

Saturday Night at the Nudist Motel

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She displayed her winking brown eye and her delicious pink slit only a few feet from my face.

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SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE NUDIST MOTEL

The trip down the Florida Keys was interrupted by a bent axle that demanded immediate attention. I guess in the back of my mind I suspected there was something wrong even before we started out on the journey to the end of the Keys.

I had not been on a vacation for almost four years ever since my dear departed Anna made her final exit from the stage of our contentious domestic existence. For some strange reason, I had not been able to shake the sense that she had succumbed to the aggressive form of cancer just to teach me a lesson for my many infidelities and shameful slights over a decade of “touch and go” married life.

My ultra-shy sister-in-law Nora and her 2 bratty daughters, Kristy and Julie came with me because my baby brother made her promise to “keep an eye on Harry” in anticipation of my doing something stupid. In point of fact, I was so caught up in meeting deadlines that my stupidity factor was just not even able to become engaged. My over-achieving brother was on assignment in Saudi Arabia setting up pipelines for the distribution of the black gold that made the World go round. He had been gone this time for almost a full year and his contract did not run out for at least another six months.

I could tell Nora was really upset with me because I had insisted on taking my old Chevy instead of her sleek Escalade with the built-in TV screens. I just felt more comfortable in the Chevy which was kind of like a pair of old shoes you just hated to get rid of.

Just between you and me, I always had kind of a “thing” for Nora. She was bit older than my 38 year

old younger brother Aldo but still managed to look like a latter day Grace Kelly. Before she finally married my brother, we had been on a few dates together as I was still single at the time. I remembered getting as far as third base but unable to close the deal for a piece of cherry pie.

My horny brother Aldo took Miss “shy-thing” to the movies and they were engaged that very same night. I still laughed at the episode but Nora didn’t think it was funny in the least little bit.

My Anna and Nora were kind of close and seemed very tight with each other. I often suspected Anna went to Nora with all the stupid things that I did or was suspected of doing and that they made my ears burn behind my back denouncing all my faults.

Kristy was a naturally beautiful girl. She had this lustrous black hair that she usually wore upswept in a neat little pony tail. Her perky breasts were seldom in a bra and I found myself looking at them in an inappropriate way more than once. At 18 years of age, she was unusually mature for her age and kept her more volatile younger sister in check when she got too feisty for relaxed daily life.

Julie was another story. For starters, she was a terrible flirt. She never told the truth if it could be avoided and she just loved to see drama unfold from her trouble-making activities.

Of course, she was still only a month or two shy of her 17 th birthday so her attitude could be result of immature logic and thought processes. For some reason, Julie had cut her hair very short recently. She almost looked like a boy with the haircut but her full and nicely curved heart-shaped ass sitting on top of a pair of long delicately shaped legs put an end to that supposition. She didn’t have much on top but what she did have was crowned with a pair of persistently hard nipples that stuck out waiting to be licked by anyone with a greedy tongue.

The guy at the auto shop was not very optimistic about getting the Chevy back on the road before Monday or Tuesday of next week, so we knew we had to find a place quick. This was an area of the Keys that was long on Condos and private houses and pretty short on Motels for tourists. The phone book showed a Motel called “Bare Bottom Rental Villas” only about three miles from our location. It was located on Bare Bottom Harbor Road that culminated in a dead-end on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico.

The taxi driver looked at the four of us a little strangely but I didn’t think anything of it until we walked into the lobby of the attractive stucco and Spanish tile Motel. The sounds of laughter and friendly chatter wafted up from the unseen pool out back. The first thing that caught my attention was the fact that the desk clerk was not wearing a shirt but I put that down to the informalities of the Florida Key lifestyle.

We were lucky enough to get a two bedroom villa with an extra upstairs loft and a huge great room and patio that looked right out onto the Gulf of Mexico. I was surprised it was so inexpensive but the desk clerk told me it was the “off season” rate thru the end of the month. He asked me if the “girls” were all over 16 and I assured him that they were but I was uncertain why that was of any importance.

When he came out from behind the desk, I heard the girls start to giggle uncontrollably and I heard Nora gasp like she had just been swatted on her beautiful behind. The next thing I saw was a long and thick swinging cock on a fairly decent looking guy wearing only sandals and a smile on his face.

I immediately put 2 and 2 together and confirmed my suspicion by seeing the logo on the room key that read "Bare Bottom Rental Villas....The only nudist motel in the Keys."

Nora grasped my arm like a hungry alligator and pulled me down to her pretty lips.

"Harry, I think this is a nude Motel!"

I was momentarily at a loss for words, but after thinking about our situation; I realized that we were probably stuck at least for tonight since the next Motel was almost 40 miles further on or all the way back in Marathon. Besides, the further we went from the car being repaired, the more we would have to pay for a taxi to take us back.

"Nora, we can put up with it for one night at least. They won't know if we have our clothes on or off if we are inside our own motel room. Just don't look at the other people if you have to go out for any reason."

I could tell Nora was so angry that she was almost shaking with the rage inside her shapely and well-proportioned body. The two girls were both amused beyond description and I saw them checking out the desk clerk both front and back like they were judging a Mr. Nude USA contestant. I began to wonder if they wouldn't fit into this lifestyle without any problem at all.

We had to pass the pool on the way to the villa. It was a real eye-opener. There were about twenty or so people totally nude in the pool area. Some were in the water swimming, others were sitting in comfortable lounge chairs and others were sitting on stools by the tiki bar.

It seemed like there were more females than males or maybe it was because I centered my attention on the various assorted pubic hairpieces covering labia of all sizes and shapes. One nicely shaped blond in her 40s was bent over ready to jump in the deep end of the pool and displayed her winking brown eye and a delicious pink slit only a few feet from my startled face. I noticed that Nora and the girls were equally fixated on the several swinging cocks moving to and fro in a very friendly fashion.

