

Shared Experience

“Do I make you uncomfortable?” The loud music made it difficult to hear.

She laughed and took another drink. “I wouldn’t say that.”

“I want to kiss you.” He was nearly shouting.

“I wouldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“Your wife is right over there.” She gestured to where Jess sat chatting with Mo and Tony.

“So? I watched her kiss other men. Men I’ve found revolting because she wanted to experience it. To steal their power from them. Do you really think she’d say anything?”

“Men are jealous, women more so.”

“Only when the unexpected happens. It’s expected that I should want to kiss you. It’s expected that I want to touch you, taste you. She knows this.”

“Friendships change when the cock is involved.”

“Even if she wants to taste you too?”

Vikki laughed and turned away. It was true; Jess had said that out of everyone she had ever met, Vikki would probably be the one she would experiment with. The thought of it made him hard. It made every man hard. It was genetic. It was because we want to possess them each individual, and when two women make love, the man desire is doubled – he wants to possess them both.

“Let me kiss you. Then tell me that things have changed.”

“They always change.”

“Unless you don’t let them.” He leaned forward, waiting for her to move the cigarette out of his path. If she didn’t, he knew that she was serious. He prayed she wasn’t.

She was exquisite, a genuine free soul that tried hard to not cause pain. It was so rare in a person to see them go out of their way to not cause anyone grief. Honesty was always at the forefront of her mind. She was a bright and shining sunbeam. It made others jealous. He had wanted her since the second time he met her. The first time she hadn't spoken at all, once she did he was hooked.

He didn't care about her in the same capacity that he loved his wife. His wife was a goddess in his eyes - she consumed him. They were meant to be together – their love was absolute and sickening to others. But the desires in them both led them to experiment - each had taken others to their bed. It had been hard, but mistrust was overcome through honesty between them both and the love they had washed it clean. She loved him as much as he did her.

Vikki moved the cigarette. Slowly, he closed with her, smelling the crisp scent of the freshly lit cigarette. Their lips touched for the briefest of seconds, retreating momentarily before he kissed her more firmly the second time. Her lips parted and their tongues met and then fled from each other, the excitement of the situation was threatening to overwhelm them.

He stepped back, taking a sip of his Tequila Sunrise. He nodded to her, trying hard not to smile. It was something he had longed to do. "See, nothing's changed. A kiss is a kiss."

"Like a fuck is just a fuck?"

"Such language!" He sat the glass down beside where she sat. "Join us tonight. As equals in our bed. Nothing you want or need will be denied you. No one needs to know, no one will know unless you tell them. I promise you that. You'll receive pleasure from both worlds, mouth and tongue, lips and cock. Am I really that vile?"

He always believed that no one had ever found him attractive, and it always made it difficult for him to approach the topic. Alcohol helped, but even still, Vikki had rebuffed him in the past.

"I don't want things to change. We're good friends. All of us."

"Then lets make sure they don't."

She stared at him with those voluminous eyes of her, innocent and tender. She took a long drag on the cigarette. “Okay,” she finally said. “I’ll go back with you and Jess.”

The house was quiet, the children gone for the night. The nervousness in Jess and Vikki’s eyes was all too evident. Strangely, he fed off of their nervousness and used it to strengthen himself and resolve. It always happened that way. If they had been cool and collected, he would have been a wreck.

“I need a drink, mix us up some ‘Sluts’,” Jess said shakily as she went into the bathroom.

He went into the kitchen, pulled out the Jager and Peach Schnapps and began mixing the shots. Vikki stood in the doorway, watching him. “Not so much Jager,” she said. She would know, being a bartender. He adjusted the formula and added the cranberry juice. “No, here, let me.” She took the bottle from his hands and he slid behind her allowing her to take over. As she added ice and shook the silver bottle, he kissed her exposed neck. He rarely ever saw her with her hair down. Turning away, he opened the cabinet door and got out three shot glasses.

Jess came out of the bathroom and joined them in the kitchen as he was pouring the shots. Each of the women picked one up and all three clinked glasses. Down the shot went, scoring a burning streak down his throat. Three later, the prepared mix was empty.

He walked up to his wife, sliding his arms around her waist. Kissing her, he could taste the alcohol on her tongue. His hand went up to touch her breast. “I love you,” he whispered. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.” She shoved him away; it was her way of controlling her fear. She walked purposefully towards the stairs and began stomping her way up them. Control by taking the offense. That was his wife. Vikki followed and he watched them both rise up to the second floor. Nirvana awaited.

It's hard doing it with someone the first time. He knew exactly what to do to make his wife come, but he didn't know what or how or anything about her. So he took it slow. Probably too slow. He was like that. Every moment took its time, he wanted to savor the experience, memorize it so that he could play it back in his mind forever because likely it would never happen again.

