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Twins Nudist Adventures in France – Part 2

Explorations

David woke up with the gradual awareness that there was stirring in the room. He had a slight chill from the ceiling fans, not being used to sleeping without sheets and blankets and he drew his knees up to his chest, but the room was warm enough.

As he lay there, gradually coming to consciousness, several things came creeping into his mind. The first, of course, was that he was naked, totally naked. It was the first time in his memory that he had woken up naked, and in fact he was right, it really was the first time in his life that he had. The second thing that came to his mind was that the room that he was in was the apartment at Cap d'Agde, and that he didn't have a separate room. The apartment was simply a large single room. So as he lay there and started identifying the sounds as his parents moving around, it occurred to him that he didn't have any of the privacy he was used to.

The third thing that came to his sleepy brain was that he desperately needed to pee, which triggered the realization that he also had his normal piss hard-on. He lay there willing his penis to go down, which of course had the opposite effect. Finally, the urge to go overcame his desire to keep his erection from his parents. "Fuck them" he thought, angry at them for the embarrassment.

David stalked over to the bathroom, around the divider, brushing between his two naked parents in the kitchen area, who called a cheery "Good morning sunshine" to him. "Fuck them."

It took a while for the pressure of his bladder to overcome the pressure of his prostate, but when he finally pee'd it was a raging torrent, and a great relief. As usual, it quickly

relieved the urgency of his erection and after waiting a second for the snake to completely drain, he felt more comfortable facing his parents, even though he was sporting a chubby.

Kim and Chris were sitting at the kitchen table, sipping their morning coffee when their son came out of the bathroom. Both were struck by the beauty of their fifteen year old, his golden hair disheveled, but his body a picture of male perfection. Of course, they both noticed that his cock was barely behaving itself, but neither made any comment.

“Coffee dear?” Kim asked. “Or would you prefer hot chocolate. That is a normal thing for breakfast in France.” Her French was clear and accent-less and she spoke slowly enough that David, who was just beginning to get used to their conversations in French could keep up.

He flopped down in the chair, relieved that the table hid his genitals, and assumed that slumped posture that only teens can.

“Yes, chocolate. Hot please.”

His Mother stood and busied herself to make the hot chocolate. David glanced guiltily over at her naked form.

“She’s a hottie isn’t she,” said David’s Dad Chris, grinning.

David flushed red and sunk lower in his chair.

“Now Chris, don’t tease him. It’s going to be a transition for the kids and you don’t need to make it any harder on them, ‘scuse the pun,” called Kim looking back over her shoulder.

She brought over the hot chocolate to David.

“Now careful not to spill, it hurts on bare skin.”

But David was too busy noticing that his Mother’s pubic hair was shaved into a tiny little line pointing straight down towards her clitoris. It was hard to miss as it was at his eye level. He turned his head away and concentrated on his chocolate, which was good, while willing his dick not to spring into a full blown erection again.

Adam appeared, and brushed his way to the bathroom. He was sporting the same piss hard on that David had suffered from fifteen minutes earlier.

“Do you think you guys could be any louder?” he grumbled as he passed by.

Eventually he too came back, his erection subsided, and slumped in a chair.

“So we have some exploring to do, and some shopping for groceries as well” said Kim.

“So we can have our clothes back?” asked Adam.

“No dear, the store is here on the property.”

“What? A naked food store?” Adam was surprised.

“Yes, you can do pretty much everything here on property. I don’t think you can buy a car here, but then we aren’t going to need one of those,” said Chris. “But we should go check out the beach, the stores, the pools, things like that. It’s pretty early in the year, so some things won’t be open yet. But it’s going to be interesting.”

“Is there going to be any breakfast?” grumbled David.

“Oh, dear,” said his Mom, “of course there will be breakfast. But the French believe in having everything fresh. So one of your jobs, the two of you, is to go and collect the bread and fruit and stuff every morning. You’ll see.”

“Well I’m hungry,” stated David bluntly.

