

No One Saw Me Enter the Water

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A personal account of what happened to me on that fateful night ...

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I hate that man. I hate him, I mumbled to myself. There I sat--a childhood icon, a teen sex symbol, a genuine movie star--and he had just asked me to get him a beer. The audacity. "Get your own beer, Bob," I playfully snapped. I turned away from him. Slowly, seductively, I lifted a glass of sparkling champagne to my lips, pulling just a trace of the thick, sweet liquid into my mouth and swallowing it. "Please Natty ... the cooler's right there at your feet." I glared at him. He infuriated me. Then why did you marry him ... twice? I scornfully asked myself. I watched as he stood and crossed the back of the boat to where I was sitting. "Baby, what's wrong? Is your back acting up again?" I looked at him and then our mutual friend Chris before my gaze fell to my lap. "I'm fine. Just a little tired and so fucking sick of this boat," I said in my whiniest, most demanding tone. He was very much accustomed to this tone. He heard it every day. "Natty, please. You wanted this weekend as much as I did ... as much as we all did." I silently relived the conversation I had shared with my husband Robert the night before. He's right, I reasoned. It had been my idea to take the weekend trip to island off the coast of California. I glanced at the island in the horizon and sighed. Thoughts of the bar at my favorite hotel entered my mind. I could see the dust-covered, hanging booth lights, hear the sound of a martini being shaken at the bar, and smell the stale cigarette smoke that lingered everywhere. My senses felt overloaded yet they longed to be submerged there. The bar was posh and exclusive and I could flirt and drink until I passed out, Which is precisely what I plan to do this evening, I reminded myself. I mentally returned to the back of the speed boat only to observe the latest rants of our mutual friend Chris. "See? The future ... the future is closer than what we think it is. Someday, someday there will

be phones ... in our cars, in our fucking cars. Someday, there will be a computer in every home, small computers that we can take with us ... hold in our laps." "You want to hold a computer ... in your lap?" I smugly retorted. "I want to hold many things in my lap, my dear." Chris was a flirt, even with his best friend's wife. "We've got much bigger fish to fry, what with Reagan putting a woman in the Supreme Court. What the fuck was Ron thinking?" I batted my eyes at my husband. "Maybe he was thinking that he likes pussy and that if he's noticeable feminist, Nancy will give him a little more action in the master suite of the White House." Chris threw his head back and loudly chuckled. "Natalia, you're ability to properly use the words pussy and White House in the same sentence astonishes me." "Save it, Chris. Using the word pussy when discussing the White House is common practice among our crowd," I replied with a wave of my hand. My hands were often moving at the same time my mouth was. I tried to be expressive in every aspect in my life, even with sarcastic retorts, and my tone and body language was always a part of the performance I called life. I tipped back and emptied the last gulp of bubbling drink from the flute into my mouth before making my way to the wet bar for a refill. The champagne was working in my system, calming me, relaxing me. I watched the amber liquid fill the glass when Bob stepped up behind me. He stopped only when his body was against mine. I could feel the bulge in the front of his pants and I discreetly rolled my eyes. "You need daddy to get you some medicine, baby?" "What I need is for you to back the fuck off," I snapped. Robert, or Bob as I liked to call him, was a sensitive, older man. Extremely good looking and successful, Bob wasn't a fraction as sought after as I was in the industry. He was competitive with me, even being a male actor, and although he knew I loved him he wondered just how much. "Natty, baby ... you know I just want you comfortable. Didn't you listen to what Doc Stevens said? He wants you comfortable at all times." I turned to Bob and pinched my face in a disgusted expression. I glared at him through my eyelashes and quietly said, "Dr. Stevens wants to keep me sick so I keep paying him to treat me." From the corner of my eye I noticed movement near my sternum. The pink capsule in Bob's opened hand called to me and I drew in a sharp, shallow breath. I loved Darvon, the painkiller being cradled in the palm of Bob's hand. I loved how it numbed me, kept my aches and pains from consuming me, kept me apart from the world, retained in my own bubble while everything outside my orb kept spinning. I also knew that the pill in my husband's hand was his tool for controlling me. Much like handcuffs to a criminal, Darvon was Bob's restraining device for me when I was out of control. And I was out of control. My vulgar language and quick responses were telltale signs that I wasn't going to be messed with. Much like my unpleasant behavior, my stomach reminded me of my severe motion sickness. The churning discomfort inside me was strong. "Oh ... I'm queasy." I pushed his hand away and walked around him and to the side of the boat. I leaned over the hull and focused on the moving water beneath me. The ocean water was crystal clear and glassy, and I hoped the cool air and change of visual focus would ease my physical distress. It didn't. "Oh Bob," I cried. I sloppily made my way to the closest place to sit. "Natty, baby," Bob returned, his tone higher and more loving than before. He helped me lean back in an overstuffed chair and fanned me with a frilly pillow. He handed me a seasickness pill, Cyclivine, and I quickly swallowed it without liquid. Bob turned and shouted, "Stop the boat, Dave." Dave, Robert's friend and the boat's captain, was a quiet man. He was huge

