

# The Garden Party Turns Wild

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*This is a fantasy love story, the characters are as real as you and me*

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It is summer, the temperatures are hovering around 35C which for the Americans who still have not discovered the metric system, is 95F. The shrill screech of the cicadas is constant, deafening almost but reassuring in the way it tells me that all is well. It is Saturday which makes it the perfect day for lying out in the garden in the shade sipping gin and tonic and occasionally slipping into the little plunge pool to cool down; life is tough in Africa. Alongside me is Catherine who had arrived a couple of days before from England for a not such surprise, surprise visit.

Cathy has the classic English rose kind of porcelain complexion and a warm, open face framed by a mane of red hair. I've not known her very long but we have over a period of time become very close, sharing some of our deepest secrets, fears and fantasies.

When she arrived I confess I was more than a little nervous meeting her at the airport. Once we had got over the initial awkwardness and she had time to rest and gather her thoughts, she had become the perfect house companion. I live alone and so have become quite used to my own space and prioritising chores and daily events according to my own unwritten rules. I suppose this can make me less than easy to live with but hey, I am single so who cares, or so I tell myself.

With Cathy in the house things had become somewhat well, planned, I suppose. I would finish my dinner and almost without a break in conversation, she would be up and about, cleaning up and putting things away. I would suggest I was going for a shower and almost without noticing that she had moved, I would get to the bathroom and find the water already running and just at the perfect temperature, complete with scented oils at the ready and some yummy new shampoo she had brought me from England; and goodness me the SEX....

There are a couple of things that whilst not absolute prerequisites for me, if they are present they are an enormously exciting, arousing almost. One of these is red hair and another is a neatly trimmed and well maintained bush and Cathy has both. The first time I saw her naked I was in awe. The bedside lights were on, lending a warm glow to the room. It was the third night and I was lying on my

bed, propped up on my elbow reading when she walked in (I had made up the spare room because, well whilst we had become close we were not lovers and I didn't want to put undue pressure on her). She stood looking at me a little shyly and then shook her hair loose. She was wearing a Chinese silk kimono type gown in black with bold gold and turquoise and red dragon patterns. The contrast of the kimono against her hair and complexion was breath-taking. As far as I could tell she had little or nothing underneath and I was transfixed.

Looking somewhat shy but resolved, she slowly opened the kimono and let it slip from her shoulders but keeping her arms through the sleeves, exposing her beautiful skin with a dusting of classic red-head's freckles. She has little breasts, perky and pear-shaped tipped with the palest pink nipples I had ever seen – I could not help myself. I licked my lips belying the outward composure I was trying to display. I crossed and uncrossed my legs, and smiled gently.

We looked at each other a moment longer as if weighing up the options, deciding who would make the next move. I nodded slightly and she slipped her arms out of the sleeves but it was still tied loosely at her waist. It seemed like an eternity but was I am sure no more than a few moments before she slipped the not in the tie and with the faintest of silky rustles it fell about her feet. I gasped involuntarily as I saw for the first time her beautiful woman place, dusted with light topping of silky red hair trimmed into the most perfect triangle. Cathy knelt, and then crawled to my side of the bed and whispered, "I came here to be with you, Sarah, and make you comfortable."

The tinkle of ice interrupted my reverie. I looked across at Cathy and she was looking at me. Words were no more than wasted clutter between us. She smiled, puckered her lips in the smallest of kissing signs and slipped quietly off her lounge and glided to the pool which she entered with barely a ripple to the surface; the sudden silence of the cicadas alerting all that a threat was afoot. When assured that this beautiful girl was no threat they resumed their calls and the harmony of the hot afternoon was restored.

Watching Cathy slip seal-like beneath the water and swim the two strokes it took to get to the other side of the pool I marvelled at her presence, her grace, her silent sexuality. She climbed out of the pool and shook the water from her hair. I loved the way the droplets hung like diamonds from her little pubic triangle. Her pale English colouring had taken on a new glow from the African sun and her nipples, now erect from the cold of the water, had darkened. She needed more sun block.

In a few moments we were expecting Jill and the nymphets for a little party and to meet Cathy. Cathy and I had prepared fruit and other salads; we had a fresh ciabatta loaf from the bakery, some olives, pates and a variety of cheeses. The wine was chilling and the ice aplenty so all was prepared for what promised to be a fun afternoon and evening.