“OK, well we were just waiting for you guys. We have to do sunscreen first then we can go explore. We can eat pain-au-chocolate at the bakery.”

Kim and Chris got up and Kim retrieved a aerosol can of sunscreen.

“Come on boys, get up and at it.”

The boys reluctantly stood up.

“Come on and close your eyes.” Their Mom started vigorously spraying every inch of their bodies. “Turn around.... Spread your legs apart, you don’t want me to miss anything down there.... Rub it in...OK hold your hands out, then rub it on your face.”

The boys and their Dad were covered head to toe, even their hair was greasy with sunscreen.

“OK, do me now.”

Chris spared the boys and sprayed Kim. The boys were amazed to watch her rub the stuff into her pubic area, and all around her breasts without seeming to care that they were watching.

Kim walked over to a closet and retrieved four little bags, then in another closet a big string shopping bag.

“Here boys,” she said handing them each one of the bun packs. “They have everything you need in them.”

The boys unzipped them and inspected the contents; ID cards; a little card giving their address and numbers; a little Razr cell phone (which excited the boys immensely); 50 euros; a small bottle of sun screen; some anti-bacterial hand wash; and four condoms.

“Awww, Mom...”

“Now don’t ‘awww Mom’ me, especially not until you learn how to say it in French. You two are of legal age here in France to engage in sexual activity. I don’t suppose you’ll need them today. But the one time you need them, you won’t want to figure out where they are, and they are as important to your health as water and sunscreen. So don’t awww Mom me. And there are as many as you need in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. So you have no excuse to run out. Let’s go.”

Both boys realized that it was the first time they had ever been naked outside in their lives, as soon as they stepped outside the door. They walked downstairs, and ran into a not completely unattractive, very tan, but obviously older woman. “Bon Jour.” Both boys realized that it was the first time anyone had ever seen them naked outside of their house or the locker room at the school gym. They followed their parents, their heads spinning. They both realized that it was the first time they had ever walked naked

The whole experience was totally mind blowing to the two twin boys. Not only did they feel their nudity, but because their parents had insisted on wearing nothing, not even flip flops on their feet, they felt not just nude, but completely naked. When they had been nude before in their lives, at home or in the locker room, it had felt very different. Cover was just a step away. Their bodies weren’t so blatantly on display, just unclothed. Now, they weren’t unclothed, they were naked, their bodies completely on display. For some reason their entire bodies tingled. They noticed little things, like the gentle breeze blowing on their bodies, that they could feel in their pubic hair. The torrent of sensations that flooded their brains...

Their walk to the store was mostly deserted, they saw a few people, all of whom were in various states of undress and paid no attention to them, and there were a couple of workmen, working on a drain, who took an interested look at their Mom, but that was it.

The market was in a small row of stores, mostly beach markets. It was a small but neatly arranged market with a limited selection of foods and household necessities. Kim went over to the manager, who was dressed and started to converse with her in rapid fire French, that the boys only caught a bit of.

“That’s great,” said Kim when she came back over. “ We can place a weekly order with them, and they will get whatever we want. The manager suggested that we make a stop at the Hypermarche that they are affiliated with, so that we know what brands that we like, and then they will order everything in for us. And they will set up signing privileges for us, so you guys don’t have to carry cash all the time. We can just give them our debit card and they will just make weekly deductions.”

“Oh, cool,” was as much as the twins could manage.

But they were excited to see the isles of food. They were, after all, teenagers, and food was a constant in their lives, and they were hungry.

Between the four of them, they filled six heaping hand baskets of food and items for their kitchen. It was hard to handle even with the four of them. But the manager came to their rescue saying that it would all be delivered to their apartment. While Kim and Chirs settled the arrangements with the store, the boys were send next door to the “Boulangerie” or the bakery, to get some things for their breakfast.

