

# Fantasies Fulfilled

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*After a long search, we find the couple to fulfill our sexual dreams.*

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We were both a bit nervous, but both excited. We talked as we drove to the motel and the tone was clear. Each of us had talked about this, but the realization that it was coming true sparked a new sexual excitement that underlined our conversation. She rubbed the inside of my thigh as I drove. I smiled and leaned over to softly kiss her. From the beginning of our relationship we had talked about our past experiences in bed, with our spouses and with the other lovers in our lives, before during and after our separate marriages. Although we had been acquainted during our marriages and become friends, doing innocent activities together or commiserating about our separate lives. There had never been anything sexual about it. Not that I hadn't noticed her, mind you. Reah was the kind of woman you had to notice. When she walked into a room, men's heads would turn and mouths gape. Her dresses, shoes, hats and make-up were all chosen to play up her incredibly feminine physical attributes and with devastating results. With her hourglass figure, full round breasts, glorious hips with a shapely rear end that begged to be squeezed, a lithe waist to accentuate them both, all set on toned and shapely legs and crowned with fiery red hair, I had noticed. On more than one occasion I had looked up from my work to see her breeze into the store looking like she had stepped out of one of those 50s pinup drawings and left me breathless. She told me it bothered her that men saw her so sexually when she was only just wearing things that looked good on her. However, it wasn't just her looks, her figure, her clothes. Every movement, every gesture, her voice, her scent, they all said 'woman' in the most unmistakable language. Yes, I had noticed. In my properly married subdued way that wasn't the usual blatantly sexual male display, I had noticed. As our marriages ended it became more, much more. The long years without sex or affection were the fuel and the first time we kissed it lit a fire in the both of us that burned with pure sexual energy. At first it was just the overindulgence of two people starved for the physical love of another human being too long denied. Our love had grown underneath the physical attraction as we discovered the wonderful person each of us had found. In those first days together, when we weren't fucking and sucking and licking like the world was going to end, we talked a lot about everything. When I had shared with her my cavalier sexual encounters with men, many men (twice the number as female lovers and mostly anonymous one night stands), it intrigued her, no, it excited her! She said that I licked her like I knew every part, like I had a pussy of my own. She confessed toying with the idea of being with a woman, saying she wanted to try licking a

woman the way I licked her. I told her I would love to watch and it was so, so true. The thought of seeing her naked voluptuous body with her face buried in another woman's pussy made me hot. She fantasized about watching me going down on a man and having him fuck me while she watched or watching me lick her while I was getting fucked from behind. It had been hot sexual talk (that usually led to wildly animalistic sex, but until now it had just been talk. We had tried a few threesomes with other bisexual men but things had not gone well. Once these 'bisexual' men saw Reah, their bisexuality seemed to fade and one thought alone held their attention: to bury their cocks deep in her pussy and shoot their cum into her. I can't say I really blamed them. I thought the same thing constantly, but it left me odd man out, so to speak, with my feelings hurt to just watch and take pictures. We agreed that next time, if there was to be a next time, the rules would have to be quite different. When we found a couple online with such similar interests as ours it seemed too good to be true. It seemed like we'd sifted through hundreds of profiles to no avail. Oh, there were plenty of men ready to fuck Reah (my presence was optional), gay men that wanted to fuck me (without a woman watching), women that would lick and be licked by Reah (mind if my husband joins in?) but nothing that really matched our rules. Then, as I paged through still more horny men, too-hung-up gay men and wife swappers online, there they were. Bill and Stacy were a couple who wanted to experiment, but not share. Bill liked sex with men on occasion and his wife Stacy enjoyed watching, but not participating. Stacy said she wanted to explore her bisexuality. She wanted Bill there to watch but didn't want him with another woman. I read their profile and couldn't believe what I was reading. I showed Reah the profile and we finally decided to contact them. After emails and an evening out for drinks with them, we'd set a date, time and place but tonight, driving to the motel, our doubts began surface again. "Are you going to be okay with this?" Reah asked me, remembering our past experiences and my sullen irrational behavior. "I think so ... yes. We agreed ... girls on one bed, guys on the other," I answered. "It will be different for me watching you with a woman ... not so threatening to my delicate male ego," I said, smiling. "You're a funny man, David. You've had totally physical sex with god-knows-how-many men in your life, and affairs and flings with women that were just good physical sex, but with me ...?" Reah shook her head, smiling. "Yes, with you ... that's the whole key ... with you there's more at stake. With you, my masculinity says I might be losing the best woman in the world to some other man, and I freak." "And who says you're not losing me to some other woman?" she teased and gave me that I'm-such-a-devil look. "You are the sexiest woman alive, every day of the week," I laughed. "Well, at least she's not too pretty. I'd worry if she was too pretty." "You should be worried about Bill. He's awfully cute," I said, giving her a wink. Reah gave my leg a hard slap that cracked and stung. "OWWW!" I said. "What was that for?" "No new boyfriends for you either." We both laughed and the nervous tension faded. I pulled into the motel and parked in front of the room. Stacy had called my cell phone earlier to say they had rented the room and given us the room number. Reah gave herself a nervous look in the vanity mirror above the passenger seat, touching up her make-up, and gave a long sigh. "Okay," I said, "here we go." We walked up and knocked on the door. Stacy answered the door and let us inside. I could feel the tension, everyone dressed, everyone nervous. There was some small talk while I opened a bottle of wine and we were

