Playing Pool

by Singularity ©

Bathed in Sunlight

It was a sadistically hot summer afternoon – the kind of relentless,

steaming-hot furnace that provided a taste of what hell should be like.

Hot – incredibly fucking hot. The entire world seemed hushed and muted, as

even the birds sought refuge from the rippling waves of heat that scorched

everything they touched.

It was perfect, absolutely perfect.

Cindy’s skin was moist with perspiration in an instant as she walked from

her car across the parking lot to the entrance to the swimming pool at the

country club. The heat boiling up from the asphalt hit her like a

sledgehammer after the cool, air-conditioned interior of her car. The hot

breeze played with her long dark hair, giving her a steamy, wanton,

on-the-prowl look.

Her tight, cropped white T-shirt clung perfectly to her skin as if painted

on, without a single wrinkle to mar the seductive curves of her body. The

swell of her breasts and her nipples were clearly outlined through the

taut fabric; her nipple rings blatantly and proudly visible through the

thin cotton.

She walked slowly, savoring the heat, and the anticipation.

Cindy’s short, tight, black spandex microskirt provided a distinct

contrast to the white T-shirt and the deeply tanned flesh of her body. It

hugged her ass like a second skin, while the indecently high hemline

barely touched the tops of her thighs.

Heads turned and eyes locked onto her body as she made her entrance into

the clubhouse; each man mentally undressing her minimal outfit, and each

woman viewing her with disdain - or as formidable competition for those

hungry, devouring male eyes. Her mere presence roiled the languid,

heat-suffused atmosphere in the clubhouse into sudden alertness, and the

mental shock waves rippled outwards like the circular waves expanding from

where a pebble had been tossed at the glassy surface of a pond. Only the

children were oblivious to the incredible, completely sexual creature in

their midst.

Cindy made eye contact with each of the men as she passed; smiling that

patented, yet indescribable, combination of innocence and seduction at

each one.

Good afternoon, Sir. I know you want me. Is that your wife over there,

watching you – watching me?

Oh, look at the two of you! I know you’re talking about me. You both want

me. Do you want to do me together? Two hard cocks for this little wisp of

a girl? Mmmm, I think I’m the lucky one today.

Hi there, baby. Would you like to fuck me today? You do? In the ass? How

wicked is that?

She wondered if any of them realized that she had absolutely nothing on

under the tiny black skirt, with her smooth-shaven pussy being caressed by

the hot, swirling breeze as it blew puffs of hot air up between her legs.

She guessed, not. Who would be so bold as to wear such a dangerously short

skirt with no knickers, not even a thong?

As she entered the women’s locker room her nipples jumped up, fully erect,

as the cool air-conditioned atmosphere hit her body. Going to a locker,

she gracefully peeled off her shirt and then slid the snug skirt down over

her hips in a single, long, fluid motion; and wiggling her ass in a slow

demonstration of her talents as a shameless flirt.

Anything for an audience.

Cindy heard a murmur of disapproval from the other women in the locker

room as they watched her place the two tiny pieces of fabric in a pile on

the bench. Naked now, she stretched provocatively, daring them to check

out her deep brown, all-over tan, unmarked by a single bikini line, count

her piercings, and zero in on her smooth, bald, and also deeply tanned

pussy. Everything she did, veering form subtle to overt, told the story

that she was a woman who was frequently nude, and who was very comfortable

with displaying her body in front of others.

While she stood there, still completely nude, Cindy reached into her purse

and took out the ankle bracelets that he had given her. She fastened the

elegant silver chains around each ankle, the small diamonds flashing and

sparkling in the light.

Then she took her new swimsuit out of her purse, and put her clothes and

the small pouch into the locker. This was her newest, most daring bikini

ever; the one he had bought for her on their recent shopping trip, when

she had spent the entire afternoon modeling a variety of provocative

attire for his approving eye. This had been one of his selections, an

immediate, erection-producing hit when she had modeled it for him in the

swimwear boutique, in front of his and the other patrons’ admiring gaze.

It was a brilliant white color, a hue that helped to draw even more

attention, if that was possible, to her flawless, deeply tanned skin and

her lithe, succulent young woman’s body.

Cindy stepped into the tiny string bikini-style thong bottom and pulled it

up over her pussy and ass. The strings rose up at an angle on the sides to

rest on top of her slender hips. The small triangle of fabric in front

barely covered her mound, so small, in fact, that it would be apparent to

everyone that she was clean-shaven. It would be hard for more than a small

wisp of hair to hide under the tiny patch of cloth.

The rear of the bikini was adjustable, permitting her to either stretch

the fabric out on the string to cover close to half of her ass cheeks when

fully smoothed out; or it could be scrunched, accordion style, to just

barely fill and cover the lovely valley between the firm, rounded hills of

her ass.

Cindy decided to be “demure” for now, and she smoothed the seat of the

bikini out over her ass. It would still be the most daring bikini bottom

at the club, by far, even at the “modesty” setting.

The top consisted of nothing more than a couple of strings and two tiny

triangular, concave-shaped cups for her breasts. Like the bikini bottom,

the cups were adjustable. They were able to slide inwards and outwards on

their string, and the bottom of the cups could also be stretched or

scrunched, for either a daring, or a barely-holding-anything-in setting.

