

# How to Choose a Secretary, Chapter 11

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*The tension built up at the beach is released, one way and another*

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The plan ran into trouble straight away, as Mike saw Sara wave to someone as she turned into her front garden. He stopped dead. The ensuing talk he could hear was punctuated with time for a parental kiss, then he heard Natasha's huskier tones, presumably being introduced. Mike was relieved he'd let the girls go on a few yards ahead.

Evidently one or both of her parents were gardening or something. Well it was only just after seven o'clock, still light, why wouldn't they be? He must have been mad not to realise the possibility. His brains had all migrated to his cock, again, robotically following the two gorgeous miniskirted teens wherever they would lead him. Mike turned round and headed back to his car. Now what? He had to wait.

Twenty minutes later his phone rang: it was Sara. "Hooo, that was close," she said, "Mum and Dad were doing the front garden. They've gone in now, though."

"OK, they could still see me, though, if I walk in."

"It's OK, you can use the window in the gym. Push through the hedge at the left end, you know, the nearest end, it's not that hard, and go along the wall behind the shrubbery, you'll come to it. I'll go down and open it."

"Alright, I'll give it a try. How did you get my number, by the way?"

"I googled you," she said, "it's in your profile on your website." Mike had forgotten about that time, not very long ago, when his company was that small. He'd have to get the page updated. He copied Sara's number into his phonebook, thinking how she was never defeated by a problem; for her the world was a series of opportunities that might simply have to change from one to another.

All the houses in the road were set back like Sara's, so only a few upstairs windows had a view of him as he inspected the hedge. Sure enough there was a thin spot where a hedge plant had died at

some time, and he was able to push through without tearing anything. Sara was at the open window, and he climbed into the gym. Natasha was there with her, looking both excited and faintly anxious - as she seemed to be quite often with Sara around, Mike grinned to himself.

Sara closed the window and turned back to hug him and Natasha together. "Slight change of plan," she said, "Mum and Dad are in the back garden now."

"God, suppose they pop their head in, or look in the window?" Mike immediately felt trapped.

"They won't," said Sara, "they'd never break a deal like that. And they know I'm in the nude in here quite often, you know; deals are important, that's how they see it. That's why I never bothered with a curtain. We're totally safe. As long as Tashie doesn't actually scream..." she was giggling, letting go of Mike and moving and changing her grip on Natasha to be holding her arms behind her. Just like that, Natasha was her prisoner. With the difference in their strength Natasha may as well have been in the stocks.

Mike was taken by surprise. He looked carefully at Natasha's face: she was excited. Very, very excited, and not afraid. His cock went from soft to rock hard in a click.

"Tashie's a little bit kinky, you know," Sara continued, still grinning, "she quite likes to be *captured, helpless, defenceless*, and to be *taken advantage of, molested* and *interfered with*." She was emphasising each key word and Mike could see Natasha reacting to each one of them, her pupils enormous and her mouth gaping; he thought she might cum just from the words. He was starting to understand about Monday. Yesterday.

"Let's set the bar up," Sara said, "the posts have adjusters in them, you press the button, so the bar's at her shoulders."

Mike found the buttons and set the post each side to put the bar at Natasha's shoulder height. Then he rigged the stays and tightened them.

"There should be something in that chest." Sara was looking at a wooden chest in the corner that doubled as a seat. Mike opened it and saw a jumble of ropes and webbing. He disentangled a length of webbing about three metres long.

"We were going to hang some rings," explained Sara. She pulled Natasha back, ducked under the bar and held her victim's shoulders against it. "Blouse?" suggested Sara, and Mike went round to the front and slowly undid the buttons down the front of Natasha's blouse. Then he slid it off her shoulders.

He reached behind and unclipped her bra, pulled its straps off her shoulders and slid them down her arms to join the blouse, rumped up against Sara's hands. He gently rubbed his evening stubble over her pert naked breasts, bringing a gasp from Natasha. Then he licked each nipple and blew on it, and ran his fingertips from the chest outwards over the surface of each breast to the nipple. She was in a state, he was pleased to see, her nipples sticking out and her slender young body almost collapsing.