The boys were amazed by the smells of the fresh baked goods. They hunted down two of their favorites, “Pain au Chocolat” and “Chausson aux Pommes” (or apple slippers), and with a great strong French coffee they wolfed them down, sitting at one of the small tables in the bakery. As they started to slow down, eating their fill, both of the boys realized that they were the center of some attention from the matronly woman who had served them. Instantly the boys became more self conscious of their nudity.

Soon their parents came to join them, and the family shared a coffee, Kim and Chris enjoying a croissant, with their very quiet boys. Kim was more attuned to the boys moods than Chris, who himself had a rather happy-go-lucky attitude to life that many academics have. She realized that the boys were highly uncomfortable, which accounted for their slightly sullen attitude and lack of chattiness. Besides, they were teenagers, and hanging out with their parents was never at the top of their list. So having made sure that they had been fed, she suggested that they go off to explore on their own.

“You don’t need to come eat lunch with us unless you want to, but check in with us at lunch time. Let us know where you are,” she said. “And remember your sunscreen if you are out an about.”

The boys basically bolted.

The basic architecture of the town was concrete construction of various kinds, so the basic color was gray, but with splashes of color here and there. The boys were automatically drawn towards the beach area, and they passed though an area that while

concrete was also a fairly attractive colorful residential area. Then they were down by the docks that formed the western boundary of the town.

There were delivery trucks and people from a distance, but the boys managed to skirt around any serious activity and soon they found themselves down by the edge of the beach area. Here there were a variety of buildings, from bathrooms to closed stalls advertising ice cream, beach nick nacks and all the other normal activities of a beach resort. Most seemed closed on this weekday in mid spring.

The boys wandered a bit each just following the other so that their path was rather aimless. But finally they found themselves on the beach proper. It was an wonderful sight for them.

The Mediterranean stretched out copper blue before them, gentle waves lapping on the shore. A light tan beach a hundred meters deep and two kilometers long stretched on either side of them. They walked out onto the cool sand, the crystal blue sky above.

Scattered across the beach in little clusters were little gatherings of people sunning themselves in the springtime sun. The boys, in their quiet non-verbal communications decided to find a remote part of the beach and relax, taking it all in. And the two lanky teens walked away down the beach and sat, then lay down.

It was relaxing enough, but it simply wasn't comfortable yet for the boys, the idea of lying naked where anyone could see them. The sunlight was pleasant, the warmth of the suns rays was pleasant. The ocean, the sky, all were pleasant, but none of it could drown out that part of Adam and David's brains that was screaming "I'm naked!!!"

Soon enough, first David, then Adam developed an erection. Each was comfortable enough with his twin that this didn't embarrass. But it simply heightened the screaming in the back of their minds. Then David spotted two people coming down the beach towards them.

"Quick, roll over. Someone's coming!"

Both the boys rolled over, laying of their stomachs. It turned out that it was an older man and his wife, taking a pleasant stroll along the water line. Both were nude, nut brown all over, and well, simply saggy. They strolled hand in hand, each with a towel and not a care in the world, and not a care for the two boys lying on the beach.

The boys stayed on their stomachs, and pretty soon, their erections had calmed down. They stayed that way for a while, then Adam, then David turned over. And they lay quietly, soaking up the sun, each with his body mostly under control.

Half an hour later, both boys were laying with their eyes closed, totally relaxed, comfortable laying naked on the sand. The little groups that they had noticed as they had stepped out onto the beach gently grew as the morning progressed. Then they spread a little down the beach. It was never in danger of being crowded on this mid-week, mid-spring morning. But still, there were a few people close to the spot the boys had chosen. They were simply amazed that no one seemed to pay them much attention. Half an hour later there were three or four groups that had taken station beyond them, and their comfort zone was being challenged. A mother with her youngest child, another older couple, a single man, all in various states of nudity had all taken their place on the beach.

The Adam looked over at David, and in their unspoken understanding:

“Dude, we’ve been here an hour, and I’m getting uncomfortable with the crowd.”

“Let’s go.”

The boys took their cue from each other and stood to dust off the sand from their backsides.