As Cindy snugged her perfectly-shaped, little-girl tits into the top and

adjusted the strings, she selected a “modesty” setting. Even so, her

nipples were just barely hidden behind the hem near the tops of the fabric

triangles.

As Cindy prepared to make her entrance into the pool area, she gave

herself a long look in the full-length mirror in the locker room. One of

the things he had insisted upon when specifying their requirements to the

saleswoman at the swimwear store was that the bikini had to be unlined,

and made of a thin, clinging body-revealing fabric; that exposed and

highlighted every curve and contour of her flesh, beneath the minimal

coverage of the suit.

Cindy remembered how hot and wet she had gotten just hearing his word tell

the woman how he wanted her bikini to look, while she stood next to him,

her arm in his, in the shop. “I want something that will hide nothing, and

highlight and accent every nuance of her body. Something shameless and

sinful and daring. I want Original Sin – in spandex and nylon.”

Modeling it that first time, in the boutique, had been incredibly

thrilling – better than being naked - almost. The shop girl had blushed

beet-red when she took the bikini from her to wrap up in the pretty

gold-colored box after he had pronounced it to be perfect. It had been

that wet.

Now, as she stood there, combing her hair, Cindy could see the outline of

her pussy lips and her slit clearly defined between her legs. Her nipples

and her rings were also visible behind the tiny cups of the top, and even

the dark circles of her aureoles were discernable under the gauzy,

translucent fabric.

She smiled back at the lovely sensual visage from the mirror. When she

emerged from the water of the pool, she would, literally, be a dripping

wet advertisement for sex; sure to elicit a painful erection from every

man within a hundred feet of her.

Cindy put on her dark, impenetrable sunglasses and picked up her beach

towel, her tanning oil, and her cell phone. She was ready to fuck with the

minds of every man at the pool.

Stepping out from the shadows of the locker room into the bright sun of

the pool deck area, she made her entrance.

She paused there, in the middle of the milling group of people congregated

there, to ostentatiously adjust the strings to her bikini bottom and to

make a show of separating her bra cups a little bit farther apart; to

expose a bit more of her breasts from where they nestled precariously

behind the tiny swaths of fabric.

It was as if time stood still for a single, infinitely long moment.

Conversations stopped in mid-sentence. Heads turned. Eyes widened. And a

woman walked right into a man who had stopped dead in his tracks, like a

deer caught in the headlights of an onrushing car, cursing him under her

breath when she realized what had happened to him.

And the curtain comes up.

Following her dramatic entrance, Cindy made a complete circuit of the pool

desk, looking for the perfect lounger to stretch out on to soak up the sun

and to display herself. She moved slowly and deliberately, while feigning

a casual, disinterested air.

It wouldn’t do to be obvious about it. The aura of an innocent who hadn’t

the slightest idea of the commotion she was causing – improbable as it was

– was the effect she wanted. And she played the role flawlessly, the

perfect balance between innocence and shamelessness, conveyed without a

hint of the crass or the lewd.

Several times, she stopped to slip a finger beneath the seat of her bikini

bottom to adjust its fit. However, unlike most women, she did not tug the

edge of the seat to increase the coverage on her ass. Instead, she

playfully ran her finger under the hem, and slid it a millimeter or so

inwards, towards her ass crease, to ratchet upwards the amount of flesh

that was displayed.

Cindy finally decided on a recliner near the lifeguard tower, where a

solidly built young man in a pair of tight bikini trunks was perched,

scanning the pool for misbehaving little kids. It was partially screened

by a swath of flowering shrubbery from the frenzied activity in the pool –

the perfect location.

She took a spot right in front of a handsome older man sitting on a

recliner, who pretended to read a magazine. She knew that he was really

taking in every inch of her proudly flaunted body, and imagining what was

hidden behind those few scraps of cloth.

Moving with the elegance and grace of a dancer, Cindy spread out her

blanket, and sat on the recliner, facing the man with the magazine, her

legs straddling the seat. Looking the man directly in the eyes through her

dark, nearly opaque sunglasses; she watched him as his eyes shifted

repeatedly between her cunt, her tits, and her face. Then she opened her

bottle of tanning oil and began to massage the oil into her skin, turning

her flesh into a glistening, shimmering vision of sensuality.

After she had covered every inch of exposed skin with a generous

application of oil, Cindy smiled briefly at the man to hook his attention

– as if he wasn’t already completely overcome with his fantasies of having

her. Still looking directly at him, she poured more oil onto her hand, and

then proceeded to oil her nipples and her tits behind the tiny bra.

Sighing deeply, she massaged the oil into her skin and teased her nipples

into a visibly excited state. Then, she cupped her hand and splashed more

oil into her palm. Pausing a moment for dramatic effect and to ensure that

she had his complete attention, her hand descended to the center of her

womanhood, where her three middle fingers disappeared behind the small

triangle of fabric. Her thumb and her pinkie finger framed the white

cloth, as it was far too narrow to cover all five of her fingers.

Cindy slid her fingers up and down her pussy, as she lubricated herself

with the oil.

The man watched, mesmerized, as his eyes followed the outlines of Cindy’s

fingers as they undulated and slithered beneath the wet and now-sheer

fabric of the thong. Bolder now, she briefly dipped a finger into her

cunt, to draw her own lubricant out, while she masturbated with her

slippery, well-oiled fingers.

