The Point of No Return

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A sexual three-way takes Tony beyond his comfort zone.

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My wife, Lucy and I were on holiday and had become friendly with another couple, Helen and Pete, who were slightly younger than us but were both very much on our wavelength. It happened one night, that we were back at their rented villa, enjoying a few drinks and a tipsy chat. I was seated next to Lucy, and facing us, Helen next to Pete when the topic of conversation moved somehow from politics to sexuality:

"So Tony", Pete piped up. "What's your view on bi-sexuality?" He asked forwardly.

I responded, in a semi-diplomatic manner, "Well each to their own really. But in the privacy of their own home I should think."

"Yeah sure", he nodded, "I take it you don't have many gay friends in that case."

"No, as a matter of fact I don't", I shrugged, "but it wouldn't bother me if I did."

"I see", said Pete, looking briefly at his wife. "Well in that case, what would you say if I told you that Helen and I are both bisexual."

The room went quiet as we looked at each other, my Wife looking at her feet and Pete's wife blushing ever so slightly as her husband opened up to me and Lucy.

"Er, great, I said", in a move to break the silence, then swiftly wishing I'd said nothing. "No, really", I continued, "I think that's very, er, cosmpolitan." Shit, that was such a dumb thing to say.

"So I take it you've never dabbled?" Pete said inquisitvely, his eyes turning to my wife.

"No!" I said quickly, "Never. That's not something that'd do it for me. Sorry."

"No need to be sorry, Tony. It's your loss." He said smiling.

Helen then spoke up, "You see Tony, I was speaking at length to your wife earlier and she let it slip that ...", Lucy coughed and looked very serious all of a sudden. Helen turned to her and said gently, "Come on now Lucy, I know you're dying for him to know." Lucy sighed reluctantly, realising that it was too late to try and hide what Helen was about to say.

"I was saying, she let it slip that she'd love to see you suck another man's cock."

My jaw dropped. Where on earth had this come from? I turned to Lucy, who had gone bright red and could barely look me in the eye. "Are you serious?" I said to her bewilderedly. "You honestly would want to see me do that? But I'm not gay!" I protested.

Helen jumped in, sensing the situation might turn sour, "You don't have to be gay to do that. You don't even have to be bisexual." She tried to placate me.

"Oh really? How do you figure", I said sarcastically.

"Well for one thing, we KNOW you're not gay", she said looking at Lucy, "And another, it's not something you'd be choosing to do, it'd be a favour to your wife, just as an experiment." She paused. "Take this for instance: I bet you'd like to see her with another woman, right? But even if you did, you wouldn't think of her as a lesbian, would you?"

I pondered on that for a moment and found myself agreeing with her. "I guess you have a point," I said. Pete looked on, as if to reassure me the topic was completely normal.

"Fancy trying it?" Helen said cheekily.

"What now?" I blurted out, "With Pete? Hey I don't think so."

Helen frowned and said, "Alright, I get it, I think you need a starter before the main course." A silence hit the room, just for a second but it felt like far longer. Helen nodded to Lucy and said, "Let's just try something else instead."

I realised at this point that the whole situation had been planned. It had not simply cropped up in conversation by accident and, as I was about to discover, my wife was also involved.

Lucy turned to me and moved closer, placing her hand on my crotch, making me gasp lightly. I sat there, dumbfounded, not sure whether I wanted her to go ahead, knowing what might be in store for me later with her, Pete and Helen. Lucy knelt down and began to unzip my fly. She undid my belt and

reached into my underpants to free my cock. It was semi-hard and, as Lucy moved her hand up and down a few times, getting harder; she stared into it, trying to avoid eye contact with me. Eventually it was at full mast with pre-cum dribbling from the end, which smeared Lucy's fingers, then she pointed it toward her face. Finally looking me first in the eye, then back to my cock, she moved forward, taking the end into her mouth, sliding it over her tongue to the back of her thoat.

"Oh Shit!", I said in a breathy voice.

A slight chuckle came from the others, who were enjoying the spectacle and now clearly delighted by my loss of control.

"That's it Lucy", Helen said. "He won't last a minute. Make him spunk in your mouth. NOW!". Jesus. I couldn't hold on. With Lucy giving me the best blow job I'd had in years and Helen talking like a slut, I couldn't hang on for long.

"Shit! Oh Shiiit!", I said. "I'm gonna cum, Lucy. I'm gonna cu ..." Lucy said nothing, she just pulled me closer as my cock spat into her mouth. I grabbed the back of her head and savoured the orgasm to the last spurt, fucking her mouth as if I'd paid her to do so.

"Mmmm. Mmmm.", Lucy murmured as she swallowed my load, her mouth clamped around my cock.

The sounds in the room subsided. "Well, well", Pete's Wife said. "I think someone owes Lucy a good seeing to, don't you?" she continued, looking at each of us in turn and finishing her gaze upon me.

"Erm, yes I suppose so", I said, catching my breath, "But no gay stuff alright?"

Helen shrugged and said, "Fair enough".

