

Is Three a Crowd?

They have been happily married for over 10 years, they have the perfect family, good jobs and are well respected. It was a surprise when stood at the bar one night he moved the conversation from movies to threesomes. So, apparently, he had been speaking to his wife and if I agreed, they would like me to play with them.

"Define play," I say suspiciously, knowing me I would turn up expecting something kinky and walk right into family monopoly night!

"My good lady wants to spice things up and invite someone in and obviously my first thought was you."

"Obviously?"

"You and I both know you are very discrete, and well, I can't think of anything I would like more than to have my 2 most favourite ladies sucking my cock!" He exclaims with glee and a massive grin.

"And when do you propose this "play time" go ahead, should it happen?" I ask, watching my words to ensure I do not commit myself without all the facts.

"We are free for the next couple of weekends or, Wednesdays work for us, you can come down, we can have dinner, watch a film and then.... you know, fuck all the holes!" He is so slimy it almost puts me off, I mean of course I want to fuck him, I have wanted to for ages, and his beautiful wife too for that matter, but part of me wants to give him a slap for being so smug.

"Hmm," I pause, seriously considering if I have any objections, they want to do it at their house, fine. If they change their minds, I am the one sent home unsatisfied, not fine. I wonder how long he spent convincing her that this would fix whatever is broken in their sex life, this makes the dark side of my soul smile. "If I were to say yes, I would have a couple of conditions."

"Really?" He responds in a shocked tone, "What are they then?" Clearly, he thought I would jump at the chance!

"I would want all grown-up activities to happen in the bedroom, I am not a sofa kind of girl."

"Yeah no problem with that one, anymore?"

"Yeah, two more actually! I will be expecting at least one of you to make me orgasm, I am not bothered who, however, if one of you pulls out of the evening activities altogether the other person will need to play with me.... I will not be leaving unsatisfied."

"Wow, I mean, yeah sure, she assures me she is up for it, but, absolutely if anyone cancels, I will make sure your satisfied, if I must!" "Oh, what's the last thing?"

"No fisting."

"Excuse me?" He says chocking.

"No fisting, fisting is a hard limit, and I am not okay with it.... other than that, other things are negotiable."

"OMG- I would never, fisting is definitely not my thing either, I will let her know, but I would be incredibly surprised if she considered fisting you!" They are quite a vanilla couple I am led to believe, but you can never be too certain.

He is in the kitchen cooking up dinner for us and I am in the lounge watching TV with his wife, she is brushing her hair and I offer to brush it for her, she agrees, and I stroke the brush down her long blond hair.

"Would you like me to plait it for you?" I ask, taking a seat on the sofa, when she agrees, I open my legs and nod to the place on the floor, she sits between my open thighs and lets me fashion her hair into two matching braids. Once her hair is finished, I tap her on the shoulder and she takes hold of my hand and keeps it on her shoulder, the very end of her fingertips holding my hand in place. She gently intertwines her fingertips with mine, she is so tender, gentle, and soft. I lean down and whisper in her ear.

“Are you nervous?” She nods in a shy way, “me too!” I confess, “but I’m looking forward to kissing you later!” She smiles and blushes all at the same time. I look towards the television believing the moment has passed and she springs up from the floor and spins to a kneeling up position in-between my legs and leans forward to kiss me, taking my face in both of her hands and her soft perfect lips connect tenderly with mine. One kiss, followed by another, a series of quick kisses in succession, slowly lasting longer and longer, her tongue feels brave and touches my lip. I place my hands on her body, against her rib cage with my left hand drawing her close to me and up her spine towards the back of her neck. My touch spurs her on and her hands move to the back on my head. I can feel the passion welling up in her, like bubbles in a champagne bottle about to burst.

“Oh,” He says, we hear his exclamation and break apart swiftly like we have been caught by a teacher doing something we shouldn’t, his face is unreadable, I cannot tell if he is going to be funny, or furious, “I see the party has started without me?” he comments, “great kisser, isn’t she?” he says as turns to go back to the kitchen.

