Betting People - Trick Or Treat?

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Friends have an interesting Halloween

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By Maximillian Excaliber

Introduction

This wasn't supposed to be, but is, the first story in a new series I'm writing called 'Betting People'.

Each story will be different but will have a common theme. All of the stories in this series will be about people make a wager that results in their becoming intimate. As you will find out while reading them, these stories are, in fact, tales of seduction.

Max

Chapter One – The Party

I had just arrived at the apartment of Veranda Cain. Veranda is the best friend of my girlfriend Bernadette Silva.

That night, Veranda was hosting a Halloween Party and everyone was supposed to show up in costume. Bernadette had forgotten to tell me about it and by the time she did, all the party supply stores were sold out. I was forced to improvise so I'd worn a white short sleeve shirt and slacks.

The moment I walked in the door Veranda said to me, “ Trick or Treat Walter? ” That's me, my name is Walter Mitchel.

Unfortunately, for several reasons, I was as nervous as a hiccuping parrot in a glass factory.

First, Veranda is thirty-eight years old, five-feet eleven inches tall, has hazel eyes, long flowing auburn hair and is every bit as beautiful and sexy as Bernadette.

Second, she never seemed to miss an opportunity to show me how very affectionate she could be .

Third, from the first day Bernadette introduced us, Veranda had been looking at me with 'bedroom eyes'.

Fourth, because of all of the above, I'd been fantasizing about her more than I usually did.

Now, if that's not enough for you, here's the topper... that night Veranda's entire body, what I could see of it, was covered with green latex and, what little I couldn't see, which wasn't much, was hidden by what looked at the time to be the tiniest golden satin loin cloth in the world.

Her bare breasts were covered by a thin layer of latex that did nothing to hide her pointy, erect nipples and showed very clearly every curve of her bountiful bosoms. Whether I liked it or not, my eyes were drawn to them like bees to honey. Believe me when I say it, green or not, they looked very tasty to me! They were so beautiful that I had to fight hard not to stare and almost missed the gold and ruby necklace surrounding her long sexy neck .

Thinking to myself that everyone was watching me, I forced my eyes casually down to her midsection, then beyond and noticed the pair of gold sandal pumps on her feet. I smiled and looked up at her face. That's when I saw the matching earrings she was wearing.

Anyway, after I rolled my tongue back in my mouth, figuratively that is, I tried to remember what she'd said. It came back to me and I felt trapped. It sounds kind of silly doesn't it. But Veranda has a way of being really tricky. That's why I was afraid that no matter what I said, she'd find some way of using it to her advantage.

While I was trying to figure out what to say, Veranda asked me about my costume. I told her that I was supposed to be a 'Serial Killer' and explained to her why I had been forced to improvise . She was old enough to know who Ted Bundy, John Wayne Gacy and David Berkowitz were and thought it was funny. Trying to avoid answering her 'Trick or Treat' question. “ What are you supposed to be? ” I asked, to which she responded, “ A Martian Princess. Do you like it? ”

I told her I did hoping she'd forgotten her original question. My hopes were crushed when I heard her say, “ You never told me what you wanted. Which was it, a Trick or a Treat? ”

I faced the realization that no answer I could give would likely be a safe one and said the first thing that came to my mind... “ Trick! ” Then changed my mind and said, “ No! Treat! ” and then when I realized what an idiot I was sounding like said in frustration, “ Hell, I don't know, pick one! ”

I had been counting on Bernadette running interference for me but, at the last minute she called to tell me that she was going to have to work overtime. I offered to wait at home so we could go to the party

together but she insisted otherwise .

Fortunately after I'd made an ass out of myself stammering like an idiot, Veranda laughed and said mercifully, “ Don't worry about it. ” I breathed a sigh of relief but then she added seductively, “ I'll surprise you later. ” With a sense of foreboding, I began to consider the possibilities and immediately wondered how I would ever make it until Bernadette got there.

Luckily, to my pleasant surprise, two seconds later she came walking in the door and I didn't have to worry about avoiding Veranda.

After she kissed me, I asked Bernadette what happened and she told me her boss decided she didn't want to pay the overtime after all and sent everyone home early, or was it on time? I can't remember. Anyway, it doesn't matter because with Bernadette there, I knew my chance of enjoying the party went up a hundred percent.