David noticed her first. Behind where they had been on the beach, was a nude teenage girl, at first glance more or less their age. He was shocked, and his startlement caused Adam to look around and see her. She was staring right at them, from twenty meters behind. Simultaneously two thoughts shot through the boys minds,

“I’m naked! She’s naked.”

Well, she wasn’t quite as naked as the boys, she wore her long dark brown hair in a pony tail held back with a scrunchy, a thin chain at her neck with a cross, tiny pierced earrings a bracelet and a pair of flip-flops. But her lithe tanned body was laid out on a towel for the boys to marvel at.

Neither had actually seen a naked girl their age. Their necking with school girlfriends in Atlanta hadn’t resulted in actual nudity. This vision, stopped them dead in their tracks, their hearts in their throats. Then she waved them over, calling something they didn’t catch in French.

Both boys moved over to her, mesmerized by her command.

“Bonjour. Quel est votre noms? Je m’appelle Giselle.”

(Hi. What are your names? Mine is Giselle.)

The boys, who understood this French fine stared at her dumbly.

“Hallo. Was sind deine Namen? Mein Name ist Giselle,” she tried in German.

This time the boys actually didn’t understand and their blank looks showed it.

“Do you speak English?” she finally tried.

The boys took hold of themselves.

“Yes,” ventured David. “We’re American. Mias nous parlez Francais.”

“Yes, but I don’t speak French actually,” said Giselle. “I am coming from Germany. I learn English in my school. Sit down with.” And she gestured next to her.

David and Adam sat cross legged besides her. She had them both entranced. Her body was smooth and seemingly flawless, her skin a golden brown. All, that was, except her areolas which seemed to shine from her small but firm breasts a vivid pink. Neither of the boys could quite look her in the eye. Both had to fight from staring at her body. They just didn’t know where it was polite to look.

“You are new here, no?”

“Yes, this is our first day. I am Adam and he is David,” Adam replied, pointing to his twin.

“Hello David and Adam. I am Giselle. So, you will like it I think?” it was actually a question, but sort of sounded like a statement.

“Well, we really haven’t seen much.” Adam was always the spokesman.

“How long are you staying?”

“A year.”

“Ooof. A long time. Well, there isn’t much open right now but next month everything will be open and you will see there is lot of things to be doing. Right now is quiet because it’s not holidays here.”

“So how come you are here?” asked David.

“My Fathers working has strange holiday times so we are making our holidays now.”

“Cool, our parents are teachers and they are taking a year off so we can live here,” said David warming up to the conversation.

“That is wonderful. We have an apartment here that we stay at all the times we are making holidays. But we never have been to here for a year.”

The conversation went on, like any conversation between teenagers, Giselle managing to make the boys almost forget that both she and they were naked. David and Adam had missed talking to one of their peers, although it turned out that Giselle was a year older than them, and the two of them started to speak more than they had for a couple of days.

Finally Giselle startled them with a question,

“So are you liking being nude?”

“Errrr,” sheepishly Adam took up his role of spokesman again, “well we are very new to it.”

“But you are looking fine with it?” Her tone indicated a question, but the boys didn’t really understand it.

“What do you mean?” asked Adam.

“You are beautiful.” Both boys blushed suddenly more aware of their nakedness.

“Um, thank you. I think you mean handsome or something like that,” said Adam.

“Acht. Handsome is old men in suits. You guys are beautiful. And two like the same, what is the word in English? Zwillinge in German.”

“Twins?” offered David.

“Yes! Twins good enough to eat! Double portion.”

This made the boys smile.

“Well you look nice too,” said Adam.

“Just nice?” she teased in mock horror.

“Well...” he spluttered back.

Giselle giggled. “You are too easy to make fun of.”

She jumped up.

“Come on, I am thirsty. Come with me to our apartment.”

The boys scrambled to their feet.

