

Threesome

Keith J. Bowers

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[\\home.dejazzd.com\kjbowers](http://home.dejazzd.com/kjbowers)

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Threesome

One

The moonlight disappeared inside the increasing cloud cover, descending the couple into darkness. Her hands fell to his naked waist, feeling the heat of his cock through the material of her summer dress. Gripping his burning cock in her hands, she gently masturbated him as she licked his chest. His shirt was opened to the waist and his jeans were now pooled around his feet. She was much shorter than he was, she thought could have fucked him with her breasts while still standing. Her mouth went to his nipples, bringing them to attention with her tongue. His hands went to her hair, pulling the mounds of it gently away from her face. Releasing his now wet and erect nipple, she bent over, accepting his cock into her the wetness of her mouth. She wanted to satisfy him, feel him erupt within her. Any orifice would do, her mouth, her cunt or her ass. Whatever he preferred.

His hands went to her waist tugging on it gently. She felt the soft material of the dress she wore rubbing against her nakedness of her rear. Underwear was not a

hindrance this night. Slowly he hiked the dress up until her round and firm buttocks were cooled in the night air. She moved her body to accommodate his investigation, bringing her closer to him. Fingers explored her anus and pussy, using the lubrication of one in the other. She felt him trembled beneath her as she sucked his cock in and out of her mouth. With deliberate slowness, she torture-fucked him with her mouth. His fingers in her pussy drove her wild and she pushed back against him.

Both had sneaked outside, each having gone a different route. The party she was having signaled the end of the summer. Having locked eyes when he had first entered, she saw the lust for her in his eyes. This moment, this tryst, was a long time in coming. Ever since her husband had introduced him to her a year before, her pussy dripped whenever he was around. She eagerly anticipated the night when both had the opportunity that a party would provide. A nod of the head, a simple licking of the lips and she had walked by him, her fingers brushing across his arm in passing. It was all the encouragement he needed.

Now, locked in a twisted embrace where his fingers were inside her pussy and ass and her lips and mouth were sucking voraciously on his now dripping and erect cock, the moment had finally come. Wanting more than what he was currently offering her, she released his cock with an abruptness that threw him off balance. He fell back against the siding of the house, and she could hear the music and voices from the party going on inside. Things were getting out of hand in there. She knew she would have to go back and calm things down if her husband did not intervene shortly.

She licked her lips, eyeing his enormous cock as it throbbed in his hand. She leaned up against the side of the house, offering his backside to him. Spreading her legs, her cunt beckoned for him to fill her. His hand gripped her shoulder, gently forcing her face and breasts against the cool metal siding. His hot hardness pierced her, sending a rush of pleasure through her body. Both moaned loudly and for a long moment, both simply enjoyed the sensation of physical connection.

After an all too brief instant, he began thrusting into her, causing her to involuntarily cry out in pleasure. The metal felt fresh on her face as he rode her from behind. Wetness trickled down her legs, which quickly cooled in the evening air. She was bent nearly in half, her ass high in the air and she was on her tiptoes to accept him.

Arms encircled her waist, gripping her breasts. The nipples were painfully erect, and either he wasn't aware she wanted them touched or he was teasing her. Either way, the lack of stimulation merely caused her to want him more.

Time and sweat flowed between them, as the party became louder. She knew only a few minutes had passed, but being the hostess, she knew she would be missed quickly, if not by the guests then likely her husband. On and on he pounded, propelling her further and further into her desire. She looked up, her ears catching the sound floating out from inside. Her eyes focused through the sliding glass door several feet away. A red haired woman, moaning loudly, was gyrating in a darkened corner against a man whose face she could not see. The redhead's voluptuous body hid the man from her sight. The woman had come with another of her friends and was not known to her. The loud music made the glass shimmer with the intensity. The unidentified man's hands were up her skirt and it was evident that the redhead was not wearing underwear. She thought she saw the shadow of a cock penetrating the redhead. The other woman's eyes were closed and her hands rose up to pull the man closer to her. Out of the shadows came her husband, his tongue sliding up the base of the redhead's neck, ending as he began to suck and bite on her earlobe.

