



# **BELLE & SANDY**

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Codes: MF oral

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## Preface

I have been musing about this storyline for a day or two so wrote it up one night. Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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## Bella and Sandy

Young ladies are smart. They are clever, deceitful, underhand and, at times, malevolent. They are also good fun, sexy and damn delightful when they want to be. Take the two young girls who work in our office – they are the “bestest” friends and share a flat, but they are always up to something. The other day I got tricked into buying biscuits for the office when it was Sandy's turn to furnish our bird table with cakes and treats.

She flashed her grateful smile at me, as she adjusted her dress in the impossibly warm office, and a lump formed in my trousers. I loved her cute smile, and incredibly toned body, as well as her giggly expressions; she was wonderful, and manipulative.

Belle, was even more obvious with her charms. The 5ft 6in petite minx was always asking some of the more malleable of men in the office to rub “moisturiser” or sun cream into parts of her body, happily lying on the couch in the canteen as a naïve trainee succumbed to her charms and massaged her bare back. She was also incredibly playful and got involved in a Super Soaker water fight at our Team Building weekend at Easter, while dressed in white clothing. It became rather obvious she was not wearing a bra!

The love lives of the two girls was a subject that was discussed between them every week in loud voices. Sandy's long-term relationship had reached a messy conclusion when she caught him in bed with another man, while Belle had had a hundred transient couplings over the year. She always denied she wanted to settle down, which I could almost believe; from the tales of her Saturday nights, I doubt many men could keep pace with the rampant nymphomaniac even if she wanted to.

The girls brightened the office considerably, and the dour nature of our work was made tolerable by the gleeful smiles and bounciness of our two young ladies. They were also very good at their job, and competed good-naturedly with each other. Sandy even gave Belle ten “spanks” after a small accountancy error, which caused the office to stop and watch open-mouthed as the girls toyed with the men. There were a fair number of trips to the toilet for “number threes” shortly after their little show!

Last week, I was talking in our small work's canteen, when Sandy overheard me saying that I was planning to go to the local National Trust park at the weekend for a picnic, and she invited herself and Belle along to my quiet time. I didn't object – I didn't want to know what rumours would be muttered if, as a single man, I rejected the company of two beautiful ladies – and met them outside the gates of the park the following Saturday laden with a heavy picnic bag.

Sandy had been very specific with an email on the Friday. I should bring sandwiches of three flavours, crisps, juice, cakes, chocolate, wine, pork pies, plates and plastic glasses. She signed her email with several “X”s and blew me a kiss when I looked across the office at her; I had butterflies for a moment.

I didn't think of it as a date, but it was a beautiful day and had chosen shorts and a T-Shirt to wear. Sandy was wearing a brightly coloured summer dress that stopped at her thigh, and Belle's blue outfit finished somewhere between her upper thigh and her paradise! They grinned at me ogling them, but Sandy adjusted her large summer hat and pouted teasingly. “Will we do?”

An understatement if ever I had heard of one! They looked divine and so sexy. I stammered in response, but the two girls took an arm each as we walked into the forest. I got a couple of envious looks, but why shouldn't I? I felt like “the man!”

The two girls were in a playful mood; I was teased by them relentlessly, but it was in good spirits and I did get to hear about their last weekend in graphic detail. I had always thought

of them as being quite sexually liberated by their chatter in the office, but I only knew a fraction of what they got up to: I certainly had a sexual education.

The walk through the forest and down the hill was lovely. Although it was a warm day and the car park was busy, most of the visitors followed the set walks around the park, and never ventured too far from their vehicle. By the time we reached the bottom of the hill, we were at a small exit to the park, but had not seen another living soul for almost half-an-hour.

We turned around, but Sandy tugged at my arm, and pulled me towards a break in the trees, that lead into a small meadow, surrounded by tree-covered steep slopes and bracken. "Here'll do," she announced proudly, and the little tease flashed her smile at me. I couldn't resist smiling in return, and she guided us to the corner of the "meadow" as it wasn't in shade and sat down; I think she may have been here before!