all sitting on the edges of the beds drinking. The tension started fading. As wine glasses emptied I reached over to stroke Bill's crotch. He eagerly unfastened his pants and slid them and his underwear down his legs. I looked over at Reah and gave her a smile and then bent down and kissed Bill's semi-hard cock. As I began sucking him, I could see the two women beginning to undress each other. With each piece of clothing shrugged off they touched and kissed, exploring and fondling and caressing and all the while watching Bill and me. Bill had removed his shirt while I sucked and licked and now motioned for me to join him on the bed. When I stood up and removed my shirt, Bill undid my pants and pushed them to the floor allowing me to step out of them. He leaned forward and kissed my growing cock and then slipped it into his mouth. It felt so wonderful, his hot mouth surrounding me, sucking and licking, while behind me I could hear soft moans and heavy breathing. Bill stopped and scooted back onto the bed, patting the mattress beside him. "Come here and join me, David," he said. I didn't need to be asked twice. As he lay down on his back I lay on top of him, my legs and arms to either side of him and caressed his body with mine. We kissed, long hot impassioned kisses, while our bodies rubbed against each other. I could feel his hard cock under me and mine pressing against him. This was the most sensuous man I'd ever met and I wanted his cock inside me. I broke away from his kiss and sat up. I could see his rock hard shaft between my legs and playfully rubbed our cocks together. "I want to fuck you, Bill. I want you right now," I said in a breathless voice that I barely recognized. He reached to the nightstand and handed me a tube of lube. Hurriedly I applied it to myself and then lovingly spread it over him. He closed his eyes and groaned when his cock danced at my touch. I straightened up on my legs, held his cock in my hand and then sank slowly onto him. Oh god, yes! He was hard and hot and buried so deeply in my ass and as I moved up and down and rocked my hips Bill's moaning became louder. I was suddenly very aware of being watched. But for Bill's moans, there wasn't a sound from the other bed. I looked over and saw Reah, her body between Stacy's spread legs and face lifted from her pussy, watching Bill and me. Stacy too had stopped and was watching, one hand still on Reah's head while the other played with one nipple. The sight of those two naked women totally enthralled with our fucking got me hot, really hot. Bill had seen them too and suddenly pulled me off him. "Get on your back," he commanded. I instantly complied, lifting my legs high in the air. Bill placed my legs over his shoulders, lifted my ass off the bed and pushed his swollen prick back into me. Now he had the control and it was he who was fucking me. I started masturbating, watching the intense passion on Bill's face and feeling the two lovely sets of eyes watching. Out of the corner of my eye I watched Reah and Stacy masturbate each other while they watched Bill and me. Bill was feverish now, his pace hard and animalistic. He held tight to my legs, buried himself in me and came hard inside me. "God I love when a man cums in me," I thought. I rocked my hips against him to milk the precious liquid from his cock but finally he pulled out, exhausted and panting. He laid next to me on the bed, his cock glistening and still dripping cum. After Bill's orgasm, Reah had turned her attention back to Stacy's pussy. Stacy lay on the bed, still watching us with half closed eyes, moaning and pinching her nipples. "Oh yes, Reah! That's the place. You make my pussy juices flow. Oh yes! God yes ... right there!" Stacy arched her hips into Reah's face, bucking and squirming as an orgasm began to take her. Bill and I watched as Reah held

Stacy's thighs and rode the throws of her orgasm. Bill casually began fondling my cock, still hard and swollen. He smiled at me as we both watched the naked bodies of our lovers intertwined: breasts, thighs, round asses, soft shoulders, flowing hair, a vision to which the sound of their passion added the most erotic music. Bill began to suck me while I watched Reah straddle Stacy's belly letting her full pale breasts rub against Stacy's smaller pointed titties. She was teasing her large pink nipples with Stacy's dark puffy nipples making the two women's breath quicken. Reah moved up farther on Stacy's chest until finally settling her pussy over Stacy's face. Reah responded quickly to Stacy's tongue, just as I was responding to Bill's. I watched Reah getting closer and closer on the other bed all the while feeling my own orgasm building and building. I wanted to see and hear her scream in ecstasy and tried to hold my orgasm back but Bill was very good. "Oh yes! Oh Bill! My god, yes," I screamed and clutched at his hair. My cum began to shoot into his mouth and he swallowed it all, hungrily slurping. Reah heard me cumming and cumming for Bill's masterful mouth and it sent her into her own orgasm. She screamed and flung her hair back and forth while riding Stacy's tongue until she could take the sensation no longer and lay down in the bed next to Stacy. Stacy smiled a satisfied smile covered with a glaze of Reah's juices. The four of us lay for a minute on the two beds cuddling and stroking one another. Then, almost as if some secret cue had been given, Reah moved to my bed and Bill to Stacy's and we continued our cuddling. It had been a night, a crazy, impassioned night that we all had shared but it was those special arms and the familiar sensations of our lovers we craved now. We spent the night, all together and especially satisfied. When morning came, it was awkward goodbyes over coffee and the drive home. "Any regrets?" Reah asked me. "Not a one," I said. She leaned toward me and with a quick kiss rested her head on my shoulder.