Who Knew What The River Would Bring: The Finale

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My first shot at erotica turned into 5 chapters... who knew I was that horny...

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“Good Lord, who is that?!? Is that the guys?” I was mortified.

“No... it’s not them. It’s the boat that gave us thumbs up this morning. They stopped by a while ago and asked if they could join us on the beach. They just went back down river to pick up a buddy of theirs,” he said all of this so matter-of-factly while simultaneously pulling up his shorts.

“And it didn’t occur to you to fill me in on the fact that we had company coming???” I had a shocked tone to my voice.

“It’s not like you gave me a chance. And it’s not like I knew when or if they really would be joining us. Honey, that was a sexy thing that just happened. Instead of watching porn... we were the porn!!!” he was proud.

I guess I really needed to get a grip. I didn’t know these people and would never have to see them again. My man and I enjoyed watching skin flicks now and then... Wow, he was right, now we were the flick!! Plus, it’s not like we had gotten boos and hisses. We had been a hit. By now our guests had pulled their boat up to shore. They actually moved passed where we were standing and had pulled their boat up beside ours... in front of our beach blanket. So it would seem I had no choice but to go with the flow. Bottoms were on the beach lying somewhere in the sand and bikini top, I think, was on the boat. I had just gotten a great fuck, the sun was shining and I still had more wine. My man and I strolled back down to our blanket to meet the welcoming committee.

There were two guys and a girl and she had jumped off the boat first. We had approached and were now within talking distance as she just stood on the beach looking at us, smiling she said. “Honey, I want some of your action. I loves me some sexy time on the river. Mind if we join you?”

I was still feeling a little shy, sort of hiding behind my boy, realizing that this was in fact not a dream. What was I going to say at this point? “Sure... why not... it would appear I have nothing to hide,”

chuckles and laughter followed from everyone.

“Cool... now if y’all don’t mind, I need to find a little privacy. I hate peeing on the boat with an audience.” She dropped her bag and trotted up to the bushes. Well, at least I’d have one thing in common with this new stranger friend.

Now that the initial shock of being nude in front of strangers had worn off, I felt myself feeling strangely bold. Instead of wanting to grab the blanket off the sand and wrap myself up in it, I strutted to the cooler, poured another glass of wine and found one of the chairs. Tata’s to the wind didn’t really bother me, but I was feeling a little modest about my exposed peanut. I sat there with my legs crossed but shoulders back and chest out happy to get rid of my bikini top tan lines.

My man’s new found guy friends had handed him a beer and the fishing talk ensued. They were standing knee deep in the river, talking about rods... fishing that is... bait and luck on the river today. Apparently no one had had any luck beyond my boy’s catch and release action of me.

“So Sexy Time... just call me Hot Stuff,” my new gal pal had announced after she made her way back to the blanket and chairs. She asked politely, “do you mind if I sit on your blanket?”

“Please... enjoy,” I gestured to the blanket. “Would you like a drink? There is wine, ciders and beer in the cooler.”

“Ooo, thanks, I’d love a cider. I can only take so many beers before I just feel fat. They only ever seem to fill the cooler on my husband’s boat with beer.” Hmm, now we had two things in common.

Hot Stuff, huh, well, I will give her that. Also in a skimpy bathing suit, my guest had a fantastic figure, I’m guessing some full 32C’s, tiny little waist and a juicy ass that I couldn’t help notice when she strolled away from me taking her potty break. I’m all about my man, but I have noticed, whether a man’s or a woman’s, I always seem to notice nice firm ass cheeks. I had this almost uncontrollable desire to reach over and squeeze hers as she had bent over to reach into the cooler. Cider in hand, she laid on the blanket on her belly facing the river. No sooner was she on the blanket, her top was undone at the back, but still tied around her neck. Propped up on her elbows, her body was in a beautiful yoga type cobra pose, her firm perky breasts rested gently on the blanket at the edge of the sand. My chair was beside her, also facing the river. We spent some time bantering back and forth with the boys and debated their fishing skills since no one was yet able to bring a fish to shore. I found it hard to not keep staring at her body and was just grateful my sunglasses were as dark as they were.

In discussing the best approach to actually catch a fish, Hot Stuff’s man, and what turned out to be

her brother-in-law, decided to fire up their boat and drop anchor just off shore. Really, they only dropped anchor about 25 feet off shore, but they could now cast the rod past the point where the river went from 5 feet deep to probably about 50 feet deep. My man chose to still fish from shore, but was close enough that he could still able to chat with his new fishing buddies.