Bernadette had brought her costume with her and after saying 'Hi' to Veranda, immediately excused herself so she could go change.

Not wanting to be left alone with Veranda, I used the excuse that I was going to go mingle with the other guests and wandered about looking for anyone I knew.

I soon discovered that everyone else at the party , male and female alike, were dressed as provocatively as Veranda . 'What kind of party is this?' While I pondered the question, drink in hand, I toured the room and I waited for Bernadette to make her in-costume entrance.

A few minutes later she reappeared and I almost hit the floor. Every visible area of skin on her body was covered in blood red latex paint. She wore a black leather thong and matching garter, fishnet stockings and high-heels. All of which perfectly accented her curly black hair. Glued to her temples were two shiny black horns and attached to the back of her thong was a rubber blood- red pitched fork tail. In her right hand she was holding a leather, cat-of-nine tails whip.

“ What do you think, is it *HOT* enough for you? ” There was an appropriately devilish grin on her face.

Enthusiastically, I replied, “ Hell honey, I'm on fire! ” Had I not known it would have messed up her costume, I'd have snuck her off and raised a little hell of my own!

The party went on and about 1:00 in the morning it ended and, after we helped Veranda clean up, Bernadette and I said our goodbyes and left.

Chapter Two – “ Ambushed me? ”

“ Veranda asked me how things were going between us at the party. ” Said Bernadette to me in a casual, conversational tone.

At the party, I ' d drank just enough to be feeling no pain but, for some reason, her words surprised me. Veranda and Bernadette had known each other since high school and it wasn't what friends usually do. Then again, friends don't usually make goo-goo eyes at each others boyfriends either, do they? “ Why did she do that? ” I asked.

“ Because she's got the hots for you and wants to fuck you Walter. ” Replied Bernadette.

I didn't think she knew and almost chocked when I heard he say it. “ What did you say to her? ”

“ I told her that everything was fine between us. She looked disappointed. ” We were about two miles from home.

Trying to sound nonchalant about it, I suggested, “ If she asks again, tell her I'm already taken. ”

“ Wouldn't it be simpler if you just gave her what she wants? ” Asked Bernadette.

The first thought I had was, 'Did I hear her right?' Then I remembered the latex green skin golden loin cloth Veranda had worn and thought to myself, 'I'd love to but then, if I did, it would be over between us' That was followed by, 'I wonder if Bernadette sneaked a few drinks when I wasn't looking?' Her driving was fine and I decided she hadn't. “ No, it would not! ”

“ Why? ” Bernadette asked without taking her eyes off the road.

I explained, “Because I love you, that's why!”

“ Suppose I gave you my permission, what would you say then? ” There was still no change in expression.

I began to wonder if she were testing me and said, “ I'd say you and I are in a relationship and I'm not going to cheat on you. ”

“ What if she ambushed you? ”

Confused, I asked, “Ambushed me? What do you mean ambushed me?”

“Something kinky, like tie you to a bed and tease you until you beg for her to fuck you.”

Trying my best to sound convincing, I declared, “That's not going to happen. Anyway, there's nothing she, or any other woman for that matter, could do that would make beg them to fuck me.”

“You don't really believe that? Do you?” Her tone had changed telling me she didn't believe me.

I asked, “Don't you?”

“Not for a minute.”

Obviously, that wasn't what I wanted to hear. I didn't know whether to be offended or not. I said to her, “Well it's true.”

“Fine, let's bet on it!”

I wasn't sure if I'd heard her correctly. “What?” I asked Veranda.

“I said, 'let's bet on it!' We'll play a little game. If you win, I'll get you that 50 inch television you've been drooling after. If I win... “

I didn't wait for her to finish. “As tempting as that sounds, I'll pass. I'm still a little tight from the punch we drank. But if you can wait until morning... ”

“You drank! If you recall, I had someone from work drop me off. I am the designated driver.” She reminded. To which I responded, “In any case, I'm not in any mood for fun and games.”

It was a lie. I was horney as hell. You would be too after being around a bunch of near naked attractive women all night long. It was the worst time for me to be tempted.

