

# Short taste.

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Published on Lush Stories on 31 Aug 2009

*I understand how short it is, but it wasn't originally intended for the public, written for Jen.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/short-taste.aspx>

It was aching. Her pussy was aching for some good, old fashioned affection, and her tongue flexed across the roof of her mouth. Practicing for when she had the pair of pussy lips in front of her that belonged to the angel across the room.

Jennifer could see from here the perfect little dimples squinting as the raven haired angel laughed. Her black locks hung in a contemporary style, not attention drawing, but that was the point. She was a treasure to be earned. She had a medium frame and mouth watering curves that could have made the ocean jealous. Jennifer stared at her, transfixed by the tongue that fleetingly appeared between her lips, like it was dancing to tease. Jen could taste it from here.

Zac wasn't at the bar tonight. It wasn't like him to crowd Jen, but he almost enjoyed the idea that she was getting out and tasting the world every once and a while. On the other end, he could use the rest. Then the angel stood and started to walk towards the bar where Jen sat with a couple friends who were deep into flirting with each other. She had stopped listening to them a while ago. The angel ordered something from the bartender, but Jen didn't hear it. Her senses were too overwhelmed by the chance to see her close up. The bartender walked away for a moment and the angel's eyes began to wander. They noticed that Jen's were intently studying them. The angel smiled, not a nervous smile, but an adorable smirk, as if she knew it wasn't just chance that Jen happened to be looking at her.

Jen smiled back and quickly decided to speak.

"Are you new around here? I've never seen you before." Jen said.

"Mm-hm." She said, perfectly, nodding. "Just transferred here. For NASA."

"NASA?" Jen asked.

"Yep. Shuttle engineering." Ooo, a smart one, Jen thought.

"My name's Jen."

"I'm Sara."

"I love that name." Jen said smiling.

"Yeah?" Sara said cutely. The bartender brought her drink. She picked it up and looked over to her friend back at her table. They weren't paying attention, immersed in their own conversation. She turned her head back around and sat in the stool that met at the other side of the corner of the bar

that Jen's seat did.

"So, what do you do?" Sara asked, smiling.

"I'm an Air Force pilot." Jen responded, slowly spinning her glass in her fingers.

"Wow, that's neat." A minute or so of silence passed, and the music playing became more apparent for the lack of conversation. Suddenly Sara lunged at Jennifer, pressing their lips together briefly. Jen was left rather fluttered when Sara disconnected.

"You wanna get outta here?" She asked hurriedly. Jen wanted to hesitate, but her aching pussy answered for her.

"Yeah, my place?" Jen said.

"Sure." They started to get up. Jen grabbed her coat and looked at Sara who was starting to walk past Jen.

"You didn't bring a coat?" Jen asked. It was late December. Sara looked back for only a second at a jacket that hung over a chair at the table. She walked quickly over to the table and grabbed the jacket and hung it over her arm. One of her friends seemed to ask her a question. Sara said a few words and pointed at Jen. Sara's friend smirked as he nodded and Sara began to walk back towards the door.

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They almost started to tear through from the front door to the bedroom in a clothes removing hurricane, but Jennifer quickly shushed her and explained that Zac was in the house, but probably still locked in the study, writing and her kids were hopefully still sound asleep. They still kissed spontaneously on the walk to the bedroom, at one point almost losing themselves into each other in the hallway.

Finally, managing the bedroom door open, quietly, and through numerous kisses, Jennifer and Sara tore their clothes off and each studying the fruits they were about to partake in. Sara looked too good to be true. Her breasts could have been firmer, but it wasn't necessarily a preference of Jen, only a fact. Sara's curvy waist led down to her angelic behind and her luscious legs.

Once Sara was bare, Jen shoved her onto the bed, producing a small gasp from Sara. Both of their stomachs tingled from the thrill. Jen leaned over and propped up Sara's legs and tasted her thigh, kissing it with small licks sandwiched in between her kissing lips, with an occasional bite. A tasty appetizer to the pink candy that was nestled between Sara's legs. Jen normally loved the cute, unbearable agony that drawn out foreplay put on Zac's face, him whining for her to take his whole cock in her mouth rather than continue to tease it with sweet kisses and licks for another half an hour, but it had been far too long since she had had the taste of pussy, and herself couldn't take another second of wait.

Her mouth hugged itself over Sara's clit as Jen's tongue plunged itself into the nectar soaked lips. Sara bit her bottom lip and pinched her own nipple. Her legs began to curl upward as Jen's tongue fluxed and squirmed. Tiny gasps of pleasure escaped from Sara's mouth, she struggled to keep quiet.

But, the door opened anyways.

Jen turned her head around to see Zac standing in the doorway with a manila folder filled with papers in his arm. Sara looked back and forth a few times between Zac and Jen, but then Jen smiled and gestured for him to join them.

“Why didn’t you invite me sooner?” He whined.

“I didn’t really wanna share.” Jen said, smiling. Zac gasped and pouted, undressing. Jen returned to the pussy before her, not wanting it to go cold. Sara watched Zac get undressed while Zac studied her. Once naked, Zac walked over to Jen’s raised behind and put his hand on a cheek gently. Jen purred and took her lips off just long enough to whisper “Fill me, beautiful.” Zac pressed his hand to Jen’s soaking pussy which caused her to give a muffled moan.

Zac grabbed his cock and steadily drove it inside and began a gradual rise in tempo. Rather than drive all the way to a plateau of speed, he hovered at a medium pace, favoring long term. He nestled closer to her and pressed his thumb into Jen’s asshole. Her muffled moans got noticeably louder, and finally Sara accepted the situation and pulled Jen’s head with both hands, gasping. Zac started to drag his fingers up the side of Jen’s thigh. A moan momentarily escaped the connecting lips from Jen. She took her mouth off of Sara and disconnected from Zac and sat him down onto the middle of the bed. Jen wrapped her legs around Zac and quickly and eagerly had him reinsert and continue. She gestured Sara over and had her stand between Zac and Jen, facing Zac. She put her hands on Zac’s head for balance as he thrust his tongue inside her while she stood. Jen slid a couple fingers into Sara’s ass and could tell Sara was familiar with the feeling. Sara was brought to tears from the pleasure, whining and moaning to the ceiling. Jen took out her fingers and pressed her tongue as far as she could into Sara’s ass, no longer with the concentration to use fingers from the pleasure she was deriving from the cock buried inside her.

Sara came first, which Zac eagerly slurped up as she trembled. Jen and Zac came together, with their faces still wedged between Sara’s legs. All three of them collapsed into the bed together, Zac curled behind Jen. Jen and Sara facing each other, kissing very lethargically. Zac watched them kiss as he ran his fingers across Jen’s body.

“Angels taste good.” Zac whispered to which Jen responded to with a lazy, but happy “mm-hm.”