Then, knowing that she had him in the palm of her hand – no, he’s hold it

in his hand - she turned away from the man to lay down on her belly, her

feet and ass pointed at the bulging cock that she saw outlined in his

boxer style trunks.

Now, let the show really begin.

As she settled into a comfortable position, Cindy spread her legs apart

and dangled her feet over the sides of the recliner. The man now had a

clear view of her minimally covered pussy, and the outlines of her labia

and her slit, showing wetly through the sheer, wet fabric of her thong.

She made a show of unfastening the strings on her top, to avoid getting

even the slightest hint of a tan line on her back and neck.

Now. He’s mine now. Completely mine.

She began her show, to tease and torture her helpless victim.

Like an insect stuck on a pin, on a display board. Nailed into place and

unable to escape – pinned there by his cock.

First, she placed her hands on the strings of her bikini bottom. She

pulled them higher over her hips, stretching the already taut fabric

covering her pussy even tighter. The slender swath of cloth covering her

labia contracted a bit more, narrowing the coverage between her legs.

Then, she placed the index fingers of her hand under the sheer white cloth

that was struggling to cover her nut-brown, flawless ass, and slid it

further into the crack between her luscious globes, transforming the thong

bottom into more of a G-string than a bikini.

Without even a glance over her shoulder, Cindy knew with complete

certainty that he was fantasizing about what was hidden behind that scrap

of fabric, and on how much he wanted to touch it, kiss it, lick it – and

fuck it.

Do you like that? You want to ram your cock into my cunt, don’t you? I

know you want to.

Cindy lifted up her ass and placed her arms underneath her belly, her

hands resting under the mound of her pussy. Feigning sleepiness, she

pretended to nap. To everyone except the man directly behind her, she was

dozing in the sun, oblivious to everyone around her who was gawking at how

she so wantonly, yet casually, displayed her hard, brown body.

Visible only to him, her fingers began to play with her pussy.

She started to masturbate, running her fingers lightly over the outside of

the cloth that now barely covered her clean-shaven pussy. Her index finger

danced provocatively up and down the now sharply defined relief of her

cunt lips while her other hand was under her mound, fingering her clit.

Mmmm, yeah, Mister, watch this. I’m doing this all for you, you know. I’m

your private show, your secret fantasy-fuck, for you and nobody else.

Cindy slowly clenched and unclenched her ass cheeks to heighten the

wickedly sinful sensations she was arousing in her body. The sun beat down

on her nearly naked flesh, the oil and the sweat on her skin combining to

make her as slickly wet on the outside as she was on the inside now.

You could be my daddy, you know. I bet you have a daughter, probably just

about my age, too. Would you like to fuck someone the same age as your

little girl?

Cindy was very turned on now, and utterly uninhibited from the magical

effect that her fingers were having on her now very-wet pussy. The

knowledge that she was masturbating for this unknown man was a powerful

aphrodisiac. She did truly enjoy playing the part of the wanton slut and

of the cock-teaser.

Feeling bolder and empowered by her lust, Cindy refastened the strings on

her top, and rolled over. She raised the back of the recliner, so she was

sitting up and facing the man, who by now had given up any pretense of

reading his magazine. He pretended to be sleeping, behind the sunglasses

he was now wearing, but the immense erection in his trunks betrayed him.

Emboldened by her heat-fueled lust, Cindy decided to take the step from

cock-teaser to cock-torturer. This was going to be an afternoon this man

would never forget.

Water Torture

Deciding to surprise him, Cindy swung her feet to the ground, facing him,

and rose to her feet. She stretched her arms above her head accompanied by

an exaggerated yawn; and then bent forward from the waist, pretending to

adjust her ankle jewelry while she watched her target out of the corner of

her eye.

His gaze was locked onto her lewdly swaying, almost-naked breasts. After

adjusting her chains, Cindy straightened up, moving ever so slowly and

running her hands up her legs. When her fingers reached her pussy, she

took two fingers on one hand and reached inside her tiny thong and pulled

it down slightly, as if she needed to smooth it out over her cunt.

The tiny triangle of cloth was so small that her fingernails extended out

the other side of the thong. Instead of adjusting the fabric that had been

pulled up into her slit, Cindy slipped a finger into her pussy to get it

wet with her juices. Then she tugged on the strings to pull the thong even

higher and tighter over her labia.

Then, still looking directly at her victim, she sucked the finger she had

just withdrawn from her pussy into her mouth, thrusting in and out several

times and then wagging it at her victim.

Yes, please do. Come with me. I want to play with you. Catch me if you

can…

She giggled at the lewd double ententre of her unspoken words. Come with

me…indeed – if you can.

Then Cindy turned and walked towards the pool, her hips swaying

provocatively as she paraded in front of the awed onlookers with a slow,

sensuous stroll.

She sat on the edge of the pool, waving her feet in the water to test the

temperature. Then she slipped into the pool, and swam underwater to the

other side, gliding effortlessly beneath the sun-dappled wavelets.

Reaching the other side, she surfaced and tossed her golden tresses in the

air, sending sun-kissed diamonds of water flying in all directions, before

sculling over to where an underwater jet pulsed freshly circulated water

into the pool.

Backing up so that her ass was directly in front of the turbulent stream

of water, she calculated her next move, and waited.