and ruggedly handsome, and basically there to do whatever Bob told him to do. "Yes sir," his deep gruff voice said from behind a window. I didn't care for Dave. There was something off about him but I couldn't put my finger on it. I closed my eyes and focused on my breathing. The pill was a godsend but it made me tired. Before another word was spoken, I started spinning and against my own wishes, I slipped into a light slumber. . I awoke to a loud thump. Startled, I sat up quickly and noticed both Bob and Chris on the floor of the boat laughing. "You two clowns," I moaned, wiping a little wetness from the corner of my mouth. I glanced out over the side of the boat and noticed that we weren't moving. "Show us, Natty. Show us your infamous steps from West Side Story. Please," Bob begged. "Oh Bob, no. I've shown you those steps a hundred times." "Please?" Bob asked again. Chris quickly stood. "I'll do it." He held one hand bent across his chest and the other bent but in the air and started spinning around and singing, "I feel pretty ... oh, so pretty ..." I watched him, dancing off beat and singing out of tune, and I couldn't keep from laughing. With mocked exasperation, I stood and huffed. "Stop. Please stop. You're just butchering it." I waited for them to open up some space on the deck before I cleared my throat and lifted my arms. Just like I had twenty years before, I spun around, singing the infamous tune like it was being filmed at the studio. I finished the song and dance with a curtsy. My audience, Bob and Chris, stood and approached me. Both clapping and smiling, I knew my performance on the back of the boat hadn't left them wanting. "You know, Natty, I still can't believe they didn't let you sing your own songs in that production." Chris swayed with the movement of the boat. "Well, twenty years ago, I didn't have the chops to pull off such musical numbers. Now ... I'd out sing Marni in a heartbeat." "No fucking doubt," Chris added. I watched Bob's eyes scale down my body to my toes then back to my eye line. "You'd out do her with more than just your voice." I glanced down at my apparel. My 43 year old body, although tight, healthy and still desirable, was well hidden by the floor-length sundress I was wearing. The only hint of sexuality I cared to show was a little cleavage because of the love I had for my own hardy tits. Bob grinned. "Let's recreate the scene from the back of the car. You know the one I'm talking about, don't you, darling? The scene with you and Warren." Warren, I internally sighed. The thought of Warren, of the time we spent together on screen and off, instantly caused moisture to saturate my panties. I was so infatuated by Warren that mere thoughts of him aroused me. "Yes," I said, pulling my husband to a bench along the very rear of the boat. We sat at the same time and I wasted not a moment in wrapping my arms around Bob's neck and pulling his lips to mine. I kissed Bob with passion and fervor. Thoughts of Warren mixed with the love I had for my husband fueled the fiery kiss, like lighter fluid to a match, and the heat between us was rising. He nibbled on my tongue and pulled my bottom lip into his mouth, gently sucking it. He nipped at my lip with his teeth and I moaned. I loved it when Bob used his teeth on me. I pulled on him harder when he stopped to catch his breath. "Bob, I'll wait for you. I'll wait for you forever. I'll do anything you want, Bob." I gazed deep into his eyes, only moving my gaze to watch the corners of his mouth turn up. I knew Bob loved to reenact the scene from the movie I had done with Warren. I counted in my head, exactly 10 seconds, and like we had done a hundred times before, we slowly, softly kissed each other the way I have kissed Warren in the film. The kiss grew in intensity and I melted into my husband. Our hands pulled on each other. Our tongues and lips enmeshed