He made a loop of webbing and tied it round the very top of one arm and the bar. Then he ran a short length across her shoulders and did the same with the other one. He lightly gripped each arm above the bra and blouse, and Sara took her hands away so they could slide off. Their captive was naked from the waist up.

Mike lifted each arm up to lie along the bar and tied the wrist and elbow to it. She was secured, her torso strapped firmly to the bar by her arms.

Sara reached round and undid Natasha's skirt, letting it fall to the floor, then she lifted each foot in turn and pulled the shoe and sock off. Natasha hung from the bar by her lovely narrow, straight shoulders, slender arms outstretched, dressed in only her panties. Her little lacy dark-pink panties, that Sara had helped her to buy the day before. To replace the ones Sara had cut off her with his desk scissors, he recalled.

Mike and Sara stood back and quickly stripped. They were naked together again - as nature seemed to intend, Mike was starting to believe.

Sara moved behind Natasha and slid her fingers under the panties' waistband on either side. Natasha stopped breathing. Sara eased the waistband down, just an inch or perhaps two. Then she slid her hands round over the pert little ass and did the same. The little panties were starting to come off, apparently hanging on her protruding mons, with strands of her bush peeping over. Mike gawped. Natasha drew a gasping breath.

"Quick Mike," Sara was coming to him, "fuck me, quick, before I totally explode!" She rushed past, grabbed the mat, and slid it back over in front of Natasha. She lay down on her back, side on to Natasha, and beat Mike's ankle with her little fist. "Come on!"

The whole day's sexy build-up was coming to a head. The sun, sea, Natasha's bikini, Sara's bikini, Mike's barely adequate trunks, the touching, sun cream, ogling each other, the anticipation, and now Natasha's stripping and bondage were all about to be released in a matching pair of monster orgasms.

Mike dropped between Sara's gorgeous open thighs and his throbbing cock slid easily in to the hilt, feeling her fabulous potent pussy take a creamy grip on it. Then he stopped still, both of them looking sideways and up at their beautiful victim, her delectable slender body tied to the bar and her panties half off. Her green eyes were huge in her stunning face. The slightest movement would set them both off, he knew.

For half a minute all three drew only one or two shallow, gasping breaths, slaves to the sex drug in their bloodstreams. Then Mike pumped his cock slowly out, back in, and out again. It was starting. He felt Sara's little hands on his sides, urging him on, and her pussy clenching and vibrating round his cock. He started a slow cumming stroke, a full length almost fully out and then deep back in, with a thump onto her eager pelvis. He made each stroke a little bit faster, building up gradually, faster and faster, eventually to a frenzied pace, the fastest he could physically manage. Both he and Sara were cumming, and kept cumming, harder than even their strongest orgasms so far. "Uuurrggh" he heard, his own groan, and "Uh uh uh" from Sara as her strong little body bucked furiously under him. He really felt Sara's gorgeous body under him as he spurted into her, clutched to him, around him. He finally had a sense of what it mean to be 'at one' with somebody.

He pumped a few really hard strokes, desperation rising to a crazy peak, and then he was slowing down, finally to a stop, each of them breathing hard as their bodies tried to recover.

"Mike" said Sara. "Mike. God, that was so what I needed." She pulled him tight to her.

Mike himself wasn't up to saying anything at the moment.

"Wow", he heard from above him. He managed to loosen Sara's grip a little and looked up to see Natasha staring wide-eyed at them.

"That was terrible!" she gasped. "I never knew it could be so savage. Such a beastly mating, the poor girl shagged out of her mind by that huge animal organ, pumping her defenceless young body in a sex-crazed frenzy until she's out of control, helpless to prevent the flood of animal cum filling her."

Mike couldn't get hold of what she was saying at all, being still quite dazed from his colossal orgasm.

"I hope you're not going to do anything like that to me," Natasha was still in full flow, "just because I'm tied up and helpless, unable to defend my innocent young body from your animal depredations and huge sex-crazed cock that would subjugate me and make me a defenceless victim of your sex-addicted lustful thrusting," she drew a breath, "and leave me writhing all tied up and helpless to defend my purity and innocence from your savage lustful beastliness and enormous thrusting male sex organ impaling my defenceless little pussy and taking my senses away so that I'd never be the

same again.” Finally the flow of words petered out and Natasha hung there breathing heavily, her eyes fixed on him.

