

A fantasy shared..

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A fantasy shared is a good time had!

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When I was in my early twenties I met a married man called Michael who turned out to be my friend, my lover and my teacher. We would meet at every opportunity and although I had had a number of lovers in the past, he taught me everything I know. I had never had a lover like him before. Fifteen years older than me he was a skilled and patient lover, nothing like the eager boys my own age. His main aim was to pleasure me and in turn he taught me what pleasure I could get from giving it to him. I discovered the finer detail of all aspects of sex with him and the longer it continued, the more I wanted to find out. After several years of an intermittent affair (he had his wife and I had other boyfriends but we would always get together when we could), we were talking on the phone one night and he asked me what my biggest fantasy was. Slightly embarrassed I whispered that more than anything I would like a threesome, with him and another man. I hadn't realised how much this might turn him on, and as we spoke about it he wanked himself to orgasm and I stuffed my fingers into my little honey pot and made myself cum. Within the week he had arranged for me to meet his friend. Just to meet him and if I didn't want to go ahead with anything that was fine. He would be there, he would look after me, and if I was uncomfortable with the situation we would stop it there and then. Going to meet them both at Michael's house (his wife was away), I was excited and nervous. When he embraced me in a hug and then turned to introduce me to Chris, I am sure I was flushed and awkward. Once in the lounge, Michael poured us all a glass of wine and after a few sips my nervousness subsided and I was able to engage in small talk with them both. Chris was nice; he was dark and attractive and seemed interested in talking to me and making me feel at ease. Into the second glass of wine I felt completely relaxed and was enjoying the company of them both. After an hour or so, Chris excused himself to go to the bathroom, and once he was out of earshot Michael turned to me. "Well?" I nodded smiling. "Is he up for it?" "Are you crazy? Of course he is." With that he started kissing me, his tongue forcing open my lips and his hands venturing over my clothed body. We were half sitting, half lying on the sofa and I could already feel his cock hard against my leg. Kissing down my neck, he opened my top and began kissing my breasts above my bra. I was already

becoming wet at his touch (as I always did). "Let's get out of our clothes." He murmured through his kisses and lifted my top over my head. He took off his shirt and as he was undoing my bra he looked me in the eye. "Okay?" he asked and I nodded with a smile. As he was licking and sucking on my right nipple the door opened and Chris came into the room. Kneeling beside the sofa he spoke as he began unbuttoning his shirt. "This looks like fun." He dipped his head and locked his mouth around my left nipple. The sight and the sensation of the two of them sucking on my nipples was driving me crazy. I could feel my sticky juices already pooling in my panties and my breath was already becoming ragged. I felt two different hands opening my jeans and as I lifted my hips they expertly relieved me of them, followed by my underwear. As Michael slid down my body to bury his face in my aching pussy, Chris began kissing me, massaging my breasts and rolling my stiff pink nipples between his fingers. Michael was parting my shaven cunt lips and running his tongue down the inside of them as Chris stood and opened his jeans. His boxer shorts were straining with the hardness of his cock and as I reached out to stroke it I felt it pulse under my fingers. I yanked at his waistband, and as he helped me to pull down his shorts his fat prick jumped free. Michael looked up from between my legs and as he stood to remove his trousers, I sat up for a better look. Standing in front of me were two older men, both naked with enormous erections. Both looking at me as they stroked their throbbing cocks. Looking at them both I licked my lips and putting my feet up on the sofa I opened my legs as wide as they would go. Michael knelt once again between my thighs (his favourite place to be) and licking and sucking on my clit he pushed two fingers into my slippery hole. Kneeling beside me on the sofa with his cock in his hand Chris began rubbing it over my breasts and nipples. I knew that I was opening my expectant mouth. I wanted to suck that thick knob. As he pushed his veiny cock into my hot mouth, Michael's attention to my pussy intensified. He had stopped for a moment to watch me take his friend's meat in my mouth and then buried his face once more, fingering and licking me to orgasm. Stroking Chris's smooth balls I sucked on his cock like I was starving, he was fucking my mouth as his friend was tongue fucking my pussy. I could feel the orgasm building inside me and as Chris pounded my hungry mouth and Michael sucked on my pulsing bud I started to cum. Chris pulled out of my mouth, pulling strings of saliva and precum with him, allowing me to enjoy my orgasm but when Michael brought his mouth down on mine, sharing my sweet cunt juices with me, Chris forced his cock between our faces for more of my expert sucking. His rock hard cock slipped into my mouth between our tongues and the thought of Michael's tongue against his friend's cock made my juices flow and pussy twitch. I didn't think Michael was particularly into cocks, but as he pulled from my kiss he ran his tongue over his friend's shaft and I tasted another sweet release of precum from Chris's slit. Wanking on his cock as he stood, Michael knelt on the other side of me and holding his cock he rubbed it over his friend's balls and prick before sliding alongside it into my mouth. I now had two cocks in my mouth, sucking and dribbling, jaw aching, they fucked my mouth and I wondered what their cocks felt like as they stroked together inside my mouth. Controlling their thrusts with one hand each they both reached with their other hands and stroked my juicy pussy. As I started to cum again I jerked my head back, unable to breathe properly and wanting to moan with desire. As I did Chris started to cum. He let out a stream of thick cum which splashed over my face

and over Michael's dick. Michael was wanking his cock, using his friend's spunk as lube and having recovered from my orgasm I took him back into my mouth, tasting Chris's spunk as I did. It was a matter of seconds before he also began pumping salty cum out of his throbbing, twitching cock, this time straight down my hungry throat. We allowed ourselves a little recovery time, but their touches and caresses to my tingling body didn't let up and before long their cocks were growing again and my pussy was aching for a cock in it. "Who is going to fuck me?" I asked, growing confident, but still looking at Michael, my teacher. "Chris is." He replied. He lay on the floor, his cock standing straight in the air, and as he stroked and played with it he said "Come here darling and sit on my face." I didn't need to be told twice, I straddled his face and leaned forward to lick his cock again. His tongue was immediately on my clit again and as I was aware of Chris kneeling behind his friend's head I felt his thick cock slide into me. Lifting myself higher to allow Michael breathing space I was aware that he was probably sucking Chris's balls and licking his cock as it pumped in and out of my aching cunt. It turned me on so much thinking he could taste my juices as they trickled off his friend's cock. Chris was groaning as he fucked me and Michael's ramrod cock was shiny with bubbles of precum as I was leaning over him wanking and licking him. I was close to orgasm again, I wanted to cum all over that thick prick and feel my juices run onto his balls and onto Michael's face. As my pussy started to contract and the orgasm came over me I felt Chris's prick stiffen inside me. As my pussy gripped and contracted around him I felt him empty another creamy load, this time deep in my cunt. I could hear Michael slurping and slobbering with the cum juices that were leaking from Chris's cock and my pussy. Chris pulled his cock from my cummy cunt and as our mingled juices oozed over Michael's face, he left his cock there, slapping it against Michael's cheek, allowing the remnants of his spunk to trickle over his lips. As his friend's now semi erect cock rested stickily against his face dribbling with both of our juices, Michael reached for his own cock and pumped it until his own spunk spurted and splattered onto my face. There are many other stories from my encounters with Michael and Chris. One day I may tell more.