She extended her arms out and laid them on the sill trough of the pool to

support herself as she let her legs float out in front of her. As her body

floated just beneath the surface; her breasts with their tiny white

canopies rose out of the water in front of her eyes like soft brown, snow

capped islands in an azure sea. Cindy flexed her belly muscles to let her

toes and her pussy undulate in and out of the water, just breaking the

surface so she could feel the water wash over them as she slowly levered

herself up and down.

All the while, Cindy watched the man on the other side of the pool, and

the lifeguard on his tower. She met the admiring gaze of the young stud

sitting on the lifeguard chair, and she winked at him to acknowledge his

unspoken compliment. His hand was in his lap, underneath a strategically

placed towel.

Don’t fall off your chair, baby.

The man she had been teasing had taken her bait. He was getting up from

his chair now. He turned away from Cindy momentarily while he attempted to

rearrange his cock so that his erection was not so prominent. When he

turned back towards her and dropped the towel he had been holding to hide

what he had been doing, Cindy saw that it had been an utterly futile

attempt at modesty. It appeared like he had a long, thick sausage in the

front of his suit. She guessed that the tip was just barely hidden by the

suit, with his penis forced straight downwards in his attempt to hide it.

Come to me. Come to me, come and see what I’ve got for you. I want it.

Yes, truly, I want it.

She waved her toes and cunt and tits up and down as she rode the small

waves churned up by the maelstrom of children at the other end of the pool

while she silently urged him onwards, beckoning him closer to his fate.

Yes. That’s it. Time to get wet….

He eased himself into the pool and began to swim across to Cindy. He swam

gracelessly, splashing and flailing about, while he pretended that he was

swimming across the pool as a means of exercise. To avoid a direct

advance, he aimed for the wall near Cindy, but a few feet away.

His bow wave washed over Cindy’s breasts, inundating their white-covered

tips with the tsunami of his approach. When he finally reached the wall,

he stood to shake the water out of his hair and eyes, and then he looked

directly at Cindy, giving her a tentative smile, not sure exactly what she

intended.

Never been seduced by a mermaid before? When was the last time a hot

little hardbody looked at you like this? Go ahead – pinch yourself. And

stroke that big, hard cock for me. I can see you doing it, you know. I

know what you’re doing. I’m the one doing that to you. That’s my hand

holding your cock. Isn’t that what you want? You want my small, soft hand

wrapped around that big, fat prick, stroking it.

Have you ever shot off in a girl’s hand underwater? Surrounded by a

hundred people? You know some of them will be watching. But you don’t

care, do you? Not any more. You can’t stop – not now…

Looking slyly in his direction and flashing her gorgeous smile at him

again; Cindy nodded her head towards the other side of the pool, from

where they had just come. She propelled her body away from the wall in a

slow sinuous glide, and dove beneath the surface. Her ass’s twin globes,

glistening in the sun as they rose into the air before she submerged, were

the last thing the man saw as Cindy’s body disappeared beneath the nearly

still water.

Halfway across the pool, Cindy surfaced and looked back to see if he had

followed her. He was slowly floating and stroking his way across the pool

in her direction, threading his way among the flotilla of small children

that suddenly coalesced in front of him.

Smiling at him again, Cindy submerged again.

Not knowing which way she had gone underwater, the man stopped and stood

in the center of the pool, watching and waiting for her to reappear.

Unknown to him, Cindy had reversed course, and was swimming back towards

him, skimming the bottom and zig-zagging around the flailing pairs of

small legs above her, and watching for his tree trunk legs to appear in

the water. When she spotted him, she swam directly at him. Flutter kicking

harder; she accelerated, still completely submerged. She was coming at him

from the side, making a flank attack. She was sure that he had no idea

where she was.

You’re mine, now. All mine.

Cindy passed directly behind him. As she glided past him, she reached

between his legs to squeeze his cock.

Gotcha! Mmmm, very hard.M

Then, she propelled herself forward with a strong kick, to surface just

beyond his reach. This time, when she surfaced, she rolled over onto her

back, to begin a slow backstroke towards the side of the pool again. Her

arms floated in the water, gently sculling herself while her legs float on

the surface, trailing behind her. Her breasts and her pussy glided along

the surface with the water swirling around them and over them like small

islands caught in a tidal current.

Fuck me now, oh god, please fuck me now.

Cindy arched her head backwards so she could see the approaching wall

behind her. She saw the lifeguard, upside down, on his tower directly

above her.

Still a few feet away from the wall, she paused in mid-glide, and reached

down to her bikini bottom and pulled on the strings to snug it up even

higher and tighter over her slit and to hide as much of the rear panel in

the crease in her ass.

The lifeguard grinned at her as he watched her from behind his dark

glasses, his hand moving on his lap beneath his towel.

Hi, there. Like the show?

Cindy blew him a kiss as she reached out to touch the wall. Then she

hoisted herself up to the pool deck next to the lifeguard tower. She stood

there for a moment, letting the water cascade down her hair and trickle

down her body. Again, she adjusted her bikini bottom to get the maximum

exposure.

Looking up at the lifeguard, she adjusted her top, lifting and resettling

her breasts behind the tiny triangles of sheer white fabric, and giving

him a brief glimpse of her nipples and the flashing silver of her twin

rings, as she gently tucked each tit into its tiny white cradle.