My cell phone vibrated three times to alert me to the fact the girls had arrived. Jill had her own key to the house so it was not long before she and the nymphets had let themselves in and dropped their overnight bags and clothes in the spare room.

They came out to the garden to find us and, after much giggling and gushing, settled with their drinks. Cathy was suddenly self-conscious in the presence of the girls but everybody was kind to her and soon she was relaxing, especially when Jill offered to rub her with sun block.

Jill is lovely in a girl-next-door sort of way. She has the cutest upturned button nose and hair to below her shoulders. It is too light to be brown but too dark to be blonde; and the sexiest little covering of hair of the same colour covering her mons pubis. Jill came into my life a couple of years ago as a friend first and later, with benefits. For a while after Jamie left us she disappeared from my life but that was her way of coping, of mourning.

The nymphets, like Jill, are in their twenties and seem to have been around forever. Quite when they came into our circle or how, I am not sure. They are inseparable, very often are nude, and thoroughly enjoy each other's company when together. Physically, they are very alike but distinguished by the fact that Nymphet one has a chocolate-dark little bush. They are great fun and I love them dearly.

Jill and Cathy were in light conversation, the nymphets were rubbing sun block on each other in a most deliciously sexy way. For a moment between topping up drinks and bringing out some snacks I was simply watching and enjoying the company, the day, and my increasing arousal. After a little time, Jill came to me and whispered, "Sarah, wherever did you find her," pointing at Cathy. "I think I could take her home and...." She left the sentence unfinished. I looked at her, nodded so slightly that unless you were watching, nobody would have noticed.

"Girls," I announced. "I think it's time for a little game, some fun to introduce Cathy to our circle. Cathy, the girls are all dying to get know you better and I am sure you would like to know them. Come over here will you." With that she walked demurely to me and knelt. Jill came closer and revealed what she had been hiding in her hand to be one of those airline sleep masks which she placed over Cathy's eyes and then tightened the little elastic strap.

Next, Jill took from under the towel which she had earlier been lying on, the soft silk tie from Cathy's kimono ("Gosh" I thought, "When did she manage to sneak in and find that") which she used to bind Cathy's hands behind her back. When she had finished she leant down to Cathy and whispered sexily into her ear, "Are you alright?" to which Cathy nodded.

"Good," I said. "We are now going to play a little game." Cathy was still kneeling and now the girls gathered around her and started gently caressing her, kissing her, and exploring her body as in some

ancient ritual. Jill was focussed on Cathy's breasts and nipples while the nymphets alternately kissed her and kissed each other. It always was a thrill to watch how they unashamedly loved each other and expressed their love sexually.

I lay back and watched for a little, lightly teasing my nipples and between my engorged labia. Cathy was clearly becoming increasingly aroused as she involuntarily almost, became more vocal in her expressions of pleasure. Her hands remained tied behind her back and her eyes covered with the sleep mask.

After a little more of this I called the girls to order and said, "Girls, I think it's time we learned the rules of the game. Jill, please fetch and open the champagne and then I will explain". She scuttled off to the kitchen, returning a few moments later with the bottle of bubbly. "Okay Cathy, are you ready?" She nodded a touch nervously and I continued. "Cathy the girls are each going to lie down on their towels in no particular order. I will guide you to them and using no more than your imagination, your memory and your senses, you have to guess who is who. Your sense of taste and smell are critical as your hands will remain tied behind your back and the girls will remain silent. If you get them wrong, your penalty is that you have to drink a glass of champagne," at which we all giggled.

With that, Jill and the nymphets lay alongside each other on their backs and opened their legs. We were all immediately silent as I took Cathy's hand and guided her to Jill. With some initial trepidation, Cathy leaned forward and found Jill's breasts which she kissed. She kissed down her chest, across her tummy to her belly button where she lingered a moment, and onward further south. She stopped and savoured the aroma, kissing Jill's little bush and then her little engorged sheath. Cathy sat back on her heels and grinned. "Nymphet One," she pronounced. We all giggled but remained otherwise silent and I passed her a glass of champagne which she sipped. Before her last sip however she leaned forward and trickled a little stream of champagne onto Jill.