“Did you just say you werent in the mood? Wouldn't that give you an advantage?" She retorted.

She had me there. "Well, yes but..."

"Can you think of a better time?"

'Fuck!' I thought. 'She's using logic. I hate it when she does that!' I was forced to admit she was right.

There were a lot of things I could have said but wasn't about to. I could have told her the truth that I'd been fantasizing about Veranda but I knew that wasn't going to help me. I could also have told her that the very idea she was suggesting I found both erotic and arousing. How does this sound? 'Sure honey, I'd love to have you tie me to the bed and pretend you're some other woman trying to seduce me!' Oh yeah, that would have really convinced her. I decided to say the only thing I thought was safe... “Fine, but I don't want to hear any whining later when you find I'm not as susceptible to a woman's powers of persuasion as you think I am!”

Then I thought, 'Damn! I ought to be a fertilizer salesmen. I almost bought that bullshit myself.' but inside where it really counted, I wasn't so sure. If you're wondering why I gave in so easily, I'll tell you. It's because I knew that she wouldn't stop asking until she got her way.

As soon as the car was parked in the garage, Bernadette exited the vehicle and, over the hissing sound of the cooling motor said to me...

"If you need to go to the bathroom, now's the time to do it." I told her I did and she told me to... "Meet me in the bedroom when you're finished."

That took about two minutes.

“Strip!” Bernadette demanded, as soon as I walked through the bedroom door.

She still holding the whip in her hand. Bernadette must have seen me look at it because she said...

“Opps. I'll put it away.”

She turned her back to me and opened the top drawer of her dresser and placed the whip inside and, as I undressed, she started searching for something.

It took me about a minute to disrobe completely, during which time Bernadette found what she was looking for and waited patiently with her hands behind her back.

“ Lie down on the left side of the bed and put your hands over your head. Make sure that you leave enough room for me to sit down next to you. ” Her hands came into view and I could see she was holding several scarfs.

Naively, I asked, “ What are you going to do with those? ”

“ 'Something kinky, like tie you to a bed and tease you.' Remember? ” Reminded Bernadette.

I said in protestation, “ I didn't think you were actually going to tie me up! ”

“ Well I am. So, do as I say or admit you're wrong and forfeit! ”

Since I wasn't about to forfeit, I did as I was told.

Two minutes later she'd tied my wrists to the rails on the left side of the head-board. Then she bound my ankles together and to the rails on same side of the foot-board.

When she reached over and removed yet a fifth scarf from the drawer and headed in my direction, I demanded, “ What are you going to do with that? ”

“ Why Walter honey, I'm going to blindfold you. That way you can better imagine that some stranger has ambushed you and not me, dearest. Otherwise, you don't stand a chance. ” Bernadette answered wickedly. The sad truth is that in some fucked up way she was right, butthat didn't keep me from asking myself, 'Who kidnapped my Bernadette and replaced her with this vixen?'

With no farther protestations from me, Bernadette tied the scarf around my head, covering my eyes and sending me into near total darkness. Then she announced...

“ I'm going to go take a shower. ”

Astounded, I yelled, “ You're what? ”

“ Don't worry, it won't take long. I'll turn the stereo on and leave some music playing for you, so you won't get too bored while I'm gone. ” Replied Bernadette, her voice fading rapidly as she did.

For some unexplained reason, the station she'd chosen was playing the slow, easy listening style of music, that even sober would have put me to sleep, and what I guess was about five minutes later, I was out like a light.

Chapter Three – “ What happened? ”

“ Wake up sleepy head. ” Bernadette said softly. Her voice was close. She seemed to be sitting on the bed next to me.

As fog of sleep began to rise, I tried to move and became aware of the scarfs binding me to the bed, then remembered where I was. Instantly, I turned red with embarrassment at my predicament. I also realized that I was no longer inebriated. “ How long was I asleep? ”

“ Long enough for me to do my nails and get out of my costume. ” She said pleasantly.

Having seen her do her nails before. I had no idea how long it took her to change, but I did know that I must have slept at least an hour.

