

A Room With A View, Part 1

By RichardScott

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Nov 2011

Only The Beginning

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/a-room-with-a-view-part-1.aspx>

My wife, Laine and I had been searching Provence and the surrounding area for what seemed like an eternity, trying to find the right place to buy. So far, none had met our criteria. No proper heating, bad roads, small yard, antiquated plumbing. Still, we remained eager to find our home. On the advice of our Real Estate agent, Collette, we began staying in gites as opposed to hotels. She felt we'd have more of a "homey" experience and a better feel for living in France. It seemed like good advice. She set us up in a little 4th floor place in town. Lots of light, lots of windows, a nice balcony from which you could see the Mediterranean...not bad. Collette had been very patient with us during our 3 or 4 house hunting trips to France and we were certain when we did buy, it would be through her. She was very friendly, personable and not easily discouraged. She had grown up in the area, knowing places and things most other agents probably wouldn't. Her English was great and she was very patient with our French. You and she became friends very quickly, each learning from the other. It was kind of strange though, at 44, she'd never been married and wasn't involved in a relationship that we knew of, not that she wasn't attractive. She was beautiful and overly sexy in a very French way. Collette had a very petite figure with a set of those perfectly shaped breasts, topped with nipples that always seemed to be erect and begged to be sucked on. Her ass was the classic "Bubble Butt", that I must admit, I thought of grabbing a handful of on more than one occasion. What impressed us both was the never ending array of stockings she seemed to possess, one more provocative than the last, which daily adorned her very sculpted legs. We just figured she was career minded, a husband and family weren't a priority for the moment. It was apparent as we viewed our housing choices in town, the local men ogled at both of you, like famished men staring at a free meal. Admittedly, Laine and Collette made a striking pair. If seeing one beautiful redhead was something rare, then seeing two was a once in a lifetime experience, something to tell the Grand kids. Some of the men smiled at Collette in a leering, familiar manner and a few made comments under their breath as we passed. The looks I was getting made me feel like I had stolen something. I just put it off to being the new American in town. We had finished another day of touring the countryside, and found a place to have dinner before returning to our apartment. By the time we had eaten and got back, it was around 10:00pm. We showered, put on robes and sat out on the balcony, taking in the view and the warm evening. We were looking out over the small town, at the streets below, the buildings, trying to

envision this as our new home. Across the narrow street the curtains opened onto a balcony much like ours. The view inside the room was unobstructed. There was a woman on a couch being fucked forcefully by two men. At first glance, it was difficult to tell if she was consenting, but very soon it was clear that she was a very willing participant. Both men pounded into her as she excitedly encouraged her fucking. It was then we noticed that the woman being gratified was our Collette. Laine and I looked at each other and giggled, somewhat embarrassed for her but none the less, willing to enjoy the show. The man on the bottom removed himself from her pussy and offered his thick cock to her mouth. Collette eagerly accepted, sucking it with the same enthusiasm with which he had fucked her. He grabbed his dick, stroking it in her face until cum splattered her open mouth. She greedily swallowed as much as she could handle, while the rest dotted her heaving breasts. When he had finished, he lay back on the sofa, spreading his legs. She lowered her head, licking the remaining cum from his cock before sliding her tongue into his ass, fucking him with her delicate, little pink tongue. Her second lover released his grip and moved to straddle his friend's face. His fuck buddy didn't hesitate to apply his tongue to his lover's balls. The first man, took great pleasure in stroking himself until cum shot forth, landing onto his friend's cock and belly. He then leaned forward licking his own creamy deposit from his partner's stomach while his friend took his, soft, spent cock into his mouth. Collette sat up, squatting over the now rigid cock. Taking it firmly in hand, she guided it back into her ass. She leaned back exposing her unoccupied pussy that was soon covered with her lover's mouth while his cock continued to benefit from the attention of his friend's tongue. At this moment, she turned and made eye contact with us in a very nonchalant way and returned her attention to the fucking at hand. We got up from the balcony and threw ourselves onto the bed, fucking like wild animals. Cum was swallowed and hair do's messed up. We fucked until we lost layers of skin. I came all over your dimpled ass and licked it off as it ran down your thighs. You came until you were practically dehydrated. It was wonderful. The following day was much like any other. No mention was made of the previous night's performance. No awkwardness, nothing, just like it never happened. We viewed a couple of properties and had lunch with her at a small cafe in an adjacent village. Same conversational pleasantries, same weird looks from the locals, although now they made some sense. I guess all the men thought I was sleeping with the town's hospitality hostess. That evening, we decided to take in a movie at a small local cinema. We had dinner in our room out on the balcony, discussing the properties we had seen as well as what we had watched the night before. We just attributed it to an isolated incident of "Frenchness." We dressed and walked toward the cinema. On arrival, we took a place in the small line waiting to purchase tickets. Collette was also in line a few people in front of us with a red-headed woman about 15 years her junior. Collette spotted us and came over to say hello and introduced her friend as Muriel. Muriel was her assistant and they had been working late at her office. Collette had offered to take Muriel to dinner and the cinema as a reward for putting in such a long day. The three of us spoke in a combination of English and French which was hard for me to follow, so I just smiled and laughed at what I thought were the appropriate times. We got into the theater and the two girls tagged along deciding to sit with us. I was on the end sitting next to my wife. Muriel was on Laine's right and Collette on the other end, next to Muriel. No sooner had the film