The sound of the girls giggling lasted all the way to the room. Inside the room there was a set of instructions on the door that showed the fire exits and also the rules about not smoking in bed. The additional rules caught my attention.

Rule 5. No clothing permitted in the pool area except foot covering.

Rule 6. Males with erections are requested to refrain from physical contact with females in common areas.

Rule 7. Underwater physical contact is permissible with consensual agreement.

Rule 8. No clothing allowed in the restaurant area. Please use towels provided to cover seats.

I found that as I read the rules on the back of the door, my usually shy sister-in-law Nora was breathing over my shoulder trying to absorb every word. The two girls were squeezed in in front of me and looking up with huge smiles on their faces. I tried my best to reduce contact with the two pairs of arse cheeks rubbing incessantly on my already aroused cock. I met with very little success. My sister-in-law's ample bosom was pushing two dents into my muscular upper arm and I realized she had no bra under her loose-fitting blouse.

The knock on the door startled us all.

When I opened the motel room door I saw an attractive couple in their 30s carrying a basket of delicious looking oranges. Of course, they were both naked as jay-birds.

"Hi, neighbor. Trudi and Don from across the hall. We are the only welcoming committee you will get here at the Bare Bottom. The desk clerk is Don's nephew and he told us you guys were not aware of our status as a nudist facility. I brought some G-strings for your wife and girls if they are uncomfortable with the all nude standards."

I was standing there in a little shock because Trudi had the most elegant set of knockers I had the good fortune to view in a long, long time. The nipples were like Da Vinci masterpieces waiting to be placed in a museum for us horny males to stare at for all time.

I noticed that Nora was a bit flustered with the size of Don's huge cock which seemed to just hang there like a well-trained salami ready to be consumed by a greedy female mouth. The thing moved slightly and it started to rise like a crane building a skyscraper.

Trudi slapped at it with a naughty hand and gave us all a giggle.

"I am so sorry folks. My Don gets all hot and bothered when he sees young females wearing a lot of clothes. Can't get a rise out of him when all he sees is birthday suits."

I was starting to feel a little inadequate because Don's cock was of immense proportions and I could tell the two girls were a little bit overwhelmed by the sight of it. I could see how they would be worried with the tight pussy slits and pucker holes they both possessed. If it were not for the incest angle, I would have given them both some assistance in stretching their pleasure holes well before this little trip of ours.

I think that even Nora would have approved of my efforts to "ease" Kristy and Julia's exploration of their vaginal and anal stretching exercises.

Julia was really getting into the swing of things.

“Well, I for one don’t need a silly G-string. I think I want my pussy to breathe free air.”

The little trouble-maker ran off to the bedroom to strip off all of her clothing and head to the pool for fun and games.

Kristy was red-faced but accepted the G-string from Trudi. The little minx never took her eyes off of the muscular Don’s impressive cock.

Nora and I were sitting opposite Trudi and Don feeling a bit out of place with all of our restraining clothing. Since I was in pretty good shape I had no problems with going bare assed in the Bare Bottom Motel. I wished my equipment was a bit larger but I figured Don was just the exception in the well-hung department.

The girls came back out. Julie was dressed only in her flip flops and Kristy was wearing her tiny G-string that was so far buried in her arse-crack that from behind she appeared as naked as Julie. I could tell Nora was not happy but she was too tired to get into an argument with Julie and just shrugged her shoulders in resignation. They left for the pool with Trudi and Don holding their hands. Trudi was all up close and personal with Kristy. She made a big deal out of getting her G-string to cover her little pussy slit and seemed to spend a lot of time with her hands down between Kristy’s legs. What really surprised me was that Kristy was obviously totally charmed by the older woman and seemed willing to let her do anything she wanted with her blossoming young body.

As they went down the hallway, I could see Don letting his hands roam all over Julie’s bare arse to the tune of her girlish giggles. I was glad that Nora did not stick her head out the door to see this display of her daughter’s kinky side.

Nora and I went into the bedroom and I slowly stripped off all of my clothing. My sister-in-law watched me but did not say a word. When she did the exact same thing carefully folding and storing all of her clothes on top of the bed, I got one of the stiffest erections I had sustained in quite a long while. The sight of her beautiful well-trimmed bush and the way her arse cheeks drooped slightly when she turned around made me want to hold her in my arms and enter her pussy as deep as I could from behind.

I think she realized this and she gave me a tentative smile that told me she was not completely turned off by the thought of us both naked together in the bedroom. I sat on the soft chair and reached out for her hand.

“Harry, this is wrong. I am your brother’s wife. Please don’t make me do something we will both regret.”

I saw that she was only half-hearted in her negative attitude. When I pulled her on my lap, I could feel the streams of pussy juice already pouring out of her over-heated female slit. I knew right then and

there that she had been far too long without the impalement by a male cock into her still-tight vagina.

She let me cup her arse-cheeks with my hands and I spread her apart to accept my rock-hard cock into her long-deprived pussy. Nora melted her flesh right into my body and I felt her vaginal walls contract sensuously around my pulsating cock.

We both paused momentarily and she looked over her shoulder into my pleading eyes.

My sister-in-law firmly grasped my legs and started to bounce on my lap with my ardent cock buried deep inside her drenched vagina. It was a wild ride from beginning to end. Nora's orgasm was both loud and wet. She sprayed me with her juices again and again. My beautiful brother's wife used my cock like a power tool to make her go over the edge far beyond kinky. She pounded into me with complete abandon and peppered me with a barrage of dirty words I never suspected she was aware of.

After a quick shower, we both made our way down to the pool.

Of course, we were both totally naked and I hoped no one would remark on the obvious hand imprints on her pretty bottom.