Work Experience Part 2

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Carla, my boss and I get it on

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This was bizarre. Carla and I naked on the bed, making love and my boyfriend John on the speaker phone on the bedside table listening to our every word and move. He was sitting in the chair at our house, masturbating whilst we spoke to him, teasing him to death as we described to him what we were doing.

Carla was now lying on her stomach with her head between my knees. Her hands were underneath the crook of my knees, parting my thighs as she began to lightly kiss the inside of my left knee. I tried to keep my voice as level as I could.

“Would you really like to come inside Carla John? I asked. There was a moments silence over the speaker phoneexcept for the slow, muffled sound of his hand stroking his erection..

“Would you mind Amee?” he asked hesitantly.

“Of course not darling, as long as I was there to watch. You would love it John. She is so beautiful and I have told her all about you. She would love to fuck you. Wouldn’t you Carla?”

Carla looked up from between my legs where her lips and tongue had been slowly making their way higher along the inside of my thigh, causing my voice to quaver and my hips to move in little jerks again.

“Oh John! I can feel you inside me already darling.” She said. “Your thick cock would still be moist and warm from Amee’s orgasm. Don’t tease me or play with me John. Just thrust it into me while you are still wet from Amee. Don’t be gentle. Spear it into me hard John.”

Clara had slipped one of her arms underneath her body and was again masturbating while she was talking to John.

“Are you sure Amee? Are you sure? The rhythm of his hand had increased considerably and I sensed he was near to coming.

“Of course I’m suu..Ahaaa…! OH FUCK! I cried.”

“What? What’s the matter Amee?

Carla had lowered her head back between my legs again. I expected to feel the sweet sensation of her lips again on the inside of my thighs, but a violent and exquisite tremor shook my body as she lowered her mouth directly on to the lips of my vagina and immediately slipped her tongue in, probing and teasing hard against my clit’ as she continued to masturbate herself urgently. I realized that she was close to coming.

“Oh God!... She’s using her tongue John….. She’s eating me. Ah..ah..ah!” I gasped as I put both my hands around the back of Carla’s head, holding her mouth hard against the lips of my slit, grinding my hips against her face until my cunt was slipping and sliding against her mouth.

“Oh Yes Carla. Oh Yes. Oh Fuck!”

She raised her head and was quickly on her knees above me. She put her left knee between my legs and raised my right leg until my knee was locked into her armpit. She opened her legs wide and placed her right knee on the bed, close to my side, against my left hip. Realising what she was doing, I raised my hips to meet hers as she lowered her body until the soft, moist, outer folds of her vagina brushed against my own.

“Amee. Ooohh Amee! Does that feel good darling?”

I couldn’t have formed a reply if my life depended on it. With my leg locked under her arm she moved her torso in a circular motion, causing our cunts to slip and slide together, the sensation was one of sheer, indescribable sexual fucking bliss.

“Please Carla. Yes. Oh please. Harder. Oh fuck Carla. HARDER!” I was almost screaming at her as I arched my hips, trying to urge my cunt harder against hers.

“Talk to me someone please.” John was begging over the phone.

“I’m fucking our cute little girl John. I’m on top of her. Have you come yet?

“No.” he croaked.

“Are you close darling?

“Mmmmm..”

Carla voice was breaking up, was now pressing down hard against me. The gentle little circular motions had ceased, her pelvic bone was grinding against mine as I humped and jerked myself against her, spreading the lips of our cunts and working our clit’s against each others pelvic bones in one deliciously, wet, warm, slippery mess.

I was making so much noise that Carla had to raise her voice to talk to John.

“Do you want to come with us darling?”

“Yes. Oh Yes!”

“Her cunt feels so good against mine John. Can you hear her? Amee loves it too. We’re both sooo wet.”

John was now becoming almost as incoherent as me. He replied with long, low moans interspersed with “Fuck her Carla…make her come…Jeeez! I’m nearly there.”

Carla was stammering now, building towards an orgasm.

“Me too.” gasped Carla. “Our little girl will be off the planet very soon too. She feels so good John. I can’t wait to watch you fuck her. Will you let me watch John? Will you?”

Her words were coming in a garbled flood now.

“I wish you were here watching us John… You could kneel on the bed at the side of us… Would you let me wank you while Amee and I fucked?... Would you let me darling?... You could kneel real close and I could jerk you while Amy held your balls…We could all come together… You could shoot it all over us darling.. You could..could..Ameeeeeaaah?”

Carla was coming and I was dying. As she garbled her sweet filth to John we had been grinding and humping our cunts together with increasing urgency and Carla’s climax hit her at the same time as mine. She almost screamed out my name as her orgasm hit her. I had grasped her hips with both of my hands, pulling her down onto me as hard as I could, the lips of her vagina spreading against mine, like two mouths kissing, our clit’s like two probing tongues, pressing and slipping together.

My whole body arched upwards against her as I shuddered and jerked involuntarily from head to toe as I came. Wave after wave of orgasmic spasms jerked my groin hard between Carla's thighs, and then, after a few seconds, my muscles relaxed and my body went limp. I almost swooned as a result of the intensity of that prolonged orgasm as Carla's equally limp body collapsed, almost on top of me until we lay, side by side in each others arms, Carla's leg still across my thigh, like two floppy, rag dolls.