Mike looked at Sara, who had recovered more quickly. Natasha certainly was different when she was tied up. Sara wriggled and Mike slid off her so she could get up; she moved over to stand alongside Natasha.

Sara stroked her sexy little hands over Natasha’s body, running her fingertips lightly over her pert tits and down under her panties to her bush. Her other hand stroked her pert ass. “So what you’re saying, Tashie, is that it would be terrible if Mike, or I perhaps, were to take advantage of you, molest you, or interfere with you, while you’re all tied up, restrained, bound, helpless and defenceless?”

Natasha moaned, and Mike belatedly caught up with the plot as his head started to clear. She was so beautiful. He recalled the feeling in the sea when she’d stroked his cock, really kissed him, and wrapped her slender thighs round his. Despite his huge orgasm just a couple of minutes ago, he felt the stirrings of fresh life in his cock.

Mike stood up, steadying himself on the wall, then went to stand next to Natasha on the other side from Sara. The change from one edition of gorgeous teenage girl to another was very arousing. He sniffed her, appreciating her different aroma, salty like Sara at the moment but still distinctive. He ran his hands through her wavy brown hair, sniffing that too. It was salty as well, and a bit stiff, but still special. He ran his hands down her narrow back, either side of her tiny waist, joined Sara’s hand briefly on her pert little ass, and carried on down her lithe, slender legs, so much less substantial than Sara’s but with their own appeal, muscled and beautiful in shape and overwhelmingly feminine. Her skin was fabulous, more fabulous than ever with the beginnings of a tan.

Arriving at her feet, he reached up and grasped her panties. Natasha moaned again. Sara took hold of the other side, and between them they eased them very slowly off her. Mike lifted one ankle at a time and pulled them away. Then his face was at pussy level.

He saw Sara grasp Natasha’s ankles from behind, and move them one at a time out to either side, opening up her pussy to him. He ran his hands lightly up the inside of both thighs, and gently ran a finger up between her labia. Natasha swayed back and forth; she was close to cumming.

He eased a forefinger very slowly into her pussy, watching Sara stand up and move quickly to the corner chest, coming back with two lengths of rope. He stopped moving his finger while Sara tied Natasha’s ankles to the bottom of the posts, holding her legs apart. Natasha tried to pull her legs back in, pulling the ropes taut. She moaned.

Sara stood behind their beautiful captive teen, pressing into her back, and slid her hands round onto her pert breasts, which were flushed, the nipples dark pink and jutting out. Sara lightly stroked them with her little fingers, and kissed her on the side of her neck.

Mike lowered his lips onto Natasha's clitoris, which was standing out, dark red with arousal. He licked it, then took his mouth off and blew on it; at the same time he grasped her pelvis strongly with one arm and crooked his finger inside her pussy to probe her g-spot.

Natasha erupted in a wild orgasm, lurching uncontrollably within her bonds and Mike's grip, as he sucked and nibbled her clit, while stirring her pussy with his finger.

Sara abandoned Natasha's tits and held her with both arms round her chest. Restrained at her shoulders, chest, pelvis and ankles, the slender girl thrashed and groaned "Urrrh Urrrh Urrhh" as the huge orgasm ripped through her, her whole body suddenly going rigid, every lean muscle taut, standing out on her lithe frame.

She stayed like that for a few seconds, then it was over: she slumped down, dangling from the bar, her head hanging. She was almost unconscious.

Mike had never seen anything like it. Concerned, he untied her ankles and gripped her round her chest, taking her weight. She hardly seemed to weigh anything. He indicated the webbing tying her to the bar and Sara quickly undid it. Mike carried her to the mat and gently lowered her onto it. "Hold me," he just heard her say, and he lay down next to her. Natasha put an arm round him and pulled herself close. "Fuck me," she whispered, "I didn't know men could do that, to my pussy like that. Fuck me, gently, like that. And cum in me, please, deep."