She jumps up to follow him and looks back towards me with a blushing smile on her face and mouths the word sorry while giggling and virtually skipping through to the dining table. Hell, yeah, she is a good kisser, this could be the start of an interesting night!

Dinner isn’t bad, the food is nice, the wine is better, and the conversation is engaging with a smattering of inuendo, just how I like it. Things are easy, uncomplicated and relaxed, the nervousness of earlier has passed, the wine helped. He attends to the dishes and she invites me upstairs to get ready. She takes a shower as a look around their bedroom like a spare part, it takes all my energy to avoid snooping. She shouts my name and I pop my head around the bathroom door, “do you want to join me?” she says in a coy voice. “Sure” I answer and disrobe, taking care to fold my clothes neatly as she has. I can feel her eyes on me as I undress, under her gaze I become clumsy and almost fall trying to step out of my knickers, she laughs, and it puts me at ease.

She steps aside as I slide round the shower door and let the hot water touch my body. “Will you help wash my back?” she asks and hands me the crinkly plasticky sponge thing that is all covered in suds. I run the sponge over her shoulders and down her naked back, taking care to lather every inch, I drop the sponge and stroke her body with my fingers, her body feels like silk, smooth and luxurious. She steps back closer to me and encourages my hands to glide over the front of her body which is equally decadent and soft apart from the hardness of her nipples which I don’t linger over although the catch in her breath, signals to me that she wishes I would. The water washes our soap away, she leaves the shower, puts on a towel and heads off the find me one, I wash my body clean and leave shower and she hands me a towel. We decide to lie on the bed and wait for Tony, who she assures me won't be long.

A piece of hair has fallen from her shower updo, and I move it away from her lips, she watches me looking at her mouth and licks her lips watching my mouth, its intense and without forethought she moves towards me and kisses me, more passionately than before, she is hungry for me and my pussy tingles knowing it.

He enters the room and stands by the door, leaning against the frame with his arms folded, we sense his eyes on us, and both look over to him. His expression is mean and considered. She laughs nervously, looks at me and laughs again. To break the tension, “we are all clean” I announce.

“Really, you look all dirty to me” he says, the twinkle in his eyes has returned and now he looks hungry, but not for food. “You two carry on, and I’ll get in.”

There is only space in the bed behind me, so whilst I am focused on kissing her, I can feel his weight on the bed and his warmth behind me. His arms by-pass my body and reaches over to tug at her towel, exposing her flesh. He runs his fingers down her arm and along the length of her body. Her free hand is touching my cheek and drawing me in for more passionate kisses. I feel his hand move the hair from the nape of my neck and his rough beard in contrast to his soft lips kissing my neck.

He opens my towel, and she finds my nipple, squeezing it and rolling it between her fingers, she breaks our kiss first and takes my nipple into her warm and wet mouth, she is so gentle. My dark side is screaming for more, but I look down and appreciate the view of her sensuous lips around my pink nipple and the aching between my legs more than makes up for the lack of pain. He turns my face toward him and commands my mouth to kiss him. His hand is around my throat and the power of his kiss demands my submission. I roll onto my back; she begins to suckle on the nipple closet to her. They both reach their hands to my respective thighs and up me wide. I take his cock in my hand,

hesitate at first but with no rejection, I make a more concerted effort. I reach for the void between her legs, and she opens for me. I find her opening slick with her juices and start gently circling her clit with my index finger.

She stokes my clit and he penetrates me with his fingers, he takes my other nipple in his mouth, my body is on sensory overload, this is the one thing, I have always wanted to experience 2 people sucking my tits at once, the constant pulses of pleasure finding their way to my clit is something I don't want to every stop, "fuck yeah" I audibly say, she doesn't break in her administrations, but he looks at me with satisfied smile.