As Carla collapsed on to me, I was vaguely aware of a prolonged stream of grunts, sighs and gasps over the speaker, followed by a rattle which sounded like the phone falling onto the floor. I knew exactly what those sounds were as I had heard them many times before and they were always accompanied by the erratic jerks of John's rigid cock in my fist, or, impaled to his balls inside me as he ejaculated short, sharp spurts of warm cum either inside me, or, in long, white, viscous trails like a pearly string across my body from my throat to my tummy.

I slowly surfaced to the land of the living and rolled my head over to face Carla who was now lying on her side and looking at me intently.

"Thought you were never going to come round." She said.

"Oh Carla. That was so beautiful." I whispered.

"You are sweetest, cutest, most perfect thing I have ever known." She said as our lips came together in a long, lingering kiss.

"You still there John?" she said when our lips parted.

"Yes." John replied in a low voice that sounded as if he had just awaked from a deep sleep.

"Did you come darling?" she asked.

"Like there was no fucking tomorrow." he replied.

"Hope you didn't make a mess on the chair." I said.

"No." he replied, ".but I'm afraid I've ruined a perfectly good towel.

"Do you mind if I keep your girl for another couple of hours more darling?"

“No, of course not. I will just wait here and imagine what you two are doing.”

“I’m sure Amee will tell you all the details. We’ll ring you in a couple of hours.” She leaned over and switched the phone off.

“If you want to use the shower, feel free.” She said. “You go first while I fix us a drink.”

I grabbed my robe and went into her en suite. The shower felt beautiful and I was hoping that Carla would join me. When she didn’t, I dried off, put my robe on and wandered into the living area. There were two glasses on the breakfast bar and Carla was standing next to them with her back to me, talking in a low voice on her mobile. She turned to look at me and seemed a little startled. She pointed to the glasses and then walked out on to the verandah, out of earshot. I sat on one of the stools and sipped at my wine. When she finished her conversation she came over to me, still naked.

I wanted to grab her and drag her back into the bedroom. I was horny again beyond belief and my eyes were glued to her tall, slim divine body as she moved towards me. She gave me a swift kiss on the lips.

“Back soon.” She smiled as she went into the bedroom for her shower.

She returned about ten minutes later, wearing her short robe and rubbing the back of her hair with a towel. She sat on the stool next to mine, facing me, our knees touching, looking intently into my eyes with a serious expression on her face. She leaned forward and took both my hands in hers.

“Amee.” She said. “You are the sweetest thing I have ever known and I hope that this will not be just a one-off thing. I would love for us to remain very close darling. Do you feel the same way?”

I was not too sure where she was going with this. I had a horrible feeling that she was going to hint that it would cause potential problems with her, Peter and I working in the same office.

“God! Yes.” I replied. “It was beautiful. I have never felt like this before Carla. I just need you to want me all the time. I want to be yours, to do whatever you like with. I want you so much; I will do whatever you want darling.” I was vaguely aware that my voice had a pleading note to it, almost as if I were begging.

“Look.” I continued. “If it is going to cause any embarrassment at the office, I will find another job. Just as long as we can still be together occasionally.”

“No, no. Don’t be silly.” She said laughingly while squeezing my hands in hers. “It’s just that Peter and

I..” I opened my mouth to say something about not wanting to cause any trouble between her and Peter. “No. Let me finish.” she said. “Peter will know about you and I and, like John, he will think it’s terrific. It will turn him on no end knowing that we are getting it off together.”

“Are you sure?” I asked hesitantly.

“Of course.” She replied. “We know each other well. However, he wouldn’t want to share me with you on an alternating arrangement, if you get what I mean?” She said this last bit in a quizzical tone of voice. I suddenly realized where she was heading.

“What? You mean Peter and…I mean you, me and… I mean the three of us..?”

“Yes darling.” She said interrupting my stammered response. “You have admitted to me that you are attracted to him, and he certainly has a thing about you, so what could be more natural than the three of us getting together?

“But why?” I exclaimed. “I mean… you are so beautiful Carla. Tall, elegant, self assured. Why would Peter be interested in a short, skinny, immature, stammering blonde?”

“Stop selling yourself short.” She laughed. “I am taking you back to bed now, and I’ll show you just how beautiful you are, and just how horny you make me, but first, what do you think about the three of us? Wouldn’t it be exciting? God! It’s making me wet just thinking about watching you two fuck and kissing you while he sinks his gorgeous cock into this sweet little crevice.” As she said this, she took one of her hands off mine and slipped it up between my thighs, my legs parting willingly to allow her finger to tease around my vagina. “I could hold his shaft while he slides it in and watch his thick, swollen head parting your slit as he nudges it into you.”

“Ok. You’ve talked me into it.” I giggled. “Now. Don’t stop talking dirty to me while you drag me off into your bedroom. I’m a vulnerable young girl you know and very submissive you Amazonian bitch, so dominate me, take me and abuse me in any way you want. Just make me come. If I don’t come again soon I’ll explode.”