The shock of the sight sent shivers down her breasts and into her sopping wet cunt as her lover continued his pleasurable assault on her. She watched her husband begin to rhythmically plunge his cock into the redhead, forcing his lover to lean forward onto a chair for balance. Her husband always liked to fuck like that. It was his, and her, favorite position. She was unsure if she should be angry or betrayed since she was also fucking someone else in nearly the same position.

The intrigue of the situation got the better of her. She had never seen her husband fuck someone else before without her knowledge. She always wondered what he would be like. Would he be any different, would he cry out for them? The sight of her husband slithering inside another woman sent a new wave of excitement settling down into her groin. Her own lover had slowed, taking his time and enjoying the clenching of her pussy. He too saw the object of her attention. Together, they watched the other coupling pair fuck in the darkened corner of the kitchen.

As her husband increased his tempo, so did her tall lover. The music faded somewhat, though the bass still thudded all around them. She felt her lover building up within her. His trembling cock grew in size, spreading her walls and rubbing her intensely within. His left hand now twisted her left nipple, sending a surprise sensation that tightened her pussy and culminated in an orgasm for him. Hot streams of cum filled her pussy as she watched her husband also come within the unknown redhead. Her husband's face was contorted in the usual way, a mixture of pain and sweet pleasure. The sight of the coupling pair thrust her over the edge, feeling the pinnacle rushing up on her. Her own hand grazed her stuffed pussy and that brief touch of her fingers sent her engorged clitoris into an incredible orgasm. She cried out loudly with her own climax, unintentionally alerting her husband to her presence.

They locked eyes through the glass, both in compromising positions with their illicit lovers. She suddenly became aware of the moonlight that glistened on her sweated body. Her lover withdrew from her, abandoning her as her dress fell down around her hips. She held her position and watched as the redhead straightened her dress and walked away, leaving her husband leaning against the wall and staring at her through the glass.

She knew her husband. She knew this would drive him wild with lust and a need now to fuck her with utter abandon. It excited her. Her husband slid open the sliding glass door, his rigid cock still jutting from his pants. He wasted no time filling the void that her lover had left.

Tonight would be a night to remember for both of them.

Two

With great deliberation, he walked up the long steps to her apartment. Standing in front of the door, he hesitated before, rapping gently on the glass. He didn't fear anyone would see him, no one knew him here. He could sense her approaching. Warmth trickled into his face. Soon. Soon she would open the door and allow him entrance.

The click of the lock brought about a sense of urgency to him. The door peeked open and he saw her face. She didn't say anything. She didn't need to. He reached out and pushed the door open, stepping into her kitchen. She backed up slightly. Both knew why he was there. She had called him, not saying anything other than to come. His hand reached out and touched her cheek, and unconsciously she moved towards him. He smelled the subtle perfume she wore as he drew her to him. His hand fell from her face to touch her waist. His lips touched her cheek, moving onward to her ear. His teeth bit gently on her ear.

She was close now, her body just microns away. Only their shirts, the jeans, the fabric of their clothes remained between them. Even though, the warmth of their bodies

radiated outward. His arms wrapped around her, embracing her silently; forcefully. Her lips kissed his neck as her fingers danced up his chest. Her hands gripped his head, pulling his face from her ear. Her tongue invited him into her mouth, raising the passion higher. Deeper and deeper they kissed, his fingers feeling the softness of her skin under her blouse. He wanted her. She wanted him. His hardness pressed against her belly. As they kissed, she unzipped his pants, freeing his cock from its restraints. She held it in her hand, gently tugging it. As his hands unbuttoned her shirt, not once did his mouth leave hers. Their tongues were entwined, nearly one. His hand slid downward, beneath the silkiness of her panties, around to cup her buttocks but still moving deeper. His fingers touched her anus and then beyond and into a new sleekness of her pubic area. His hand became wet and slippery. Fingers probed inward, grazing just the outer edges of her pussy. She moaned and pushed down, attempting to push his digits deeper into her. But his limit was reached.