Lucy backed off, allowing my spent cock to flop back down. Helen took a deep breath and began to take a commanding tone. "Okay. Here's what we'll do then. Tony, you lie down on the couch. Lucy, I want you to straddle his head: he's going to return the favour. But first I want both of you to strip." Now this I was going to like, I thought. Having sex in front of Helen and Pete, as she gave directions would be a huge turn-on.

Lucy and I peeled off our clothing obediently. Once naked, I lay upon my back and looked at Lucy's gorgeously smooth body. She ran her hands teasingly over her toned stomach up to her rounded breasts and pushed them together as if posing for a photo shoot. Even after just witnessing her gulp down my hot load, I felt awkward, at her confident display.

She came toward me, and with her head over mine, looking me in the face, she lifted her right knee over my head and pushed her moist pussy onto my face. My tongue flicked out, straining the tendons as I tried to pleasure her as best I knew how. Lucy moaned as the tip of my tongue found its target, making me moan in response, to indicate my satisfaction at pleasing her. She girated on my face, hands still on her breasts, using my mouth and tongue to suit her need.

We'd had sex together countless times and had few inhbitions but right now things felt different. We were doing this in front of others and it felt so naughty.

Meanwhile, Pete had stripped down too, at the instruction of Helen, who was now the only person still clothed.

"Pete's cock needs servicing," she said.

"Lucy, I want you to give my Pete a blow job, ok?"

"Mmmm yes please," Lucy said to me in a soft voice, virtually begging.

I gave her a stunned look with my eyes; she openly admitted she was willing to suck Pete's cock but then I realised this might be the only chance I get to see her do something like this and, taking a break from her pussy, replied, "Go on. Do it."

Pete stood near Lucy's face and leaned over, supporting his weight with one arm at the top of the couch. His uncut cock was now at full mast; a bead of pre-cum leaking at the tip, prompting Lucy to extract it with her tongue, as if she were licking candy floss.

"Oooh that's it", Helen exclaimed in a low voice. "That's it Lucy. Mmmm, good girl."

Pete threw his head back, looking toward the ceiling, before closing his eyes in rapture. My cock was now rock hard once again, as I heard the slurps and moans. Her head bobbed back and forth on Pete's cock, as his hips moved in time with her. After a few minutes of this, Helen re-directed the scene.

"Oooh good, Lucy. You've done well. Pete is now going to fuck your pussy, whilst my husband continues licking it." She continued after a pause, "You are now to resume sucking Tony's cock but he is not allowed to cum yet - do you hear that Tony?"

I mumbled in agreement, my mouth busy, as Lucy nodded and lifted herself from my face and moved her head from Pete's cock. She turned around and her cunt found my mouth once more as her face

found my cock. Oh God this was going to be incredible!

Pete positioned himself behind my Wife's arse, his shaven 8" cock and balls just 6 inches above my head, which made me feel apprehensive at first, due to the recent conversation but then I remembered the comparison Helen had made earlier and made a decision there and then to see where this went. I'd never felt so hot and hard before and besides, I was just playing along with Helen as instructed to, so there was nothing to feel uncomfortable about.

Pete slid his cock into my wife's cunt, as he held her hips, my face disappearing beneath the couple's interlocked genitals. I tried not to make contact with Pete's ballbag as it moved over my nose and mouth but my tongue inevitably did so as he thrust inside her up to the hilt.

"Hey!" Helen said, "Not so fast Pete. Let's slow it down a bit, shall we? I want it in slow motion for the camera!" At which point Helen pointed her smartphone at the three of us and began to film.

Pete withdrew his cock and waited for what seemed to be ages before plunging it slowly back into Lucy's cunt, finishing with a firm thrust, then pulling out slowly once more. His slippery length waited again above my face, as my tongue worked away ferverently. Then came a moment I would remember for a long time.

"Oh, I see you looking at that stiff, shiny cock, you pervert," Helen said firmly. "You've had a change of heart haven't you, now that you're all worked up? Fine. I'm going to make you lick it, you naughty boy. I want you to lick her cunt juices off it."

Helen went for broke, phrasing it in a such fashion as to add an air of humour, as if it were punishment dealt out by the school mistress, and outside of my control. Pete, not making eye contact, had lowered his cock in response to Helen's request. Encouraged by Helen's manner, I raised my chin slightly, moving my tongue from Lucy's pussy to the tip of Pete's penis. It connected and I licked it very briefly so as to prove I could do it, without taking it too far.

"Excellent," Helen approved, "show Lucy how much you love her taste. Lick it again". So I did.

It was all so quick and I don't really remember where the urge came from but I suddenly envisaged myself sucking his cock. It was as if someone else had planted the thought in my head without permission, yet as I saw this in my mind's eye, it turned me on. God, it really turned me on. My hard-on strained and a shiver ran over my body as the forbidden act played over in my head. What the fuck? I thought. I just saw myself sucking a guy's cock and being really turned on my it! How could that be? And it was as if Helen had read my mind too ...

