

Naughty Nicole

Lindsey Greene

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Arriving at the Bush Creek Ranch to begin the last month of freedom before going off to college, I drove down the long driveway and stopped at an intercom about twenty feet from a large gate set into a tall stone wall – my mind racing with the possibilities of what lay on the other side. Rolling the window down, I pressed the button and waited. A few seconds later a woman’s voice came out of the speaker.

“Welcome to Bush Creek. Do you have a reservation?”

“Yes Ma’am. It should be registered under Nicole Gibson.”

“One moment please.” There was a long pause and then the woman spoke again. “Do you have your reservation number?”

“Um, yeah, just a sec,” I said, grabbing and rummaging through my purse until I found the slip of paper I was looking for. “Okay, it’s eight-one-nine-seven-three-ess-eff-five-six-two.”

“Thank you very much. When the gate opens please drive through and park. Jason will be waiting to bring you to the office to complete the registration process.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

The gates swung open with a wooden creak and I drove in. No sooner was my car inside the wall than the gate closed behind me. Driving slowly, I took in the rolling fields dotted with the occasional building, horses grazing in pastures and dogs playing fetch with their owners while others lazed in the shade of oaks and maples. The need for the wall suddenly became apparent when I laid eyes on topless, bottomless and fully naked men and women enjoying their vacation. Turning left, I found the first available spot and parked. Grabbing my purse, I got out and was greeted by an attractive, fit, clean-shaven man I would put in his early twenties.

“Are you Nicole Gibson?”

“I am. And that means you must be Jason,” I said with a smile.

“That would be me. Welcome to Bush Creek.”

“Thanks. So, which way to the office?”

“Down to business. I can appreciate that. How long will you be staying with us?”

“About a month.”

“Nice. You know we’re clothing optional, right?” he said making no attempt to hide the fact that he was checking me out.

“And yet you’re fully clothed.”

“I’ll take mine off if you take yours off.”

“After you.” To my surprise, Jason took his tee shirt off and lay it on the hood of my Cruz. After stepping out of his shoes, he lost his pants and underwear. As he raised his right foot to take off his sock my eyes went straight to his cock. “Nice.” Not one to shy away from showing off my body whenever given the opportunity, I pulled my tank top off over my head and then lowered my shorts. Reaching back, I unhooked my bra and tossed it in his face before taking my panties off.

“God damn you’re hot!”

“Thanks. So, um, you were taking me to the office to finish the registration process?” Still staring at his cock, I watched as it started growing harder. “Or do you have something else in mind?” I asked, daring to run a finger along his shaft. As I started to pull my hand back, he grabbed it and put it on his cock – closing my fingers with his as he stared into my eyes.

“You started it, are you woman enough to finish?”

His hand moved off mine. I stood still as a statue for several seconds and then began jerking him off. He grew hard in my hand and then I found myself bent over the hood of my car with him poised for penetration. "Mmmm...is this how you welcome all your guests?"

"Only the sexy ones. You're under no obligation to do anything, but if you want..."

I pushed back taking his full eight inches and all talking stopped as we concentrated on the moment. I was the first time I had ever had sex in a public place and I found the experience exhilarating. With only a slight adjustment to my position I was able to rock my hips back to meet every hard thrust. God I loved the way he filled me. And by the way his cock throbbed he was having just as much fun.

Jason plowed my pussy for a good fifteen minutes before grabbing a handful of my long blonde hair and pulling me back. Kissing the side of my neck, he grunted and shot his load deep. "Please tell me you're not on birth control."

"Wish I could fulfill your fantasy of knocking me up, but I'm on birth control."

"Oh well. A man can dream," he said finally pulling out. "I want to see my semen dripping from your tight pussy so please remain naked."

"I had no intentions of getting dressed," I grinned. "So, which way to the office?"

"Right this way."

Going across the parking lot, Jason led me to a small brick building and, like a gentleman, pulled the door open for me. There were eight other men and women in the lobby in various states of dress, but it was the brow-raised look from a tall brunette at the counter that drew my attention and made my cheeks blush.

"I'm going to assume by the lack of clothes and the semen running down this young lady's thighs that you took the liberty of fucking her on the way here," she said to Jason.

"Yes Ma'am."