together to the point that I couldn't tell where my mouth started and his stopped. "Oh Natty, I want you." I glanced at Chris then looked at my husband. "Send him away. Send him below," I whispered. "I get sick down there," Chris said. It was obvious that he could hear us. He turned as he added, "I'll just look away." Bob's hand worked to lift the heavy fabric of my dress and I closed my eyes. "He's going to watch," I whined. "No! No, I won't. I promise." Bob chuckled and we both knew that Chris's promise was as transparent as a piece of freshly cleaned glass. I was ready to move our adventure to the cabin of the boat when I felt Bob's hand rub the outside of my thigh. I shivered. I loved it when Bob touched my legs, and suddenly I didn't care about Chris or his wandering gaze. "I'll do anything you want, Bob." Bob smirked, a predatory grin I knew well. He wanted forbidden sex, hot, rough sex that would leave both of us spent and tender, and surprisingly, I wanted to give it to him. Bob's lips took mine again. We kissed maniacally, pulling on the other's clothing until we were both stripped down to nothing. "You know what I want," Bob said through a sigh. His eyes searched my body until they landed on my privates. I walked backwards, slowly, cautiously, until I touched the wet bar I knew was behind me. Without letting my gaze leave him, I moved the stool under the bar until it was positioned where I could use it. I sat on the very corner of the stool. Even at my age, I was flexible. I lifted and spread my legs high in the air to show my husband my wet sex. I watched Bob run his tongue along his bottom lip. Instantly, I felt a gush of warm moisture just inside my pussy. I called for Bob with my eyes and habitually, he reacted to my pleading expression. He rapidly approached me, fell to his knees, and forcefully buried his face between my legs. His tongue spread my pussy lips and entered me, thick and wet. Bob was an aggressive lover. He wasted no time in fucking me with his tongue, occasionally working my clit over with his lips and teeth. He pulled on my clit, sucking it hard into his mouth and I moaned, "Bobby, slow down." "Why?" he asked, smacking his lips together and drawing my left pussy lip out so he could suck on it. "Because I want this to last," I replied. I leaned back and closed my eyes. Bob was so good at eating me. I came quick and hard when he did, but I didn't want a quick cum, not with the opportunity to fuck in fresh air and exhibition-style, no less. Bob swiped his fat, hot tongue all the way up my privates from my ass to my clit and then stood. I reached out and grabbed his cock, smiling as the light touch and slow movement of my small hand around it changed it from a soft, limp state to fully erect in less than a minute. Without being asked to, I licked and kissed my husband's thick, hard cock. I loved to suck him, to feel him tremble and hear him moan. I felt him jerk once and I stood. I pulled him to a large two-person chaise and laid him on his back. I knelt on the floor at the end of the lounge chair and pulled his cock into my mouth again. I covered it with my spit and looked up at Bob while I pinched my tits around his wet member. I moved up and down, stroking his cock with my breasts. Repeatedly I'd lick the head of him to keep him wet and so I could see from the expression on his face that he was enjoying the tit-fuck. "Baby, ride me! Ride my dick right now!" His request didn't surprise me. I knew what Bob's favorite thing to do was-- he wanted to cum deep inside my pussy. He must be close, I said to myself as I knelt on the end of the chair. I squatted over him, spread my pussy lips with my fingers, and slowly lowered myself onto his stiff dick. I was deliberately slow in taking him inside me. I loved the way my pussy stretched around his cock. It was like we were made for each other. I relished in the fullness and warmth inside

