

# The get together The get together

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*You meet at a restaurant, and what happens afterwards provides magnificent orgasms*

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I was just thinking about how you seduced your friend Michelle with my erotic stories, and you and her talked about all things sexual frequently online for a couple of weeks. I loved the snippets you sent to me. Then finally, on that Saturday afternoon, we met at the Butcher Shop Restaurant. As we planned online, I came with a couple of my stories to read, one that I had written just for the two of you.

I walked into the restaurant to find you and Michelle already there, sitting in one of those semi-private booths near the back corner, both of you wearing the most wonderful summer dresses and looking so wonderfully sexy. I came in and sat down. We talked about the weather and ordinary things for about 10 minutes. The waitress came and dropped off the menus, then disappeared. She was a sultry looking young woman of about 24, always moving fast, probably Indian ancestry.

I started reading; we were all already tingling with anticipation because we had described the scene already in our online conversations.

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As I am reading, I notice your summer dresses again, both of you without bra. I wonder if you are wearing panties that show up wet spots, you know how wet spots excite me don't you, and I how much I like the feeling of touching wet panties. I know you like to wear the silky types for me, because you know how I like them, and of course because the friction feels nice too, I know it does just from the moans that it generates.

Anyway, I am still reading aloud, I see that you are both looking into each other's eyes while I unfold the story for you, your eyes are getting wet, and I can see little stars in them from the restaurant lights. Your hands move to my thighs, your touch is like electricity. I keep reading trying to keep my voice from showing the excitement that I feel. It is hard, no pun intended!

I see your nipples pressing through the thin material of your summer dress. I watch you touch your nipples with your finger while Michelle squirms around in her seat. It feels so good to watch Michelle almost overcome with arousal. This is so dangerous and exciting that I almost burst out of my jeans.

I see that nobody is looking, so I reach out to tease your nipples, and Michelle sees and starts to tease the other one; they become taut under our touch. Luckily we are in a restaurant that has semiprivate booths. But they are only semiprivate and the waitress has been giving us curious looks already. I mention this, and you say "Oh yeah, I have been watching her looking at us seductively, she is cute."

I mutter, "Yea, but we have enough to keep us busy for now!"

Michelle and I run our hands together down over your tummy, remembering at the same time how much you like to have hands on your tummy when you are tingling in arousal. You try to reach across to run your hands over Michelle's thighs, but something stops you.

Oops, the waitress comes to take our drink order, so we quickly stop what we are doing, but I leave the story in view on the table. I can see the waitress reading as she waits for our drink order, and she likes it too. She becomes very restless, then departs with our order.

"Stop this, just read the damn story," you say.

We just talk a bit until she comes back with the drinks, but she seems to take a long time. When she returns, you comment that you noticed that she had the waitress had her top button undone. Hmm, I had noticed it too, and a slight flush to her cheeks. Oh well, looks like we are sharing our pleasure a little bit.

I loved it when you leaned over me to kiss Michelle, you remember that? I have some photos of women kissing, and it is much more erotic than naked bodies, so seeing you kissing in front of me just made me ache so beautifully from my head to my toes, with a special tight feeling in my balls. I am even starting to feel it again now, just from the memory, even as I write.

Anyway, you broke up in case the waitress would come back, so we just talked a bit more. You described how you felt when Michelle kissed you, oh my but it was erotic. Then Michelle leaned over and kissed you so passionately again, nibbling your bottom lip, while her hand went to the crotch of my pants and she rubbed me so sweetly, and softly. She is talented; I could see her other hand is tweaking at your nipples through your top, and when your eyes opened and met mine I almost passed out from the electric pleasure.

"Fuck, this is dangerous, but nice," I say.

Oh my, I can feel it now as I remember hearing you moan so softly. Anyway, with all this happening, I was finding it hard to read so I had to take a break to return the touch to Michelle. Both you and Michelle were wearing summer dresses with soft cotton panties underneath, so I slowly run my hand up Michelle's thigh, feeling it get warmer as I go. But I don't run it all the way up, while you are kissing her, I stop and then move it up the other thigh, stopping just a fraction of a millimetre before her panties which I believe were already soaking wet even then. I could feel the heat on my hand, and it excited me, but I held back. No hurry.

At that point it was getting risky; the waitress might come back, so we broke off out groping and kissing and just talked. I asked Michelle, "Are you multi-orgasmic?"