The two ladies and I devoured the prepared picnic; I got a kiss on the cheek from both of the minxes as a "thank you" and Belle lay on the ground, staring at the cloudless sky. "I love Britain in this weather," she mused, not straightening her dress and allowing me to see her bright pink thong that barely covered her inviting pussy underneath.

I know she grinned when she saw my eyes flicker towards her slightly splayed legs, and I looked away, more in embarrassment and shame than anything else. Belle oozed sex: every movement she made was enticing and arousing, and every glance radiated decadence and lust. She gave me a raging erection and I looked towards Sandy finishing the bottle of wine.

"We could do a bit of sunbathing," she suggested, looking at me. "Our flat doesn't have much sun." I bit my lip; if I had known the girls were going to lie in the sun I would have brought my book, but Sandy must have read my mind as she putted her hand on my bare knee. "If you don't mind?"

"Errr ... no," I muttered before I thought, gazing into her pleading eyes. She thanked me, by patronisingly patting me on the thigh and put the last of her rubbish in the picnic bag, before turning away from me. I wondered about stretching my legs for an hour while Sandy and Belle improved their tan, but was distracted: Sandy slipped out of her dress.

I gasped at Sandy, dressed only in walking boots and pastel coloured underwear. The black-haired girl giggled and looked at Belle before blowing me a kiss. She kicked off her chunky footwear and dropped her bra onto her clothes, releasing a perfect pair of breasts to my fortunate eyes. "What?"

"You're naked!" I cried but Sandy didn't flinch.

"No, I'm not," she replied and lay down in the middle of the meadow, next to Belle, facing the sky. Her pert breasts pointed towards the Sun and the lump in my trousers doubled in size! Her friend cackled and sat up.

"If you don't want to look at her, you can give me a massage," she offered. Once again, she flashed the trademark smile: warm and enticing, irresistible and disarming; I was putty in their hands. She too, turned away and removed her dress and bra, before lying topless on the soft grassy carpet, face down next to her friend.

I hesitated; I had no idea what she expected but Belle guided me through her massage, telling me to make lazy circles on her skin and press down gently. My clammy hands trembled on her lightly tanned flesh, and Belle passed me some sun lotion for me to apply to her back. It made the "massage" easier: my hands had less resistance as Sandy drifted off to a gentle snooze.

The soothing sounds of Gaia – the tweeting of bird song combined with the soft psithurism

of the breeze – provided a delightful atmosphere to my novice massage. Belle purred, her shoulders relaxed into the soft ground as my hands reached her rump. “Take them off,” she muttered to me, as my hands touched her neon pink thong. I saw her lips curl upwards as I stammered. “I don’t want sun cream on them.”

For a split second, it seemed like such an innocent request and the young lady made me wipe my hands on the grass before touching her underwear. Butterflies danced in my stomach for a second as I gently tugged her underwear to her ankles, and then placed them on the grass next to her. I tried hard not to look at her pussy lips, poking enticingly from between her thighs, but my cock implored me to look and my eyes shamelessly lingered.

Belle knew what she was doing and she asked me to massage her rump as “it gets sat on all week.” I think Sandy giggled as I did; my hands shaking and my body squirming as I touched her peachy bum, squeezing it gently in my hand.

She laughed, and I removed my hand, but I was gently chastised for my reticence and Belle parted her legs slightly “to give me easier access.” I wondered how far Belle would go, or let me go, but she remained unfazed as my hands slipped between her thighs.

She looked over her shoulder at me, and licked her lips. I was swimming in arousal, desperate to touch this beauty and guided my hand over her cunt, winking seductively at me in the Summer sun. She sighed as she exhaled, and parted her legs further, inviting my hand into her heavenly crevice. She wriggled and pushed her waist further away from the ground as my fingers delved between her body and the soft green carpet.

I found a welcoming, slippery wetness gliding over the tips of my exploring fingers. She sighed loudly, enjoying my blatant fingering. No longer was I pretending to massage her rump, but was brazenly touching her moist delights in public. I watched her expression, eager to see her approval etched upon it.