She tilted her head back and blew him a kiss. I knew you would like that.

Her suit was even more translucent now that it was wet. The chill of the

water had turned her nipples into large, prominent, protruding white

bullets, poking through the thin filmy fabric, and making a shameless

display of her rings. And her cunt lips and her slit were clearly outlined

as well.

Once she was done preening for the lifeguard, Cindy turned her attention

back to the pool. The man was now at the wall nearby, looking up at her

with a look that veered from awe and lust to anguish and frustration.

Pretending not to notice him, Cindy walked slowly back to her lounge

chair. She rolled her hips as she walked, to make a pronounced, lewd

display of her ass for the man.

Come on. I’m not done with you yet.

She reseated herself on the lounge and toweled the water off her body, and

combed out her hair.

A minute later he returned to his seat directly across from her.

Cindy saw out of the corner of her eye that he had lost none of his

erection’s vigor in the cool water of the pool. Smiling to herself, she

put on her dark sunglasses again, raised the back of the lounger to a

halfway position, and settled down to continue her game.

Moving in for the Kill

Cindy took out her bottle of oil and began to recoat her body. Soon, every

inch of skin glistened and glowed in the summer sun. Her body was silky

soft and smooth, and fragrant with the scent of vanilla - a

well-lubricated machine, finely tuned and ready to be used.

She stretched and relaxed and started to stroke her left nipple through

the thin fabric covering it. She played with the nipple and its ring, in a

slow, almost absent-minded manner. She pulled and twisted the silver

circle, teasing her nipple into an enflamed, extremely sensitive state.

The other fingers on her hand lightly stroked the exposed skin on the

underswell of her breast, beneath the tiny bikini top.

I’m so hot. Hot for you. You know I want it so bad.

The fingers on her other hand traced her thong’s string from hip to hip,

feeling the stretchy nylon gently rub against her flesh as she fondled it,

stroking it softly to feel every nuance of texture. She lifted the thong’s

strings up, away from her belly, and away from her cunt; so that she could

see the soft, pink folds of flesh, shaded by the triangular tent suspended

above her pussy.

Cindy tried to imagine what it would look like after her clit had been

pierced to receive a ring, and a chain. The idea of a round, hard silvery

circle of metal sticking out from between those sensitive pink lips was

intoxicating.

Fuck me. I need to be fucked. You know I want it, so bad.

She felt like she was melting under the relentless force of the sun’s rays

and the hot, still air that surrounded her. Her body had entered a quiet,

dream-like state from the effects of the oil, the sun, her fingers, and

the soft voices and splashing sounds coming from the nearby pool. The

drone of the cicadas in the nearby trees serenaded her, singing quiet

rasping songs of insect lust as they thrummed and buzzed their mating

calls.

Cindy watched him through heavily lidded eyes. His hand was beneath the

towel he had draped across his lap. It moved almost imperceptibly, up and

down, as he fondled his erection. He had had it out – she was sure of it –

sticking out of his hiked-up boxers like a weapon aimed right at her.

After floating in this dream-like state for a long period of time, Cindy

swam back up to the surface of consciousness, and decided that it was time

to bring this little drama to its conclusion.

It must be getting painful by now. Do you want to come? Do you want to put

it in me? Are you going to shove it between my legs - in my soft, juicy

cunt? Or are you going to drill my mouth with it?

Cindy raised her knees and spread them wide so she could apply more oil to

her feet and legs. She massaged the oil into her skin all the way up to

her pussy. She was looking right at him, daring him to turn away.

You want to do this, don’t you? Your hands on me, kneading my flesh,

feeling my muscles and my bones beneath your fingers. Your fingers working

their way up towards my bare, wet, slippery cunt. So you can stick it in

me. Those fingers that are milking that cock, spreading me, to open me up

for your big, hard, fat prick. Uh huh, you know that I know what you want.

And you know I want it, too. Your big dick up inside my fuckhole. Yeah,

baby. Work it harder…

Cindy smiled at him, and slipped two well-oiled fingers under the narrow

crotch of her bikini bottom. She slowly massaged her clit, and then worked

her fingers down her slit to her pussy. She began to finger fuck herself,

sliding the two fingers in and out, while she licked her lips and closed

her eyes. Her juices were flowing freely now, soaking through the thin

fabric and mingling with the oil and sweat on the insides of her thighs.

After spending fifteen minutes or so exploring the inner recesses of her

body, Cindy slowly withdrew her fingers and held them up above her body

for dramatic effect, to admire the frothy mixture and to let a few

droplets gather and fall from her fingertips onto her tits; before sucking

them into her mouth and making a show of licking them clean. Then she

returned her fingers to her pussy to get them dripping wet with her sweet

juices again.

At the same time, her other hand was overtly fondling and pulling on her

nipple rings, alternating between each breast so that each nipple was now

rigidly erect.

Her audience was riveted by her performance. He was breathing faster now,

and his hand was moving more forcefully beneath the towel.

Now. Are you ready? Do you want to come for me? Are you going to shoot it

into that fluffy white towel? I can see it in your eyes. You’re so fucking

ready…. and so am I.

