

A woman with long blonde hair is in the ocean, wearing a white one-piece swimsuit. She is leaning forward, with her head down and eyes closed. The background shows a sunset over a rocky coastline with mountains in the distance. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong golden glow and lens flare effects across the scene. The water is dark with some white foam from waves.

Vitaly Mushkin

RESORT SEX

Sea
erotica

Vitaly Mushkin

Resort sex. Sea erotica

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=24433028

ISBN 9785448533310

Аннотация

The main character comes to a seaside resort and gets acquainted on the first day with his mother and daughter, with Alla and Vika. His daughter is a little younger, Mom a little older. The hero tries to flirt with Vika, but on the last night before his departure he starts a stormy affair with Alla. Relations are tied directly into the sea, at night. And the connection between them appears so strong that they meet exactly one year later at the same resort.

Содержание

Part 1	5
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	11

Resort sex Sea erotica

Vitaly Mushkin

© Vitaly Mushkin, 2017

ISBN 978-5-4485-3331-0

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Part 1

That's the sea! Beach, resort, all inclusive, 5 stars, super! Plus unlimited opportunities for dating and flirting. At dinner I was at the same table with my mother and daughter. My daughter is slightly younger than me, my mother is a little older. We arrived too recently. My daughter's name is Vika, my mother is Alla. Both are of the same height, slender, the daughter has hair to her shoulders, her mother is short. Both moderately cute, behave like girlfriends, but from the outside, you can not say that mom and daughter, well, exactly – girlfriends. In the morning, walking to the sea, I came across them on the beach. – “Vitaly, go to us!” Played cards, bathed, sunbathed, brought them ice cream. And somehow it happened that time began to spend together. Together we went to dinner, together sunbathed, we met in the evening on entertainment programs. The friendship with Vika and Alla blocked me the possibility of dating with other, single travelers. Although, in truth, single girls did not really exist. All or families or companies. But there were a lot of women in the resort. Vika and Alla were well built up, pleasant to the faces, but they were not so beautiful. They were good at communication, they joked and laughed a lot. With them it was easy and simple, as with old acquaintances.

At first I decided to priudarit for Vika, not with my mother, I was engaged in flirting. But my mother and daughter were

almost inseparable. A couple of times I managed to steal Vic. We walked around the town, along the embankment, went to a local restaurant. Vika did not really take courtship. I did not even succeed in kissing her once. And the days flew fast, one by one... There came a dinner, tomorrow Alla and Vika fly home. It was a little sad, but soon I was going to leave the hospitable places here. We sat at the table all already so rested, tanned, condescendingly glancing at the white newcomers. At the end of dinner, when Alla went to add dessert, Vika suddenly handed me a note. Her face was mysterious. "Read it in the room," she said. I hid the note in my pocket. What would that mean? I was at a loss. After lunch, it was necessary to lie in air-conditioned rooms, it was still hot in the "yard" during the day. "Come at one o'clock in the morning to our place on the beach," was written in a note. Really? Does Vicochka give me a date? This is the last night...

In the evening at a concert of local amateur performance I sat next to Vika, although the place with Alla was also free and it would be more convenient to sit there. I moved in Vick and began to stroke her hand unnoticed. "Not now," the girl whispered to me and moved away a little. Well, not now, not right now. I hardly found the night. He shaved, put on weight, put on his dress shirt. I took a bottle of wine and a bunch of flowers. "Our" place on the beach was a little away from the main, there were fewer people, in the afternoon. At night the place was completely deserted and dark. The sandy beach and the sea are illuminated

only by a muted moonlight. The waves roll unhurriedly to the shore, there are no other sounds. I sat down on the sand, opened the bottle, poured the wine over the glasses and waited.

