

Broken In

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There was no other word for it. The bed was huge. Fucking huge. He watched as Jasmine leaped atop it, sliding across the hundred and fifty dollar sheets. The thread count was high which made the texture as smooth as silk. His wife rolled around, looking up at him from where she lay on her back.

They had just moved in, the last two days spent carrying box after box into the new home. It finally ended, their helpers had all left, happy that they had finally been able to purchase a new house. Christa remained, her eyes worn and tired. In fact, they all were exhausted, wanting nothing more than to bathe and sleep.

He had already left the shower, drying himself off in typical fashion, exposing himself to both women. Jasmine left the bed, reaching out to grip his cock as she walked by. Christa peeled off her t-shirt, shucking off her bra in nearly the same motion. Jasmine slid into the bathroom, he had left the shower running. Clouds of steam billowed outward, creating a humid dampness throughout the room.

He didn't bother to dress, he had given up sleeping in clothes months before. Instead, he lay down on the bed, closing his eyes to the lights of the bathroom. It had been a rough day, the unending boxes were piled behind his eyes. The sound of the water striking the feminine bodies began lulling him to sleep. His body warm and relaxed, he drifted off...

Something awoke him, it was the expectation of his wife joining him in their new bed. He opened his eyes, seeing the predatory look in their eyes. Jasmine and Christa, both naked as the morning sky, sat at the end of the bed, Jasmine leaning towards him, her eyes filled with the lust that only physical exertion brings. Christa watched from the edge, her nipples curling inward and erect as she watched her friend stalk her husband. Jasmine's hand curled around his cock, guiding its rapidly hardening flesh into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around it, the rough surface of her tongue gliding over the skin, urging it to rise to the heavens.

His eyes left his wife's ministrations and fell to Christa, who was also now on the prowl. She touched his chest as she lay beside him, reaching out to kiss his lips. His hand moved to her breast, massaging them, twisting them. The other pulled her close, their tongues entwined deeply, as deeply as the way his wife kissed his cock. It was hard now, like an unbendable steel beam. His wife's hand twisted the flesh of his scrotum, pinching it in exquisite pleasure.

The kiss was broken, the sucking seal released the colder air of the room to attack his cock. "Fuck her," she said huskily, swallowing as she spoke. "I want to watch you fuck her."

He looked down at her, reaching out to bring her to him. "You sure?"

Jasmine nodded her affirmation.

Christa straddled him then, resting her bottom atop his abdomen. Slowly she inched herself backwards and he felt the seething wetness between her legs begin to burn the surface of his cock.

Her heat was incredible as she slowly penetrated him, her movements lifting his member up to infiltrate the sopping dampness of her pussy. Delicate spasms of joy pierced them both, he heard the soft moans of pleasure escape Christa's lips. He knew it had been a long time since she had had someone fuck her. Not since the last time the three of them had copulated had she experienced another man. Tonight he would try to make her forget the length of time, fulfill her as she needed to be filled.

Deliberately, he raised and lowered his hips, the movement so very slight, yet it pressed her clitoris against the rough hair of his groin. The palms of her hands rested on his shoulders, pushing him back down into the comfort of the bed. Increasing his tempo, he now bucked up into her, her black hair bouncing in time with his thrusts. His wife entered his vision; she kissed him lightly on the lips, while her left hand slid between the copulating bodies. Christa gasped out as Jasmine's fingertips parted the slippery lips to graze the throbbing clitoris.

His wife leaned forward, taking the petite nipple of Christa's breast into her mouth. She sucked on it, alternating with a moment of painful biting. Her sparkling white teeth showed in the faint light of the room.

Jasmine's hand moved in time with his thrusting, he was now ramming his cock into her. Christa threw back her head and moaned loudly as she came, her cunt rippling up and down the length of his member. The sensation was so deep that he barely maintained control.

To keep that same control, he pushed up and rolled Christa onto her back. Jasmine gracefully moved out of the way. His cock never broke from the wetness of her pussy. He was aroused now, the sensation of his coming orgasm now faded with the new position. Wicked came his thrusts, pulling her legs up in the air, his arms behind the back

of her knees. She was as wide as she could be, her body shaking with every massive thrust. His cock seemed colossal, gigantic, capable of tearing her asunder. Each thrust forced a sharp chirp to emanate from Christa's gaping mouth. Her fingers were a blur at the juncture of their bodies. He felt her come again, and then again. All time seemed to stop as he forced his cock into her steamy wetness.

It was time. His cock swelled even greater, the subconscious rumbling of the little death came for him in an overwhelming rush. Pleasure rushed out of his groin, filling him with an orgasmic joy as his cock spurted repeatedly, burning deep into his wife's best friend. The final thrust seemed to last forever, it was so deep that he lost himself within it.

He came back to himself moments later, his cock still rock hard within her. He pushed back, releasing her trapped legs, watching as she fell to the side, her eyes closed and her breath heavy. His eyes lit up when they crossed over his wife's naked flesh. He dove atop her, piercing her with a single thrust. She accepted him, her heat as torrid as his own.

In his own world, he pounded into his wife like a man possessed by the demons of animalistic sex. He fucked her hard and fast, the first orgasm taking the edge off his excitement, but allowing him to maintain a comfortable desire and hardness. On and on he continued, sweat beaded and ran down his face, down his back and chest, until it joined his wife's own sweaty fluids. His hands mauled at her breasts, the nipples tight and freestanding, and the flesh red and shining from constant manipulation.

Jasmine's body arched beneath him, and for the first time he noticed Christa's hand deftly bringing his wife to orgasm. The sight of the act of masturbation combined with Jasmine's ongoing orgasm again sent him over the edge and deep into his second orgasm of the night.

He loved that sensation, the semen boiling up from the base of his balls, erupting up through his cock to explode out and into his partner. Once, twice, three times, the cock kept ejaculating his seed. He slowed his pace, exhaustion catching up to him. He fell between the two women, Christa grabbing at his cock, her hand slipped down its length amid the wetness of his cum.

He kissed Christa, tempted again to ride her again. When he went to move to mount her, she understood his intent and released his cock. "Not again, I too fucking sore."

Jasmine laughed, joining her friend in her own assessment. "We're both too fucking sore. His lips met his wife's and they share a lengthy kiss. Temptation to take her crossed his mind, and immediately he acted upon it. He leaped atop her, desiring her all over again.

The fucking continued long into the night, the bed slowly became properly initiated into the sexual realms of the Jasmine and Kevin.