Protesting, she broke her mouth from his, kicking the door shut behind him. She led him another five steps before he grabbed her and kissed her again, pushing her against the wall. He held her there, his erect cock demanding and arrogant. Again she pushed him away, leading him onward.

Down into the living room they went, it was decorated with furniture acquired throughout the years that she lived there. Sunlight beamed through the windows and a soft breeze blew through. She turned in a circle, shedding her opened blouse and jeans. She stood there, inviting him. He stood there, admiring her beauty. His Dockers slipped off his feet and he pulled the T-shirt over his head, tossing it to the couch. His pants finally fell off his hips, leaving him clad in only his boxers. For a long moment, they stared at each other, contemplating their next action. Both of them needed each other, not for love or sacrifice, but simply to feel, to taste, to be one with each other.

She shrugged off her bra, exposing her hardened nipples to the cool spring air. Her panties fell to her feet and she kicked them away. His own had disappeared. He stood there naked, a picture of desire. A drop of cum oozed from its tip, making it glossy.

They stepped forward simultaneously, and then they were as close as their bodies could be. They were not yet joined. They were not yet as one. His cock pushed lower,

and she could feel the tip, lubricated by his own fluid, slide easily between her legs. He did not penetrate, nor did she want him to - yet. They held each other there, feeling the warmth of their bodies, the sensation of flesh on flesh. His fingertips slid down her back, fluttering across her buttocks and back up the side of her torso. His hands, for the first time, touched her breasts, massaging them, twisting them, pinching them gently.

For a long moment they were simply content with the awareness of each other's presence. She pulled him down, lying back on the hardwood floor of the living room. Already the room was warmer, their bodies readying themselves for the coming exertions. His mouth went to her breasts, rolling the hardened nipples with his tongue. Sucking gently, his teeth nibbled at them, forcing a renewed whimper from her throat. His fingers touched the lips below, spreading the vertical gap apart, allowing his fingers entry. Her hands pushed his away, both knowing that now was not the time. She wanted him in her. She took his cock in her hand, feeling the wetness that was now pouring forth. Up and down the shaft her hand went, using the liquid to lubricate the rigid member. Her hands left it then, pulling him down to her.

It stood at the edge; she could feel its presence on the threshold. His cock was hot, searing. She was as hot inside, but he was not yet there. Slowly, his hips moved forward, and he pierced her with just the tip. He moaned then, feeling the exquisite torture that was the moment before entry. Unhurried, he rocked his hips, freeing the apex from her wetness and returning it to her. Her hands were on his shoulders, her head tossed back. He slithered himself fully inside of her, invoking a cried of joy from both of them.

They were finally one.

Joy, supreme and triumphant joy washed over both of them.

This is what they desired, craved, demanded from each other.

Both of them shuddered from the passion and he lay down atop her, relishing in their shared warmth and desire.

His hips began to move, her legs wrapping around his. He rose up on his arms, thrusting into her. Deeper and deeper he plunged, each plunge summoning a groan or a fevered cry. He looked at her then the sweat beading on his forehead. They smiled and shared a deep and long kiss. Her hands fell to her own wetness, touching the bud that

brought her ecstasy. Her fingers were wet, slippery with her own juices. Her touch made the passion rise, filling her quickly and exploding outward from her pussy, flowing up and out, causing her to arch her back and cry out in orgasm. His furious pounding forced the sustaining of her wave of pleasure and her muscles clamped down hard around his cock, milking him. He could hold back no longer, his cock was demanding with the righteous fire that it fulfill its purpose.