"Yes," she replied. "I can have up to 10 orgasms in the right circumstances."

I looked at you, and we both had the same thought. "Let's create those circumstances tonight."

How totally amazing, I was with two multi-orgasmic women and we had a whole evening to enjoy.

Michelle's nostrils were flaring, her nipples taugt against her summer dress as we talked, and she was a bit worried because she gets very noisy. You were also pretty aroused; I could see it in the stars in your eyes, the way you squirmed around in your chair. So we decided to tone it down a little bit. After all, the restaurant was just the start. We just sat there, all glowing and aroused until after dinner, but by then we were really primed.

During dessert, I picked up the story and finished reading it for you both. We talked about the parts that we liked, what we might try tonight, and the heat was just kept burning until the waitress brought the bill, her top button no longer undone.

After dinner we left the restaurant to drive back to my place, but the drive itself also proved to be quite interesting, you and Michelle in the back seat while I tried my best to watch the road. What I really enjoyed watching in the mirror was the way you closed your eyes and moaned when her hand first touched your pussy through the wet material of your panties. It sure made it difficult for me to watch the road, so I pulled over for a few minutes just to watch.

I could see Michelle watching me watching you both, and biting her bottom lip as she looked at me in the mirror while she continued to touch you. I find it hard to watch and not touch my aching cock, but I manage somehow, just enjoying the great feeling that seeing you together evokes in me. A big wet spot was growing where my cock was under the surface of my jeans. When Michelle kisses you

passionately, and inserts her finger into your wet pussy I almost cream myself, but somehow I manage, and I pull back onto the road and drive off.

In the mirror, I could see Michelle reach into her bag and take out her little bullet vibrator. She said she always carries it in her purse, you never know when you will need it. She switched it on and slowly ran it over your nipple, the sound attracting my attention in the mirror. I could hardly bear it when I heard the little moan from your sweet lips. Damn, why is my place so far away. But not long now, only about 10 minutes; the sounds and sights from the back seat have me aching so deliciously.

Concentrating on the road, I finally get us to my place, and pull into the apartment building parking lot.

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The two of you are so into each other in the back seat that I have to remind you that we have stopped. You straighten out your clothes, Michelle pops the little vibrator into her purse, and you get out of the car on slightly wobbly legs. We share a tender, cuddling embrace before heading into my place.

Hazel, do you remember what you said just inside the door?

“Lets take his pants off and make him sit on his hands and watch us,” you said to Michelle. Naturally, I did not object. I love how intense watching you makes me feel.

You and Michelle shared a big passionate kiss while I put on some music. When I turned around you were standing, one on either side of me, you undoing my belt while Michelle unzipped my fly. Within seconds, my erect wet cock was free, and I was in an advanced state of joy at the attention.

You held my cock in your hand, and you told Michelle that you had had many orgasms from this tool, and you expected it to give you at least one each tonight. Oddly, I blushed as you held my cock in your hand and said this, but Michelle rubbed some of my precum around its head making me feel like I was burning in my balls.

Michelle then rubbed the precum on your lips and kissed you there, nibbling and kissing in a way that made me get about as hard as it is possible to get without doing some tissue damage. When you stopped kissing, you pushed me back to the chair, and told me to sit on my hands.

Naturally, I obeyed; the joy of watching you and Michelle making out was all the pleasure I needed for now. But just to tease me a little, you took my cock into your mouth and circled its head with your tongue. I have never loved and lusted for you more than I did in that moment. I reached out and felt

one pussy with each hand, and they were both intensely hot and wet. But, it was now your turn with Michelle.

I sat foolishly on my hands on the chair while you and Michelle got stuck into an awesome kiss, your hands all over each other's bodies. Hands under dresses, panties pulled to the side, fingers disappearing inside wet pussies, soft moans of delight, it's all a wonderful blur now.

What I really loved was how you ground your pelvis into each other's legs. It was really special and I thank my lucky stars to be able to watch. The aching in my balls was growing as I watched this, my cock was hard and erect, with pre-cum dripping out and running down over its shaft. I could see my heartbeat in its movements, and when I squeezed my muscles, the pleasure was intense. I had to be careful; I could cum like that without even touching it.

I know how much you like me to watch you when you are masturbating, especially when I cannot resist playing with myself as well, but this was different. I hope my sweet agony also made your pleasure more intense; from your eyes as you watched me I think it did.

