

Busted, Chapter 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 23 Jul 2008



Moonlight becomes them

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bisexual/busted-chapter-3.aspx>

It was late, past midnight when I awoke. I was alone in the great bed, and silver moonlight flooded in through the bedroom windows. I shook my head to clear it, and wondered where the girls were.

I got out of bed and wandered through the silent house. As I approached the great room I could begin to hear their voices. At last I could see them together in the swimming pool, standing in water up to their breasts, speaking softly to one another and stroking each other's hair and faces.

Few things in this universe are so beautiful to a man as two women making love. I think it's partly because to men women are inherently beautiful, even the less than perfect ones. Two beautiful naked female bodies together is beauty squared. That, and two naked women together look like two thirds of a three-way already in progress (Hey, I can dream, can't I?).

It might be two thirds of a three-way already in progress I was watching, but this time I thought it would be impolite to intrude, but I couldn't take my eyes off what I saw. I thought back to a time years before I met Eve when I accidentally saw my neighbors in the apartment building next to mine one night. They were two black women, naked, and in the midst of getting it on. I quickly killed my lights and watched across the gap as they pleased each other, their dark bodies the most beautiful colors of chocolate and bronze. Somebody over there was into all sorts of color lights from Spencer's Gifts, and their room looked like a disco as they got it on. Or a strip joint, if you prefer. I like strip joints too.

The ladies kissed each other, each other's breasts, each other's stomachs, butts (one had the most fabulous round ass, which I bet she loathed because it wasn't skinny like a supermodel's, but I liked it), and ate pussy like there was no tomorrow. The show went on for longer than I did, because I jacked myself to a stupendous climax about the time they hit their third. Or fifth. I lost count.

My ladies tonight were a pair of sparkling silhouettes against the moonlight reflecting off the pool surface. They were now locked in an embrace, kissing, nibbling, and frenching each other in their own world alone. My heart melted at the sight. I knew I was being left out again, but this time I was at

least getting to watch. Sometimes you take what you can get, and voyeurism is sometimes the greatest spectator sport. I hunted around and found a chair that looked comfortable, quietly placed it where there was a clear view, and settled in for a little "personal time" at the show.

When I first came of age there were still movie houses where they showed "nudie" movies in a theater, instead of peep booths at the back of an adult movie store. The one in my town had originally been a Vaudeville theater, and it was said that W.C. Fields had once played there. When I was a child, they still had strippers and baggy-pants comedians in between what were then called "stag" reels, but those were long gone by the time I was old enough to buy a ticket.

Inside, it was one of the old "palace" type theaters, with turreted boxes overlooking what had been the stage, and red-carpeted staircases in a lobby made to look like the Doge's Palace in Venice. Alas, all had been going to ruin for years by the time I first got there. The place hadn't been cleaned in a long time, and it smelled old and musty. Cheap fluorescent shoplights had replaced whatever had been the original lighting fixtures, and the balcony creaked whenever someone walked on it. God, I loved it.

"Nudie movies," as opposed to their modern-day descendants the "porn flicks," were often cute little comedies where you had a girl-girl scene, some boy-girl scenes, and an orgy scene at the end, with lots more nudity scattered throughout, and scene each lasted long enough for you to get it up and get it on. Best of all, they had a story line, which gave you a reason for the nudity and the sex. So what if the acting was not first rate and maybe the script had holes in it, it was fun sexy. So many porn films now are just so much security camera footage of an orgy. You don't know the people, and there's no real reason for them to be fucking in your face. Besides, cameramen today tend to go for endless closeups of pounding genitalia, followed by cumshots (eeee-yewww!) . We don't want no stinking cumshots, we wanna' see nekkid WOMEN!!!

Yuk. You're supposed to come inside the girl, dumbass, not pull out and cum all over her tits or worst of all, into her open mouth! Guh- ross! You also didn't have the stupid Hollywood dumbthink where if you have a nude scene (be sure you don't really show anything!), then to keep the censors at bay the girl has to get slashed to death in the next scene to pay for her transgression. Yeah, cruelty really gets me hot! Shit!

What I was seeing through the open patio doors was definitely not cruelty, but it was like the old nudies that I remembered. I was watching two women, my two women, naked and engaging in the act of love, unknowingly for my pleasure alone. Eve by now had turned around facing towards me, and Allie was squeezing her tits as Eve lay back against her shoulder, totally blissed out. After a minute or two of this, Eve took Allie by the hand and led her to the edge of the pool and made her sit on the side so she could eat her out.

Allie arched back in pleasure as Eve licked her slit. Allie gently placed a hand on the back of Eve's head and pulled her in tighter as she climaxed. She then got back in the water and began to finger Eve, because Eve arched and stiffened in her own time as well.

This went on back and forth several times as the girls burned off the last embers of passion that we had built up earlier. How I envy a woman's ability to have multiple orgasms! They get charged up, we guys get blown out. I had almost finished myself off when they climbed out of the pool together and necked a little more, the water on their bodies making them look like silvery statues in the moonlight. Time to finish. I jacked a little harder and faster while still watching, and silently held down a thundering orgasm of my own, then retreated quickly to the kitchen for a paper towel.

I was back in bed, faking sleep when my two queens returned and snuggled themselves to me on either side. "Life is good." I thought, as my dreams began.

Just before I drifted off, Allie whispered "Did you enjoy yourself, big boy?" in my ear.

I was busted!