“Ok you filthy little blonde slut.” She giggled back at me as she pulled me off the stool. “Get in there and get ready for me.” She said as she pushed me playfully towards the bedroom door. “I have to do something first. I won’t be a minute. I want you naked on my bed fingering yourself when I get there.” As I started to move towards the bedroom, she caught my arm and pulled me around to face her. “Have I told you how fucking wild it makes me feel when I watch you finger yourself Amee?” She took me in her arms and kissed me long and hard, forcing her groin into mine as we kissed. “Now go.” She said, “…and get ready to be comprehensively fucked out of your brain.” I skipped off happily into the

bedroom where I dropped my robe onto the floor and lay back on the bed, naked.

As I waited for Carla I reflected on what we had been doing on the bed earlier, and tried to visualize John, sat in the chair, stroking his gorgeous, erection, and imagined his panic as he dropped the phone and fumbled for the towel as he was about to climax. It was fairly obvious that Carla wanted to fuck him, and I knew that he would love to screw her. I wondered how, after such a long time, it would make me feel, watching him with another girl. And what about Peter? Was Carla really serious about the three of us? How would it happen? When would it happen? Would I make a complete fool of myself? I know I would. I suppose I would be so nervous I'd probably be sick. He is so drop-dead gorgeous. The thought of being able to make love with him was so exciting it was terrifying me.

Lost in my daydream, I had unconsciously taken a pillow and was hugging it between my breasts. My left knee was raised and my hand had slipped between my legs of its own volition. What the hell was keeping Carla?

"Hey Carla, what's keeping you? I'm going to start without you soon."

As I called out to her she appeared in the bedroom doorway. She closed the door halfway behind her, slipped off her robe and stood seductively with one hand resting on the door knob.

"What's your hurry darling? What do you want?" she teased.

"Come here." I said, "I want to use my tongue on you."

"Where do you want to use it you rampant little bitch?" she smiled

My eyes ran down her body to where the cleavage of her vagina was just visible between her thighs. She followed my gaze with her hand.

"Oh there." She continued as she lightly touched her cleavage. "You want to put your tongue there do you?"

"Yes you gorgeous slut." I said. "I want to eat you. You didn't let me have the chance whilst you were busy fucking me and John earlier. Now it's my turn." She walked slowly towards the bed, holding her arms out towards me.

"Come on then." She said, "You said you want to be dominated, so, get on your fucking knees you over-sexed little slut and do as I tell you." God! Her foul language was exciting me.

I rose obediently and stood facing her. She placed both her hands on my shoulders and moved me around until she was standing with the back of her legs against the edge of the bed and I was facing her with my back to the door. She pressed down with her hands on my shoulders.

“On your fucking knees now slave, and tongue me ‘till I come.”

I lowered myself slowly to my knees, our breasts sliding together and my hands slipping slowly down her sides and waist, until they were resting on either side of her hips. I was kneeling on the carpet with my face just an inch away from the top of her thighs. I leaned forward and began to run light, feathery kisses across her firm tummy, top of her thighs and her smooth, hairless *mons venus*, at the same time, taking care not to touch the little cleft of the upper lips of her vagina. Her feet shuffled a little wider as I kissed her, opening her thighs a little wider as if inviting my lips to kiss her slit. She was sighing heavily as she started to move her hips in front of my mouth to feel my tongue on her cunt, but I purposefully avoided those sweet lips as I continued to kiss her and run the tip of my tongue all around them without actually touching them.

She was becoming frustrated. “Ohhhhh! Please Amee. Pleeez!” as my tongue kept slyly avoiding her vagina.

I looked up at her from my kneeling position. “Don’t beg me. Order me!” I demanded playfully. “Tell me what to do, how to do it and where you want me to do it.”

“Ok you little whore-on-heat.” she grinned. As she said this she sat on the edge of the bed, lifted her legs and draped them over my shoulders so that I was gazing directly at those lips which, a short time ago, had felt so soft and moist against my own vagina. As she did this she slipped a long finger between her legs, fingered her clit’ for a few seconds and then slid her finger deep inside herself.

“Ok. Eat me you bitch.” She commanded as she worked her finger back and forth, in and out. “I want your tongue in my cunt, where my finger is. Fuck me with your tongue. Make me come even if you suffocate doing it.”

Her words had worked me up to the point where I didn’t want to play anymore. I just wanted to feel her cunt against my mouth and make her come, even if I did suffocate.

She was fingering her clit’ as I buried my face hard between her thighs. As I did so, I was vaguely aware of a sound behind me but dismissed it as Carla moved her finger from her clit’ and placed both hands behind my head, dragging my face between her smooth thighs.

It was hard, frantic and merciless on my part. I had not lost the knack of pleasing another girl. I was

grinding my lips hard against her cunt, spreading the outer folds and driving my tongue as deep as I possibly could, flicking it in and out and running it hard against her pert clit'. Carla was forcing my mouth hard against her until I couldn't lift my lips away from her. She jerked and writhed her hips, pressing my top lip right up inside her cleft as she worked her clit' against it until my top lip felt bruised and swollen.

Her body shook like an earth tremor as she came, her heels digging into my back and her hips arching off the bed like a contortionist before collapsing back on to the bed, her legs drooping limply over my shoulders.

Still kneeling between her legs, I rested my face against the inside of her smooth thigh, looking up along the length of her beautiful body, her breasts tight and small, stretched almost flat against her rib cage as she threw her arms above her head and collapsed flat on her back on the bed, breathing heavily.

She eventually raised herself slowly on to her elbows and looked down to meet my eyes.