Then Giselle turned, as if to head off towards the town, and the boys almost took a step to follow. Except that instead of stepping off down the beach, she turned, then bent down to retrieve her towel. But instead of a quick dip to retrieve the article, she bent sinuously at the waist, folded herself down to the ground, and in the process, gave the boys a complete view of her shapely bottom, and of her slightly parted labia. The boys’ jaws dropped.

She quickly rose up, towel retrieved, looked over her shoulder to the stunned boys, winked and said,

“Come.”

Like to little puppies, they followed her.

The apartment turned out to be on the fourth floor of the “Heliopolis.” The boys followed Giselle up the stairs, both marveling at the sight of her naked behind, but the exercise keeping their bodies under control. When they got to her apartment, she pulled the key from where it was dangling off her bracelet, and let the three of them in.

The apartment overlooked the swimming pool area in the center of the circular complex of buildings, and had a great view out to the beach. It was light and airy, and like the boys apartment, it was mostly white tile floors. But unlike the boys, the living room was relatively small, and there were various rooms off to the sides

of the apartment. Giselle walked over to the small European style refrigerator in their kitchen side of the living area.

“What would you like to drink?”

“Do you have Coke?” asked David?

“Yes.”

“Me too,” said Adam.

“Is there anything different you two do?” asked Giselle with a smile as she pulled out a big bottle of Coke.

“Err..., well of course, all the time,” was all that Adam could stammer.

“I am thinking that it is very difficult to tell you two different.”

“People can tell us apart.”

“Only when you have clothes I think. Nude you look just the same.”

“There are differences.”

“Like where.” Giselle was teasing but the boys weren’t picking up on that.

“I don’t know, “ said Adam, a little exasperated. “People can tell us apart all the time.”

“Here you stand over here and let me see,” commanded Giselle, brining over their Cokes and a water for herself.

She lined the boys up, shoulder to shoulder in front of the couch in the center of the room. Then she proceeded to inspect them like a drill sergeant from head to toe. The boys were extremely embarrassed by this close scrutiny of their naked bodies. Pretty soon, they both were fighting the rising urge of their bodies and their cocks were twitching.

“I cannot tell the difference. So you are David and you are Adam.” She said, deliberately pointing to the wrong ones.

“No, I am Adam.”

“Here give me your glasses.”

The boys were puzzled, as she put them down on the side table.

“I must look closer,” she said.

Then she put out her hand, and ran it over Adam's face, gently, sensuously. He flinched at her touch, but was enchanted by the light touch of her fingers. Then she did the same to David. Then she moved her light touch from his face to his shoulder, then down to his muscular pecs. Then she repeated her movements over Adam. Then she ran her fingers lightly, delicately, down from his pecs, down the center of his body, tracing the gentle ridges of his abdominal muscles. Then she did the same to David. Then she sat on the couch, the two golden boys in front of her. She ran her right hand gently from Adam's belly, around to his thigh, her left hand then moved to David's. Then ever so gently, slowly, she removed her hands, so that the boys could still feel her touch. She cupped her hands gently took both boys balls in her hands, weighing them in their soft pouches. Then she closed her hand around them, and gently tugged.

Both boys by now had rigid, throbbing erections, veins standing out on the surface ready to burst. As Giselle tugged on their scrotums, both pricks bobbed a little, but were so rigid that they barely moved.

The boys' breath came to them only in little pants. They were stunned but the blood pounded in their heads with the urgent beat of their hearts, adrenalin pouring through them. Never in their lives had they ever been in this situation, not even in their dreams. Later, they might have asked questions like “where are your parents?” or even “what are you doing?” but this older woman (of 16) had the two fifteen year old brothers literally and figuratively, completely in her grasp.

“Mmmmm,” she cooed. “I was right. You boys are beautiful.”

She shifted her grasp, releasing their balls, which immediately shrank up to their bodies, and she took hold of the base of their cocks. She squeezed. Lightly at first, then harder until the veins on the brothers' cocks swelled even a little more, and the heads flared

even more from under their foreskins, elongating their cocks ever so slightly from their slim but firm 20cm. Then still squeezing, she pulled up on their shafts, the skin of their phalluses rolling up with her hand, covering the heads then she stroked down. It wasn't completely comfortable for the boys; it shot blinding sensations to their brains.