She buried her face into the grass as my fingers touched upon her clit, poking out from underneath it’s hood. Her body shivered as I rotated her pearl around my finger. She was clearly on heat and highly aroused, pushing her breasts into the soft grass and parting her legs wider. She groaned as my fingers touched her hole, sliding effortlessly into the well lubricated woman, causing her to gasp with excitement and anticipation.

My inhibitions disappeared and I sawed two fingers into the tight woman, with my little finger deliberately stroking her clitoris; my last girlfriend adored this and Belle was no exception. She grunted and groaned like a wildling, gripping the grass in her fist and rocking her hips as my fingers lewdly steered her towards orgasm.

Her orgasmic delight caused her to fill the small meadow with the mistakable sounds of feminine arousal, howling and bawling as her insides quivered and her legs shook. She panted, consumed by a tidal wave of lust that swept over her body leaving her drained and satisfied.

I smiled, my chest swelled in pride as I slowly withdrew my fingers and wiped her wetness on the green grass. She lay motionless for a moment before looking over her shoulder with a wide smile. “She’s easy to make come,” Sandy said, causing me to jump. I had forgotten that there was another soul near us. “Real easy. It’s me that’s the hard one.”

I looked at Sandy and stammered; my “wow-meter” was red-lining with touching a colleague in a public place while being watched and my hands trembled again. I was nervous, but Belle turned to face her friend and smiled mischievously towards her. “Try and make her come,” she said with a barely stifled cheekiness.

I expected to see Sandy look horrified at the suggestion, she was the less outrageous one of the two, but she just looked at me with a nod, and licked her lips. “Sure.”

I was certain the two ladies were winding me up, but Belle promised me “much more fun,” if she could make her friend climax, and I nervously turned my attentions to the expectant sunbather, lay topless on her back. “She always comes when she gets oral,” Belle helpfully muttered and I looked into Sandy's eyes for approval, but my young colleague didn't offer any unspoken guidance to me.

I ran my hands up her toned thighs, and stroked her body, keen not to jump straight to her genitals. I picked up the bottle of sun lotion and liberally applied the thick, white liquid to her legs and bare torso; it might not have been as sexy as massage lotion, but Sandy appreciated the intentions and the firm stroking of her body as Belle looked on, offering lewd advice.

I was desperately horny as I lowered her lightly-coloured thong, and Sandy seemed as desperate as me! My crude massage technique had stoked her expectations nicely, as she eyed me lustfully. Her bare mound looked inviting, and the little minx sighed as I kissed the top of her slit. My cock felt as if it would burst out of my unreasonably restrictive shorts, and I desperately wanted someone to touch me, but it had been more than a couple of months since I had had a pussy pressed up against my face, and I revelled in the musky smell once again.

Sandy was sweet, her delicious nectar stimulated every one of my tastebuds as I wrapped my tongue around her clit and swept along her crack to poke gently at her hole. Sandy murmured, engrossed in her own pleasure as I lay on the soft ground and pressed my face deep into her fabulous pussy.

I adore giving oral sex: the taste, the smell, the textures, the wetness on the face and the uncontrollable writhing and squealing as the woman becomes unable to resist the arousal from within her loins. I love turning sweet, innocent ladies into rampant sluts with my tongue, the mere sucking of a clitoris driving them wild with insatiable desire. Suddenly, for the briefest of time, the roles are reversed and she is putty in my hand!

Sandy desperately squeaked, and rocked her hips as my middle finger pressed against her hole. It sucked it in invitingly, eager for me to finger the wild coquette. She stroked and ran her hands through my hair, pressing my face deeper against her crack. She is near, I can feel her body flinching as my fingers rub her G-Spot. She screeched into nature's playground, calling out for her deity and offering a host of profanities to him as I brought her careering towards her powerful climax.

She cannot resist, and my tongue flicked her clit while my finger wiggled against her G-Spot. Her muscles squeezed around my finger, and convulsed, as Sandy emitted a fierce scream, yelling a host of obscenities into the air.

Her legs, pressed against my ears, quivered and shook as the dam broke and several waves of ecstasy were washed over her. She writhed and panted, but I could not stop; I was enjoying giving cunnilingus too much and continued to devour her soaked slit with untamed energy. I watched, over her bare mound, as her eyes closed and her fists clenched: is there a more beautiful sight in the world than a woman orgasming?