“ So Walter, ” she began, “ imagine that when you came home after the party you feel asleep and awakened to find yourself tied to the bed. Kneeling on the bed next to you completely naked is Veranda. Her pussy is wet with excitement and she is reaching down to take your cock in her hand. ”

As the words were spoken, I felt the delicate fingers of a woman's hand gently encircle my penis and begin moving ever so slowly up and down my limp shaft. The easy way in which it did, told me that Bernadette must have lubricated my manhood sometime while I was sleeping.

“ Can you feel her stroking it? Doesn't it feel good? ”

I didn't answer. I was too busy trying to keep my penis from getting hard. It wasn't cooperating.

Bernadette continued...

“ Now she's bending over you and placing her right breast to your mouth. ”

Something small and rigid brushed lightly over my lips and was quickly pulled away. Meanwhile, the hand on my cock continued moving.

“ She wants you to stop fighting her and thinks that perhaps a kiss will change your mind. ”

There is a shifting of weight on the bed and a mouth touchs mine. I'm sure from the smell of the perfume that it is Bernadette. Even so, I resist the temptation to open my mouth and allow our tongues to mingle passionately. I give into temptation for a second but when I do, she pulls away from me. 'What a tease!' I think.

Tauntingly, Bernadette asks...

“ Tell me Walter, don't you want to feel her mouth on yours? ”

I see it in my mind and immediately my cock begins growing in size. Realizing what is happening, I struggle to make it go down but all I can manage to do is stunt its growth.

There is more shifting on the bed and then I hear Bernadette say...

“ Tell me Walter, would you rather feel her mouth here? ”

Immediately, the hand on my manhood lowered to the base of my cock and held it firmly in place. I felt something rub softly up length of large ridge from base of my cock to just under the crown. I could tell from how soft it was that it was a tongue!

“ Or perhaps you want to feel her mouth here? ”

It began rolling over the head and continued to do so for several long, pleasurable seconds. When it stopped, I heard Bernadette say...

“ I hear she's quite good at giving head. Imaging she starts sucking you. Let’s find out, shall we? ”

So began one of the most excruciating, erotic blow-jobs I've ever had in my life. When it began, I was only three quarters erect, but less than a minute later I was harder than a porn-star on Viagra.

For the next thirty minutes, the only sound in the room I heard was that of lips sucking and and tongue licking at my dick. Several times I came close to cumming and every time she pulled back at the last second. Finally, just when I was about to give in, she stopped abruptly.

As I lay there panting and tried to collect my wits, I recognized the unmistakable feeling of a condom being rolled slowly down my shaft. Then, as I felt a female body climb over me I heard Bernadette ask...

“ Tell me Walter, what do you want? ”

I stubbornly refused to answer and felt a hand grasp my cock about the shaft and hold it motionless

while something soft and warm began sliding over my cock-head and embrace it lightly. It wasn't another condom!

Once again Bernadette asked...

“ What do you want Walter? ”

The hand began moving my cock in circular motion causing the tip of my dick to roll around whatever was encircling it.

“ Tell me what you want Walter! ” Said Bernadette more insistently.

Despite the desire to relent, I stood fast... and hard!

However, when I felt my cock-head being surrounded by something warm and tight, I began to weaken.

“ Are you ready to fuck now Walter? ”

Truthfully I answered, “ Yes! ”

“ Who do you want to fuck! ”

Ilied, “ You. ” Okay, so I admit it, I only partially lied. Still, I knew it wasn't what she wanted to hear but hoped it would do.

The pussy poised on my cock began moving up and down an inch. As it continued to do so, Bernadette demanded...

“ Tell me again, who do you want to fuck? ”

She leaned over. When she did, I could feel her hard nipples brushing against my chest and her perfume filled my nostrils.

It was utterly frustrating. I tried to thrust upwards but every time I did she went with me, foiling my attempts to get more of my cock inside her.

Finally, I was so frustrated that I would have said anything to fuck her... even the truth. “ Veranda! ” I proclaimed.

“ Then say it! Pretend I'm her and say it like you mean it! ”

Even though I was still blind folded, I closed my eyes and tried to imagine that the woman on top of me was my girlfriend's best friend. When her face became clear in my mind's eye, I proclaimed

loudly, “ Please Veranda, fuck me now! ”

“ Well, that was your trick! ” Announced Bernadette and I thought to myself, 'Where the fuck did that come from?'