"That was incredible darling." she said. "I want to lock you up somewhere and keep you all to myself. You are the best slave I have ever owned. Are you always that good?"

"I'm yours to command, use and abuse whenever you want me." I reminded her with a grin.

"Do you always perform like that, or was it just because we had an audience?" she said.

"What do you mean?" I replied, perplexed.

She lifted her gaze from my eyes to a point somewhere beyond and above my head. Still kneeling between her legs, I turned my head to where she was looking.

"Oh Fuck!" I exclaimed, and my heart almost leaped into my mouth.

Peter was leaning nonchalantly against the door with a huge grin on his face. He was wearing only a pair of jeans. His arms were crossed in front of his smooth, naked, sharp muscled torso and there was the outline of a humungous erection from his zipper and down the inside front of his left thigh, clearly visible, bulging against the fabric of his jeans.

I have never been so embarrassed in my life. I jumped quickly to my feet to scramble for my gown, but Carla was also up on her feet in a flash and held me around the waist from the back so that I was facing Peter. My heart was racing. How long had he been there, watching? Quite some time I thought

by the look of the hard-on in his jeans. Oh God! I must have turned scarlet from my head to my toes as I remembered that, as I had been working on Carla, my own knees had been spread open as I fingered myself. He would have seen it all!

“Well. This is a pleasant surprise.” chuckled Carla as I tried, unsuccessfully, to release myself from her grip.

“You knew!” I cried over my shoulder to her. “You had it all arranged, didn’t you?” I said as I remembered her whispered phone calls.

“Can anyone join the party?” Peter asked, mischievously.

“Not unless you get those jeans off.” Carla replied.

I was gobsmacked. Peter walked towards us and stopped a couple of feet away from me, his eyes running up and down my body as Carla held me tight.

“You’re not annoyed are you darling?” Carla murmured in my ear. “You said you wanted him. You’re not changing your mind are you?” Still I couldn’t speak.

“Is that true Amee? Do you want me?” Said Peter as he unbuttoned the top of his jeans and slid his zipper down slowly.

It was as if I had become hypnotized. I couldn’t take my eyes from his hand as he unzipped his jeans. I gasped audibly as he hooked his thumbs in the waistband and slid them over his hips, his magnificent erection springing out from the confinement of his jeans. He stepped out of them and the full length of his rigid hard-on stood out in front of him, pointing slightly upwards, revealing a firm, tight scrotum beneath a full eight inches of beautiful, rippling muscle with a firm head that seemed capable of being used as a battering ram against the most solid of doors.

He kicked his discarded jeans across the floor and moved closer to me, his cock lurching and swaying as he moved until the hard head was poised no more than an inch from my tummy. He put a hand on each of my shoulders and my hands automatically reached forward to rest on his hips, the feel of his skin to my touch was electrifying.

I felt small and vulnerable between the two of them. The top of my head only came up to Carla’s chin as she stood behind me and Peter was a good couple of inches taller than her, my eyes on a level with his nipples. He asked again.

“Do you want me Amee? I want you. Carla and I have both wanted you since you first came to the office.”

He moved closer and the smooth, hard head of his cock pressed against my naked skin above my navel. My knees were so weak I would have collapsed if Carla had not been holding me from behind.

“Hold it Amee. Put your hand around it. Feel me.”

I looked down between our bodies. His cock was now almost vertical, propped up against my tummy. So hot. So hard.

“I dropped my right hand between us and slowly wrapped my fist around his rock-hard shaft, just below the swollen head. Although I could feel the rippling muscle beneath the surface, the skin was silky smooth to the touch. I was surprised to see how small my hand was around his erection. I could have grasped it with both hands and the throbbing head would still be exposed.

Carla put her lips to my ear and whispered. “Does that feel good darling?”

As she said this she put one of her hands forward and cupped his balls, fondling and stroking them as I held his cock.

“Do you want it darling?” she continued, “Do you want it inside you? Think what it will feel like when he slides it all the way into you.”

I started to move my hand slowly, stroking back and forth along the whole length of his magnificent rod. Peter placed one of his hands against my cheek and lifted my face upwards as he lowered his lips on to mine. As our lips touched, I felt an initial sharp pain on my lips that were still swollen from grinding against Carla’s pelvic bone, but then I was lost in the overwhelming sensation of his kiss.

I withdrew my hand from his cock, wrapped my arms around his waist and clutched the cheeks of his muscular butt, pulling him close to me, sandwiching his vertical cock between our bodies. Carla had removed her hand from his balls and was cupping my breasts, biting my shoulder and neck and humping and working her cunt hard against the cheeks of my butt. What a mind blowing sensation! My body sandwiched between these two beautiful, naked and sexually charged people, overpowering me with their raw sexuality.

We kissed for what seemed like hours, Peter’s hand supporting the back of my neck while Carla ate my shoulders and neck. Eventually he lifted his face from my bruised and aching lips, reached his arms behind me and encircled Carla’s neck, kissing her over my shoulder and pulling our bodies

closer and harder together as I licked and nibbled his nipples. When their lips parted, Peter placed his on mine again, this time, more gently. Carla was gasping breathlessly to him.

“Isn’t she delicious Pete? Do you want to fuck her darling? Come on fuck her now, I want to see you do it. Please Peter. Do it now!”