We were all just enjoying the afternoon sun and being on the water. I had had enough of sunning my boobs and decided I needed to lie down. It was a big blanket so there was plenty of room for both of us. The ice had been broken when our company first arrived to the beach and I was naked, but now that we had spent some time together, conversation became a little more relaxed.

“You and your man sure look like you enjoy getting hot and bothered together. I caught a glimpse of you going down on him when we first hit the river this morning. And then, wow, the way he was hammering at you earlier... it was fucking hot. We didn’t get to see much, but it was enough to get me wet.” Hot Stuff was telling me this with a very lustful tone to her voice. She added, “My husband and I appreciate a little down and dirty time. I’ve always wondered how I’d feel with someone watching me.”

“Truth be told,” I confided, “I wanted to die when I first heard you whistle at us. But like a second later I felt like I couldn’t possible get enough cock inside of me. I got really turned on. You know that feeling your pussy gets when you’re horny and haven’t had any in a while? Well, shit, I had just got some and was instantaneously ready for more. I’m pretty sure I’ll end up jumping my man one more time before we get back to the boat launch.”

“Make it happen Sista, take one for the team!” she said as we giggled like school girls.

“Fish-on!” was the warrior cry from the boat on the water. “Wooohooo!”

Finally there was a fish on a hook. We saw it jump, it was big one and it was a runner. Hot Stuff’s husband was manning the rod as her brother-in-law brought in his line and pulled anchor. When a fish is a runner, if you don’t want to lose it, you chase it. It’s funny how fast a fisherman can move when there’s a fish on the line. Before we knew it the boat was fired up and the boys were down stream. My man, still casting from the shore.

I remained on the blanket and cheered them on. Hot Stuff had gotten up and made her way to shore telling her man to make her proud and not to forget to come back and get her. She had forgotten that her top was partially untied and we all got an eyeful of her perfectly plump 32C’s. I knew I liked looking at a firm ass, but wow, did she ever turn me into a breast woman. Her nipples were so dark and poking into the air. She gave truth to the expression of nipples so hard they could cut glass.

“Well, I guess I’m hanging with you guys for a while if that’s ok,” she said as she walked back to the

blanket. Looking down at herself, she realized she was hanging in the breeze and pulled her top up over her head and tossed it to the sand, “and if you don’t mind, I think I’m going to join you.” Not only had she gone topless, she wasted no time dropping her bottoms to the sand as well.

“Feel free,” was all I could say, still hoping my sunglasses were dark enough that she could not see me staring at her beautiful boobs and delightful pussy.

“Oh Honey, you look like you are really getting burned. Let me put some sunscreen on for you.” Before I knew it she was kneeling over me and had lotioned up her hands and began rubbing it all over my back. She had started in the middle at my shoulder blades and in one long sweep on either side of my spine, moved down to the small of my back. Pulling her hands apart a little, they moved back up passed my blades just touching the top of my shoulders. I felt her thumbs gently press and massage the back of my neck. Swirling in a few circles, her hands moved yet again further apart and ran down either side of my back and I felt her finger tips lightly graze the side of my breasts. Holy fuck! I’d been feeling hot and bothered all day and this was sending me into overdrive. I’d never felt the tender touch of another woman. The tingle in my pussy was genuinely electric.

“Thank you, so much,” were the only words I could muster, my breath taken away with the sensuality of the moment. At this point she had covered my back thoroughly with sunscreen so I figured she was done. Apparently I was wrong, because the next thing I felt were her hands on the back of my legs, running the entire length, covering my calves, the back of my knees and the back of my thighs right up to the delicate crease where leg meets ass. My head was turned to one side and I could see my man still standing in the river. He had stopped fishing and was just watching the erotic rub down of girl on girl.

“You have such soft skin. I could just keep gliding my hands over your body all day. I hope you don’t mind but I’m going to put some sunscreen on your cute little ass cheeks.” Before I could say a word, I felt both of her hands on me. She massaged in circles and didn’t let go grabbing my ass with a firmer hold. Oh my God I was in heaven.

My masseuse glanced up and saw my man was making his way towards us. She looked him in the eye and said, “I hope you don’t mind, but your girl looked like she needed some sunscreen.”