His back arched as he came, hot semen spewing forth to burn her insides. She felt the geysers within her, striking within, filling her up. His cries of joy prompted a second orgasm in her, joining him at the pinnacle. He fell atop her, kissing her breasts and neck. Their sweat mingled and provided an entirely new sensation, making them both slick and tingly. His mouth was drawn to her and from where he lay; he began to writhe against her body. His cock snaked in and out of her as his tongued played with her own. He broke the kiss, rising off of her to penetrate her fully. The wetness flowed out and formed a puddle beneath her. He grabbed her shoulders, fucking her harder and harder, his cock resurging within her. She came again, the pleasure welling up from within to detonate inside her body, flowing upward to her brain, sending her passion past limits she could not endure. Grabbing his arms, she fully enjoyed the intense fucking that he was giving her as her orgasm subsided.

His cock grew within her and she knew he was going to come again. His fingers left marks on her shoulders as he pulled her to him. Again he cried out, his cock shuddering out its milky fluid again for the second time. His frantic pace slowed and finally stopped. He lay down beside her and they held each other until that last possible moment when their joining ended. He slipped from her and they kissed, trying to make the oneness they felt go on. But it had ended. They looked at each other, knowing their ardor was spent. They dressed without a word; a longing touch was all that remained. He kissed her long and hard against the kitchen counter, their passion returning for a brief moment.

The door closed behind him, and he heard the lock click home.

Neither had said a word the entire time.

Not one word.

Three

His hands touched the softness of her waist. Her tongue was deep in his mouth, enjoying the squirming sensation as he wrestled her. She could feel the wetness of her pussy dripping slowly onto his ready cock. “Soon”, she whispered. Slowly she moved up and down, using the juices to lubricate him prior to entry. As she did so, her long black hair fell down around his head. Flinging it back, she looked down at the man she had seduced. She loved fucking someone other than her husband. It brought a spice to the relationship, something that nothing else, not wine, not lingerie, not even porn, could bring to it. It was something she had come to love.

The act itself was precarious, dangerous and absolute ecstasy. It was thrilling, seducing a man, making him want her, making him need her, making him take off his clothes like they were on fire. Now she straddled him, rubbing her hardening clitoris against his cock. Slowly, slowly, she teased him, hearing his moans of pleasure.

She had no set lover, just friends of both her husband and her coworkers that came to her needing relief. She enjoyed satisfying them, feeling them fill her with their manhood, wanting nothing more from them than a hard cock between her legs.

Her current lover was a co-worker who sometimes allowed him to be seduced by her. He knew how she and her husband were, what their needs were and what they wanted. She had wanted his young and virile cock since early that morning, and spent the entire day at the office coercing him to go home with her. She had nearly taken him there on his desk. Finally, they had arrived in the safety of her home and the pleasure quickly began.

Desiring something more than what he was currently offering her with the kiss, she slid down his belly and took him into her mouth. Cock was amazing; it was so rigid, yet soft and pliable. It tasted of her, the salty sweet liquor that oozed so readily from her when aroused. She turned her attentions to sucking his cock, making the fluid pour from the aperture. He moaned dramatically and she pressed down beneath his balls to prevent him from coming. His muscles clenched excitedly but his cock did not explode all over her. No, she wanted that to happen inside her.

“Not yet,” she whispered. “Patience.”

“Gods, I want to come in you.”

Both her husband and her had been sterilized, learning early on in their marriage that neither would be able to satisfy the other. Realizing that one cock and one pussy would never be enough, both had given into their carnal urges and spent long hours fucking and tasting anyone they could coerce into their bed. Her husband enjoyed watching her being sucked and then fucked. She loved watching him turn into an animal with his rapid solid thrusts. She was proud of her husband’s fucking ability.

She wasn’t bisexual as a whole, she enjoyed cock entirely too much to ever let another woman interfere in her pursuit of men. Women just didn’t have those six inches between their legs. Their tongues were all right, but she never felt as good as when a man was just inches from her face, breathing heavily upon her, sweat melding between the two. Nothing was as good as that. Nothing was ever as good as when the cock expanded just moments before it came. Unless it was two cocks.