"Ahh!" Exclaimed Adam.

She looked up at them.

"Am I too hard?"

"Uh un," was all either of the boys could manage, speech having left them.

"Poor boys. I will take care of you."

She leaned forward, and quickly her mouth engulfed the head of Adam's dick. Her quick slurping suck on him caused his buttocks to clench, his whole body to tense and jump, but her grip on him kept him in place. She quickly turned to David, and gave him the same quick suck on the head, with the same reaction.

"Really, my poor boys. You are too up tight I think. I will help," she teased.

She turned her attentions to Adam, and this time she took him more deeply into her mouth, latched onto him and bobbed her head back and forth, her hand still gripping the base of his cock, her mouth giving him pleasure he had never known. Ten rapid strokes, then she moved to David, engulfing him, sending him into delight. Then back to Adam, rapidly bobbing up and down, athletic even violent in her attention on each boy, one then the other. As she developed a rhythm, she started a continuous stroking motion on both boys with her hands, her head and more importantly her mouth moving from one to the other then back again.

The boys just weren't used to this level of stimulation. This girl held them both in her power, stroking, sucking and sending waves of pleasure to their teenaged brains. The pressure of her hand, beating them off, the feeling of her mouth lapping and sucking hungrily at them, even the feeling of the rubbing between them, as they stood swaying to her ministrations, side to side, even that gave them sensations they weren't used to.

Soon both boys had their heads thrown back, the muscles of their bodies, tensed into tall taught lines. Both were just moments from climax, but just as they reached that point, she would switch to the other, so that both boys stood on the edge of that cliff, the feeling of falling over, but not quite there, until finally David's body surrendered first. His knees went weak, the blinding intensity of his climax caused him to virtually black out, as his penis spewed out the contents of his adolescent testicles.

Giselle was ready. She hungrily sucked on the boy's cock, timing her swallows perfectly, so that each time he ejaculated into her, she gulped his cum down. Five piercing shots of cum, then three more, just as full, but not as intense. She knew that he was almost done. But even before his last pulse, she turned her attention back to Adam, her head bobbling back and forth, using her saliva and now the last of David's cum, to lubricate her efforts on the head of Adam's cock. David's cock leaked out fat strand of cum, then it broke, and fell to the floor. Then another came, and then a third, this one staying in a two centimeter dribble, attached to him.

Adam bucked his hips, into Giselle's face, once, twice and then the head of his cock scraped along the roof of her mouth, all the way to the back, and his trigger was pulled. Adam too buckled, and David put out an arm, holding his brother upright. David could feel the pulsing contractions all through Adam's body, as his brother pumped his seed into this girl that they had met less than an hour before, her hand still wrapped obscenely around both of their cocks, her mouth bulging where his brother's manhood disappeared, spewing its load, into her mouth.

This time Giselle didn't let any of this boy's cum go to waste. She sucked on him hard until the pulsing of his body and ejaculations from his cock were completely over. Only then did she release him from her mouth. Then she turned back to David, still in her grasp, stuck out her tongue, which was covered with Adam's juices, and lapped up the last string of cum hanging from the head of David's cock. Then she slowly ran her tongue around her lips, spreading the salty mixture of the two boys around her lips.

The boys were speechless and spent.

Still holding their cocks in her hand, she slowly rose from her position on the couch, her body now close enough to theirs that her breasts touched their skin. Each turned their head to the center.

"You know. There is a little difference," she said, her voice husky.

She turned to Adam, leaned in quickly, her lips touching his, and suddenly his lips parted as her tongue darted between. Startled he jerked back, but the taste of their cum was on his lips. Then she turned to David, who was a little more ready, and she kissed him, this time a little more slowly, but making sure that he tasted the cum on her lips and on her tongue too. Pulling back a little she said,

"You see, you guys taste a little different."

End of Part Two.