

# Threeway

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It's not that he wanted to end up in bed with her best friend; it just turned out that way.

There was nothing better than a warm body on either side while sleeping. A communal sleeping bag of living flesh. His wife's arm rested across his chest, gripping loosely the nimble breast of her best friend. Their heads lay on either shoulder, Christa facing outward, while Jasmine's was snuggled into the crook of his neck. Her leg rubbed against his cock, stirring it to life. Too early, too soon.

Hours before, his brother had left, leaving the forgotten Christa unfulfilled. His sibling had taken her roughly in the upstairs bedroom, on the floor, leaving marks on her knees. His brother had his own problems, a marriage broken by the infidelities of his own wife. Returning to the living room, she voiced her displeasure by stroking the soft wetness between her legs.

"Fucks hard, I'll say that." Her fingers played in the folds, absentmindedly scratching at a nonexistent itch. "Damn I'm horny."

He smiled, feeling the euphoric effects of the remaining alcohol in his system. His own cock was wet, slippery from the juices of his copulation with his wife. He stroked it, his nakedness forgotten. Long years before they had become comfortable around each other's nakedness, the thought of sex between them all risen and fallen

numerous times. It started out between them as a tantalizing show, now it was just familiar. Not that it wasn't enticing, but the thought of togetherness never surfaced.

Sweat was drying on him; the exertions of his wifely coupling still trickled off his shaved head. Standing, he reached back down and pulled his wife up to him, pressing her breasts to his chest while kissing her deeply. He paused to break away from her lips, traipsing down her throat and ending at her shoulder. Feeling himself stirring, he ended this kiss and the show for Christa. He walked away, feeling both sets of eyes on his back.

"Christa!" he heard his wife exclaim, the surprise at her best friend staring desirously at her husband's ass. Unaware of what transpired out of earshot, he walked upstairs and stepped into the shower. Minutes later as he dried himself off, he heard their footfalls on the stairs. Walking into the bedroom, he passed them by, they both entered into the bathroom together, chattering away. Critiquing his brother's haphazard performance.

There was always the hope that something would happen, that somehow he'd get to bed them both. Which was why he lay atop the bed, naked, listening to them as they showered.

There was no fear or excitement of the fact that two grown women bathed together, both were as heterosexual as they came. There might be play - kissing, slapping and the like, but no overt inclinations towards the same sex.

Time passed and presently they both exited the bathroom, entering into the bedroom, drying their hair with the towels that should have been around their bodies. His cock stirred again. Jasmine left, retrieving cream from the hallway closet. Christa walked towards the bed, continuing her conversation with Jasmine.

He heard none of it.

Somehow, somehow, her body was next to him, he couldn't remember how Christa arrived there. The towel was gone, her body next to his, his arm pulling her close. Her skin was cold. Jasmine reentered the room and he stared at her, looking for approval or chastisement. She smiled a knowing smile, slipping onto the bed, accepting her spot on the opposite side of Christa.

His fingers danced up and down their backs, in time with the increasing beat of his heart. He kissed his wife, feeling the swell of desire and emotion. Turning to Christa, he opened his mouth to speak, but found his lips were within hers; her tongue darting.

It wasn't a conscious act or decision, the desire was there and both had acted upon it. His wife watched with patience, though he expected at any time her reprimand.

It never came.

Instead, her hand fell between the kissing couple, stroking his hardening cock. Fingers traced the slippery slit, penetrating it with an eager quickness.

"She needs you," Jasmine's voice whispered. It was the act of selfless giving of her husband to her best friend. "Fulfill her. Take her. Fuck her." Her hand released his cock and he pulled himself upright, pushing the head against the twin lips of Christa's cunt. Her legs spread wide, her arms embracing him, pulling him down atop her.

He looked to his wife. "Are you okay with this?" Her beautiful brown eyes stared back at him, silent but with approval. Confirmation granted, he slowly slid his rock hard cock inside Christa, her heels urging him inward. Moaning, she kissed his neck, moving upwards to secure her place upon his mouth.

They held that position for a long moment, each savoring the sensation of joined flesh. Almost imperceptibly, he eased himself out of her, and then with a rush, thrust himself back into her. Thus began the slow rocking as the pair of them fucked.

Jasmine touched Christa's breast, twisting the nipple softly, sending a newfound growl emanating from her friend's throat. Leaving the breast behind, her fingers delved lower, to the junction of where cunt met cock. Fingers sought out her clitoris, spreading the folds open and began dancing circles around it. He felt a fresh wetness burst around his cock. Christa's fingernails cut into his back, leaving long streaks of pain and pleasure.

Christa's lips released his, her face turning to Jasmine and they engaged in a long, gentle kiss. His cock swelled further and Christa's vaginal muscles detected the change, squeezing down on him harder. Jasmine's hand was a flurry of activity, the Christa's scent breezed up and over him, delectable in aroma.

Christa threw her head back, breaking away from Jasmine as the first of several orgasms crashed down upon her. He wanted to come, right there within her, filling her up, but he held back.

Pausing to catch his breath, Christa looked up at him and smiled widely. "It's her turn," she said as she gently pushed him out of her. He leaped atop his wife, sliding deeply into her with a slopping thrust. Her wetness drizzled around him, filling her sharply. With her as aroused as she was, he knew she wanted, no, demanded that he fuck her hard, fast and rough. The momentary pause allowed his cock to cool down its passion, permitting him to do his wife justice. Pulling her legs up around his waist, he stabbed his steel-like cock into her, forcing a guttural moan out from her throat with each thrust.

The roles reversed, this time Christa bent down to suck on Jasmine's weighty tits while her fingers slid down to begin to masturbate her. On he went, alternating his thrusting patterns, fast, then slow, deep and then shallow. All the while, Christa's fingers rubbed against the base of his cock, driving him to higher realms of pleasure.

Suddenly his wife came, a great shout, followed by a high-pitched whine as her cunt squeezed and released in a rhythmic pattern. One moment he was in control of himself, the next the orgasm rushed forth from the base of his cock and throughout his entire body, urged on by his wife's own ecstasy. They kissed again, all three of them, exchanging tongues and lips.

His wife pushed him from her, gesturing for him to return to Christa. He speared her again, his cock nowhere near ready to rest. For the next hour he alternated between the pair, fucking hard and long, the juices flowing from their pussies lubricating his cock and urging him onward.

His third orgasm was upon him, Christa was clutched beneath him, their bodies as one. A voice whispered in his ear: "Come inside her, she likes that." Before he knew it, his cock exploded, sending his lustful fluids deep within her. Jasmine kissed his sweated brow, pulling him from her friend, back into her arms. Christa spooned him from behind, just as he spooned his wife. They fell asleep there, sweated and naked, their ardor spent but not forgotten. It would never become a common occurrence, but something to be treasured when it occurred, a taste of the forbidden.

It was an experience that was returned in kind by him, to her at a later date. That, though, is another story