And Tracey Makes Three

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Best friends come together.

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It was lunchtime, and for a change the IT department wasn't completely deserted. Alex was at a computer, but not at work; he was browsing through photos of his latest romp with Emma. Stills from the video they had made.

He clicked to the next photo. Emma's eyes were closed, her mouth open in a silent cry. Flushed cheeks, jet-black hair matted to her forehead. The next, she was biting down on her lip while he grabbed her breast. His other hand was holding one of her legs up high as he thrust deep into her. He wallowed in the memory.

The stills were from the last third of the video, when everything was intense and completely genuine; at the beginning they tended to play to the camera somewhat, as if trying to prove that they weren't embarrassed by it. Their moans and groans would be slightly exaggerated, and their facial expressions studied. Emma, though, being so gorgeous, got away with it.

When they played back one of their sessions on TV, they rarely got through it all in one sitting; they'd tear off each other's clothes long before the end.

Emma was born for the camera. Her jet-black hair and seemingly permanent tan gave her a Mediterranean look. Alex figured that she had more curves than all of his ex-girlfriends put together, and she knew what to do with them. Her bra size was 36D. It was the first time a woman had ever told Alex such a fact. *Sounds like a weapon*, he had joked, to which she raised an eyebrow and replied, *They are*. He had never seen such firm and round natural breasts. If only he had their video in front of him now, so he could see them in action again. But the video — burned on a DVD — was safely tucked between a couple of books in his bedroom.

His mobile bleeped. A text message had arrived from Emma. There was a picture attachment: an obscene close-up of her pussy, her fingers spreading her lips wide open. The text read: ‘tonite's

menu: starter’.

*

Tracey ran her finger idly along the books on Alex's shelf, glancing at the titles. She was bored stiff waiting for Emma to get out of the shower, so she had decided to snoop.

A lot of dull computer manuals, she noticed. *Figures. Alex is one of those dull computer guys.*

You’re jealous, said a different voice in her head. It sounded like her mother. *How repellent. And you need all the help you can get.*

A little harsh, perhaps, because Tracey was not unattractive; she had lustrous blonde hair, and, thanks to years of playing tennis, her body was youthful and firm. Her legs were her best assets, she thought. But next to her best friend, Emma, she felt like a little boy. As did most women.

Plus, she knew that Alex was far from dull. Emma could take her pick of men and Alex was hardly gorgeous, so he must have something going for him. *A huge cock*, Emma had joked once, but Tracey knew otherwise; a couple of weeks later Emma showed a picture of it to Tracey on her phone (while they were eating). When she got over her coughing fit, she took a good look at it. It was of average size...and quite nice, she thought later, on her own. She thought about it again. It was more than quite nice, really.

What's this? she thought, her finger snagging on something between a couple of books.

*

Emma soaped her body under the hot spray of the shower. The shower curtain was only half-pulled; she liked to look at herself in the mirror while she showered. At intervals she stepped out to rub away the condensation.

On the windowsill, her mobile jingled. She stepped out of the shower and dried her hands. A text message from Alex. With a picture attachment. She grinned in anticipation as she thumbed the buttons. *Quel surprise*, it was his erect penis. He must have taken the photo in a toilet stall at work. She looked at the bulging, purple head and the prominent veins along the shaft. Unconsciously, she licked her lips.

The accompanying text read: ‘main course’.

*

Alex walked back to IT from the restrooms, struggling to hide his insistent erection. When he saw Bob at his desk, he felt an idea pop into his head; in fact, the idea had been there all morning.

"Bob," he said. "Good lunch?"

"Yeah, curry from Tinto's. De-lish."

"Listen, it's dead here. I need to go home for an hour."

Bob turned round in his chair. "I thought you said Emma was out with her friend today."

"What makes you think I'm going to see Emma?"

Bob raised his eyebrow comically.

"Christ, who am I kidding," Alex said.

"Go. Just go."

"Aw, thanks mate," Alex said, halfway to the door already.

"Think of me while you're gone," Bob said.

"Yeah, then I might be able to last longer," Alex said, and heard Bob's cackle echo in the corridor behind him.

*

The door to the living room was open, and from where Tracey was sitting in front of the TV, she could see the big mirror in the hallway which reflected the bathroom door. Plus, she could hear the shower running, so she figured it was safe to try the DVD she had found hidden on Alex's bookshelf.

The disc was unlabelled, which was promising.