“Ah ya...cool,” as always, a man of few words, he just nodded his head, reached for a beer and grabbed a seat to see what might happen next.

To say I was wet was an understatement and I could feel my pussy swell with every caress. I couldn’t believe how the simple touch of a woman could be so tantalizing. I wanted more and I wanted to look in her eyes, so I rolled over and propped myself up on my elbows. “You know I’ve been trying not to

stare at your sexy body ever since I hit the shore," she tells me. "Can I finish making sure you have enough sunscreen on?"

"Please do," was all I could say. Being completely swept away, I laid down on my back. She still had enough sunscreen on her hands to ensure the front of my legs were well covered. While reaching for more sunscreen to cover the rest of me, she straddled my hips. I thought I could cum in an instant as our pubic bones connected. I watched her hands and felt her take two full handfuls of my 34DD's. Her hands didn't move from my breasts but tenderly kneaded them in a circular motion. Before she covered the rest of my upper body with lotion, she gave my nipples each a gentle pinch between her fingers. There was no way I could keep my hips still any longer and they began gyrating and twisting, looking for our two pussies to actually touch.

I couldn't believe what was happening. She was a complete stranger and I wanted her. My eyes followed up her arms, stopping for a second at her lips and then we locked eyes. My hands followed along as I allowed them to travel up the top of her thighs, grabbing hold of her hips for a minute and then reaching up to seize her breasts. Gently twisting her nipples between my fingers and thumb she threw her head back and let out a soft moan. She slid up a little and bent over to kiss me. At that point I felt her wetness glide over my belly. The kiss was soft and was quick and when she pulled away pure simple lust took over. I never knew I would be so eager to taste another woman's pussy. I can't believe the next words to come out of my mouth, "let me taste you."

"Do you think he will mind?" she clearly was asking a rhetorical question as we both turned to look at my man. He was sitting back in the chair, legs apart and stroking his cock through his shorts. She included him in our excitement and asked, "why don't you take your shorts off and make yourself more comfortable?"

His rock hard cock sprang from his shorts as he pulled them off and tossed them to the sand. He never took his eyes off either of us for a second as he stood watching and stroked cock in hand.

No further words were spoken. This woman who called herself Hot Stuff worked her way up to straddle my face. I took a deep inhale and the aroma was almost euphoric. The incredible smell of hot wet pussy mixed with her sweet and musky body odour topped with gentle whiffs of coconut sunscreen. Her belly ring, breasts and dirty blonde were what I saw, halo'd by the electric blue sky as I looked up between the v-space created by her thighs that were anchored on either side of my ears.

I closed my eyes and began to explore with my lips and tongue. I kissed her inner thighs and did circles with my tongue working closer and closer to her pussy and clit. I paused for a moment and ran my tongue up and down in that tender grove of her groin on either side of her puffy lips. I was so excited that I was about to taste another woman's nectar. I know what turns me on so I gave her

oozing cunt the tongue dance that I like. Touching high on her clit with the forceful tip of my tongue I felt the hidden little nub that sends almost every woman into ecstasy, my chin become buried between her succulent pussy lips. I felt her hips move back and forth and pulse gently over my tongue. Her pussy was incredible. It was truly sweet.

I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and take another look at that view of her towering above me. Her head was thrown back and she had cupped her own breasts and was tugging at her nipples. I could also see my man now in the limited view frame I had. He was actually standing above me looking down at me licking her. She thrust her head forward in sync with her hips and no looked down at me. Her smile was wide and brow high as her questioning eyes looked at his cock, then down at me, then back to his cock. We spoke with our eyes as I slowly blinked mine and gave her permission to suck his dick.

One hand still tweaking her nipple, the other hand reached over for his hard cock and pulled him closer to her. Now he was standing directly above me and had his solid shaft engulfed with her mouth. I kept my eyes open so I could watch her give head. I never thought I would ever be so turned on to see another woman's lips wrapped around his cock. In perfect rhythm it disappears deep in her throat and then slides back out. As I continue eating out her juicy pussy he looks down at me, our eyes lock and he says, "Fuck me I can't believe this!"

Our mouths were full so between her and me. Not much was said beyond moaning and groaning. Then she stopped and with that slurpy sound she pulled his cock from her mouth and said, "You guys wanna switch this up a bit? I think it's my turn to go down on you and if you're cool with it I wanna get fucked like I saw you get fucked earlier."