stated when my wife nudged me, motioning in the direction of Collette. She had indiscreetly placed her hand in Muriel's lap, gently rubbing her upper thigh. She inched the fabric of Muriel's skirt higher, her hand slowly disappeared between Muriel's legs, never once taking her eyes off the screen. This was certainly more interesting than a film I couldn't understand anyway. Muriel placed her sweater in her lap and spread her legs a little wider, her eyes, riveted on the screen. This went on for sometime until she let out a deep sigh as one of Collette's fingers dipped into her pussy or found her clit. With a supreme effort, I took my eyes away from what was going on next to us. I could hear Muriel's breathing becoming deeper, sensual. I heard her shudder, her eyes closed, her lips parted and she released a long satisfied sigh. Collette withdrew her hand and brought her glistening fingers to Muriel's mouth. Muriel took one into her mouth, tasting her own orgasm. Muriel's hand fell into my wife's lap, grasping her thigh, quickly sliding between her legs. I don't think Muriel was aware of what she was doing. Laine turned, looking at me with a surprised, "What do I do now" look on her face. I raised my eyebrows as if to convey my thoughts of, "I don't know". French custom spared intervention as the lights came up for intermission. We all adjourned to the lobby, Muriel and Collette lit cigarettes and talked about the film as if nothing unusual had happened and possibly as far as they were concerned, nothing had. I grabbed Laine's hand and we went to get something to drink before returning to our seats. Neither Muriel or Collette came back after the intermission. We were both talking at once about what had happened, long after the light's had dimmed. Collette obviously had a rich and varied sex life. You weren't too upset with Muriel's behavior, feeling it must have been somewhat accidental. We watched the remainder of the movie, which I didn't understand. I was sorry that they had left, given a choice, I would rather watched Muriel play with your pussy, if I had a choice. When we returned to our apartment, we discovered exactly where Collette and Muriel had gone. They were in the building across the way, on the divan, windows open, lights on. Collette kissed Muriel, sliding her hand under Muriel's blouse, squeezing her breast, saying something to her. Muriel responded shaking her head. Collette promptly grabbed a handful of Muriel's hair, apparently letting her know who was in charge and what was going to happen. Muriel stood up in front of Collette and removed her clothes. Collette sat inspecting the woman in front of her before placing her mouth on Muriel's belly, licking her smooth skin. She trailed her tongue lower and lower until reaching Muriel's clit. Her hands reached around taking a firm grip on Muriel's ass, finger nails digging into the sensitive skin, pulling her solidly onto her tongue. Muriel seemed to have no objection to this, taking hold of Collette's face, guiding her mouth around her pussy. Muriel had her first orgasm standing. Her body slumped, losing her balance, landing on the couch, her ass in the air. Collette gave her a good slap on her bottom, stood up and removed her clothes, dropping them onto the floor. Collette stood near her divan and directed Muriel's tongue between the crack of her ass. Collette reached back, grabbing her hair, forcing Muriel's tongue deeper into her pink rosebud. Muriel responded by darting her tongue into her boss's ass, reaching between her legs and rolling Collette's clit between her fingers. Muriel's head bobbed, her tongue penetrating Collette. Collette threw her head back and orgasmed, grinding her ass on Muriel's tongue. Collette disappeared for a moment, leaving her partner sitting on the couch, looking apprehensive. She returned wearing a large strap on. She stood