It was the first time I had heard Carla talk like this. There was a strange hoarseness in her voice. Peter looked down into my eyes.

“Not unless you tell me it’s ok Amee.” he said directly to me. “Do you want me inside you Amee?” As he said this he pulled one of my hands from behind him and placed it on his thick cock.”

Carla interrupted again in that strange voice. “Of course she wants it darling. She’s ours. She’ll do anything we want.”

“Well?” Peter said softly to me.

“Oh yes.” I breathed.

“Yes what?” he said, “Tell me exactly what you want me to do.”

“I need you to screw me. Fuck me. Bury your cock inside me and fuck me until I die.” I almost sobbed.

I had started to masturbate him hard while I was begging to him, and Carla had dropped her hand down and slipped her finger inside me. Peter’s balls were thumping against the back of her hand as she slobbered uncontrollably along my shoulder. I was slipping out of control, going into sexual overdrive again as I wanked Peter hard. He suddenly pulled his body away from mine and dropped his hand to my wrist to stop me. I hadn’t realized how close to the edge he was.

“Slow down Amee. Slow down. You’ll have me coming all over you if you’re not careful. I’ve been as hard as a rock ever since I came in the door and saw you eating Carla and fingering yourself.”

He reached down and picked me up in his arms effortlessly, as if I weighed no more than a doll. Carla moved on to the bed and Peter lay me down at the side of her, and he in turn, lay at my side.

They both lay either side of me, propped up on their elbows, facing me as I lay flat on my back, sandwiched between them. They had spread my arms wide so that my left arm was pinned under Carla’s body and my right, under Peter’s so that I couldn’t move them.

As Peter lay at the side of me, his tremendous hard-on lay across the top of my tummy. It felt so huge, hot and heavy; it extended almost across the full width of my body. It didn't lay motionless, but sort of jerked up and down every few seconds, causing the whole length to move back and forth in a sweeping motion across the smooth shaved area of my pubic mound, sending delicious little tremors through my whole body. God! I wanted to feel it again. I wanted to hold it and savor the feel of that rock hard length of muscle sheathed by that contrasting silky smooth skin. But I was unable to move my arms. Carla started to fondle my left breast.

"Isn't she perfect Pete'?" she said in that low, husky voice. "So cute, so pretty, so small."

As I lay between them with my eyes half closed, I felt strangely relaxed. When my hand wrapped around Peter's rampant, lurching cock, all I could think of was getting him on the bed where I could impale myself on his hard bone. Now, lying between them, I felt no impatience at all, just a warm, deep sexual buzz, enjoying the feel of Carla's teasing fingers on my nipple, the heavy warmth of Peter's erection on my tummy and the sexually charged, verbal banter passing between them.

It almost felt as if it wasn't me that was there between them, because they were talking about me, not to me, as if I wasn't there, or, as if I were some sort of plaything that Carla had found for them both. Thinking like this, I suddenly realized a truth about myself. This is what I wanted. Most of my fantasies and daydreams have been like this. I don't want to be a party to some equally, loving three-way relationship, I just need to have a raw, sexual desire fulfilled, a craving that can only be satisfied by someone like these two incredibly gorgeous creatures on either side of me. If they wanted a plaything, I was theirs. If they wanted a slave, to do with as they wished, they had a willing one in me, because they would make my fantasies become reality, those fantasies of being subjected by a beautiful couple to continuous heaving, grunting and repeated sex, used simply for their enjoyment, metaphorical rape if you like. All I wanted as my part of the bargain was to be fucked to endless orgasms. I knew what was coming and I felt completely at ease with what was happening.

"Kiss her Peter. I want you to kiss her?" Carla groaned huskily to him.

I began to realize just how dominant Carla was, not just with me, but with Peter also. She reminded me a little of Bobbie. She was the Master of Ceremonies, directing the way things happened, just to satisfy her own particular sexual urge. I could see that Peter was used to her dominant ways for, as he lowered his head to kiss me, he had a wry grin on his face and a look in his eyes that seemed to say, 'Hey. Let her have her way as long as we are enjoying it.'

Our lips met in a long, wet, tongue slithering kiss whilst Carla cooed and sighed at the side of us. As we kissed, she moved her hand from my breast and placed it on Peter's erection, alternately stroking

it and rolling it against my tummy muscles.

“Feel it Amee. Feel it.” She commanded. She raised her body slightly and allowed me to free my left arm. I needed no encouragement. As we kissed I placed my left hand on top of Carla’s which was still stroking and fondling his cock. She slipped her hand downwards from under mine to cup his tight balls as I grasped his hard-on in my fist.

Peter’s lips lifted from mine as the feel of my hand on him made him gasp.

“Oh Jeeez! That feels so good Amee.” he groaned. “Not too fast. Don’t make me come.”

As he said this he dropped his hand on to my wrist to slow its pace of my hand, as I was getting carried away wanking his beautiful shaft. The pace of my hand slowed and he moved his hand down to the top of my thigh.

“Can I return the favor Amee?” he whispered as he gently pulled my thighs apart.

“Oh fuck! I’ll die if you don’t.” I cried.

“Yes. Finger her darling.” Carla drooled. “Feel how tight she is. Yes. That’s it. Touch her. Oooh!”