There were no words spoken, just a lot of lustful piercing looks and volumes spoken with our eyes. She got up and knelt down at the end of the blanket and spread my legs apart. The touch of her hands inside my thighs almost made me cum. I propped myself up on my elbows to get a better view. My man got down on his knees and lined his cock up with her wet pussy. He didn't waste anytime and slammed his dick deep in her throbbing eager cunt. She let out a gasp and soft scream. I had a perfect view of the elation that crossed over her face as she was on her hands and knees in front of my wet hole.

My own hands reached to my inner thighs. I felt like I couldn't spread them wide enough. Once I stretched my legs apart my fingers dropped down to do a tease my swollen lips. Fast and furiously I rubbed my clit and was getting off watching my man fuck another woman. Cum was pouring from my hole and was quickly being lapped up by my gal pal. Then a gasp from me. You could hear the gush from all the wetness as her fingers entered my cunt. She was matching his rhythm stroke for stroke as he pounded her. The words spoken from all three of us were not much beyond 'Fuck me, fuck ya

and oh yeah, fuck, fuck, fuck!!!’

I know I came, the instant she rammed her fingers into me, and I heard her yell that she was coming more than once as my man fucked her. Because it wasn’t all that long ago that my man came inside me earlier, he was still good to go for some more messing around. While this hot mess and I were gasping for air and trying to catch our breath, he got down on the blanket and layed beside me with his head at my feet and mine lined up perfect to lean over and suck his cock. So I did.

Even though I had licked her pussy earlier, I had no idea it could taste even better licking her juices off my man. She was right in on the action with me too. Our tongues did a tango as we locked lips then pulled apart and in unison licked up and down his cock. We took turns alternating licking and sucking his balls and deep throating his dick. I stopped for a minute and my man and I made eye contact. Her ass was not far from his face and he read my mind when I encouraged him to go down on her. She eagerly adjusted her position as he grabbed her ass and spread her cheeks open and stuck his tongue deep in her cunt. We all continued to enjoy this unplanned erotica. Now it was my boys turn. He yelled out, “Oh fuck, I’m gonna fucking cum. I want to cum on your tits!”

We both got on our knees in front of him with our breasts rubbing together. As he stroked himself off, his tasty cream spurted all over our tits. I reached over with my hand and rubbed his hot sticky goo into one of her tits and proceeded to lick the cum clean off the other one. She alternated between making sure we didn’t waste a bead of cum spraying from his cock and enjoying licking every last drop that fell on my tits.

There were few words spoken. We all fell to the blanket and were breathing low and shallow just trying to catch our respective breaths. I mustered up enough energy to get up on one elbow and lean over to kiss my man. I got one last thrill from this true ménage-a-trois as I savoured the last of her pussy nectar from his goatee. This will be an afternoon I will not soon forget.

We all caught our breath and didn’t do much more than smile at one another, grabbed another round of drinks and clanked our bottles together for a cheer. Clearly, we were all exceptionally satisfied. The sun had not set, but was casting shadows on our blanket in the sand, giving us all a little chill. That’s what happens when you work up the great kind of sweat that we just did. We all looked around for our respective cloths and knew it was time to cover up. Turns out we had great timing because right at that moment we saw a jet boat coming around the bend in the river making their way to our spot on the beach. She smiled at us both and with her back to her boat, she pressed her index finger up to her mouth to show us this was our little secret.

“Well, hun, did you make me proud, did you catch us some dinner for tonight, cuz I’m starving,” she hollered out to her husband as she turned around walked to shore to get ready to hop on board the

boat she had arrived on.

“Sorry honey... I had no idea that it would take so long... she put up a good fight and dragged us way down river. Hope you guys didn’t mind keeping my wife company.” He held up his catch of the day, beaming with pride.

“It was our pleasure,” I called out. I bit my tongue on saying anything more than, “Thanks for leaving her behind, we had some great conversation.”

My man had started to pack our belongings onto our boat and we chatted a bit more about the fish of the day. It was time to say our goodbyes and our new friends headed out. It was time for us to leave as well. The sun was setting and the river valley was starting to go gray and soon to total dark. As he drove the boat down river back to the launch, I sat on my mans knee leaning back against his chest. Woohoo I thought to myself. What a great freakin day, who knew what the river would bring?