She is the first to break the spell she disconnects her mouth and her fingers, leaving me but for a second aching for fulfilment, she removes his fingers from me and kneels between my legs. She smiles up at me as I lose her head from view, but am rewarded with her warm, wet mouth on my aching clit. He also moves so his cock is now positioned at my lips, demanding entry. He rubs his precum on my lips as the key to unlock to entrance, it works, and I take him into my mouth. They lock eyes and both smile at each other, knowing this will be fuelling their love making for months to come.

The phone rings..... its loud and shrill, like someone threw bucket of cold water on us, my body is throbbing with the loss of attention. She jumps up and runs downstairs. He sits down against the headboard with a massive raging boner, I am suddenly aware of just how naked I am and grab the discarded towel and cover myself, he is less conscious, but does throw the corner of the duvet in his lap.

"I hope everything is alright," I say trying to break the awkward silence. "I'm sure it's fine, it's probably nothing." Another few awkward minutes go by, and she returns to the room apoloising. "It's the kids," she says talking to him, I need to go and get them, they have been throwing up all night apparently and need to come home!"

"Are they okay?" he asks, "do you want me to go?"

"No, it's fine, you stay here and finish up," gesturing to me, "you did promise, I'll go and get them, we will be about an hour or so, it would be good if you could be in the spare room, when I bring the kids in though, yeah?" She turns to me, "I am so sorry, I was having the best time, I hope we can pick up where we left of next time."

"Absolutely, yeah, your amazing, I look forward to it." She quickly throws on some clothes and some shoes; I secure my towel and get up to give her a cuddle before she goes.

"Are you sure you don't want me to go?" he asks again whilst her arms are round me.

"No, no, no, your fine! Don't have too much fun whilst I'm gone" she says to the room as she heads off down the stairs. I clutch my towel and lean against the wall in the wake of her hurried exit. I head to the bathroom for a wee, when I come out of the bathroom I lean against the wall and look at him. He is still sat on the bed, having not moved.

We look at each other and exchange no words, he stands, the duvet falls from his lap, and he walks towards me with a determination. He walks right up into my personal space making me step back against the wall, he reaches for me with his hand, take a fist full of my hair, and pulls my head back and kisses me. His lips are no longer tender, but full of need, like he is trying to devour me, I am taken aback, and it takes me a few beats to register the gear change. My body takes over and I match his passion with my own, no longer needing to be polite and gentle, his dark side is free to reign, and reign it does. I match his passion with my own, I pull his body towards me, pulling him closer, there is nothing between us.

I don't know how we make it to the bed, but we do, and he rips my towel away, revealing my flesh that glows white in the half light of the room. He stands at the foot of the bed, "open your legs" he demands. I comply and my knees fall to the side. He pulls my legs, so my ass is at the edge of the bed and kneels. "Watch me" he instructs, and I watch as he opens my lips wide and sinks his fingers into me. "You are so wet" he comments as his fingers slide in and out, my eyes dart from his disappearing finger trick to his face, his eyes are drinking in my most intimate area. I watch as he withdraws his fingers and smears them on his lips. I hear and then feel the sting of his other hand as he slaps my exposed clit. The impact makes my legs close and my pussy ache. I make a strange noise laced with pleasure and shock. "I said open your legs" He hits my pussy again and again, causing the skin to become red and my breath to quicken, the sting in my clit and lips is beautiful. He leans down, watching my eyes and blows cold air on my stinging skin before sucking my clit into his mouth. His tongue circles the swollen nub, and he sucks, his pluses making me elicit a noise of pleasure, even I am not sure I have made before. He watches me as I melt into the sensations of his

sucking and licking, I am so close to the crest of the wave, when he breaks with his mouth, he pushes 3 fingers inside of me and pumps my pussy hard, his fingers are stretching me and the force he is using takes my breath away. He doesn't miss a stroke as he kneels on the bed next to me and whispers in my ear, "do you want to cum?" I nod, desperate to release. "Beg"