She whimpered with every breath, her heart beating furiously fast as I indulged her lustful needs. I rotated my fingers in and out of her slick hole, causing her to buck and instinctively squeal. She grabbed my head and pulled it firmer against her cunt, my face soaked by her sweet juices. Her dominance caused my cock to swell even further, soaking my boxers with pre-cum. I adored her desperation, as the greedy lady squealed and grunted to another orgasm.

I felt the hand of Belle on my shoulder and looked at Sandy, slumped on the springy floor, sated and exhausted. “Get these off,” Belle moaned and tugged at my T-Shirt. My erect

cock didn't want to resist, but I was anxious of showing my naked body to my colleagues. Belle scoffed as I hesitated and she yanked my shorts to my ankles, causing my keys to fall onto the ground.

She barely registered my newly naked state as I stepped out of my shoes and clothes and passed me a condom from her bag. I hesitated again but Belle's eyes widen. "She's not had sex for two weeks," she said.

"Two weeks?" I replied, with a tinge of incredulity in my voice. "I've not had any for three months!"

Belle's face contorted but she took the condom from me and unwrapped it. "If you're out of practice," she muttered with a teasing edge to her voice. Like an axe striking flint, sparks of fire shot from my cock the moment Belle touched it and rolled the latex sheath down my shaft. She smiled at me. "All part of our service, I s'pose."

My body ached with desperate horniness; Sandy looked at my cock with a pleading glance: she was desperately horny too. "Fuck me," she murmured. "Please."

I could hardly refuse such a request; I sank to my knees and leant over her, my rubber-encased cock touching her warm slit. She put her head back and sighed as I leant forward, allowing my cock to slide into womanhood with a little grunt.

Sandy closed her eyes and screwed up her face; I was concerned I was hurting her, but she just nodded when I asked if she was "OK?" I rotated my hips gently, pressing my cock firmly into her cunt, as I made a gentle rhythmic motions: it had been too long since I had had sex and I wasn't going to spoil it by coming after thirty seconds. I wanted to savour the experience, but each movement of my hips sent waves of heaven through my body.

I knew Sandy was experiencing the same wonderful sensations as she grunted and exhaled with every thrust I made, squeezing her long nails into my back. I grabbed her arms and pinned her wrists to the ground, my own grip pressing down on her hands above her head as my cock drove into her unguarded pussy relentlessly.

I was reaching the point of no return: her writhing, desperate body underneath me was bringing me closer and closer to my promised land. Her tight cunt massaged my cock wonderfully as the smell of sex and flowers filled our nostrils.

I felt Belle behind me, rubbing my bum as I pounded my desperate cock into her friend. A cool, wet finger slid between my buttocks and pressed against my anus; it slipped in easily. The pressure in my perineum doubled, my loins were aching for a release and I desperately held onto my orgasm, eager to prolong the sensation.

My muscles tightened as Belle pushed her finger further into my butt. It was glorious heaven as my genitals fizzed with energy. I was way past the point of no return and my balls burnt with desperation. I closed my eyes and rammed my cock deep into my partner, before feeling a cascade of pleasure washing over me, from my cock to my shoulders and my fingers. I yelled a gleeful obscenity, every bit as loud and lewd as Sandy, as my cock filled the condom with several squirts of my seed.

Belle wiggled her finger in my arse and another wave of lust consumed me, causing me to slump forward and onto my sated partner. We panted for a few moments, before smiling. She beamed back at me and I withdrew my cock from her. I tied up the condom and put it in with the rubbish from the picnic.

Belle and Sandy smiled and, as naked as the day I was born, I lay on the grass with two sexy naked ladies to soak up the Sun. We were not disturbed, which was just as well, as our lewd chatter led to Sandy and Belle giving me a lesbian show before Sandy proved her blowjob skills on me, and Belle demanding a demonstration of my cunnilingus technique!

There was no way I could ever keep up with either of the two girls in a relationship, but we had a nice understanding: I would take them for picnics when the weather was warm and we would all have some fun in our meadow.