She was too floppy to go on top. Mike rolled her onto her back and spread her legs. Her pussy was soaking, distended, waiting for him. He lifted her knees and moved in between them, lining up his cock which had been hard again for a while.

He slid his cockhead in a bit, her pussy feeling tight but elastic, fabulous. He slid a little out and a bit more in, then again, and again, each time sinking in a bit deeper. After a dozen strokes he was inside her. He lifted her knees to tilt her pelvis and sank in the last couple of millimetres. She moaned happily, put her hands round his neck and kissed him, on the lips and on his neck. He felt her lift her pelvis up to him, pressing his cock into her.

Mike started slowly fucking her, rhythmically. He put his arms under and round her, one under her back and one under her pelvis. He was cherishing her with his cock, gently in and out. Her pussy was the creamy glove he remembered, alive and reactive, he could sense the effect of every thrust

through her whole body.

Natasha's body was coming alive again, starting to move under him, thrusting back with her pelvis and gasping quietly in his ear, in perfect rhythm. It was a very sexy sound. He felt her hands on his back, urging a faster stroke. He speeded up.

Then much, much sooner than he was expecting Natasha started to cum. It wasn't a hard cum, it was very gentle, a release and a plea, her pussy's contractions faint but unmistakable, and her orgasmic groan not very loud but distinctive "urrrh urrrh urrrh." Mike started to cum into her, feeling bonded to her as he pumped his sperm into her gorgeous, ecstatic young body, his cock in heaven. He finished by pressing deep into her, as deep as his big cock would go, and held it there for a full minute, or two minutes, he couldn't tell.

He felt a sexy little hand on his back. "That was so beautiful," Sara was there, "so beautiful to watch. You're so sensitive Mike, you can feel just what she wants, you're just the most gorgeous." She ran her hands lightly up and down his spine.

Mike was getting the message. Sara had had enough of spectating, however much she appreciated what she'd seen. And the touch of her hands was having the effect she hoped for. He slowly pulled out of Natasha before he got hard again inside her. She was dozing now anyway; he kissed her and got off.

Sara was lying down next to them on the mat, and the change of girl was like a refill for his balls – amazingly, as he lay down facing her and felt her pull them together, his cock was hard again. Sara wriggled against him, rubbing her mons against it. "You gorgeous old sex fiend," she giggled, "just as well you've got two teenage girls to fuck senseless."

"We've got a lot stored up, after today," grinned Mike, "all of us. Don't tell me I could fuck you senseless, you little sexpot, but we can make a start, at least." Easily, naturally, he rolled onto Sara and slid into her.

His senses gorged themselves on the different feel of her body, strong and demanding, her pussy clamped round his cock almost threatening to squash it. They fucked hard for a while, then slowed it down as their orgasms came within reach. Mike ran his hands and eyes over her, her slender neck, strong shoulders, tight waist and wide, potent pelvis. Her strong thighs out wide to let him all into her. His gaze came back to her face, her large grey eyes set off by the tan, her pupils dilated with desire, her wide, sexy mouth open and gasping in delight. They were there, again.

Mike kept the same slow rhythm through their orgasm, spreading it out. Sara had still had a lot of sex

pent up, it seemed, and she came on and on for what seemed like a minute, grunting and thrusting back up to him as her pussy sucked his sperm into her.

‘God, what a feeling’ he was thinking, as a post-coital doze overtook him.

He woke to feel Sara moving under him. She smiled at him and kissed him. “I think Tashie’s getting cold,” she said. Mike looked to see Natasha curled up tight next to them. The room was warm, but not quite warm enough to sleep naked on the floor. He stroked her to wake her.

They got up and Mike checked his phone for the time: quarter to eight. “Food,” said Sara, “let’s go up.” They all got dressed, it being still too light outside to do the trip up the stairs naked: the lower steps were visible from the house. Sara went up with Natasha, while Mike lurked outside the gym door under the staircase. Sara whispered down to him, “they’re in the conservatory, they’d see you for sure,” she reported, “but you can climb up here, chuck some rope up.”