"Oh my God, please let me cum, I'm so close, please" I don't even feel ashamed begging, the need to cum is so strong, I buck my hips trying to get the final pressure on my clit I need to finish. His fingers find my clit and he is moving them in such a frenzied way they are just a blur, its coming, I can feel it, my chest gets hot, my breathing is heavy, my entire body radiating heat, I'm so close, panic flashes deep inside my body. Then he stops, he lies down, "fuck me and I'll let you cum." What? Don't stop! I move fast, I mount and straddle him quickly, slide his cock into me and fuck him as hard as I can, he finds my clit in rubs it with 2 fingers, I lean forward over him, pressing my clit into his fingers. He sucks one nipple and squeezes the other. Seconds, it takes seconds, until a powerful wave of pleasure crashes through my body, I jerk and twitch until the pleasure subsides, my pussy is pulsing hard against his cock deep within me. As I collapse over him, he rolls us over. Pausing close to my face he whispers, "you look so hot when you cum," I blush as he slides his hips into mine gently at first, waiting for me to be back in the room and then hard, hard and slow, so I can feel him fill me and leave me, he looks down to where our bodies connect. Mesmerised by the magic of his disappearing dick. He takes my throat in his hand, "Take it all" he says pounding me harder He fills me so full, I can feel his head bashing against my stomach, so deep, his balls dangle against my ass. He is dominating this room, dominating my body and demanding my attention. His eye contact is intense, daring me to look away. I hold his gaze as he smoulders, lost in the sensations of my tight wet pussy. He straightens up and takes my throat in this hand, it's such a power move and I submit to his will. His hips speed up, his cock is no longer slamming into me but enjoying the friction, I squeeze my pussy around his cock, and he appreciates my efforts as an 'oh fuck' escapes his mouth, I don't really think he is saying it to me, rather he is expelling it into the air.

"Tell me you want my cum"

"Please cum inside me, fill me with your cum, your cock feels so good." I elaborate, this is a different guy, to the one stroking his wife's arm tenderly and giving cute kisses, his force of nature is crashing against mine and all I want more than anything in the world is for him to force his cum into me and fill me full of his pleasure.

"Take all I've got you dirty slut, you love it don't you? Take my cum like the slut you are, oh my God, you fucking slut." His mouth runs as his head disappears above mine as his body get closer and closer, I can feel his weight on top of me and his hot and sweaty skin sliding over mine. I grab his ass and push him further inside- he grunts and moans and mumbles, "Oh fuck yeah!" As he shoots his load deep into my body.

He collapses, his body weight is heavy on mine, there is a palpable pause. The powerful man who was fucking me has gone and the polite guy who made dinner returns.

"Are you okay?" he asks, he strokes the sweaty hair out of my face, "do you need a towel? I'll get you a towel."

"It's okay, there is one right here!" I reach my hand across the bed and retrieve my modesty towel from earlier. He slides his junk out of me, there is a satisfying wet noise. I sit and then stand, avoiding eye contact until I am dressed. We hear a car pull up outside and he pulls some shorts on quickly.

We look at each other in a panic, like we have been caught in some illicit moment, "the spare room" he mouths with no sound, I nod and make my way there. He catches my arm, whispers in my ear, "if she asks.... I was shit!" I look at him and smile, "what if that's the truth?" he sees the twinkle in my eye and smiles, I wink as I leave.

The house falls silent, and I listen to the creaks and noises of the strange house settling, willing sleep to take me away. The door opens, there is a weight on the side of my bed, the covers lift and someone slides in. A warm arm slides over my waist and breath whispers on my cheek, "are you awake?" "Yes" I respond with equal volume. A hand slides down my stomach, over my hip and hovers at the elastic around the top of my underwear, "do you want me?" the loaded question hovers in the air. I open my legs in response. "Yes!"