Peter’s finger touched the soft, moist lips of my vagina, the tip parting them gently. My hips started to arch and tremble at the feel of his finger on my cunt. Carla moved her body lower down the bed and put her hand between my legs, pulling them wider apart, her eyes glued to Peter’s finger, and groaned as he slipped it into me.

I looked down my body, the fingers of my left hand entwined in Carla’s hair, her face only inches from Peter’s hand as he moved his middle finger slowly in and out of my cunt, pausing on the way out to tease and manipulate my clit’ before slipping it deeply back inside me. The gorgeous sight and sensation of his rigid cock in my hand and the feel of the hard, prominent ridge of its swollen head as my fist moved back and forth over it.

Carla turned her attention to my hand as I masturbated him.

“Does it feel good darling? Do you want it inside you? Feel it. Ooooh! Your hand looks so small against it. Stop moving your hand for a moment darling.”

As I stopped masturbating him, holding his shaft at the base as Carla lowered her lips to his swollen head. She flicked her tongue against the tip of his cock a few times and then licked and swirled it

around the circumference until it was glistening wet. She paused long enough to say,

“Let me get it nice and wet for you. He’s so big. It will slip in easier if it’s wet.” She lowered her head again, opened her mouth and took as much of his incredible length inside as she could. She started to work him urgently with her mouth; taking him in as far as she could, then sliding him out as she held him tight in her lips so that they pouted as he slid out.

She was sucking and tonguing him harder and repeatedly. I was jerking the base of his cock faster and he was fingering my cunt deliciously and rapidly. I was on the point of coming as Peter’s finger worked faster and faster inside me, and it was obvious from the way Peter was now humping his hips that he was only seconds away from blasting his load into Carla’s mouth. Neither Peter nor I would have been able to stop if it wasn’t for Carla suddenly taking her mouth away and gasping.

“Fuck her Peter. Fuck her.”

As she said this she pulled me onto my left side so that I was facing her. My hand released his cock and his finger slipped out of me. God No! I was almost coming and she was torturing me by pulling me away from him. I groped behind me frantically to regain my grasp of his cock.

“Fuck her from behind.” She growled. She sounded like some sort of frustrated feral animal as she pulled me close to her.

Peter moved his body close in to my back and I felt the head of his erection pressing between the cheeks of my butt as Carla put her left hand down between my knees and lifted my right leg in the air, pushing it back over Peter’s thighs. At the same time, Peter moved his body a little further down the bed and I felt the head of his cock slip down between the cheeks of my butt until it sprang out between my open thighs. What a sweet, fucking, incredible sensation. He wasn’t inside me but the top of his hard shaft was lying along the lips of my vagina and he was moving his hips back and forth, making the top of his cock slide against my cunt.

Oh Fuck! This was driving me insane. He had pulled my right thigh back over his hips as far as it would go, kissing the crook of my neck as he teased me by slowly running the length of his fuck rod back and forth against me. He would move his hips back until his swollen head just nuzzled against my cunt, and move it slowly so that the head just parted my lips slightly. All I had to do was put my hand down there and press his hot, thick head harder against my lips and his next thrust would sink his hard-on deep into my soft, moist sheath. But I couldn’t. I couldn’t get my hand down there because Carla beat me to it. She had slipped her hand between my thighs and had her hand along the underside of Peter’s cock, pressing it up hard against the lips of my vagina, working it against them, teasing me to death by letting him slide it in and out between the palm of her hand and my cunt

lips, but not letting him put it inside me.

Our breasts were crushed together, our faces only an inch apart. Peter's muscular torso was pressed in hard against my back, sandwiching me hard between them. This is what I wanted, to be used, but please, put it inside me, let him fuck me, shag me, spear me, bone me relentlessly until I am nothing more than a limp rag, orgasmed to the max and my cunt dilating, a thirsty receptacle, a cum tube to receive the hot, violent eruptions of his semen. These were the thoughts jumbling around in my sex sodden brain as I became aware that Carla was saying something.

"What does it feel like darling?" as she pressed his shaft harder against my slit. "Do you want it? Do you want it all the way inside you? Can you take it all? He's huge, isn't he? And you're such a dainty thing, so small, so tight. Maybe I shouldn't let you have it. Maybe I want him to fuck me instead."

I couldn't take this much longer without going completely insane. Tears were streaming from my eyes and I started to sob and beg.

"Please Carla, Peter. Please don't. Let me have it. Don't tease. God! Don't tease. I have to have it. I need it. Oh fuck. I'm going to die!" I sobbed as I squirmed my hips against his cock and her hand, trying to force the head between my lips. Apart from the occasional deep groan, Peter had remained silent.

"If you want it, I want your finger inside me while he does it Amee." She continued. Touch me. Touch me now. Finger-fuck me and kiss me while he bones you."

"Yes. Yes darling." I gasped. My right hand slipped between her thighs and she was so deliciously moist that two of my fingers slipped effortlessly into her sweet cunt. As our lips met I felt her hand wrap around Peter's cock and position the tip against the outer folds of my slit. I held my breath in anticipation as she took her lips from mine and spoke huskily to Peter.

"Just a little at a time darling. Don't rush."

With Carla still holding his cock, Peter moved his hips forward slightly, the pressure of the tip of his rod pushed against my lips, nudging them apart until, sweet fucking ecstasy, the whole swollen head slipped in as my lips folded over the prominent flange.