“ And I'm your treat! ” Cried the woman on top of me as she impaled herself completely upon my dick. “

I gasped suddenly, partly from pleasure but mostly because the voice I'd heard wasn't Bernadette's. “ Veranda? Is that you? ” I began to wonder who was on top of me.

Two female voices giggled simultaneously. The scarf was pulled up over my eyes and I looked to be sure who was in the room with me and whom I was in.

Bernadette was there and she was wearing her sexist robe but, she was not the one on top of me. That, much to my surprise, was Veranda. She was still giggling and each time she did, her pussy tightened up spasmodically around my cock, causing her writhe erotically.

As she began bouncing up and down on my cock, Veranda answered, “ I thought you'd never ask. I almost blew the whole thing and started fucking you before you could. ”

“ Actually, technically, you did 'blow the whole thing' and, quite impressively I might add. Don't you agree darling? ” Said Bernadette.

I opened my mouth to say answer her and found myself immediately speechless. It might have been because I was having trouble believing what was happening. Then again, it could have been that at that very moment Veranda leaned forward and filled my mouth her left breast and in the process of doing so caused all but the tip of my cock to slip out of her. 'Damn!' I thought to myself. I'd really only just begun to enjoy the glorious depth of her hot pussy. I didn't have to to think of because Bernadette said to me...

“ Well, go on, suck it! ”

Not needing to be told a second time, I began rolling my tongue repeatedly around Veranda's nipple.

Wanting more of myself inside her, I raised my hips and started fuck her as deeply as I could possible. It was only half but, that was still more than before.

“ Ohhh! ” Moaned, Veranda in response to the movements of my throbbing hard man-meat moving like a piston in and out of her coitus canal.

“ More! ” she screamed like a banshee in heat and then savagely pushed herself up and backwards until all of my searing hot love-muscle was once more buried completely inside her torrid tunnel of lust.

For the next several minutes Veranda fucked me wildly until, suddenly at the bottom of a hard down-stroke, her whole body became as rigid as a statue and motionless.

I could tell she was cumming when seconds later she began erotically and uncontrollably quivering.

It eventually passed. When it had, she began to raise up lazily as if to dismount me and found a surprise waiting for her. I hadn't cum yet and wasn't finished. Sure that her pussy was very sensitive, I waited until she was half way off my cock and then started fucking her as fast as I could before she could finish dismounting me.

I knew it worked and that I'd caught her off guard when instead of getting off me she clinched up as if stricken by lightening and remained in place.

Each thrust of my powerful hips pushed her higher and higher into the air until eventually she could go no farther without falling off me and, once I had her up there I began fucking the entire length of my cock with all the speed of mechanical sex machine.

A minute later Veranda screamed, her eyes rolled back into her head and she proceeded to writhe in orgasm. The sight of her in ecstasy was too much for me and, before I knew what was happening, I went over the edge and started cumming so hard I was afraid the condom would break. Luckily for both of us, it didn't.

When I was finished, rather than stopping I kept moving inside her only this time, at a much slower pace.

I wanted to see if I could get her off a third time and knew that as long as I continued moving my cock would not go down. So, to keep it hard I began fucking her in a steady, metronome like 1-2 pace.

“ Oh no you don't! Save some for me. ” Ordered Bernadette as she walked around the bed to the right side and proceeded to help Veranda, whose breathing was labored from excitement, dismount me. I'd done the same thing enough times to her that I guess she'd figured out what I trying to do.

Once Veranda was free of my penis, Bernadette lovingly asked her to lay back, close her eyes and relax.

Breathing heavily and her body was flushed with sex, Veranda did as requested.

Bernadette sat down next to her and waited for until Veranda to calm down. All I could do was lay there with my condom clad hard-on still pointing straight up into the air. With nothing else to do, I took the opportunity to get my first really good look at Veranda's sexy naked body.

Chapter Four – “ Bi-Curious ”

Five minutes or so later my cock still hadn't gone down and Veranda was, for the most part, back to normal. Bernadette began speaking...