in front of Muriel, forcing the cock into her mouth before pushing her over and standing over her upturned ass. Collette's cock down hung menacingly while she spread the cheeks of Muriel's ass. She smiled when she touched Muriel's ass with her thumb. Muriel turned her head and said something that was met with a firm slap on her behind. She gave a little yelp and Collette laughed, taking her cock in her hand, pushing its head against Muriel's opening, working it into her ass. She began to ride Muriel with a joyous abandon, grabbing Muriel's hair, pulling it as if breaking a wild horse. I had my cock in hand, stroking the shaft. I stood up and brought my swollen head to Laine's perfect lips, guiding my aching cock into her soothing mouth. I reached down, taking Laine's clit between my fingers, gently rubbing the hard little cock. So excited by all the erotica surrounding me, I began to cum instantly, moaning loudly, cum filling my wife's mouth, dipping from the corners of her pouty lips. This caught the attention of Collette, turned again, looking across the street into our room and fucked Muriel's ass with renewed effort, slapping her thighs. Muriel continued an uncertain protest to the fucking she was receiving, moaning it what seemed to be both pleasure and pain. Laine licked the remaining cum from my cock, got up and told me that I should probably go over there to stop Collette from hurting Muriel. I said I wasn't sure that that's what was going on and that I couldn't walk at the moment anyway. Laine wasn't certain either, but just in case, she grabbed your robe, saying she'd take care of it herself, and strode out the door. I sat in the chair, robe open, cock spent, wondering what would happen next. I shakily stood, holding onto the balcony rail in time to see my wife dash across the narrow street and into Collette's building. Collette still had Muriel pinned on the divan, pounding her ass when Laine opened the door. Collette turned seeing Laine enter the room, a broad smile spread across her face. She removed her cock from Muriel's ass, approaching Laine. I could hear my wife's voice, Collette stood nude before you listening, until she abruptly pulled Laine toward herself and kissed her. Laine resisted her advance, until Muriel crawled over, on hands and knees, and began licking my wife's thighs. Collette opened Laine's robe placing a hand on her breast, kissing her neck under her ear. She said something that made Laine laugh and she reached down, grabbed the enormous rubber cock, letting it fall to the floor. Muriel licked the back of Laine's thighs, grabbing the hem of her robe, pulling it from her shoulders. She ran her tongue lightly over Laine's ass, tickling the crack. Muriel's tongue delved deeper, parting the lips of Laine's pussy, wiggling her tongue into the opening. Collette fastened her lips to my wife's nipple. With my eyes and cock both straining to their fullest, I could see her visibly relax. Collette had little problem in gingerly directing Laine to the divan, seating herself next to my wife, keeping her lips locked on your nipple. Muriel kept her face attached to Laine's petal lips, thoroughly enjoying herself and doing what appeared to be a fine job of it. I was leaning over the railing of our balcony, straining, trying to get as close a look as the distance could afford, without falling 4 floors to the pavement Laine looked out the open French doors toward our apartment and smiled. I don't know if you could see me, but I'm certain you knew I was intently looking on. Collette retrieved the strap on from the floor, and helped my wife to her feet, offering the cock to her. Laine adorned the large rubber dong as Muriel placed herself on the couch, submissively with her ass in the air, offering herself. Instead, Laine pushed Collette to the floor, positioning the cock against her, pushing the head into her ass. Bit by bit, the cock disappeared from