Carla moved further down the bed, my fingers slipping out of her. Her face level with my hips and her fist still around Peter's cock as she continued talking to him, making him withdraw his cock until the head slipped out and then inserting it repeatedly and teasingly, just the head, no more. I was again begging incoherently.

“Peter. Please..please..please..pleeease!”

“She wants it bad darling. She’s begging. Give it to her. Give her all of it. Oooooh! That looks beautiful.” She cried as she watched his rigid length of muscle slip between my lips. With one, long, slow thrust, he buried his huge, thick, pulsating cock inside me up to his balls. I was coming before he had the full length inside me. I had been on the edge for a long time whilst they teased me, and that one deep thrust, filling my tight sheath to capacity was all it required to send me over the top.

I screamed as I came violently. My body arched, convulsed and shuddered as I climaxed. My scream must have worried Peter. He was inside me to the hilt as I came.

“Amee. You ok?” he gurgled uncontrollably.

“Yes. Yes.” I gasped. “Don’t stop. Do it. Fuck me till I’m dead.” And he did.

“Oh Peter. Go on. Fuck her harder. Screw her senseless. She wants it. She’s our little play doll. Oh! I’m coming just watching this.” She said, her gaze glued on the movement of Peter’s shaft between my cunt lips.

Peter was pistoning his cock in earnest now, pulling it out until just the head was inside me then driving back in deep to the hilt. Slowly at first but the tempo was quickly increasing. I was stretched so tight, I could feel the hard rim of his flange rippling along the delicate muscles of the walls of my cunt as he plunged in and out.

I had almost blacked out with the raw, sexual intensity of what was happening. I don’t know if I came several times, or, if it was just one, long everlasting orgasm, but whatever it was, I had never experienced anything like it in my life before. How the hell could one-on-one sex ever be the same again? I had lost all control of my body, my muscles had given up and I flopped and jerked around like a limp rag doll as Peter slammed his cock ruthlessly and mercilessly into me, his right hand grasping the inside of my thigh that was thrown back over his hip and his left arm underneath me, holding my left breast, his strokes were rapid and ceaseless. Each time he speared into me, it drove the top of my head hard into the pillow, his pelvic bone driving the breath from my body as it slammed repeatedly against the underside of my butt.

I could feel Carla’s fingers alternating between working furiously on my clit’, feeling the smooth, silky wetness of Peter’s shaft as it slid in and out of me and fondling his balls when he was buried completely inside me.

Peter’s thrusts were changing from rapid to frantic. My body was so limp, it was as if all my bodily resources had been diverted to a central point in the pit of my stomach to sustain the nerves and senses of my orgasmic system, to keep me conscious enough to hang on to the unbelievable sensation of wave after wave of climactic convulsions enveloping my whole body.

Through the mist of my partial catatonic state, I was vaguely aware of Carla’s voice as if from far away. I don’t know what she was or who she was saying it to, I only know that it was a continuous stream of sexual urgings voiced with lots of incredibly sweet and filthy language which I loved. Peter’s voice sounded closer, as if his mouth was close to my ear, but his words were equally incoherent, filthy and repetitive.

“Tight…fuck yes….sweet…tight… Ameeee!.. Aaah…I’m I..can I..can I come inside?...in your cunt…tight cunt…so fucking tight…wet...Jeeezz!..YES Ameeeeeee!” I couldn’t have croaked a reply even if I wanted to.

On reflection, it seems a bit ironic that we had got this far before he had even thought of asking me if he could come inside me, in fact, he told me later that he couldn’t have taken his cock out of me if his life had depended on it anyway, which is just as well because, if he had taken it out at that stage, I would have killed him.

As he groaned my name he drove it up hard inside me and held it there. Carla’s hand cupped his balls, pressing them against my slit.

“Yes. Flood her. Blow it into her. Soak her..”

His fingers dug into the inside of my thigh so hard that they left little bruises later. His whole body became as tense as a bow string for several seconds. And then it happened. With a cry, his huge load of cum gushed into me like a flood of lava, the first two eruptions were so forceful, I could actually feel them coursing along his shaft and the warm semen ejaculating sharply deep inside my sheath. I know that some girl readers might question this as some say that you can’t feel the actual cum when a guy shoots his load inside you, but I swear it is true. He was forcing his cock so hard inside me that the underside of his shaft, just in front of his balls was pressing hard against my swollen, sensitive clit’, Carla’s hand, cupping his balls was also helping to hold him firmly against my clit’. His cock was also so thick that I was really wrapped very tight around it. When he shot, I could feel a muscle, more like a little pulse really, on the soft underside of his cock against my clit’ as it jerked twice, pumping the first two sharp jets of cum along his shaft to burst inside me.

After those first two bursts, the tension seemed to drain from his body, though he continued to hold me tight against him as several aftershocks caused the secondary, more sedate flushes of smooth

semen to continue to gush into me for the next thirty seconds or so.

His body slowly relaxed as he kissed my neck.

“That was so beautiful Amee.” He said.

Carla had moved up to be alongside of me again.

“Yes it was darling.” she said, “It was so beautiful watching you both come. Pity John wasn’t here so that I could have had a cock to cum on.”

“From what I can feel between my legs, the one I have just used will be ready again soon if you want it.”