“ Was he everything I told you he was? ” Tired but content, Veranda replied, “ That and more! Now I'm begging to think you've been keeping him to yourself all this time! ”

Bernadette ignored her and I wondered what they were talking about.

“ How do you feel? ” She said instead.

“ My clit is swollen and it hasn't stop tingling yet! ” Replied Veranda.

“ Really? ” Inquired Bernadette curiously, “ Let me see. ”

Without even thinking about it, Veranda opened her legs so Bernadette could look and I thought to myself, 'How friendly are they?'

I watched as my girlfriend knelt down and began examining her friend's pussy. Maybe it was curiosity?

With her head very close to Veranda's pussy, Bernadette called over her shoulder...

“ Wow! You're right, it's really swollen. ” Then, very much to my surprise, Bernadette licked it once.

Veranda jerked suddenly, opened her eyes and said, “ It's sensitive too! ” Then she asked the seeming innocent question, “ What's it look like? ”

I thought to myself, 'Maybe I was wrong. Maybe she's Bi-curious?'

“ Kind of like mine. ” Answered Bernadette as she raised her right leg and moved it over Veranda, and kneed straddled. Her pussy was about six inches away from the other woman's face. “ See? ”

Veranda looked at Bernadette's pussy. It was wet and, to me, her clit appear to be swollen. “ Veranda seeing it asked, “ Your clit isn't as big as mine. Is it sensitive? ”

“ I don't know. ” Responded Bernadette.

After a moment's contemplation, Veranda giggled, “ Well, tell me how this feels. ” And then she leaned forward and flicked her softly once over Bernadette's clit.

“ I'm not sure. I thought I felt something but I can't say. Do it again. ”

Veranda did. Bernadette squirmed.

“ I definitely felt something that time. ” Began Bernadette. “ Did it get any bigger? ”

Appearing to examine her friend's genitalia, Veranda replied, “ I think it did. ”

“ How about you, are you still as sensitive as you were? ” Asked Bernadette playfully.

Giggling again, Veranda suggested, “ I don't know, touch it and I'll tell you. ”

Bernadette touched it alright, with her tongue. After which Veranda said, “ Oh yes, it's very sensitive! ”

“ Are you sure? ” Asked Bernadette teasingly. “ Maybe I did it wrong. Let me try it again. ” After which, she let her tongue roll several times around Veranda's clit.

Unexpectedly, Veranda insisted, “ Stop! Your kitty's trying to tell me something! ”

“ What? ” Bernadette and I exclaimed almost in chorus.

Veranda turned her head sideways and put it very close to Bernadette's pussy as as if listening and pretended to be listening to something. “ Wait a minute, it's whispering. ” She placed her hands around Bernadette's waist, locked her hands together tightly and as she pulled the woman forcefully to her proclaimed, “ It says, 'Eat me! ”

Which is exactly what Veranda did! There were no such words uttered by her pussy, but at the time, I'm pretty sure Bernadette didn't care. She was too busy enjoying the wonderful sensations being created by Veranda's tongue sensually

making twists and turns on her clit as it were if driving down some erotic roadway.

A few seconds later, Bernadette felt the tip of Veranda's tongue exploring the neither regions. She didn't know how long this continued but she discovered when next Veranda let licked her clit just how sensitive it had become.

“ Fuck! ” Exclaimed Bernadette as jolt of electricity emanating from her clit sent a powerful wave of pleasure throughout her entire body.

“ Ummph! ” It happened again. This time it was much stronger than before and Bernadette found herself unable to do anything more than a primal, lustful grunt.

She tried to return the favor but when she did Veranda, whose arms were still wrapped around her waist, pulled her away and loosen her grip until she was screaming in orgasm.

After what seemed to Bernadette an eternity of sexual bliss, she was able to gather enough strength and dive face-first into Veranda's honeypot.

I watched on in amazement. It was all so arousing that my condom clad erection never had an opportunity to subside.

Finally, when both women were sated, they stopped and as they lay facing each other cuddling like a couple of alley cats, Veranda reached up and untied my left wrist from the bedpost.

Bernadette, who had fallen fast asleep, was in the center of the bed. Veranda was still awake remained on the right.

