

# Outdoor Entertaining Area Available

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*after a day lazing in the sun at the river, the girls get down to business.*

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They stopped speaking once they hit the water, both women abandoned their clothes in the heat of the sun, a little light breeze caressed their skin, speaking of the afternoon, threatening them with the cool that comes with night time. A little bit of wine under the same telling sun, earlier in the day had led to Cat unwrapping the scarf from around her friend's neck and gently running its feather weight one whole length of her thigh. The delicate trace of the fabric had made the other woman ache to for continued caresses. From the first sensual moment, she had wanted to kiss, just to be kissed. To taste the weight of another's on her lips, the warm breath and the cushion-y feeling of flesh on flesh - no matter who's. She was at the mercy of the sensuousness of her nature, unspoken promises of satisfaction filling her mind. They stopped speaking and swam out, Cat swam further than she would have liked to and could feel her breath cooling in her chest. She knew the shortness that accompanied fear in her breathing. Soon they were away from the electric barbeque lights, out in the middle of the water, with just the thick, heavy tea-smell of the river and the muddy taste of the water. She could taste minerals on her tongue; taste the old leaves that gave the water its colour. They trod water and looked at one another, white skin in the dark water, the feel of cold waters all around, tickling their sense of adventure. She swam towards her friend, coming up for air close by. The water runs off her face, leaving her skin slick and sensuous. Cat's dark, proud eyes hold the reflection of water, her lashes thick and dewy. She wears an unaccustomed air of innocence. They smile at each other, languid now in the water. Earlier, they sunned themselves, indulging in crust-less ham and cucumber sandwiches washed down with cold, soft, pink Bubbles. They'd eaten chocolate bars from the cooler, that once out, stuck to their hands and faces. After champagne they drank American vodka and raspberry cordial with soda. Lemonade, they had found previously, made it sickly sweet. The two women lay down on the rug as the sun began to move to the west. They held hands for a while and placed their hands on one another's chest to feel their bodies move when they laughed. Cat sat up on one elbow and kissed her friend. It was light and playful and soon they were fooling with one another. Keeping it light and simple, uncomplicated by any intent. The torturous pleasure of the afternoon stretching on. Soon, Cat was sucking the other woman's fingers as if they were strawberries, tasting them as if they held an exotic flavour all of their own, at the same time walking gentle fingers over the other woman's upper thigh with a touch like a passing insect, making it's

recipient giggle a lot more, and squeal with delight. They kissed until their lips were plump and ripe from teasing. The warm honey feeling of being in the sun all day acted like a drug. The quiet heat grew between them, making the silence seem sexy, as if in a dream. Cat listened for her friend's little cries of absolute pleasure as they made out standing next to the tyre swing. The swing was strung to the tree in such a way that a good push sent it out almost past the shallow water. Cat found herself drawn ankle deep into the cold river water. The water made her thighs tingle, her palms feel hot and heavy. The sluggish river sand under foot squished around as they kissed. Nothing but pleasure and sand. Moments later they clinked their glasses and ate each others oral orifice whilst threatening to fall into the water. Cat found herself leaning on the swing and allowing the weight of it to gently rock her against the other woman's body. The softness of her breasts, the valley between her hip bones, her soft middle. Her friend caressed her upper thigh, under the skirt fabric until finally her fingers began to play where they were most welcome. Cat's pussy was lush and wet. The slow afternoon had left her on sensuous tent-a-hooks, so many tiny, sexy moments. She felt she would burst when her friend slid two fingers in to find her slick centre. She shook as the pressure increased and the hand began circling gently, it warmed her to her toes and to the tips of her hair. She opened her mouth a little and her friend smiled to see the pleasure on her face. Cat closed hers in delight. Such as it was, neither of them heard someone approaching. Her friend confessed later to only being vaguely aware that it may not have been Cat's hands on her body. She didn't think to protest when a man joined them and only fuelled their fine teasing. He feasted upon Cat's prone body, replaced her friend's light touch with his own. His gentle touch and the rough skin of his hands made her ache for cock and fulfillment. Cat glanced over at the two of them, and they both seemed naughtily at ease in the strange situation. He was tall and tanned, built like a labourer with deep brown hair the colour of her own. Cat kissed his hand, the crook of his arm and his neck. He smelt of salt and sandalwood. In return she allowed him to bend and take her friend's full lips. The other woman revelled in the act, being kissed by the stranger. She watched in sleepy amusement as he guided the hand he had ventured up her skirt to perform acts that suited her better. His rough, large hands gave her pleasure. She was breathing in short shallow bursts now, her cheeks flushed and her head thrown back. She pushed the good-looking stranger away and coyly pulled her friend towards her, kissing her full on the mouth. The other woman made the soft noise of a female on heat. They undressed slowly like that, all three. They peeled their clothes off like secrets after dark at bedtime and tumbled on one another's bodies in a delight. Cat licked the man's body from the button of his jeans all the way up his chest, planting hot kisses on the burning skin of his neck, his chiseled jaw. Her friend tugged his jeans – now wet from the shallow water - down over his hips and off. He led them to the edge of the water in his white boxers. There was no one else around Cat noted, as there hadn't been, for hours. Cat let her friend tug his cotton boxers past his toes. The woman stripped off her tiny green cotton knickers and giggled. Greedily she took his ample cock in her hand like a precious object and squatted over it. She slid down his length easily, she was so wet. As she took him inside she made a satisfied whimper before setting about increasing his pleasure with a faster pace. She rode him with enthusiasm and would stop suddenly, savouring the feel of his cock, opening her full mouth in a

satisfied sigh and then pick up the pace. The stranger thought he would die from the luxury of it. Away from them both, Cat amused herself in the water. She felt it's smooth coolness on her body like the hands of a lover and tickled. Cat wriggled around. She felt her clit and its crazy warmth. She bounced at the delightful feel of a hand on her sex. Laying on her backs he played a little, feeling orgasm creeping up, savouring the torturous pleasure, carrying herself with the deft touch of her own hand to the point of no return, she stopped, swam a few strokes and looked over at her friend enjoying the stranger at the shore. They fucked with abandon, now. She sat on his face as he lay stretched out, his head buried in her sex, his rigid cock glistening in the sun. Cat swam into shore, she crawled out of the water towards them, dripping water on his body with deliberate delight. He flinched with surprise, but only stopped momentarily, before continuing his enjoyable task. Cat crept to his penis and took it in her mouth. She slurped and opening her throat, pleasuring him slowly at first, until she could feel the tension in his legs and the rest of his body. Her friend fell off her perch; she sighed, smiling. Almost immediately the man's body tensed a little more and she felt his dick grow even more substantial in her mouth. He came and the hot liquid spurted into her mouth, on her face, in her hair. Cat sat up still holding his cock in one hand. She dribbled saliva and semen onto her chin. He sat up too but Cat turned to dive into the water again and refresh. She swam a few strokes under water and came up for air. He sunned himself and looked as though he might nap. Cat duck dived towards the other woman and came up at her side. She cupped her breast playfully and kissed the pink nipple under the water. The other woman floated on her back, offering herself, clearly enjoying it. When, at last they looked back to the shore he was by the swing, dressing. When they looked again he was making his way away from them, disappearing into the afternoon. Now, hours later they swam in the cool, knowing river water. Each woman thinking of the day just passed. Each had a cheeky half-smile on her lips and a saucy glint in her eye. Did you like this? Want to read more like it?