Rising, she straddled him anew, again rubbing herself against his throbbing cock. Using her hand, she held his penis aloft and slowly, deliciously lowered herself onto it.

“Oh, god!” he cried out. She laughed, enjoying his torment. Barely letting the bulbous tip inside her, she rocked up and down on her thighs. He arched his back, but she matched his ascent and did not allow him a deeper penetration. His face was red and he was breathing heavily. “You’re tormenting me!”

“But is it really?” She lowered herself a half an inch, feeling the head slip fully inside her. Nearly losing control, she swooned and grabbed for his wrists as the pleasure rushed from her groin up to fill her body. He moaned pitifully again and half-heartedly tried to escape her grasp.

She felt hands on either side of her waist. Her husband’s aftershave wafted around her. He wasn’t supposed to be home for another hour. His hands slid up her sides and grabbed her breasts. “Why do you torture him so much?” her husband asked.

“Because I want him to last as long as he can.” That said, she sat down on the man’s cock, allowing the wash of fulfillment to bathe her body. Slowly she began to rock on the hardness, hearing the tormented gasping of the man beneath her. Her husband’s hands flowed up her neck, and down her back. His fingers danced over her flesh and he pushed her down to meet the man’s hungry mouth. Her breasts were enveloped with her co-worker’s mouth as her husband slid up behind her.

Her ass was high in the air and she felt the anticipation building. “Yes,” she moaned as the combined sensation of her anus being touched with her husband’s cock and her breasts being sucked by the younger man beneath her slowly overwhelmed her. She felt a slippery pressure and she spread her legs wider to accommodate her husband’s cock. There was a brief but intense movement and her husband was now within her. She moaned deeply, her passion rising with the amount of pleasure she was experiencing. Other women found pain in being taken in both ways simultaneously, but not her. There was nothing better than being taken in every orifice. Only her mouth remained free, but someday, that too would be filled, accepting, demanding, wanting. But not tonight. Not enough cocks in the room.

Both men remained still, too engrossed with their own pleasure. Gradually she began to move against them, using their bodies to rock together. She could feel their

cocks rubbing together within her, and she wondered if they could feel it. Beneath her, the young co-worker released her breasts, crying out in ecstasy. His cock grew in size beneath her and she felt him explode. A little disappointed, she increased her pace, not allowing him to exit. She clamped down with her muscles, urging him back from deflation. He responded, moving his body against hers. Her husband had used lubrication and his cock glided and flowed, working her ass until it accepted him like her cunt.

Her husband was ready to come; she could tell that his first and most magnificent orgasm was on the verge of arriving. She increased her pace, sensing her own climax on the horizon. She disregarded everything else, now enjoying the rapid movements of the men she was sandwiched between. She felt her husband expand and felt the hot steaming cum begin flowing. His erection stimulated the one beneath her and she felt her co-worker's cock burst forth a second time. The one-two punch of simultaneous orgasms sent her own culmination rushing up to meet her.

She cried out loudly as the climax began its journey through her body. Her cunt and ass clenched up and down on their cocks, milking them of any fluid remaining in them. Her body became motionless as the orgasm slowly diminished.

Both men were still, allowing her the courtesy of enjoying the afterglow of the encounter. Her husband slid from her body first. He walked away, not saying a word. She turned her head and glimpsed his cock, still fully erect and demanding, as he entered the bathroom. She kissed the tip of her coworker's nose, rising off of him and bouncing off the bed. "Time to leave," she stated unceremoniously.

"What?" he asked, still dazed from his multiple orgasms.

"I have others to satisfy, namely my husband." She stood up and followed her husband into the bathroom. "Lock the door on your way out, will ya?"

She left him there, exhausted and vanquished, on the edge of the bed. She had a date with her husband's cock.

End