my taugth pussy. When I exhaled, Bob knew I was ready and wanting more. He grasped my hips and lifted me up a bit so he could slam his cock into me. "Yes!" I said, prompting him to do it again. He banged me a second time, a third time, then a fourth and fifth. Like his cock was knocking on my door, I was preparing to answer with the fresh orgasm stirring inside me. "Yes, Bob!" I called. Bob suddenly stopped. "Natty, baby ... look." We both turned and noticed our friend Chris. Standing in a shadow, I could tell his was jerking off from recurrent movement near his crotch. "I told you he'd watch." I rolled my hips, grinding my body against Bob's and he returned his focus from his friend to me. Fast and quick, he pounded my dripping wet pussy with his cock from beneath me. I rode the waves of our passion, the fast, quick waves that took my breath away, followed by the slow, deep waves that made me groan. I pinched Bob's nipples and leaned over to kiss his chest when unexpectedly, I felt something touch the small of my back. I looked over my shoulder. Chris was standing behind me, his long cock erect and aimed at my womanhood. "What do you think you're doing?" "Natalia, you're ability to arouse me is like no other." "Chris, save it ..." I said. I was out of breath. Fucking my husband was a lot of work, mainly because I wanted to make love with him for hours. For unknown reasons, I wanted my time with him to last. "I want to fuck your ass!" Chris yelled. "Now?" Bob asked. "Yes. Now." "You want to screw my wife's ass at the same time I'm screwing her twat?" I felt removed from the conversation, and I didn't like it. "Wait—" "Yes," Chris interjected. "Do you think she could handle it?" Bob asked. I accepted the subliminal challenge. "Excuse me?" I sat up, submerging Bob's erect cock with my wet cunt. "It's my ass and my pussy. I'll decide if I can handle it, and ... and I think I can." "Natty, baby, are you sure?" Bob asked. He waved for me and I once again leaned over and touched my cheek to his chest. "Yes. Just go slow, Chris. Go slow!" I closed my eyes and pinched small patches of Bob's soft chest hair with my hands. I felt Chris poke my pink star with moistened fingers. He slipped the tip of his pointer finger in my ass and used it as a guide, much like a golf flag to the cup. He slipped the tip of his long cock just inside my ass and I gasped. "Oh," I groaned, the burn from the stretch of my ass around his cock and the pull on my pussy from Bob's cock intense. "Are you okay?" Chris whispered. "Yes," I said, once I caught my breath. He inched his way into me. I felt his hands rubbing my ass cheeks, my hips, the small of my back, and as much as his touch soothed me, it couldn't compare to comfort I felt from the words Bob was whispering into my ear. "You're so fucking hot, Nat. Do you know that? I want you, hell, every man wants you. God, you drive me crazy. I want you. We both want you." Words to describe the tight feeling of fullness I felt when Chris's cock was fully inside me were absent. I glanced at him over my shoulder. He was smiling but had his eyes closed, the quirky look on his face reminding me of how sensitive a man Chris was. Passion was absent in his married life, and the fact that I trusted him enough to make love with me and my husband spoke volumes. "Chris," I whispered. His eyes whipped open. "Fuck me." He nodded, much like a young boy would, and held my hips with his hands. He pushed me forward before he pulled me back to him, his cock sliding out and back into my asshole with fiery tension and intensity. I groaned. I leaned over, kissed Bob's lips, and said, "Fuck me, Bobby." I felt Bob's hands find space on my hips and he ever-so-slightly lifted me up. He slammed his cock into me at the same time I felt Chris pull me against him. The two men, Bob

