Copycouple

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This story is a collaboration between me and Shylass. You've never read anything like it!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/copycouple.aspx

The autumn rain hammered down onto the darkened skylights above him as he wandered down the hallway. As he went through his evening routine of checking that all the lights were off, he locked each office door as he went along, listening to the wind and rain as his cock stiffened. The closer he got to her room, the more excited he felt; his fingers began to fumble on the locks. Reaching the end of the corridor, he turned towards the open cubicles, glancing around to make sure that no one was left. Satisfied and throbbing, he walked slowly past the partners' offices towards her room. Hers was the last door at the very end.

He loved her door and he would often glance at it, imagining the beautiful delights that it concealed. Slowly, he walked the length of that small hallway, his newly polished shoes padding along the plush carpet. He had shampooed that carpet especially for her, finishing all his jobs early, so that there was nothing left to do but spend time with his beloved. Bob was not a common cum-and-run kind of guy.

He stood before her door with his forehead resting on it, breathing in deeply her scent, which fingered its way through the grain, and wrapped itself around his wood as he rested against the door’s wood. Sweet wood on wood. These were the happy moments of tantalizing expectation before he saw her. He grasped the handle, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

He stood there, eyes moist (not only the ones that regarded her, but also the one in his pants), rejoicing in the sight of her smooth, creamy lines. The downlighters highlighted every rounded part of her, and she basked before him in all her glory. He breathed in deeply, her heavy scent hanging in the air and enveloping him with crackles of electricity. He needed her badly.

His eyes roved every wondrous inch of her, and he longed to fuck her hard and now, but he needed to prolong this. He wanted to give her as much pleasure as she gave him. He stepped across the room, and allowed one trembling hand to stroke her midriff and smooth its way over and around to her back. He could feel the excitement buzzing through her form as he gently fingered and kissed her. His kisses traced along her curves, his tongue gently licking here and there. He could feel her desire for him, and he knew she wanted him as she always did.

He began to rub his throbbing cock against her, running it up and down and side to side, feeling her delight as he circled her with it.

“I know you want me, my beauty. I’ve been longing for you all day, thinking about what we do to each other, how we please each other.” Excitedly he fumbled with his belt and pulled down his trousers and underwear, allowing his erection to spring free. He watched her lying there, eye to eye with his cock, and he smiled lovingly.

“Do you want me, darling? Are you hot for me?” He closed his eyes as he allowed her the joy of feeling his precum smeared near her opening. He liked to tease her, to make her wait for what was coming. He rubbed his head around her hole, making her sweat, making her ache for it. He placed his hands on her firmly, and said, “I need you now.”

His hand reached out to the side to the shelf, and he grabbed the can, trembling. He stared at her as he removed the lid. He began to apply it to himself, the scent of lube mixing and mingling with hers. He could feel her hot breath blowing over the wetness. The lubricant swirled in his precum, making a myriad of rainbow colours around her hole. This was his favourite lube, and making love just wasn’t right without it. He only had to see the packaging in a shop to get an instant hard on at the memories it produced of him and his lover fucking.

He put his hand on top of her, holding her down as he inserted his cock all the way inside her, letting her wrap around his fully erect member. No words were needed to communicate the lust they had for each other; the feelings were enough. He loved the pressure she produced, the way she hugged him when he was all the way inside her. The warmth of her insides sent the familiar shivers through him. There was no other heat like the one she produced, no other feeling like she made him feel.

He grabbed the box of lube, and sprayed some on his fingers, making them smooth and slick. As he kept thrusting inside her, holding her in place with one hand, the other hand found its way to her back opening. His well-lubed fingers started to rub against her opening, making sure she was relaxed and ready for his thick, rough workman's fingers. He could feel her pleasure increasing as he slid his fingers inside her, feeling the warmth and tightness of her second hole.

The passion took over him as his thrusts became harder and more rapid, his fingers working her back hole rapidly. Despite trying to be silent, he couldn’t contain himself, causing rhythmic moans to escape his lips; the love she gave him was driving him wild. All he could think of was trying to do her harder, pressing in deeper, making her take as much of his length as possible. His mind drew a blank as he entered into a world of pure bliss and pleasure with her.

Suddenly, the door flew open, and his head shot round to see Nicola, the tall, blonde busty secretary, staring at him with excited laughter. The image of middle-aged saggy-bottomed Bob the caretaker, with his trousers round his ankles, pumping his cock for all he was worth into the photocopier, was more than she could stand.

“Evening, Bob,” she grinned. “Is this a private party, or can anybody join in?” He stared at her, aghast. She shifted onto one leg, jutting her hips out provocatively, one hand on the door, and raising her other hand, from which dangled a seven-inch black strap-on. Bob stared at the strap-on, eyes wide, hips still thrusting weakly. She grinned at him, and sashayed over to him. By now, he had stopped thrusting, and placed his hands protectively over his beloved. Nicola smiled down at the photocopier and placed a hand on it. Angrily, Bob pushed her hand away.

“Don’t touch her. She’s mine!”

“Oh, come on, Bob,” said Nicola “What exactly do you think she does during her lunch breaks?”

“What do you mean?” asked Bob, keenly aware that he was half-naked with an erect penis stuck inside a photocopier.