The clock was already half past one, when I heard a cry: “Vitalik!” The sound came from the blackness, from the sea. I looked, apparently there was nothing at all. – “Vika, you?” – “I!” I threw a shirt and jeans on the sand and jumped into the sea. “Vika, where are you?” “I’m here.” I swam to the sound. The anticipation of seeing a naked (almost) female body next to me on this black night stirred me. It seemed that I could now swim this sea from end to end. And so I saw her. She swam by and by. I rushed to Vick. She saw me, “rushed” napeyk, decided to play catch-up. Vika and Alla swam well, I was already convinced of this. But I was also a good swimmer. Lowering his head into the water, I powerfully earned my hands and feet, sending the body for the fugitive. Soon I began to overtake it. Here are her heels, very close. Touch, yet, but no, she’s not going to give up. The race continues. But my masculine pride was already touched. Some girl “makes” me like a kid. I turned on the maximum speed. For some time our pursuit continued until I grabbed her ankle. Still sailing after Vika, I noticed some absurdity in her appearance, but did not attach any importance to it. And now, grabbing Vika by the leg, I was face to face with... Alla.

– “Alla, how did you get here?” – “Bathed.” – “And where is Vika?” – “And Vika is at home, asleep.” Pause. We must return to shore. “We must return to shore,” I say. “Yes, let’s go back,”

says Alla. And where is the shore? The lights of the shore were far behind. We swim to them. We sail slowly, there is nowhere to hurry. Alla sails nearby, breathes heavily, is tired. "Are you okay?" I ask. "Yes, I'm tired a little, I'm so swimming," she grins. I look closely to Alla from the corner of my eye. A young woman in her prime. She's pretty. And it seems that I fell in love, once I lied to a date, at night, at sea. She has a narrow waist, an appetizing ass, and how she makes legs in the style of a frog. How her legs are sexually pushed ... "Vitalik, I'm tired," she says. "Let me take you in tow," I say, "lie on your back, I'll pick you up from below." I lay down on my back, crawling under Alla, taking her by the armpits and trying to swim. But you will not swim so far. From such proximity of our bodies, I immediately have an erection and Alla surely feels it. And it's so uncomfortable to swim. Let's try differently. Alla gets on my back, clasping my neck. We almost drown. And the shore is still far away. We swam again nearby. Our bodies are so close. Also it would be desirable to swim and swim with it eternally, let the shore and does not come nearer.

Here is the shore, I get up, water to my neck. Alla tries to get up, but dips her head. I grab her by the arms. We cling to each other. Our lips also unite. From such a deep kiss, I feel dizzy, I lose my balance and we are again under water. Well, where is the bottom? I stand on the chest in the water, almost no forces. And Alla seems to be as cheerful as before. She suddenly dives and what I feel... She pulls off my swimming trunks under the

water. I stayed naked, my cock feels some kind of touch, whether it's hands, or it's lips. My Apollo, unlike me, seems not at all tired. He is vigorous and energetic. Lasky continues, then Alla emerges. Now I'm diving. I grab her round ass with my hands, slip my thumbs under the narrow strip of panties and pull them down. Alla raises one leg, then the second, helping to remove this strip of matter that interferes with us. I do not have the strength to stay under water for long, so I come up. Then I take off my bra from Alla. Let him swim after his panties in free swimming. We do not need them anymore. From the bra on Alla's chest was a white trail, which contrasts sharply with the swarthy skin of the rest of the body. I caress the breasts, the nipples. Then I put my hand to Alla's groin and stroked it. I remember how Alla was sexually swimming with a breaststroke and I ask you to repeat that swim in my hand. She lays her belly on my left arm and swims along the frogs. I touch the perineum with my right hand and move it to the rhythm of the naked swimmer's movements. The middle finger of my hand settled comfortably in the crevice of its main female place. And the thumb is pressed to the anus. Both fingers gradually, slowly and gently enter her body. "Do you like it?" I ask. – "Highly". I want something more. I turn Alla on her back, now she sails on her back. And he floats his legs wide to meet me. I plunge headlong into the pool of Alla's womb. The tongue feels salt. This is whether sea salt, or the salt of my woman's desire. Lana Alla was completely ready to receive Apollo. Where I decided to send it. I almost

went into the woman when Alla prayed: “Do not, sweet, suddenly something will get inside.” Indeed, in the female body could get and algae and turbidity from the bottom, raised by our feet. We went ashore. It was a dark night. We were absolutely naked, our bathing suits took the sea. I pulled him to lie down. We lay down, but it turned out to be a bad idea, everywhere there was sand. And our bodies, especially my woman, were not ready for his reception. We just lay and kissed. But the sand has already reached and to the lips and to the teeth. And something became cool. South, but still night.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.