"Now fuck Lucy hard!" Helen said lustfully to Pete, who thrust forward, deep into her belly.

Lucy squealed with delight and I dropped my head back to the couch, glad to be out of the spotlight for a moment, yet secretly disappointed that I'd not been given more instruction to explore Pete's tool. This, I couldn't explain.

I'd never had any homosexual thoughts in my life yet here I was, yearning to get another chance to run my tongue along the underside of his 8 inches. It was a feeling I'd not felt since the first time I ate a girl's pussy. Somehow, being given the green light from Helen, her partner and my wife, made me lose any inibition about what was going down; pure lust took over and I felt ready to do almost anything.

Pete's breathing intensified, his thrusting becoming a pounding as he slammed his hips into her arse. Lucy, with my cock firmly in her mouth, began to moan as her next orgasm approached. Watching Pete's cock fuck my wife's pussy from such an intimate position was mind-blowing. I'd cum once earlier but with the combination of this visual feast and Lucy's warm mouth around my cock, I could sense I wasn't far off cumming again. Lucy moaned loudly and shuddered as an orgasm ripped though her; Helen's husband still pumping away.

"Oh yes! Yes!" Helen shrieked, sensing Lucy's pleasure.

"Honey - take out your cock and let Tony lick it clean again," she said. Pete obeyed, his cock now waiting above my head. "Don't worry, Tony, your secret is safe with us," Helen confirmed. "Just try it again." Her tone had lost the playfulness and was now asking me sincerely.

With my tongue tasting Lucy's wetness on him, I licked up and down his length once more. Helen then gestured to Lucy to stop sucking my cock; to get up and turn around to watch what was unfolding. "Hey Tony," Helen said, "if you want to cum, there's something you've got to do for Lucy."

Fifteen minutes ago, I didn't have a raging hard-on. Things were different now. My wife had left me aching to cum and all I had to do was suck Pete's cock for a moment. Jesus, what a dilemma. My cock was thinking on my behalf at this point. I had to have release no matter what.

"Now open your mouth, Tony," Helen said, returning to her stern tone all of a sudden, sensing I was very much under her control and just needed one last nudge. "Stop teasing Pete and get on with it," she said, sternly. "I know how badly you want to come."

I closed my eyes and opened my mouth slowly. Pete pushed the head of his cock inside my mouth, pressing against my tongue. It stretched my lips and jaw as it slid down, eventually reaching the point

where I could take it no further. "Now fuck his mouth Pete, like you fucked her pussy," Helen ordered. Pete leaned over me, placing his hands either side of my hips and moved back and forth to this threshold, slowly building towards his climax. As he did so, I felt uncertain about this but I felt overpowered now by Pete's weight upon me.

"Okay Honey," Helen began, "I think I'd prefer if you finished Tony off," she said frankly.

Pete moved lower, and before I could refuse, pressed his body down upon mine and found my cock with his hands and mouth. He now slowly fucked my virgin mouth in a 69 position. I sensed it wouldn't be long before he came. Could I really go through with this? The thoughts rushed through my head; all the while, Pete's cock sliding in and out.

Pete was clearly experienced at this. His technique left little to be desired and, although I tried hard not to come, Pete was determined to extract it from my aching balls. "It's time to come now, Tony," Helen said. "Just let it go..."

On hearing that, my cock exploded, sending my load into Pete's mouth, wave upon wave; Pete swallowed the lot and began to moan as his own climax approached.

He growled, through a mouthful of my cock and as his balls tightened, he pushed his cock deeper; the first spurt of hot semen fired to the back of my throat. I was not prepared for this. Mixed feelings washed over me as I was forced to accepted Pete's huge load. "Oh god - too late," I thought. I had an overwhelming sense that I'd makde a mistake to let this happen but now it was too late and I had to reluctantly see it through to the end.

His spunk kept on coming, the next jet landing on my tongue and sliding to the back of my mouth, as his cock moved back slightly. The thick, warm texture was unlike anything I had encountered in my mouth before and as its taste hit me I thought, "Oh god no! This isn't what I expected." - and gagged slightly. Lucy saw this and sent some words of encouragement my way, "Come on baby, do it for me. I want you to," she said.

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to block out the salty sensation in my throat. No use. It was too strong but somehow I managed to keep myself from choking it back up. Finally the flood of his cum subsided and he lifted himself off me and knelt with his dripping cock next to my face. His gooey seed sat at the back of my throat, as I puffed my cheeks to avoid it slipping down my throat any further.

"Now swallow," Helen said firmly. "I don't want any mess on the couch. Pete managed it - so can you." I breathed through my nose a couple of times and looked pleadingly at my wife to see if she really wanted this too. She did.

Wincing, and in one big gulp, I took it all down into my belly, becoming a cum swallower for my wife's pleasure.

Helen stood there with a satisfied smirk on her face, in a kind of "told you so" way. Lucy just smiled and said, "Thanks baby."

Helen said finally, "What a performance ... and we have it all recorded too."