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*Blonde without panties*

Underwater sex



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**Аннотация**

In the summer on the lake, our hero watches bathing naked women. And then steals panties from one of them. Which leads, in turn, to a series of extraordinary sexual adventures. Exciting plot, unexpected twists and turns, a lot, a lot of sex. Where the hero will bring black lace panties, read here, read immediately.

# **Blonde without panties**

## **Underwater sex**

**Vitaly Mushkin**

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It was getting dark when I suddenly heard voices and laughter. The voices were female and came from somewhere on the left. My fishing rod continued to stand motionless and it became increasingly difficult for me to see it. It's time to wrap up. But who could it be on the lake, and even at such a time? The places here are quite deserted and rarely met by fishermen or tourists. But this feminine laugh? What if they bathe there? And maybe naked? My heart beat faster. I put the fishing rod on the plate and went to see what was happening there.

Carefully making my way through the bush, I approached the voices and saw three women bathing. From my place it was not very close, and it became even darker, so I could not see everything in full detail. Something I saw, something

dofantazirol. Three beautiful girls (or women) swam off the coast. And they were naked! Occasionally above the surface of the water priests emerged them, sparkling white against the background of black water. There were no bras on them either, I definitely saw white breasts. What they talked about and laughed at was not to make out.

I sat under a bush and peered, peered into female bodies. Oh, how beautiful they are! How delightfully sexy! How I would like to get closer and see everything in more detail. It is even better to be with them in the same water, so cool as to slightly cool the heated blood. Three bathers all swam and frolicked. One was a redhead, the other was black-haired, and the third was blonde. Here, finally, the ladies swam up and began to go ashore. I was afraid to miss the slightest details. The first to go red-haired. Her strong bosom was exposed, then a flat stomach appeared, hips began to appear. I leaned forward a little more, trying to examine, and at that moment the branch on which I stood cracked, broke, and I, having lost my balance, clumsily collapsed on one side. The girls shouted: "Bear! Yes, where is the bear? And who is it? The man? They are spying on us!" "Without analyzing the roads, I rushed back to my fishing pole.

At night, I could not sleep for a long time. Excitement did not recede. Who are these beauties? Where did they come from late at night on the lake? Will they come again?

Whether they will come is not known, but the next evening I was with a fishing rod on the lake. Again, not pecked. My float lonely stood in the water and did not think to dive into it. But I would have dived. Dived in the company of those sexy beauties. Only with me, they dive, of course, will not. What am I talking about? About joint bathing, bathing without panties? Dream, dream. The sun had already disappeared behind the tops of the pines, but it was still light. And then (again, unexpectedly) I heard laughter. Female laughter. It's them!

And again, women decided to swim in the same place. But today I prepared for the observation more carefully. I began to approach them not along the overgrown shore, but from the rear, so to speak, where there was a more open place. And with me this time I had my binoculars! I hid behind the trunk of a wide tree and began to look with excitement. While I was occupying my station, the swimmers had already undressed and entered the water. They were completely naked! It was already getting dark again, but I managed to see everything. I saw every fold and every mole on these magnificent bodies. Indeed, it was a brunette, blonde and red. And they are beautiful. Beautiful faces. Beautiful rounded buttocks, implying resilience and strength. Beautiful neck, proudly stretching up. Beautiful slender, fast legs. Beautiful straight, chiseled backs. Beautiful hips, hiding insanely exciting sources of pleasure. Women (or girls) entered the water and swam. They were as cheerful as yesterday, and laughed just as

loudly. At this time, beautiful strangers sailed on. I was no longer afraid to be seen and went ashore. Three piles of clothes lay on the grass. I leaned over and picked up black panties from one pile. A narrow strip of lace material. Why did I do this? I do not know. Whether I wanted to joke, or express my sexual admiration. With a trophy in my hands, I came home and when I got into bed I put them under my pillow. At night I took out my panties several times, pressed them to my face and imagined that I was not touching them, but the place of the beautiful body that they covered. From the fabric came a faint delicate fragrance of gentle perfume. He aroused and reassured at the same time. With panties on the pillow, I fell asleep.

At night I dreamed that I was floating on a lake. And to meet three beauties – red, black and white. And I ask them whose pants I took. And they say, they say, touch, which of us is under water in shorts, and who is without shorts. I swim up to the brunette, lower my hand deeper, touch the body. And my hand clearly feels the scales, the fish tail. Who is she, mermaid? I look into the eyes of women. Yes, they have fish eyes. And the gills on the neck. And here are the fins... I woke up in horror.

All day I was lost in the country idle. To go or not to go to the lake tonight? Will come or not there to go swimming naked beauties? In the evening, of course, I was already on the shore, in an ambush. I didn't take the bait, only binoculars were with

me. Time passed, but no one appeared. The sight of binoculars moved from the shore to the forest, from the forest to the path, from the path to the lake. No one. Twilight crept in unnoticed. From staring peering eyes have already begun to hurt. Suddenly, on the calm surface of the lake, I saw a man's head. It seemed? No, someone really floated to the shore. I adjusted the sharpness of the eyepieces. It was a floating woman, blonde. The one that came in the previous evenings here with friends. Is she naked? And where does she float? No clothes on the beach there. The swimmer was approaching.

The girl was swimming slowly, her face was calm and serene. Light curls, beautiful face, rounded shoulders. Here she turned on her back, white breasts, stomach and legs appeared above the surface of the water. She is naked! I strained my eyes harder. The spectacle is great. Smooth lines of the female body admired and beckoned to him irresistibly. The blonde swam to the shore, got up, groping the bottom of his feet. Water reached her chest. How good! Big breasts have already opened completely. Began to appear belly. Then I saw the navel. Well! Come on! But the girl stopped.

– Valentine, come here, please.

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