

My first threesome (Part one) The Prelude

By Debs

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My life changing night leads to my first threesome and my first experience with a man...

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/my-first-threesome-part-one-the-1.aspx>

This story follows my three previous confessions, which all began with a wonderful night spent with my lesbian boss Jennifer. This directly follows my last story 'Back to work, Back to reality' and is 100% true.

It was Wednesday morning when Jennifer first came into the office following our night of passion the previous Friday and Saturday. Since then I had become fully aware that it was just sex to her, she had seduced me, possibly used me and had then told Karen, a senior partner at work, all about it.

Karen had then made it clear to me the previous evening after work that she wanted me to do the same to her and I'd given her an orgasm while she lay on the meeting table in her office.

It's fair to say my life had taken quite a turn in the last week and I was feeling very nervous and apprehensive about my first conversation with Jennifer that morning. My stomach was doing cartwheels when I saw her car pull into the car park through the window. I first saw Jennifer walk down the corridor past the open door to the office I shared with two other secretaries; she didn't look up or acknowledge me. Normally I would walk into her office and offer to make a cup of coffee, but I really didn't want to do that this morning! I told myself not to be stupid, remain professional, I wasn't ready to lose or leave my job just yet, although it seemed inevitable in the circumstances.

I walked to her office and knocked on the open door, Jennifer looked up. She sort of smiled and sort of shrugged in a, sort of, apologetic manner, which surprised me.

"Can we talk?" Jennifer asked.

"Of course," I answered.

Jennifer asked me to close the door and I sat down in front of her desk. Jennifer put her hands on her head and breathed out loudly, exasperated. This wasn't what I had expected.

“Are you okay?” I asked, genuinely concerned.

“Oh God, Deborah, are you okay? Jennifer asked with equal concern.

We both laughed and the awkward atmosphere disappeared and I think we both felt like friends again and we both began to speak honestly and freely.

“I’m going to assume that Karen asked you to stay late last night,” Jennifer asked.

“She did, sort of, I offered, but yes we stayed late,” I answered.

“I can only imagine what happened, but –“ She began to explain and I interrupted.

“You don’t know? I assumed you’d know everything,” I told her, with a hint of anger in my voice.

“I haven’t spoken to Karen, Deborah. She wouldn’t tell me about it without me asking her, I can promise you that,” Jennifer said.

“I just thought, because, she knew all about us. You know that, you told her,” I said, my voice getting louder.

“I know I did and I’m so sorry, I never meant to, I’m sorry,” Jennifer told me. She did seem genuinely apologetic.

I obviously looked confused, Jennifer could see that and she continued to explain.

“It was pillow talk,” Jennifer said.

I still looked confused.

“When we were in Derby, in the evening, in my room, I took control.” Jennifer looked at me for confirmation.

“Yes, I wanted that, I liked it,” I answered.

“When I’m with Karen, she takes control and I find myself telling her things I shouldn’t, I can’t explain that. You know what I mean by pillow talk?” she asked me.

“I do now,” I replied.

"I shouldn't have told her and I can only assume what she tried with you or did with you." Jennifer looked at me for some kind of clarification.

"Similar things to what we did," I replied and decided to leave it at that.

"It was never my intention to put you in that situation, genuinely," Jennifer explained.

"I believe you," I replied and I did.

"What do you want to do now?" she asked.

"Nothing now, people might see," I smiled.

Jennifer laughed and I felt I should explain what I'd been thinking about. What had kept me awake most of the night.

"I don't want it to stop," I said and immediately looked down at the floor.

"I don't know how long I want it to continue, but I know I want it to continue more, for now," I explained further.

"Okay," Jennifer said, unsure of what I meant.

"Maybe the three of us could –" I tried to say but Jennifer interrupted me.

"Deborah, you're eighteen and you're lovely and beautiful. You don't need to find what you're looking for with me and certainly not with Karen." She spoke with a look of concern in her eyes.

"I know I don't, I agree with you. I'm sure I'll find love and friendship and a genuine relationship elsewhere. I'm not looking for that with you, I was maybe, but I'm not now," I explained, looking directly at Jennifer.

I then told her more about how for most of my life, the vast majority that I can remember was spent in a room with just me and my Mum. Most of that time was spent trying to sober my Mum up because social services were coming around. I hope you, the reader, will understand if I don't go into too much detail about that?

"I'll find the relationship I'm looking for, but I don't to stop feeling the way I've felt since Friday;

wanted, desired, pleased, that's what I want to continue," I shouted and reminded myself we were at work.

"And you want to continue being with me," Jennifer asked.

"I want to have sex with a man, with you there as well," I said, surprising myself with my confidence.

"I'm not into that, I'm afraid," Jennifer said.

"Karen is," I replied immediately.

"Well you'll need to speak Karen about it then, won't you," Jennifer said, with a tone that suggested she was annoyed with me.

"I don't know her though, not as well as you do anyway," I said.

"You want me to speak to Karen about arranging for a man to have sex with you. You're crazy, this is madness," Jennifer said.

"That's all I want and then I'll know," I told Jennifer.

"Know what?" Jennifer asked.

"I'll know whether I'm like you or like Karen. I'll know what I'll like and then I'll find it on my own, but I want to do this first," I said.

"I really don't know Deborah this isn't the answer," Jennifer said.

"I think you owe me. Just do this, please," I asked.

Jennifer paused, she looked at me.

"How will I even bring this up with Karen?" Jennifer asked.

"Just go and see her, tell her you know what she did. Tell her what it is I want. Just do that, nothing else. Please Jennifer," I asked again.

Jennifer looked at me. I stared straight back at her.

“Okay,” she answered.