With superhuman speed, I used my free hand to free himself from my bonds and rose to my feet. There was a waste can on my side of the bed. I tossed the spent condom into it. Then, quietly and carefully rolled the dazing Bernadette over onto her back. Once she was there, I gently pulled her legs apart and crawled between them.

Veranda, who was intrigued by what I was doing, said nothing in the way of warning to Bernadette. Instead, she watched intently.

Feeling something worming its way inside her well lubricated, unresisting pussy, Bernadette opened her eyes lazily to see who or what it was.

I could tell from the look in her eyes when she looked down that she was not completely awake so I took advantage of the situation. I , grabbed her by the wrists, held her in place and drove my cock as deeply and fast as I could.

Her eyes opened wide suddenly and, when the look on her face changed telling me that she'd realized that she was pinned to the bed, I began fucking her in long, deliberately slow strokes.

Then Veranda did something neither of them expected. As she bent down and took Bernadette's left breast in her mouth and began sucking. At the same time, Veranda reached between Bernadette's legs and she begin rubbing her clit.

Unable to move, Bernadette lay there twitching while I fucked her.

What must have seemed an eternity later, the sensations became too much for her and Bernadette started screaming. She was cumming harder than I'd ever seen before and when I thought she couldn't take any more I came inside her taking to a limit I'd never dreamed possible.

Afterward, Bernadette moved to the left side of the bed, making room for me in the center.

As the three of us cuddled, I said to Bernadette jokingly, “ I saved some for you. ”

“ I wasn't talking about you. I was talking about her. If I'd hadn't stopped you, you'd have worn her out before I got my turn. ”

I looked at Veranda and asked, “ Is she serious? ”

Veranda answered, “ I do believe she is. ”

Trying to sound hurt, I said, “ Well excuse me for being a pussy hound! ” and began pouting childishly.

Veranda said consolingly, “ Don't both to apologize Baby. A pussy hound is what we've been searching for. ”

That's when I realized I had been wrong. Bernadette wasn't 'Bi-curious', she was 'Bi-sexual'. Not only that, they both were and I asked myself, 'Was I going to have to fight Veranda for Bernadette's attention?' I said as much.

Bernadette didn't answer, Veranda did. “ How do you know it won't be the other way around? ”

Believe it or not, I thought about her question for an hour before I finally went to sleep.

Chapter Four – “ The Next Day ”

The next morning I awakened about noon the next day to the sound of the shower running and the smell of hot bacon and fried potatoes. Neither woman was in my bed and I wondered which woman was where.

I went the the bathroom expecting to find one naked body there in the my six foot square, glass enclosed shower and was surprised to see two. As they were both too busy scrubbing each others backs to notice my presence, I took a moment to relieve my bladder and then flushed the toilet.

“ Fuck! ” Yelled both women almost at the same time. It wasn't an exclamation of pleasure. Bernadette cracked the shower door open and said, “ Do you see what you've done you asshole? You've given ups both goosebumps! ” I looked by all I could see were her pointy erect nipples.

I stepped forward, placed both hands on them and, as I began playing with them, I retorted, “ You do look cold, want me to warm you up? ”

She replied, “ You better do something. We can't go anywhere like this! ” Then she began pulling me into the shower.

Well, what followed was a shower scene to rival any thing ever seen on film... adult film that is!

During breakfast, Bernadette explained it all to me. She told me that she and Veranda had been 'living together' for five years when I met her. They loved each other but also wanted a man in their life. When I came along, Bernadette wasn't sure whether or not I would be willing to accept another woman in our relationship and it took to 'feel me out' so to speak. Meanwhile, the two of them

continued seeing each other. They decided to approach me when Bernadette realized why I had been really trying so hard to avoid Veranda. The 'Trick or Treat' fiction was Veranda's idea. She passed it on to Bernadette while they were supposed to be 'freshening up' at the party. Bernadette knew that I would be drinking and also knew there was a good chance that I would pass out as soon as I was flat on my back. The music and blind fold just made it easier. When I did, she called Veranda and told her to come over. They spent most of the time getting out of their costumes and waiting for me to wake up. The rest of the story you know.

That was all five years ago. The three of us have been living happily together as man and... is there a name for it? I guess it doesn't matter. The point is, we love each other and that's all that counts!

The End