He found a good length of rope in the chest and tied some knots in it for grips, then threw one end up to Sara. She tied it round the rail and Mike, hoping she’d been in the Girl Guides and got her knots badge, climbed up it, pleased that at 52 he could do it without making a fool of himself. Sara welcomed him to the top with a kiss. “My hero,” she laughed, running her hands over his arms and shoulders, “come to save me.”

They went in and Sara turned the heating up. They unpacked the shopping and ate a picnic on the bed, feeling very together. When they were full Sara took the duvet outside to shake the crumbs off it, and then laid it folded at the foot of the bed. The room had warmed up.

“Showers?” asked Sara, “my hair feels like a bird’s nest.” Afterwards they all ended up on the bed, clean, warm, fed, healthy and happy, with Sara in the middle – her natural place Mike felt, she was their driving force. He stroked her gorgeous thigh, their legs overlapping, as a great contentment settled on him.

It had been a great day, he reflected. Their skin glowed from the sun and sea and swimming. Their bodies were half sated with sex, it was all relaxed and optional now, and he felt more at ease with Natasha, though he still had the instinct that she was more lesbian than bisexual, in a general way.

Just as well, he thought, he’d have struggled to keep up with both Sara and another full-time girl. But Natasha was satisfied by sex with Sara; he was an optional extra really - except when she was tied up, possibly, he grinned to himself. Sara was the focus of both of them, an amazing person.

Natasha was so arousing and protectable, both he and Sara seemed to feel the same. She wasn’t

equipped to deal with the world on her own. Then having been aroused by her, he and Sara needed each other to quench the flames. They were a strange trio, in some ways; so right, in others.

“So you didn’t know each other at school?” He’d been wondering.

“Not really,” answered Sara, “it’s such a big school, you only knew people in your classes, if that, and in your group, you know, whatever you did, everyone just has a few people they hang out with. I’d seen you around, but we never talked did we?” She had included Natasha in the conversation. “I wasn’t into girls up until right near the end, anyway, otherwise I’d have made sure I bumped into you,” she smiled.

“It was all cliques,” said Natasha, “and I used to get teased. I was so thin, until last year, they used to call me Twiggy and Twiglet and things like that. So I didn’t hang around, I went home as soon as classes finished.” She paused, then carried on. “Well I did my athletics, 800 metres mainly, and the others were nice there. One of the teachers said I should have a go and I was alright at it, I liked running, just on my own. But he said I didn’t want to win enough. Then he started being a bit funny with me, this year, so…” she tailed off.

“And was that why you left, as soon as you were 16?” Mike asked.

“At the end of the year, yes, I suppose so. I wasn’t very happy there, and I’m not ‘specially clever, you know, so it seemed better to get a job.” Mike didn’t like to ask what her parents thought about it.

“And this last year there were some boys, too,” Natasha continued, “who were hitting on me and when I didn’t want to go out with them some of them were calling me Miss World and things, and Lesbo and things. And I couldn’t get rid of them, and my friends couldn’t either, ‘cos some of them were so much older and bigger.”

Mike’s sense of justice was outraged that such a sweet-natured girl could be basically bullied out of school.

“Well that’s not going to happen any more,” Sara was in the present as usual, “you’re ours now.” She pulled Natasha onto her and held her, kissing her face. Natasha snuggled against her.

Mike watched as their embrace gradually turned sexy. Sara was running her fingers through Natasha’s luxuriant hair, savouring it, then she pulled it aside to kiss the side of her neck, Mike hearing Natasha’s breathing change.

Sara shifted and her leg appeared between Natasha’s. She pulled her other leg off Mike’s to close

her gorgeous strong thighs around Natasha's gorgeous slender one, and squeezed it. Her hands ran delicately down either side of Natasha's spine, and over her pert little ass cheeks, which were now defined by the outline of a new tan. Then they stroked back up her sides, following the shape of her tiny waist and slender ribcage, up to her neck.

Mike's cock stirred.

The girls kissed, a long, deep, kiss with their mouths moving on each other, lips and tongues working at giving sensation. Natasha's hands were in Sara's hair now, and Sara's in Natasha's. Their heads, hair and hands all moved in harmony, not in time but in a common cause; it was deeply beautiful.