My leg had been aching from being stretched back across Peter’s hip so I had lifted it off and it was now resting on my left leg. I was still lying on my left side, facing Carla with Peter still close in behind me and, whilst my thighs were closed, Peter’s cock was still clamped between them and the head of his cock was still inside me. He hadn’t gone completely soft, just a little limp, as if he still had half an erection and I could feel it jerking and pulsing, an obvious sign that he would soon be hard again.

“Not a chance.” she said jokingly. “I can have that horny bastard any time I wish. He’s yours for tonight.”

Peter had grown quite hard again as Carla was talking. I could feel him swelling between my thighs. God! It felt luscious, but there was something else I wanted and I reluctantly moved away from him, causing his almost fully hard erection to slip out from between my thighs. I playfully pushed Peter on his back and told him to just lay back and enjoy what was going to happen. Carla was looking quizzically at me as I knelt down at the side of Peter and told her to kneel the other side of him.

There was something that Bobbie and I used to do with the guys sometimes when we were all together. We loved doing it and it would drive the guys wild.

I started to stroke Peter’s almost hard cock. He was still moist and slippery from our recent action.

“Ok. Let’s make his day.” I grinned to Carla.

Carla was still unsure what was happening as she watched me maneuver my body so that the cheeks of my butt were resting on top of Peter’s left hip, my hands behind me on the bed, supporting the weight of my upper body in a half reclining position. My right foot on the bed between Peter’s legs and

my left thigh and leg draped across his torso. In this position, I was half sitting, half reclining over his hips with his huge, rigid hard-on poking up between my thighs.

“I think a huge, juicy piece of meat like this should be in a sandwich. Don’t you? I said to Carla.

She caught on straight away and we were both giggling as she maneuvered herself in the same way on the other side of Peter’s body, her left leg over the top of my right, and working her right one under my left thigh until our thighs were scissored and the lips of our cunts pressing against the shaft of Peter’s cock which was standing erect, poking up between our thighs.

We pressed our thighs together, sandwiching his cock between our slits and Peter groaned as, awkwardly at first, we started to move our hips, sliding the lips of our vaginas slowly up and down the shaft of his still moist cock. I was still awfully wet from Peter’s huge load of semen he had blown into me earlier and it wasn’t long before it became a delicious, slippery mess, soaking our cunts and Peter’s cock.

Peter was loving it. Purring like a satisfied kitten. He had worked his left hand under Carla’s butt and his right under mine, taking some of the weight of our hips as we slid and squirmed our cunts up and down the length of his turgid shaft.

How can I describe the sensation? The gorgeous soft cunt lips of a beautiful girl pressed against your own and the shaft of an incredibly hard erection sliding between them.

“Oh. Fuck. This is sheer filth.” Carla groaned in ecstasy.

Our giggles had been replaced by the glazed expression and the soft gasps and groans of heightening sexual urges. Carla and I would alternate between long, slow, slippery strokes and hard, grinding pressure when we would pause with just the thick, swollen head of his cock between our lips and press ourselves together hard, the head of his cock completely enveloped in the folds of our vaginas.

It happened suddenly. Peter’s breath was whistling between his teeth and groaning with sheer pleasure when he suddenly gasped.

“Now! NOW!’

Carla and I had his hot pulsating head covered as we thrust our thighs together, our cunts like soft, wet mouths competing to eat him when he exploded. Smothered by our lips, the force of his ejaculation was restricted. It burst out in warm gushes to soak and flood our already wet crevices.

Spurred on by his orgasm, Carla and I lost it. We crushed and worked our wet, slippery cum soaked vaginas together harder and faster. Peter's cock had slipped out from under us as we concentrated on our own rapidly approaching climax. His hands were still underneath us, supporting our weight as we clamped our thighs together, jerking and humping, cunt lips spread wide against each other, slipping and sliding in Peter's semen and making exquisite little wet noises as we worked them together and then collapsed on top of Peter as we both climaxed violently.

We lay there for several minutes, silently except for our labored, post orgasmic breathing. Our hips lay heavily across Peter's, our bodies at right angles to his, forming a naked cross of three bodies on Carla's huge bed. We could feel his now, somewhat deflated, but still large cock, jerking occasionally underneath our butts. Carla eventually broke the silence.

"That was awesome. Wherever did you come up with that one you depraved little slut?"

Some time later, showered, and clean sheets on the bed, Carla and I were lying side by side, naked on the bed, holding hands and utterly exhausted, enjoying the feel of the cool fan on our bodies and listening to the tropical storm that had finally burst outside. Peter had left earlier after kissing me no less passionately than he kissed Carla. He almost brought tears to my eyes after he kissed me by saying that I was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to Carla and him and hoped that there would be lots of other times like this.

Carla turned over to face me and kissed me gently on my lips. I put my arm around her neck to pull her harder against me, I just couldn't get enough of her. She resisted and took her lips away from mine. Looking into my eyes she said.

"Isn't it time we called John to come and pick you up?"

I was devastated for a second. I thought she wanted to get rid of me until I saw the glint in her eye. She wanted John. She wanted to fuck him. I was suddenly very apprehensive. How could John make love to this gorgeous creature and still want me, and how would I feel watching them fuck, watching them coming together, watching Johns face and hearing him groan as he shoots his load inside Carla?

Anyway. That's another story.