view. Collette's mouth opened, but no sound came out, her head drooped forward. Grabbing her hips, Laine pushed your cock deeper into her ass slowly, letting her feel every inch. Muriel grabbed Collette by the hair, pulling her tongue against her ass. Collette rimmed her sensitive bud, teasing the opening with the tip of her tongue. Muriel roughly forced the tongue into her ass, guiding Collette's head, her tongue stabbing in and out of Muriel's ass. Muriel began to squirm, while Collette enjoyed the ass fucking she was receiving, needing no further encouragement to attend to Muriel's desires. Muriel let out a stifled scream, cum spraying from her pussy, covering Collette's face, as Collette placed her tongue to Muriel's pussy, lashing her clit, lapping up the nectar of Muriel's second orgasm. Collette began to orgasm, groaning, pushing back against the cock in her ass. Her pussy began to drip onto the floor. Laine reached under her, finding her clit causing her orgasm to extend. She lapped at Muriel's pussy as if starving and she, too, orgasmed repeatedly. Removing the cock, my wife sat back on the couch, legs open wide, inviting a tongue to satisfy her needs. Muriel was quick to accept the invitation, decadently licking Laine from her ass to her clit in long slow strokes. She soon concentrated her amorous attention on Laine's clit, making her squirm. Muriel wrapped her arms around Laine's legs, forcefully keeping them spread, catching every drop of cum, licking her pussy and thighs. I came when Laine did, cum shooting from my head, over the railing and onto the dark pavement below. I slumped back into my chair, my spent cock hanging between my legs, the last bits of cum dripping from the swollen head. Laine got up and kissed Muriel passionately, her hand finding my wife's pussy. She slid a finger inside and brought it to her mouth when she broke your embrace. Collette lay on the sofa exhausted as Laine put her robe back on, turning to leave. As the door closed behind Laine, Muriel climbed over Collette, grabbing her face and placing her pussy over her mouth, straddling her. My cock was again hard enough to break by the time Laine came through the door of our apartment. I grabbed her immediately, kissing her, backing her toward our bed. I pushed Laine onto the mattress with her head hanging over the edge, lowering my cock into her mouth. She took my cock down her throat, her finger finding my ass. I guided my cock in and out of Laine's mouth slowly, savoring both sight and sensation. I wanted to fill her mouth with cream, watch it spill over your lips, down your chin...but not quite yet. I turned around, straddling Laine's face, letting her perfect tongue find my ass, while I stroked my throbbing cock, still wet from her mouth. Laine's tongue danced around my ass before poking the velvet tip inside. The head of my cock swelled once more, a droplet of my next orgasm leaking from the tip. I removed the drop with my finger, bringing it to her mouth, mesmerized as she sucked my finger with unparalleled skill. She told me that she was so excited knowing I was watching her, seeing her fuck another woman, having them pleasure her, licking her pussy. I said that I had been stroking my cock the entire time, that when I came, it flew over the balcony, practically hitting the building across the street. I turned around once more, leaning over, kissing her, our tongues wrapping around the other. I positioned Laine on the bed on all fours, your pretty little ass near the edge. I placed her hands on your cheeks and told you to spread them for me. She did as instructed, exposing herself completely, like a sexual banquet. I dropped to my knees, licking her clit, letting my tongue enter Laine's pussy, tickling her ass with the tip of my tongue. I licked her from clit to asshole in long slow strokes, not missing a single sensitive area. I took my

cock in hand, rubbing the head against Laine's pussy, sliding up to her ass, deciding where to insert my cock. I let the head slip into her pussy, watching the lips part and envelop my cock. The shaft glistened as I withdrew. I took my cock in hand, rubbing my head against Laine's tight ass, applying slight pressure. The sensation drove her wild. She pushed back against me, trying to work the head into her ass. I momentarily slid my cock back into her pussy, a velvet tunnel. I pushed myself all the way in, balls slapping against her swollen clit and quickly withdrew. Again I felt compelled to place my mouth on Laine's clit. I gently licked the enlarged little bud, tasting the subtle hint of cum I had left behind. The tip of my tongue delicately tantalized the sensitive flesh, causing her to pant and rub her pussy against my tongue. As she began to cum, the honey coated my tongue and my cock began to throb. I stood and told Laine to spread herself for me, as my first hot stream landed on her asshole, trickling over her swollen lips and down her thighs. My cum mingled with her own.