Ten minutes later, Tracey found it difficult to hear the shower over her thundering heartbeat. On the TV in front of her, a static camera shot of Alex and Emma played. She could not take her eyes off it. Emma was gyrating on top of Alex, who was flat on the bed, pawing at her breasts. Emma had her

hands in her hair, and seemed to be overacting a bit. Gentle moans floated from the TV speakers.

This is wrong, she had said to herself when she realised what it was. She had stopped it immediately. Then resumed playing it a few seconds later, dimly ashamed. And here she was, ten minutes later, her mouth dry, her heart beating hard, and her right hand undoing the buttons on her jeans.

*

As was her habit, Emma took ages to dry herself after a shower. It was another way of exploring her body, which she did often. With one foot up on the edge of the bath, she dried her leg, turning to look at her reflection in the mirror as she did so. Her ass looked good in this position. She made a mental note to remember this for the next video she and Alex would make. They could fuck like this. But she wanted to see her ass, and he'd be in the way. *He could sit down and lick me*, she thought to herself. *And wank himself off at the same time.*

She shook her head, deliberately snapping herself out of her reverie. With the huge pink bath towel she finished the job quickly, wrapped the towel around her naked body and stepped out of the bathroom.

*

Alex did his best not to kill anybody while driving home as fast as he could. He hoped to God he could catch Emma before she went out. On his way up the stairs to the flat, a horrible thought occurred to him: *What if Tracey's in?* He hadn't thought of that. His dick had been doing all the thinking.

Hoping for the best, he turned his key in the lock and opened the door.

*

Tracey was on the floor, close to the TV, her back against the sofa. All the buttons on her jeans were undone and her hand was deep in her crotch, rubbing her clit. At one point on the video, the camera was trained solely on Alex while he masturbated. Emma must have been operating the camera, because it zoomed in on his cock. Then Emma appeared in the shot and gave Alex a blowjob, his cock and her mouth shockingly large in the close-up. Emma’s head would raise up, her mouth leaving shiny trails of saliva up the length of Alex’s shaft, before plunging down again, then up, then down, accompanied by wet slurping noises. Tracey, fingering herself up and down to the same rhythm, got so carried away that she missed the opening of the bathroom door in the hall mirror's reflection.

Emma stood frozen in the doorway of the living-room, looking at Tracey. (Tracey was oblivious, her

eyes glazed over and her hand bobbing up and down in her crotch.) It was a shocking thing to be in the presence of someone else masturbating. She figured that if that person was your closest friend, it was even more shocking. She smiled in spite of herself. *The horny little bitch!*, she thought. *With me still in the flat!*

Alex opened the front door and spotted Emma at the doorway to the living-room. Emma turned round and gave him a wide-eyed look of surprise, then she gave him the shush gesture, her finger pressed against her lips.

Alex noticed she was wearing only a bath towel. *That'll make things easier*, he thought. *But what the hell is the shushing all about?*

Emma stood there, in-between her best friend and her lover, pondering the situation. It was a moment she would come back to again and again in her mind, because she could have decided to take Alex into another room, and that would have been the end of it. Instead…

She waved at Alex to come over.

Emma tip-toed into the living-room and Alex took her place in the doorway. When he saw Tracey fingering herself in front of the TV, his face formed a comic expression of shock. Open-mouthed, he turned to Emma, as if to say, *What the fuck?*

Emma saw what was playing on the TV and grinned. Alex stepped forward to see, and a floorboard creaked.

Tracey blinked and looked up to see Alex and Emma standing a few feet away. She yelped in fright like a small animal. Her hand shot out from her crotch and she bent forward as if to hide her state of undress. She froze in that position, looking away from them. Her face had gone crimson. She was ashamed and embarrassed, and couldn't move.

Alex and Emma appeared to be similarly embarrassed and frozen. The only movement in the room was on the TV. Alex was shagging Emma from behind.

Emma, in actual fact, was not embarrassed. The sight of Tracey fingering herself like that had turned her on. But she felt sorry for her.

Suddenly, she knew what to do.

She dropped her towel.

Tracey looked at her, as did Alex. Emma's naked body was a formidable sight. Alex fought an urge to applaud.

Emma kept her eyes on Tracey and pulled Alex close to her. She kissed him sloppily with a wide mouth, their tongues meeting in the open.

Tracey watched for a while, then, like someone hypnotised, stood up and shuffled over to Emma and Alex. Her jeans were open in a wide V at her crotch, exposing her underwear, but she didn’t hitch them up. She moved in close, as if at the mercy of an invisible force. Emma broke her kiss with Alex and kissed Tracey. Tracey felt numb with shock for a few seconds — she couldn’t really remember getting here from the sofa — but then she melted into Emma, circling her arms around her.