Cindy suddenly got up from the recliner, standing and stretching her arms

over her head to let the man see every inch of her, front and back, as she

turned and pirouetted in front of him. Her thong was completely wet, and

translucent with the wetness seeping out of her. Her nipples were fully

erect, making hard, long points in the fabric of the indecently small

bikini top. She tossed her head back to make a show of swirling her long,

silky hair around her face and across her back.

As she made a show of bending over and picking up her towel, she bumped

into her bottle of oil with her hip, causing it to roll across the pool

deck and under the man’s recliner. She looked up, acting bewildered, while

she pretended to search for it beneath her lounger.

Aha! There it is. You naughty man. You’ve got it!

Grinning a wicked, teasing smile, she slowly walked over to him and knelt

down next to him. She clumsily stubbed her toe against his chair and

tripped. As she pretended to catch herself from falling, she slipped her

hand underneath his towel, and placed it directly on his erection. She

held her hand there, motionless, as she reached under his recliner with

her other hand to retrieve her oil. She whispered, “Sorry about that. I

hope you don’t mind.”

The man was silent, struck dumb with astonishment and paralyzed; a

motionless statue with a huge erection. His body was held rigid and

immobile by the feather-light weight of Cindy’s left hand, resting

casually on his cock. His mouth gaped open, as if he wanted to say

something, but he could not even begin to form words, much less sentences.

I was right. You are a naughty man. Sitting here with your cock sticking

out of your swimsuit while you jerk off. Did I do that to you? Me?

Cindy started to stroke the painfully hard erection sticking out from

beneath the thin nylon of the man’s swimsuit. Her fingertips moved slowly

and sensually up and down the shaft, using such a light touch that it was

as if he was being touched with a soft, downy feather. She felt his

erection pulse and twitch beneath her excruciatingly slow strokes. All the

while, she stared into his anguished, fearful eyes.

He stared back, and then his eyes darted around, to see if anyone nearby

had noticed what the lithe, nearly naked young goddess was doing to him

right there, out in the open. He shuddered and groaned, while Cindy

studied his face, her eyes round and bright with excitement.

As she grasped the bottle and prepared to stand, she lifted her hand from

his bulging cock and tossed his towel aside so his erection was revealed

to anyone looking in his direction. As the shock of what she had done hit

him, she surprised him again when she forced her wet, fragrant fingers

into his open mouth.

He just sat there, staring at her, awestruck at the extremely sensual

being who was teasing him so mercilessly. Without thinking, he sucked on

her fingers, licking them with his tongue as she slowly retrieved them

from between his teeth.

Cindy stood up, and then leaned over him, dangling her tits in front of

his face while she smiled at him and said, “I hope you have a nice day.”

Squeezing his cock one more time, she tossed his towel back over his cock

and turned and headed for the exit, her mission accomplished.

As she neared the locker room, she looked at her Master, on the other side

of the pool. He raised his drink to her, in salute and recognition of her

performance.

Inside the locker room, she hurried to put on her T-shirt and skirt. She

did not shower, knowing that her Master would want to take her as she was;

hot, sweaty, and soaking wet. She strode quickly out into the parking lot,

heading directly for the last row of cars, near the bushes. Her Master’s

car would be there, and she knew that he was going to lift up her tiny

skirt and fuck her right there in the parking lot, in the back seat of his

car, in broad daylight.

In The Car

Cindy found the large blue Lexus sedan in the last row of the parking lot,

a shimmering island in a lake of hot, black asphalt. Thankfully, no other

cars were within several rows of her Master’s car. She unlocked the door

and got into the driver’s seat. She started the car and adjusted both the

driver’s seat and the passenger seat to slide them all the way forward,

and to make their seat backs as vertical as possible. Then she opened the

sunroof to let the hot air trapped inside the car escape. Her mission

accomplished, she turned off the ignition.

Then Cindy jumped into the back seat, to wait for him. She tossed her

sandals onto the floor, and put on the blindfold that was waiting for her,

neatly folded and tied with a red ribbon, in the center of the seat. As

she settled back to wait, she spread her legs and placed a hand between

them. The hem of the tiny black skirt was right at her pussy, giving her

fingers easy access to her hot, wet slit. Her other hand was busy playing

with her nipples through the skin-tight, sweat-dampened T-shirt.

I did it. I did it for you. I am so fucking hot, Master. I need to be

fucked. God, I need to be fucked right now.

Cindy’s cunt quickly became as wet and juicy as it was when she was

masturbating for the man at the pool. As she had done so many times

before, she was making the leather seat slick with her copiously flowing

wetness. She smiled, knowing that her Master likened this to a wolf bitch

marking her territory with her scent.

After all, this was one of Cindy’s favorite places to fuck.

There was something about being fucked in the back seat of a car, cramped

and uncomfortable as it was, that was deeply thrilling and erotic.

Perhaps, it was the combination of being enclosed in such a powerful

metallic cocoon, or maybe it was the risk of getting caught. She didn’t

try to analyze it. She only knew that it fulfilled a deep, primal need for

her; almost as much as belonging to her Master did.

And she knew, for a fact, that her Master would always trade the “new car”

smell for the “just fucked Cindy” smell in his fleet of automobiles. For

that was exactly what he had done with this one. Cindy had gone to the

dealership with him to pick it up, and after she had provided a maddening

distraction to the salesman who had the misfortune of having to perform

the delivery checklist for him, they had stopped in the first parking lot

they had found on the way home; to jump in the back seat so he could strip

her naked, spank her ass until it was bright red and she was squirming

under his hand like a bitch in heat, and then fuck her hard and

passionately.