I am always amazed when I see two women fucking each other's legs, it is just so sweet. Michelle pushed you back on the couch, pushed up your dress and hers, and straddled your right leg. I just knew that there was no more foreplay, and waves of uncontrollable pleasure washed over me as I realised Michelle was going to get off on your leg.

She kissed you on the lips and humped your leg, which at the same time pressing her left leg into your pelvis. Muffled moans through sloppy wet kisses filled the air and inflamed my swollen testicles even more, as pre-cum flowed freely. I was dying to touch it, to rub the pre-cum round the head of my aching cock, but I resisted and in resisting I experienced a feeling that I rarely achieve. It was really awesome.

Every heartbeat was visible in my cock as a new tiny drop of pre-cum appeared, and a wave of pleasure rolled from the head of my cock to my testicles. Wow, why had we not done this before!

Michelle was writhing on your leg, and breathing like she was riding a cock. Her moans were sensual and conveyed a sense of totally trust that we were both there for her, and your whimpering moans mingled with them to create a direct connection between my eyes, ears and cock.

The pitch of Michelle's moans increased as she ground her clit into your upper thigh, her left leg pressing into your clit enough to make you whimper but not enough to make your cum. Suddenly, the pitch changed, and Michelle said "Oh Hazel, I am cummmmming." The pitch decreased through the last word until it was a guttural grunt, and Michelle's orgasm gripped her and exploded in her body.

She was greedy, oh my but she was beautifully greedy. She grabbed the orgasm and controlled it, her muscles tense and her movements slow and deliberate. Finally, Michelle's orgasm subsided, and I looked at you, your eyes dripping with tears of arousal, your nipples swollen and erect.

I started to get up to come to your rescue, but you shouted "No!" and I sat back down.

"Michelle! Its my turn now, don't fucking fall asleep on me," you laughed.

"Oh my, that was amazing," said Michelle. "I have wanted to do that with you since the first time we met on Facebook."

"I have wanted to sit on your face since we first started fooling around, since I first saw those mischievous eyes of yours, and the picture of you in a tight bikini with a sheepskin vest," you replied.

Michelle got the cushions off the couch and arranged them on the floor so that you head was just out of reach to take my cock in your mouth. Clever girl! She lay down so that her legs were either side of the chair that I was sitting on, and she was still wearing her light blue cotton panties with the crotch now totally soaked and looking so inviting. But I was not allowed to do what I wanted to do, which was rip aside the crotch of those panties and plunge my aching dick into her.

"Come on Hazel, what are you waiting for. I am dying to taste your pussy, and lets make this bugger really suffer before he gets any release," Michelle said.

You ripped off your panties and straddled Michelle's face and looked up at me with a look of total joy. I loved you more in that moment than ever, for your trust, for your spirit of adventure, just for being you.

Michelle's tongue started off by sucking your pussy lips, first left then right, tugging them into her mouth. I could just imagine your musky taste, and the silky feel of your pussy lips. I am sure the wetness in Michelle's panties was becoming more intense. She put two fingers into you and began to fuck you with them, moving them slowly in and out, while her tongue flicked your clitoris, back and forth.

There was no holding back here, skirting the edge as we often like to do. Michelle was going in for the kill, so to speak, and you were into it, your eyes were turning up in their sockets from pleasure. You know how much that drives me wild. It was only a few minutes when I could see your skin starting to turn pink around your breasts and shoulders, spreading up to your face. Your eyes turned in your socket, and you made an indescribably sexy sound as your orgasm grabbed hold of you.

Michelle was in control of this one. By managing her tongue play, she made your cum in three successive waves, an intense one that was overpowering, a medium one that was almost as powerful, and a small one during which you opened your eyes and looked at me with wonderful love in your eyes.

Slowly you came down from the last wave, and I yelled, “For fuck sake, I have to fuck someone now or I am going to burst.”

But I will remind you of that in the next letter. Meanwhile, I hope you enjoyed this memory. Please tell me how you feel right now, and send this story to Michelle, and ask her to write to both of us and tell us how it felt for her and how she felt while reading the letter and remembering. I think we can recreate some of that intensity, even though we are not able to get together right now.

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You moved aside so Michelle could get up, and with that just fucked look on your face you leaned against the couch, and sighed so sweetly.