Alex removed his tie and shirt as he watched the women kiss. They were using tongues now, really getting into it. Tracey even had a hand on Emma's breast. He did not analyse what the hell was happening, for fear he would wake up from it.

Emma helped Tracey out of her clothes. First her top, then her jeans, leaving her in a plain white bra and knickers. Emma walked behind Tracey to undo her bra. They both faced Alex and watched him as Tracey's bra dropped to the floor.

Alex looked at Tracey's perky, firm tits, her nipples small and stiff, pointing right at him. She had a pert little ass that he wanted to bite. He looked up at Tracey, then at Emma, and back again. He swallowed.

Emma pushed Tracey towards Alex. Tracey looked over her shoulder at Emma questioningly, and Emma simply smiled, and turned to attend to the TV.

Alex pulled Tracey against him, feeling her tits squash against his chest. He leaned down and kissed her briefly, then roamed her neck with his mouth, bending down further to kiss her breast, his hand kneading the other. As he sucked her nipple he felt her small hand give his crotch a cheeky squeeze, and his cock stiffened against her touch. She pulled her tit out of his mouth and kneeled in front of him.

Emma found the part of the video where Alex was tonguing her pussy, and turned the volume up slightly. When she turned round, Alex was out of his trousers and Tracey had just yanked his shorts down. The head of his cock bounced up and down as if on a spring. Emma sat back on the sofa and rubbed her clit.

Tracey took Alex’s cock into her mouth. *I was masturbating to this only a few minutes ago*, she thought. She sucked hard on the bulbous head then took it deeper into her mouth, and tongued it vigourously. She popped it out and pressed it flat against his belly, and licked the underside of his shaft and then his balls, the fingers of her other hand digging into his butt cheek. Alex looked down and pushed Tracey's blonde hair out of her face, watching her mouth open wide to lick his balls. *Jesus Christ*, he thought, *this beats working*. He looked over at Emma who was fingering herself on the sofa, and she smiled back at him.

Emma couldn’t take any more of the video, which was showing Alex’s tongue roaming her pussy lips. She got up quickly and brought the two of them over to the area of carpet in front of the TV. They were obedient because clearly, she was in charge, even though no words had been spoken. They were deferring to her beauty and confidence. She perched Tracey on the edge of the sofa and kneeled in front of her. Tracey looked up at Alex, who was watching eagerly.

Emma grabbed Tracey's knickers and pulled them down. She threw them to Alex, grinning. He caught them and breathed in their scent; they had a warm, tangy smell.

Tracey couldn't believe her best friend was licking her pussy, but she was, and it felt incredible. She felt the tongue slither across her swollen clit in every direction. She moaned and looked over at Alex, and beckoned him over.

Alex knelt beside Tracey on the sofa. She alternated between jerking him off and sucking his cock while Emma tongued her pussy. He got a fright at one point when Tracey bit down on his shaft slightly, responding to Emma's work on her clit. But she licked it all better.

Emma stood up and kissed Alex, and he could taste Tracey's pussy in her mouth. Tracey stood up and joined them, and they each stole kisses from each other, their hands groping hungrily over their bodies. Alex and Tracey kissed Emma's breasts at the same time. Then Alex moved behind Tracey as she continued to kiss Emma. He pressed his cock into the cleft of her ass and his hands reached around to her pussy. His fingers slipped inside her easily; she was dripping wet down there. He sucked her juices from his fingers.

Emma lay flat on her back on the carpet and spread her legs wide. Tracey kneeled down in front of her and slid two fingers in and out of Emma’s swollen pussy. Tracey looked behind at Alex and wiggled her ass at him. He grinned and knelt down on one knee behind her. He pressed his cock into her pussy half-way, and she gasped; he pulled out slowly and pushed in again, further this time. She was gloriously tight.

Tracey bent down even more to let Alex in all the way, her face now pressed up against Emma's

pussy, which smelt wonderful. She licked and sucked her friend's sweet juices into her mouth, loving the moaning sounds Emma was making in response. Alex's cock slid in and out of her. She wanted him to go faster, so she tried to speed him up by pushing her ass into him. He got the message. He slapped against her rhythmically, watching her ass ripple slightly with each impact.