She had even been permitted to come, as soon as she was ready, which was a

rare treat. She had gotten the back seat soaking wet and imbued with her

feminine essence, to mark it as her personal fuck-nest, before the

odometer had reached 25 miles.

Cindy started to squirm on the seat with arousal and anticipation, as she

remembered that first fuck in this car, when the door to the rear seat was

thrown open and a man climbed in beside her.

Just as they had done so many times before, Cindy did not say anything,

and neither did he. Part of the thrill was in not knowing, for sure, that

the man sitting next to her, with his hands reaching for her thighs and

her breasts was, indeed, her Master. The possibility that this was a

stranger, to whom she had been given by her Master – or an absolute

stranger - was a powerful aphrodisiac.

Cindy turned to face the man sitting next to her. His hands were on her

tits in a flash, his thumbs cupped underneath each firm, rounded breast,

lifting them up, like a sexy, push-up bra. His fingers wrapped around the

sides and top of each soft globe, squeezing them up, out, and together.

Please, Sir. Fuck your cunt. I need it now. Please, take me.

She opened her mouth, in expectation of his lips touching hers and his

tongue entering into her soft, sweet tasting cavern to dance with her own

tongue. Right on cue, his hot breath was there and then his mouth was

feasting on her lips. Soon, their tongues were dancing a feverish pas de

deux.

Cindy moaned in response to the taste of her Master’s lips, knowing now

that it was, indeed, him; and to his firm, yet gently erotic manhandling

of her breasts. His thumbs flicked up from beneath her breasts to fondle

and tease her pierced nipples, the thin cotton and spandex of her T-shirt

chafing at her painfully erect pink buds.

Then his hands pulled Cindy’s T-shirt up above her breasts, to expose her

luscious tits. He kissed his way down her neck, across the narrow white

strip of shirt that framed her lewdly displayed breasts, and into the

gentle valley between the soft, smooth hills on either side. At the same

time, Cindy’s hands left her sides to land in her Master’s lap.

She expertly unzipped his shorts and freed his erect cock, to cradle it in

her hands. She stroked it lovingly, caressing the long, smooth, hard shaft

that she knew so well. Then, whispering obscene words of endearment, she

gently rubbed the palm of her hand across the crown of the large, flaring,

head; feeling the sudden wetness as his pre-come moistened her hand.

Her Master’s lips circled her nipples now, sharpening them into hard, pink

points. He extended the tip of his tongue to insert it through her nipple

rings, one after the other, teasing her and turning her into melted

butter, just like he always did. C

Cindy purred in response to the way he played her body like a virtuoso

played a violin. Her entire ass was wet and slick with her juices, now

that her skirt had ridden up far enough that her naked skin was in direct

contact with supple, fragrant leather of the seat.

After slapping her hard on her hip to signal his intent, he turned Cindy

around so she faced the rear window. He encircled her waist with his hands

and guided her into a standing position, her feet on the floor of the car,

and angling her body backwards to wedge it between the front seats so that

her head, shoulders and chest were sticking out the sunroof.

Cindy’s t-shirt was still pulled up, her naked tan breasts exposed above

the roof of the car for anybody nearby to see. He grabbed her wrists, and

held them firmly at her sides. Knowing what he intended to do, Cindy

spread her legs as wide apart as she could in the tight confines of the

car.

His face descended to her naked pussy.

Yes, fuck yes! I am so wet for you. This is your cunt, Sir. Take it!

He teased her by blowing alternately cool and hot puffs of air across her

slit. A moment later, his tongue snaked out of his mouth and touched her,

licking her up and down the length of her slippery, wet labia. Cindy

tossed her head and hair back and around as she urged him on. “Please,

Master, lick my hot, wet pussy. This cunt is yours, it belongs only to

you. Please, suck on my clit. Lap up the juices pouring out of my warm,

pink cunt. Please let me come, Master.”

Saying nothing, he parted her fleshy pink lips with his tongue. He teased

her hard, engorged clit with the tip of his tongue, circling around it

repeatedly, and flicking it back and forth across it, in a blur of motion.

Cindy was fighting him now, her arms struggling to get free so she could

pull his head and mouth even closer to the center of her being. For now,

her entire existence was focused on her clit, and on the orgasm that she

knew was not far off.

But he held her arms tightly, not letting her take control of what he is

doing. Cindy writhed and twisted back and forth as she fought him.

Sensing that she was finally ready to have him substitute his cock for his

tongue, he suddenly twisted her around and pulled her down to impale her

on his cock.

Her wet pussy greeted his penis eagerly. She spread her legs to straddle

him, and she lowered herself onto the long, hard shaft. Cindy moaned in

satisfaction as he stretched and filled her cunt. His hands were on her

hips as she began a slow up and down rhythm. She lifted herself far enough

to keep only the tip of the cock insider her, before easing herself down

the long descent to his belly. Again, and again, she slow-fucked the man

she belonged to, the man who knew her body so well, and who fulfilled her

every need, no matter how wicked or deviant or scandalous.

“You know me so well, Sir. I am a whore for your cock. I’ll do anything

for you. Anything. Did you like my performance? I was thinking about you

the entire time. I love being your little cock-teaser and your slut.”

