more threesome adventures

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Bisexual thoughts override everything

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I awoke the following morning to a beautiful Canaries sunrise. Slightly disorientated due to being in a strange bed I lay back wondering if what happened the previous night had been a dream. Meeting my new friends Sven and Inga seemed so surreal I couldn't accept that it really happened. Well I was in Tenerife, wasn't I? At least that was not a dream.

I arose and made my way onto the balcony dressed in a tiny pair of pants. The winter sun felt good, Britain can be so grey and cold in November, I felt so exhilarated. I couldn't get my new friends out of my mind, but strangely although I was initially attracted to Inga, it was Sven who was captivating my thoughts. The image of him standing naked in front of me with a full erection was still uppermost in my mind. His muscular body and firm tight buttocks was an image I would never forget. Yet there was something very gentle about him, a warmth that was so inviting, irresistible, I just couldn't wait to meet up again.

Those erotic thoughts, combined with the warm sunshine left me with a stirring in my loins and my penis grew challenging the top of my tiny pants. Thinking I was alone I took off my pants sat back on the balcony lounger and gently stroked myself.

Next thing I heard a cough which sounded very close and immediately jumped up to find a middle aged women on the balcony next door smoking a cigarette and looking straight ahead. It was quite clear that she had witnessed me playing with myself and tried to pretend she had not.

Slightly embarrassed I quickly pulled my pants on and looked in the opposite direction. A slight glance back and I noticed her staring somewhat longingly at me. At the age of 24 I was in my prime, my flowing blond hair and baby face was certainly a turn on for some women. I had never made love to an older women and imagined what it would be like to be dominated.

This particular woman certainly could have fitted that bill. She had long black flowing hair, large breasts although supported by a muscular torso, yet for her age her stomach was flat. I couldn't see

her legs from where I was standing.

Suddenly I felt myself getting hard once again and I looked down and my penis had popped its head through the top of my pants. Fully erect I could boast of seven inches and at least two including my large circumcised head were visible above my pants.

I had this wicked desire to turn around and face my neighbor knowing that she was still intensely starting at my arse. Better still, I thought, I was going to remove my pants and just turn around and stare at her. As I slowly slipped off my pants I could feel her eyes boring through my back. I was now fully erect, turned to face her with a big grin.

After staring open mouthed looking straight down at my cock, she backed off and went back into her room and I could vaguely hear her chatting to a male voice.

A good start to the day I thought, next thing I could hear my telephone ringing and presumed it was the reception. The voice on the other end was soft and gentle. "Hi Kevin, Sven here, Inga and I wondered if you wanted to join us sometime today".

Immediately I heard his soft voice, my knees started to tremble. I had never felt like this about a man before. "Where are you"? I asked.

"In your reception,you gave me your address last night'.'

"Why don't you come up to my room Sven, I am not quite ready." Next thing he was knocking at the door before I had time to get dressed. Sven was dressed in a vest and cut off tight denim shorts. He looked stunning how I imagined a Nordic God to look. He was also looking admiringly at me, I noticed him looking straight down at my tiny pants.

Suddenly I felt embarrassed but unbeknown to me I had created a wet patch on my pants which I presumed to be pre juice from my earlier experience with my neighbor and Sven was staring right at it. Sven laughed and asked if I had been playing with myself already. I then told him about the older woman and he made his way onto the balcony to check her out himself.

She had re-emerged and was now lying back in a sun lounger, topless with a tiny pair of green bikini bottoms. Sven agreed she was quite stunning and made no attempt to hide her interest this side of the balcony. Seeing Sven she probably thought we were a couple of gay lads.

Wouldn't it be great if she came across and joined us, my mind was going into overdrive and I had visions of her on my double bed sucking Sven's massive cock. Just as my thoughts were getting

carried away I heard Sven engage in conversation with her and next thing they were laughing and giggling. She said her husband was sleeping, he had not been well and they were there to convalesce but she was a little bored. "Come over and join us for a drink," Sven said without hesitation.

"Well I don't want to interrupt anything," she said, "but if you insist." Her husband was fast asleep so Sven assisted her onto our balcony.

"I thought you two were a couple," she said jokingly, "a couple of gay guys." She had now covered her breasts with a vest but I could see her large nipples protruding through and had a real urge to touch them. Next thing Sven invited her into the room and asked her straight out if she would like proof that we were not gay.

I couldn't believe my ears, I would never have the nerve to be so forward. However the mature lady who must have been in her early forties, who we now knew to be Gail, was far from shy and sat on the bed and said, "What do you suggest?"

I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. Suddenly the erotic fantasy was becoming a reality. Sven lifted up Gail's vest and began sucking her right nipple. This seemed to set Gail on fire, some women can be so turned on my breast stimulation. Next thing she was fondling the front of Sven's denim shorts and she could see the massive bulge, so without hesitation she unbuttoned and unzipped him and almost pulled his shorts off in one go.

He had no pants on so there he was in all his glory. I immediately responded as I had done when I saw Sven naked the previous night and quickly removed my pants as these two certainly showed no signs of being shy. Next thing Gail had taken Sven's cock in her mouth and was sucking so vigorously, I thought she was going to bite it off. She was like a women possessed, a woman who was intent for making up for lost time.

I wanted to get involved so while she was sucking, I pulled off her tiny green bottoms, revealing a massive tuft of jet black hair. This seemed to have sent her into some sort of spasm, she arched up her back inviting me to investigate her mound. As I moved my tongue near her she opened her legs really wide revealing a massive wet juicy clit surrounded by a huge hood. It was almost like she had a penis and I took it into my mouth and sucked for all I was worth. She was so moist the juice was seeping from her onto the already sodden sheets.

Gail seemed to be going berserk, whilst sucking frantically at Sven's cock, she arched her back and let out an almighty scream and her body kept quivering. "Oh my God, Oh my God," she screamed, "somebody fuck me now."

In one movement I leapt upon her and she almost sucked my cock inside her. She stopped sucking Sven's cock and just lay back groaning holding her head. Her reaction turned me on even more, I had never witnessed a women in such a state of excitement. I quickly unloaded without any consideration in an animalistic fashion.

She was insatiable and demanded Sven take over which he duly did. I just laid back and watch the Swedish God fuck the living daylights out of a hungry wench that couldn't get enough. Finally Gail let out another massive scream arched up her back and seem to be having orgasm after orgasm and Sven knew instinctively it was his cue to shoot his load. Again all three of us ended up in a pool of sweat, spunk and who knows what else.

I hadn't really had time to think about Sven, due to Gail's needs but the more I thought about it the more I wanted a one to one session with him. How far would I go? Would I go all the way?

Read about it in the next story.