Eventually, Emma got up from the floor and gently moved Alex over to the sofa, and sat him down. She backed into him and he grabbed her ass, positioning her over his cock as she sat down on top of it. They grunted in unison. Emma lifted herself up a bit and allowed Alex to piston his cock into her, a position they performed regularly. Her head fell back in pleasure. Tracey knelt down between Alex's thighs, and, when he stopped thrusting upwards, she reached forward and sucked his balls. She pulled his cock out of Emma and sucked on it, then placed it back in. He moved in and out of Emma slowly while Tracey rubbed Emma's clit. Emma broke into a scream of pleasure that the whole street probably heard.

Alex took a break on the sofa to avoid shooting his load. He watched as Emma whispered something into Tracey's ear, and Tracey responded with a light kiss on Emma's lips. Emma skipped out of the room, her considerable breasts swaying as she went, and Tracey sat sideways on Alex's lap. He ran his fingers through her light patch of pubic hair and stroked her swollen red lips underneath while she nibbled at his ear, her hot breath tickling him.

Emma returned with a clear bottle of lube and a small blue dildo. Alex watched as Tracey went to Emma again, and Emma whispered to her. Tracey got on all fours, and Emma rubbed the tip of her lubed middle finger around, and finally into, Tracey's ass. She slid her finger in and out, then added another. Tracey clenched her teeth and closed her eyes as the two fingers went into her. Emma then rammed her fingers into her friend's ass forcefully, Tracey yelping quietly each time. Alex got up off the sofa.

Emma dripped lube onto the throbbing head of Alex's cock and he pressed it into Tracey's puckered asshole. Inch by inch, he forced his cock into her incredibly tight hole. He was rock hard, which helped. When he pulled out for another go, she groaned loudly. The second time was easier. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and thrust again, grunting with the effort but persisting, trying to get a decent rhythm going. Tracey's mouth was wide open, her lips quivering each time he moved in and out. Within a minute, he was ramming himself into her right up to the balls with each thrust. Tracey cried out each time, mostly unintelligible grunts of pleasure with some expletives thrown in. Alex looked over at Emma. She was fucking herself furiously with the dildo.

They both moved Tracey onto the sofa. Alex spread Tracey's legs apart and held them up high. He eased himself into her ass again, and fucked her as hard as he could. Emma planted her feet on either side of Tracey on the sofa, her hands against the wall as if she were being frisked. She pushed

her pussy into Tracey's face. Tracey licked it hungrily, her face being jolted by Alex's thrusting. She stuck out her tongue and it slid into Emma's soaking wet hole, her nose rubbing against Emma's clit. Emma cried out. Alex got the dildo and slid it into Tracey's pussy, alternately thrusting his cock into her ass and ramming the dildo in and out of her pussy. He managed to work this into a fast rhythm, and Tracey screamed. Alex joined her, close to bursting point.

He pulled out of Tracey and Emma helped him turn Tracey over. Emma parted Tracey's ass cheeks for him, exposing her wet, red asshole. He jerked himself off, ready to blow; Tracey turned round and smiled at him, which pushed him over the edge. He felt like was exploding, come shooting out of him and into Tracey's ass; it pooled up and trickled down to her pussy lips. More of it shot into Emma's mouth, which she swallowed hungrily, and then Tracey turned round, pushing Alex's hand off his cock and using her own on him, which was fucking painful, but he kept coming, splashing Tracey's lips with another creamy load. Emma turned Tracey over again, wanting to see her ass again. Alex's come was all over it. She spread it around with her hands and tongued Tracey's asshole, licking it all away. Tracey turned to Alex, who could barely stand up any longer, and sucked clean the come from the tip of his penis, which was still dribbling. He collapsed against the sofa and they both fell against him.

*

Alex opened his eyes. Blonde hair was two inches from his face, and for a second he wondered where he was. But he recognised the sofa a few feet away, and remembered. He couldn't remember falling asleep or where the duvet had come from, though. *I must've fallen into a sex coma*, he thought, smiling. He was spooning Tracey and Emma was spooning him, the duvet covering them as they lay on the carpet.

He wondered how long they had been here. From the faraway traffic sounds, he figured it was rush hour. He had missed work. *Fuck it, it's Friday. The weekend has started.*

Tracey moved in her sleep, brushing against his battle-worn cock slightly, which seemed to stir it into life. Or, rather, resurrect it from the dead. He felt it growing and pressing into the warm cleft of her ass.

A hand — he could not tell whose — cupped his balls, and a fingernail tickled the underside of his shaft.

The weekend was showing promise already.