As the speed and the sense of urgency of their coupling increased, he

released her wrists. One of his hands reached around her hip to fondle and

tease Cindy’s swollen clit, nestled in the soft folds of her labia; while

the other played with her ass cheeks.

Cindy reached down to grasp the base of the long, hard cock that was

turning her insides into freshly churned butter, and to fondle the large

balls that she so dearly loved to hold in her grasp. Holding a man that

way – by his cock and his balls, while he fucked you – was the ultimate in

intimacy. To be able to feel him tense and contract and then spurt his

orgasm up into her spasming cunt was heaven on earth.

Neither of them said a word – this was part of the game – but Cindy’s

mewing and her ragged little cries left no doubt that she was on the edge.

His long, deep breaths and the way he used his hands on her hips to pull

her down onto his cock predicted the immediacy of his need.

They were ready, both of them – cunt and cock – to do what this entire

afternoon had been scripted to deliver.

Knowing that neither of them would last much longer, he took the thumb on

his right hand and pressed it against Cindy’s asshole. Her puckered brown

entrance resisted at first, and then opened, to admit the insistent

visitor. He forced his thumb in up to the first knuckle, feeling the

pressure as her muscles tried to tighten around the invader. He began to

slide it in and out, to get her asshole well lubricated with her own

juices and to loosen her up for what was to come.

Cindy never missed a beat. She maintained her elevator ride up and down

his cock while her asshole was being breached. She moaned louder now, as

the combination of the cock in her pussy and the finger in her ass started

to dance a duet. His finger, now deeply embedded in her ass, massaged her

cunt and the cock imprisoned within it, through the thin wall of flesh

that separated the two passages.

She lifted her hands up from his cock to grip the sides of the front seats

while she levered herself up and down; forcefully ramming her cunt down

onto his cock while her body pistoned up and down like a sledgehammer. All

the while, her head and her mane of long, silky hair bobbed up and down

through the sunroof.

Anyone within a hundred feet of them would see in an instant that Cindy

was fucking like an insatiable and utterly shameless slut. The mere sight

of her face through the sunroof was all the evidence an onlooker would

need. But Cindy saw no one and would not have cared if she had. Her

graphic, profane vocalization of her lust, and of her insatiable appetite

for the penis that was pumping in and out of her pussy, disintegrated into

a series of unintelligible animal sounds as she neared orgasm.

Without being told, Cindy knew when they were ready. She lifted herself up

and held herself with just the cock head within her pussy for a moment.

She trembled and shook, waiting for the last possible instant. Then, she

rammed her cunt down, her pussy slapping wetly against his belly, and

using her muscles to squeeze and milk the cock inside her while grinding

her pussy against him in a lewd, circular motion.

That was it. The final threshold shredded and torn away.

He cried out and lunged forward, latching onto a nipple ring with the hand

that had been furiously massaging her clit. His wet, slippery fingers

barely managed to hold onto the nipple ring, pulling it up and down, and

left and right; while the thumb in her ass danced a wild tarantella;

competing to divert Cindy’s orgasmic explosion from the firestorm in her

cunt.

At precisely the last moment - plus several slow-motion heartbeats of time

- when she could bear the intensity no longer, he granted her permission

to come.

Cindy instantly careened over the edge of the cliff into the long

free-fall of an intense, sustained orgasm. Synchronized down to the

heartbeat, his cock erupted and shot white-hot bullets of come deep into

her cunt, seemingly shooting all the way to her brain and ricocheting off

the insides of her head.

Cindy screamed loudly as she came again – loud enough to wake the dead.

The cock that owned her pussy came again, too, pumping more semen into her

now sloppily-wet cunt. She gushed a combination of her own juices, come,

and sweat all over their legs and the car seat as their orgasms cascaded

and crashed into each other.

Finally, spent, they collapsed into each other’s arms in the back seat,

and rested. It took several minutes for them to regain their composure,

for their heart rates to return to normal, and for them to disentangle

their intertwined limbs. When her arms were able to respond to her

commands, Cindy pulled her T-shirt down over her sweat-soaked chest; and

after making a feeble attempt at adjusting her skirt, she staggered out of

the car and into the front passenger seat.

Not bothering to put his cock back into his pants or zipping up, Cindy’s

stage-master dragged himself around to the driver’s seat. And when he

started the car and prepared to drive her home, she removed her blindfold

and leaned over to kiss him gently on the lips before snuggling down in

his lap to lick his cock clean of the deliciously sticky combination of

come and cunt juices, just as she always did.

As she ended her kiss and slid down his chest towards his lap, Cindy saw

the man she had teased and tortured at the pool standing next to a nearby

car, watching them. She smiled at him, while he stared at her.

Cindy kept looking, and studying his face, as their car approached him.

She waited to lower her head down onto her Master’s lap until they pulled

up right next to the man.

He stopped the car there, right next to the man; pausing long enough for

him to look down into their car to watch Cindy sucking and licking his

now-stiffening cock.

Cindy raised her lips from the cock, looked up, and smiled again at the

man.

“I hope you have a nice day, Sir.”

And then she lowered her head down to resume fellating her Master’s cock.

And then they drove away, leaving the man standing there in the parking

lot, watching the taillights of the car as they turned out into the street

into the onrushing gloom of the warm summer evening.