"Hmmm clever girl," I thought. "But not too clever for me." I trickled a little champagne into Nymphet One's pussy at which the poor girl almost jumped out of her skin; the sensation of the chilled champagne and bursting bubbles in her hot girl place almost too much for her. I guided Cathy to Nymphet One and again, she did as before and leaned in to kiss and tease her nipples. She licked and kissed across her tummy, to her belly button and I could see the faintest hint of a smile as she gained confidence.

She reached that delicious chocolate-dark bush and grinned broadly. This time she didn't stop at the little protruding sheath but rather tongue-teased her way to her puffy, parted labia. Cathy tasted the champagne and almost laughed as she proudly announced that we had tricked her and she was wise to our tricks. "Jill." She giggled. This time it was harder for us to remain silent as we passed her yet another glass of champagne.

When she had finished, I lay down next to Nymphet Two and Jill took Cathy's hand, guided her to me (I normally have a little landing strip which occasionally grows into a multi-lane highway but for some reason I was in a phase where I was bald as the day I was born). Cathy as before, started her routine of kissing breasts first. It must be said that by now my arousal was almost beyond control and I could not stop myself from a little gasp of excitement and appreciation as her lips, cold from the champagne, closer around my erect nipple. She moved progressively south in the most tender-teasing way until she came to my mound.

She hesitated and for a moment simply rested her cheek on my smooth skin, savouring it seemed the fragrance of my secret scented garden. She gathered herself, took my nub between her cold lips and suck-licked it in her inimitably mischievous and exciting way. I was beside myself – looking across at the nymphets they had given up all pretence of decorum and were deeply, noisily, kissing each other. Cathy sat back on her heels again and as before but with some doubt in her voice, said, "This must be Nymphet Two."

We all roared with laughter as she blushed at getting it wrong again, and Jill poured her another glass. The comments were now ever more ribald and teasingly flirtatious. We restored some order when she had drained the last drop and this time I guided sweet Cathy to Nymphet Two. Whether it were confidence, the effects of the champagne, or simply her obvious arousal, Cathy dispensed with pretence of exploring and went straight for dear Nymphet Two's perfectly puffy pink pussy. She gently worked her tongue between her lips and lapped thirstily at the seeping nectar.

Without warning or evidence that it was approaching, Nymphet Two suddenly stiffened, went silent, and then screamed; proclaiming for all to know her victory, her summiting of the mountain of ecstasy. The cicadas were silent; we were all silent, and then in unison clapped and cheered. Cathy looked up from the chalice of love-nectar between Nymphet Two's legs, her lips and cheeks glistening as a toddler eating ice cream. We removed her mask and untied her hands and took turns loving her and congratulating her.

We took a break from our game to eat some lunch during which at some point Jill told Cathy to lie back on her towel which she did. Then she took a wedge of fresh and, cold from the fridge, peach which she gently and loving fed into Cathy's pussy. When it was completely in she invited us all to take turns eating it. Well it wasn't long before Cathy's pent up sexuality exploded in a cacophony of screams, foul language, moans and expressions of tender love.

We all including the cicadas, were silent; watching, captured by the depth of emotion witnessed in this outpouring. A grey lourie, perched on top of the fever tree broke the silence with his raucous "gowaayyyy" call and the cicadas resumed their reassuring chant.

As one, we started to breathe again. I looked at my dear Cathy lying there, spent. She looked at me and mouthed, "I need to pee." The ever mischievous Nymphet One saw her and nudged her sister. The two of them giggled and nudged Jill.

"Well!" said Jill. "If anybody stops you let me know and I will call a policeman," at which we all giggled and started cheering encouragingly. Where she lay, Cathy simply and without warning, let go. We watched fascinated, hypnotised as her beautiful liquid trickled first, and then simply poured from her, soaking into her towel, and the grass beneath her.

Later, after we had all had a swim and cleaned up, the nymphets pleading exhaustion and overindulgence went to bed. Jill, Cathy and I simply lay together in the garden. The cicadas were silent, their shrill call replaced by the night-sound-serenade; the old bull frog calling to his harem and the hoot of an owl on the koppie (rocky outcrop) behind us. The night was hot; we held each other and simply loved in silent reverie.