Sara's hands moved down again, along Natasha's back, then back up, into her hair once more. All the time their lips were together, moving around on each other but never losing contact. It went on for a long time, many minutes, with no sense of urgency, the girls lost in the moment, seemingly with no awareness of past or future, just living the sensations as they came in, giving affection and receiving it.

Mike rolled onto his back and closed his eyes, changing the main sensation from his sight to his hearing and smell. The slight noises the girls were making were evocative, and the aroma of sexed-up girl was there, a blend of both of them. His mind replayed the images of their love-play, and his cock grew. Then he felt the bed rock, and opened his eyes to see Sara rolling Natasha over and turning round to face the foot end of the bed.

Sara lowered her face into Natasha's bush, covering her abdomen and upper thighs with her long blonde hair. Natasha's thighs were spread and Sara moved down a little to bury her face in her pussy, it seemed. Sara spread her own thighs and lowered her pussy towards Natasha's face, but it was at her chin. Sara rolled off and stood up on the floor.

"I'm shorter than you, I'll go underneath then you can bend," she said. In a moment the two lithe, athletic girls had rearranged themselves, so elegantly that the mood hadn't been broken, Mike saw. Their coordination, muscle control, power-to-weight, made all movement effortless: their attention had never shifted from each other.

In a few seconds Natasha's beautiful face was in Sara's bush, then in her pussy, it seemed; Mike couldn't actually see because the whole area was covered by her glossy brown hair, thick and wavy, but his imagination drew the picture for him, aided by grunts and gasps from Sara.

He could see Sara attacking Natasha's clit from below, at his end of the bed. She licked it, mouthed it, and blew on it, each operation being done at a leisurely pace; he could sense Sara gauging the reaction and metering the stimulus. She moved her head up a little and pushed out her tongue, then

slid it into Natasha's pussy. Mike saw her lips press against Natasha's labia and imagined her tongue flicking around inside. At the other end, her pelvis was starting to writhe a bit.

It was funny how, listening to the two girls' increasing grunts and moans, he could still tell them apart by their voices: Sara's slightly higher pitched and more assertive, even as moans, while Natasha's were deeper and quieter. Even in this curious detail, Mike found their differences alluring.

The girls' 69 went on for longer than he was expecting, not that he had much of a clue what to expect, really, but it seemed like twenty minutes or so, half an hour even. They spent a long time at the same level of arousal, perpetuating their enjoyment of each other's bodies, giving and receiving. It looked so *mutual*. Sara's hands stroked lightly and affectionately over Natasha's back, ass and thighs. Nobody was taking anything for herself, they were sharing their bodies. And deeper than that, he thought, they were communicating a commitment to each other. It was more than just getting each other off; it was a very beautiful thing to witness.

Gradually the activity built up, their bodies were moving more, Natasha's pelvis was thrusting, and Sara's hand appeared over the top of her thigh. Natasha's head was really being moved around, Mike could see, by Sara's pelvis at the other end. The grunts and groans were getting louder, and then he saw three of Sara's little fingers slide into Natasha's pussy, pretty deep, and, he just knew, crook and push into her G-spot. They were cumming.

Sara took her mouth off to breathe, as she came, gasping and moaning. She slid her thumb over Natasha's clit to keep Natasha's orgasm going, Mike hearing her "Urrrh Urrh" as she came too. It lasted a few seconds, then the girls subsided, panting gently. He realised he'd stopped breathing for quite a few seconds, and took a deep breath.

Sara looked across at him and smiled, her gorgeous face glistening with Natasha's juices. Natasha swivelled herself round, lay back down on Sara, and Sara pulled her to her, cheek to cheek. They looked at him and Mike knew what he had to do. He took each beautiful young face in turn and gently licked it clean all over, savouring the juices, slightly different on each one. Then he got up, brought a towel from the ensuite, and gently dried them.

He got back on the bed and lay down next to them. Natasha put an arm round him from above, and Sara worked an arm under him and pulled him close from below.

After a minute, Sara spoke: "I just can't believe I found you both in the same place."