His wife lay down on the bed and he watched as she pulled Vikki down onto the bed. Her dress lay splayed out around her. He slowly removed her sandals, moving on to his wife. They engaged in small talk that he didn't bother to listen to as he tried to quiet his raging heart.

He removed his wife's skirt; she lifted up her hips to allow him to remove it. Her thong came off with it. He massaged her legs for a moment before moving on to their guest.

Sliding his hand up her leg, he graced the softness of her thigh, searching for her underwear. His hand felt wetness and he realized she wasn't wearing any. Slithering his hand away, he realized it was completely silent. They were kissing. Jess' hands were tugging down at Vikki's dress.

He slid up onto the bed, taking the dress up and over Vikki's head. Their kisses were soft and gentle and he admired the sight. He wondered if that was how they looked when they kissed. Jess fell to Vikki's neck, kissing and licking. Freeing her beautiful breasts, he unsnapped the bra.

His wife's hand reached over and unzipped his pants, snaking into the darkness within. He tried not to get hard, his wife tugging at the leaking shaft did nothing to help him. Vikki broke the kiss, helping Jess remove his shirt and pants. Jess sat up and devoured his cock with her mouth. He pulled away, smiling and getting down on all fours.

Fingers danced across Vikki's breasts and belly, slowly opening her wetness to them. Jess licked at Vikki's nipples while he slid down between the young woman's legs

and spread open the lips that beckoned him. Gently, so very gently, he placed a finger in the wetness, stroking it up and down, with each movement the opening widened and more wetness covered his finger.

Closer and closer he went, following the calling it made to him. His tongue touched the fluid and the lips seemed to draw him in. He felt enveloped by her juices, her warmth - her womanhood. Up and down, around and round he went, drawing her scent into him, feeling her legs around his head, urging him onward. He looked up, seeing his wife offering her pussy to her friend. Vikki drew closer, and he moved to accommodate her. He rolled onto his back, allowing Vikki to reposition herself to lap at his wife's sweetness. Touching her hanging breasts, he twisted the pierced nipple, causing her to moan.

Her clit was pulsing now and he slid his fingers into her. Jess moaned loudly, he thought she was coming. Vikki must be doing something right, Jess never came this fast. Vikki's clit surged and the muscles in her vagina clamped down upon him and began gripping him tightly. She panted and moaned as the orgasm took hold of her. Slowly it subsided and he withdrew his fingers and tongue. His cock was raging now. Sitting up, he saw the look in his wife's eyes.

"Fuck me," she said. Rising he pounced upon her and she curled her legs up under her, presenting her ass to him. Slipping into her, he began to pump, rocking into her wetness that was produced by Vikki's tongue.

Vikki moved closer, and Jess drew the young woman's pussy to her mouth, spreading her lips and delving deep into her. He had never seen his wife in this position, taking it from behind while she licked the pussy of another woman. She seemed to devour it as if she had always known what it was like and desired it now more than ever. As he pumped, he watched in joy and rapture, seeing for the first time Vikki's face as she came on his wife's tongue.

"Kiss me," he asked Vikki as she drug herself away from Jess' insistent fingers and tongue, begging for her to approach him. She got to her knees, and they kissed deeply, smelling his wife's musk on her face and lips. Kissing always was his weakness. A good solid kiss would get him hard and leaking. It also was his favorite way to come.

Close and tight and tongues and wetness. Her hands played with his nipples and neck as he fucked his wife beneath him.

He couldn't hold on any longer. Moaning with her tongue entwined with his, he exploded within Jess. As it subsided, he continued to rock within Jess, not allowing his cock to fail him.

“Do you want him?” Jess asked as she lay down onto the bed, her voice completely serious. “If you don't...”

“I'll understand,” he interjected. “I've tasted you, I've kissed you, I have done what I always wanted to do.”

Vikki lay back onto the bed. “Yes, fuck me.”

Approaching, he stroked her belly and breasts, lifting her leg slightly to position himself for proper entry. Jess touched her breasts, twisting the nipples until they stood erect. His cock pressed against her outer lips. They pulsed and drew him in. He slid deep within her, and her tightness gripped him. She moaned as he began to slowly thrust into her.

It was slow, passionate and gentle. The three of them moved as one, Jess moving to suck on her nipples while circling her fingers around Vikki's clit. As time passed, short gasps escaped her lips quicker and quicker as Jess' fingers looped faster and faster.

“Oh, oh, oh, yes!” Vikki cried out, the muscles in her orgasming pussy sending him spiraling out of control. His cry joined hers as he burst open within her, feeling the heel of her foot press him deeper into her.

Panting breath was the only sound in the room. A drop of sweat fell from his brow. He looked to his wife, who smiled back. She curled up next to Vikki and he covered them both with a light blanket. He slid under the covers next to Vikki, who was beginning to fall into a slumber. Spooning her, his hand entwined with his wife's as they cupped Vikki's breast. They drifted off together, warm and safe and together.