the air, and pulled me into position behind this prize, then carefully guided me into Alicia’s dripping cunt, like they do in horse-breeding.
Alicia was just as wet and receptive as Linda, and I plunged her length in one thrust. Doggie-style has always been my favorite position, and I held there for a moment, until Alicia’s moans died down. She looked over her shoulder at me with a quizzical look, like: “Well?” I adjusted my position a little, grabbed her fine hips, and pulled back ever so slowly, until just the head was still in. Alicia groaned from her depths, and then like a trumpet as I pushed back in.
Like a steam engine gathering speed I plunged and withdrew, thrust and pulled. Alicia was crying out in ecstasy as I fucked her like, well, like a stallion mates with a mare. I could feel as if I was in control, and as she neared climax I could feel the juices rising in my balls as well. It was all I could do to hold

on as she flew over the edge, and as soon as I could tell she was finished I pulled out, which made her yelp, and went for Linda.

It took Linda a second to realize what had happened. She had been on the sidelines urging us on like a dirty-mouthed cheerleader: “C’mon boy, fuck that bitch! Give her that your hard cock! I wanna’ see you make her cum! You fucking his cock, bitch? Huh? You gonna’ give him what he needs?” and so on.

I pushed Linda over on her back, and prepared to mount her. “Put her there, pal!” she hissed at me, pointing between her legs, and I fitted myself to her slit and pushed back in. Linda’s back arched as I nailed her cunt, and this time I was all fuck machine as I pounded her pussy as hard as I could go, my long-hanging balls slapping her ass with each stroke. Linda wasn’t all potty-mouthed this time as she was so busy moaning to make any articulate sounds. To make matters worse, I felt Alicia reach between my legs and start squeezing my balls from behind. I love that. She also pressed her thumb into my bung, and my butt cheeks clamped down on her hand like a vise. From that moment I was a goner.

The note of Linda’s howling reached a peak and we both went over the top together, me grunting like an ape as I shot my load deep into her, and it seemed to take forever for me to unload. As we rolled to a stop we could hear the sounds of the others in the house reaching their peaks as well. It was like the insane asylum for a few minutes, then all was still.

Then there was the sound of laughter, everywhere. Giggling, actually. Whatever. There was happiness that night.