“It isn’t only you she plays with, you know.” Nicola placed her strap-on on the machine. Bob felt the weight of it pressing down onto his cock, which was sandwiched between the warm glass and the lid. Hot air from the vents was breathing teasingly over his balls. She reached into her pocket, and brought out some folded paper. Unfolding it, she laid the pieces before him, and he gazed at the images of large squashed breasts, photocopied by his beloved. And more, there were images of a wide open pussy, clearly showing all holes and smears of juices over the glass. Bob stared in disbelief.

“She's quite a mistress,” said Nicola.

Bob didn’t know what to think. The sight of this intruder with her slutty wares on display, and proof that his beloved had communed with her, left him feeling bizarrely even more aroused. It overrode the disgust he felt towards his beloved for whoring out her body in this way. He looked at Nicola with tears in his eyes, cock still throbbing and desperate to be pumped.

“Oh, Bob,” she said, stroking his arm. “It’s not like you own her. She can do what she wants. We both love her. Why don’t we share her together?”

He looked down at his beloved, and stroked her. He could feel the humming of her energy and the hot breath still on his balls. He felt Nicola’s hand reach around and squeeze his sagging buttocks.

She moved behind him and whispered into his ear.

“What do you say, Bob? Should we have a threesome?”

He nodded.

He moved the photocopies to one side and picked up the strap-on. He held it in front of him, and thought about how nice it would be to feel it inside of him.

“Where did you get this?” he asked.

“Boss's office,” Nicola replied quickly. “I use it a lot.”

He passed it behind him and waited. Nicola moved around to where he could see her. She took off her suit jacket and shirt to reveal her large round breasts encased in a black lace bra. She undid her skirt and let it fall to the floor, leaving her only in the bra and stilettos. Bob stared at her shaven pussy.

“They don’t call me 'Knickerless Nicola' for nothing, you know.”

A moan escaped Bob’s lips, and he watched as Nicola climbed into the harness and strapped it on tightly. Bob stared at the leggy blonde wearing the 7-inch, black strap-on, stroking his beloved with one hand, and a breast with the other.

“Pass me that WD-40, Bob,” she said. She pushed her hips towards him and let him spray the strap-on with his favourite lubricant. He coated the whole thing until it was dripping and running down her legs.

“Are you ready, Bob?” she breathed. He nodded excitedly, and she moved behind him. He felt the head of the strap-on prodding into his buttocks. Slowly, he felt the petroleum-lubricated seven inches glide into his arse, filling him up. As she slid inside him he pressed his beloved's lid down again, putting pressure on his cock once more. He started thrusting again, pushing his length underneath the lid and every time he pulled out, Nicola’s strap-on filled his rectum. He moaned continuously as his cock and arse fought over who was giving him the greatest amount of pleasure.

He struggled to choose which feeling was the best, his beloved caressing his cock or Nicola’s slick strap-on filling his back passage. Nicola grabbed his hips and started to pound into him, thrusting harder and faster. She felt herself getting wetter as the back of the strap-on rubbed against her clit, causing soft whimpers to escape from her mouth. She slowly pulled out of him, and stood by his side.

She started to stroke the photocopier as she looked down at Bob, still in her stilettos which left her breasts level with his face.

“You want to see how me and her do it?” she asked. Bob just nodded, brushing his cheeks against a luscious nipple in the process. She unstrapped the harness, and handed him the strap-on before instructing him to lift the lid. Bob lifted his beloved's flap, and removed his hard knob from the glass.

“Oh my,” said Nicola, regarding his erection delightedly. “It’s even better than I imagined.”

She stroked the head with a teasing finger, causing Bob to shudder lightly. She motioned for him to hold the strap-on upright and firmly on the glass. Then she climbed up onto the hot machine, placing her feet on either side of the strap on. She then spread her cheeks and slowly lowered her arse onto the black length, letting it fill her up, whilst displaying her shaven pussy for Bob.

He could not contain himself any longer. His hands on either side of Nicola’s hips, and holding firmly onto his beloved, he thrust his gleaming cock into Nicola’s inviting pussy. He began fucking her for all he was worth, and then some. Nicola’s moans were as rhythmic as Bob's cock as she felt him slide in and out of her, rubbing against the strap-on in her arse through her pussy wall. His thighs slammed against the machine every time he went inside her, and his balls slammed onto the touchscreen of the machine. With every stroke, he could feel his balls tightening more and more, the sign that his orgasm was about to arrive.

Nicola felt the trembling inside her too, and just as she was about to cum, she swung her legs up onto his shoulders, allowing him deeper entry. Slamming deeper sent him over the edge as he started unloading. He quickly pulled out, slamming his hand down on the photocopier, and cumming all over her pussy and the smeared glass. As his hand slammed down, the machine started a series of copies, his beloved filling her tray with her own orgasmic outpourings of their mirrored climaxes.

The scent of their orgasms mingled in with the smell of the warm, freshly printed paper, filling the room. Their panting was the only sound that was left as the photocopier stopped cumming.

Suddenly, they heard a voice. Their heads shot round, and they saw Bill standing there, watching them.

“Is this a private party, or can anybody join in?”

Authors' Notes:

- We do not advise using WD-40 as a sexual lubricant. Always read the label.

- We do not advise sitting on a photocopier, because you might fall through the glass (neither of us are speaking from personal experience).

- The photocopier was a willing participant throughout the entire story (and beyond).

- For more adventures with Bill, click the link below.

Audio by Mazza.