underneath me and Chris behind me, started to move in a sensual rhythm. When Bob would pull out, Chris would penetrate me deep and vice-versa. I found the tension in the space between my pussy and ass amazing, a mixture of heat and tug that was quickly sending me over the edge. Suddenly, Bob stopped moving. He waited until Chris had pulled out of my ass and then, simultaneously, plunged his cock in rhythm with Chris. "Oh!" I cried. The pleasure I felt bordered along the lines of being painful. The stretch of the skin in between my ass and my pussy was intense. I felt a fullness, a wholeness I had never felt before, and when both cocks were inside me, I felt like I couldn't fill my lungs with air. There wasn't enough room inside me for all of it. "Oh God! Fuck! Fuck!" Chris sputtered. He drove into me hard. Bob was equally fervent and the expression on his face told me he was about to cum. His expression, one I had seen countless times before, was the final ingredient needed for me to orgasm. "Bobby, I--I'm going ... to cum," I mumbled, the orgasm sitting deep inside me waiting for room to explode. "Yes my baby, cum." He pinched his jaw closed and said through gritted teeth, "Cum for daddy!" I took a breath and arched my back. I waited for the release, and when it hit, it hit me hard. I moaned loudly, "Ohhhhh." Strong waves of heated passion took control of my inner muscles, sending convulsions from the very deepest point inside me throughout my body. My nipples flushed rock hard and my toes curled, the orgasm ripping through my entirety without mercy. "We're coming? Oh fuck yes! Fuck yes!" Chris called. Bob leaned up and spoke over my shoulder. "Cum inside her, not on her." "Gawd ... yesss," Chris hissed. Bob grunted, deep and raspy, pumping his cock quick and fast until hot jizz spit from him. Simultaneously, Chris filled my ass with his cum. The fullness I felt seemed to double. My orgasm lasted a good, long time, my body twitching both inside and out while the waves of release subsided. "Fuck ... fuck," Chris stuttered. Bob tugged on me, gently pressing my face against his chest while the three of us calmed. He kissed my forehead. He waved for Chris to back out of me and when I felt Chris's cum-covered cock fall from my ass, I couldn't help but to deeply sigh with relief. "Fuck! She's bleeding," Chris said, wiping his cock with his hand. "She's fine, aren't you, baby?" "Yes," I whispered. I kissed my husband's chest and slowly rolled off him, landing on the chaise beside him. "I need a fucking drink," Chris said. He walked in the direction of the bar leaving Bob and me on the chaise lounge, both of us spent. While Chris slipped below to quench his thirst, Bob and I fell asleep in each others arms. . The awkward position I was laying in put pressure on my already aching back and I was forced to sit up. It was dusk and I had a hard time placing where we were in relativity to the Yacht Club. I stood and walked to the wet bar, filling a flute with champagne and drinking it and a pain killer down in one gulp. I was desperate for the pain in my back to disappear and once the pill passed my tongue, my brain told my body that soon, very soon, all would be better. I scooped up my sundress and slowly made my way to the back of the boat. The cool air against my naked body reminded me of the pleasures I had been blessed with earlier that evening. I sighed. Being taken by my husband and our mutual friend had been much more satisfying than I could've ever imagined, and I wondered if the three of us would repeat our taboo act once we were at the hotel. My mind was racing with things that I had done and things that I wanted to do. Goosebumps covered every inch of my exposed skin and I slipped into the sundress out of necessity. I didn't notice the boat engines come to life. I didn't know the water was so close.

The boat lurched forward, the powerful engines spinning the massive propellers at high speed. I stumbled back, stepping on my own feet that were entangled in the heavy fabric of my dress. "Whoa!" I cried, trying to balance myself. It was no use. My feet, the fabric, the tilt of the boat--none of it was working in my favor. Thinking I was going to land on my side against the floor of the boat, I twisted and braced myself. My small body awkwardly hit the side wall instead. Like a movie scene that required a stunt-double, my small body went overboard, quickly, violently. I hit the water face-first. I quickly surfaced. "Robert! Bob!" I screamed. A wave of frigid sea water from the wake of the boat covered my head and filled my mouth. I coughed and choked. "No! Wait!" I yelled. Tears rolled down my face and into my mouth as I screamed. Crying and in shock, I watched the vessel holding my husband and our friend Chris speed away. I treaded water for what felt like hours in the bitter cold water. I kept my eyes aimed in the direction of where the boat had traveled, hoping that Bob would wake up, realize I was gone, and come back to rescue me. My legs muscles burned, as did my arms and my neck. I tried to remove the heavy sundress weighing me down, but I couldn't undo the wet knot tied at the nape of my neck without my head going under water. I was tired, and my focus was foggy. I attempted to shiver to stay warm, but I was too fatigued to do so. I had to keep myself awake and my head above the water's surface so I decided to divert my attention from the path of the boat to something that required concentration. "I feel pretty ... oh, s--so pretty ... " I sang, the steam from my breath fogging in front of my face. I giggled and sputtered, "I feel pretty ... and witty ... and ... bright. ... Such a pre—pretty ... face, such a ... " I couldn't help myself. I wanted to go to sleep. I had no idea that I had been in the cold, Pacific Ocean water for over 40 minutes. Hypothermia, like a ghost, was haunting me. My body needed the rest and my mind had no choice but to comply. . No one saw me enter the water that fateful night. To this day, countless people question me about what happened on the back of the boat. And sadly, my answer is always the same. I don't know. I have idea as to how or why I went overboard, I habitually respond, which is the truth. I have no explanation or memory of what happened after I fell into the cold ocean water. All I know is this ... I was taken by two men at once, that single sexual act the very highlight of my life.