"I hope I didn't get him into any trouble," I cut in.

"Not at all. Since your medical record is perfectly clean you're permitted to have sex with whomever you want for as long as you're our guest. You may go now Jason."

"Yes Ma'am."

As he started to walk away I grabbed his hand and spun him around. Gently caressing his balls in my left hand, I put my right on his neck and kissed him hard on the lips. "Thank you. That really was amazing."

"Anytime babe."

"I'll hold you to that." Giving me a quick kiss, he turned and walked out the door.

"I'd be careful with that one," the woman working the counter said. "He may look and act like a gentleman, but he's as perverted as they come."

"Sounds like fun," I grinned. "So, what do I need to do to complete the registration?"

"I just need to see your ID to make sure you are who you say you are and that you're eighteen years of age or older. Once everything has been verified I'll give you the key to the cabin you've been assigned and then you are free to enjoy your stay."

"I saw horses when I came in. Do you give riding lessons?" I asked as I handed her my driver's license.

"We sure do. Just talk to whomever is on duty at the stables and they'll get you started."

"Cool. I've always wanted to ride a horse but living in the city makes that a bit difficult."

"Well, from the looks of it you're going to fit right in here," she said handing me my driver's license and a keycard. "I happen to love the taste of semen and pussy. Do you think I could lick yours clean?"

I dabbled with girls enough to know I am not bisexual, but there was a certain desperation in her voice that I was unable to ignore. And while I was not sexually attracted to women, I was secure enough in my own sexuality to appreciate their beauty and what they could offer. And besides, in my book, a tongue was a tongue and I loved being licked. “Only if you tell me your name.”

“I’m Chloe.”

“Nice to meet you Chloe. Now, what are you standing back there for? My pussy isn’t going to lick itself.”

She was around the counter and on her knees in front of me like greased lightning. Looking up into my eyes, she smiled and then sucked my inner labia into her mouth. After giving them several playful nibbles, she slid her tongue along my slit and then pushed it in. I moaned and placed my right hand on the counter so that I could remain standing as she continued eating what remained of Jason’s semen from me. When my pussy was clean she moved to my thighs – making sure to get every scrap she could get her tongue on, before sitting back on her heels.

“Thank you so much for the privilege of licking you clean.”

“It was my pleasure,” I purred. “Shame you stopped though. Another few minutes and I would have been squirting all over your face.” No sooner were the words out of my mouth then she grabbed my hand and gently pulled me to the floor. I resisted all of a second and then I was on my back on the cold tile with her between my legs and half a dozen men and women watching. One of them – a slender brunette wearing a tight skirt and semi-sheer white blouse that showed off her perky breasts and hard nipples walked over and placed a foot on either side of me head. She then knelt and I knew exactly what she had in mind.

“I want to sit on your pretty face,” she said as she looked into my eyes.

“Uuhhnnn... yes please,” I purred as Chloe sucked my clit and added two fingers to my pussy. “But only if I know your name.”

“I’m Katie.”

“Nice to meet you Katie. Please, sit on my face.” Like I said, I could appreciate everything a woman could offer and I was incredibly horny now thanks to Chloe’s skilled finger and tongue and when that happens my inhibitions tended to go out the window.

Katie raised her skirt up over her hips revealing she was not wearing any panties. Leaning forward, she placed her hands on the floor and then put her pussy against my mouth. Inhaling her sweet scents, I bucked my hips to meet Chloe’s fingers and tongue as my own extended and I licked. This was not exactly how I envisioned the start of my vacation, but I was not about to complain. Looking up, I watched as a stocky black man pulled his dick out and offered it to Katie. Her lips parted and he slid into her mouth. Chloe all the right buttons at the same time and as promised I was filling her mouth and covering her face in my juices. She slurped down every possible drop and then was replaced by another black man that raised my hips up off the floor to meet his hard cock.

“The name’s Nick, can I give you another load for Chloe to lick out of you?” he asked.

Katie raised up enough for me to answer. “Yes please. And while we’re at it, why not make this a real party?” I’ll suck, fuck and lick everyone here as long as Chloe promises to lick me clean afterwards.”

“GOD YES!” Chloe exclaimed.

Nick pushed his big black cock into me and I had another orgasm as he hit my cervix.