“Poor boy, needs a fuck,” said Michelle. “I guess I can manage another one myself, so lets see what we can do.”

I wanted to jump up and grab one of you, Hazel, but Michelle came over to me and slowly peeled off her soaking wet panties. She pushed the musky wet crotch in my face as she straddled me on the chair. She reached down and guided my cock into her pussy, but – tease that she is – she didn’t lower herself so that she engulfed me, she just moved her hips and teased my wet cock with her slippery pussy lips. I was to be kept in delicious agony a little while longer.

“Come on, Michelle, take him inside of you before you kill him, “you said coming behind Michelle and kissing her on the neck, your hands reaching round to cup her breasts.

As you twirled your fingers round Michelle’s nipples, she lowered herself until I was all the way inside, and I can tell you that the feeling was exquisite in the extreme. It was like when you are really really thirsty, and then you have a glass of something cold. She raised herself slowly, and teased my cock head again, before lowering herself down over me, repeating the whole thing slowly for a few minutes while you just stood back and watched.

Of course you know how much I love that slow tease, moving slowly and feeling every sensation. I know because you love it too.

You tried to find a place for yourself, but the angles were all wrong, and straddling me Michelle had to move up and down. I was in total ecstasy so I did not notice your predicament until you almost fell over.

So, I told Michelle to hold still, and got up and carried her with my cock still inside her into the bedroom. I put Michelle down on the bed, and continued to move inside her while standing and leaning over the edge of the bed. It was nice, but we still needed to find a way to get you into the picture.

We fumbled around for a while, trying to find a comfortable fit, when Michelle said, "I know, come in me from behind, and Hazel can get underneath and suck my pussy."

So that's what we did, Michelle knelt on the edge of the bed, with her legs wide and her pussy looking up at me from the back. I stood up, and entered her soft and yielding pussy from behind. You were lying on your back underneath, your tongue already flicking Michelle's clitoris when I began my slow, deliberate, calculated movements in and out of Michelle's hot, wet pussy.

As I moved in and out, I held Michelle's waist, and pulled her towards me with each thrust. The curve of her buttocks and the shape of her back was so sexy, I almost wanted to stop and just enjoy the view.

Over Michelle's shoulder, I saw your hand go to your pussy, and your fingers making slow circles of your clitoris. I was going slow and deliberate with Michelle, slowing or pausing occasionally, to give emphasis to the sensations and enhance the anticipation; much as rests make good music, pauses make a great fuck.

It was not long before Michelle was moaning, telling us her pleasure, her breathing increasing in intensity. I have to admit though, she knows how to be greedy, because a couple of times her breathing, the flush on her skin and the tenseness of her muscles suggested that she was on the edge of orgasm. Instead of rushing over the edge, however, she relaxed and said "No wait, I want it to last," in that sexy deep tone that comes with skirting the edge of orgasm.

I managed to reach around and stroke Michelle's nipples while we slowed down for her to come back from the edge. They were tight and the little sensitive bumps around them were also tight and felt nice under my fingertips.

We continued like this for a while, getting to the edge and Michelle asking us to wait. But eventually, we were all ready for a big three way orgasm, so Michelle cried "Yes, I am going to come," with

“come” being a five syllable word decreasing in pitch. You increased the fervour of your own masturbation, and dug your face into Michelle.

Your muffled squishy screams were the trigger that sent me over the edge, and suddenly, there we were, the three of us having one big orgasm. In my case, I had been skirting the edge of an orgasm for some time, so when I finally let go, it felt like massive, overwhelming waves that started in my testicles and flowed down my cock and all over my body.

I never lost my focus, indeed focusing on you and Michelle made the orgasm more intense. So I saw Michelle’s skin flush as the orgasm washed over her, and caught glimpses of the same happening to you. I love the way your eyes roll up when you start to cum, it’s the only thing I missed about this position.

When the waves of our shared orgasm finished, I think we were all three of us were ready to collapse, so some how we disentangled and all crawled to the pillows of my king-sized bed and huddled together cooing at one another, drifting away in post coital bliss.

The sounds and smells of our lovemaking must have been overpowering, it’s a pity we didn’t record it all. Maybe next time!

*[I bet the two of you are so wet now that I have read this. It is a beautiful thing to remember. I know if you could only look in each other’s eyes, you would see the intensity of that arousal, you are both aching, you are soaking wet. You want to cum. And you can.]*