

Doug and Lora's First Time Bi Stories

By oldhippie1949

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Ray's friends relate their initiations into bisexuality

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I've been friends with Doug and Lora for about eight years and during that time, we've had quite a few very gratifying threesomes. I like them a lot. They are both easy going and mellow, uninhibited and imaginative, gentle and considerate; all of which suit my personality well. They like to hot tub. They like to get high on weed which is one of my most enjoyable weaknesses. Besides our excellent sex, we also have interesting conversations and intelligent discussions - art, music, politics, you name it; anything and everything. I first met them at one of Roger and Patty's parties (ed: see "My First Bisexual Couple") whom they knew from the city. It was Doug and Lora who convinced Roger and Patty to rent a Hamptons vacation house in the first place and so for that alone, I liked them. In their early 50s, Doug was a sculptor and Lora was an independent film director. They were both successful (Doug's work was in demand and heavily priced; Lora's films were critically acclaimed and she'd won several festival prizes.) They had an oceanfront home in Montauk that they used mostly on the weekends spending most of the time in their Soho townhouse which served as their studio. Often, during the summer, they spent more time out east. In many ways, they were proto-typical Hamptonian celebrities, the ones that end up in the group pictures and gossip columns of Vanity Fair or Dan's Paper. One midweek night, we were sitting around the living room passing their bong. A summer storm had blown in and it was pouring dime-size drops outside. My dog, Buddy, was asleep under the coffee table. The chardonney and hydro were having their affect as our conversation became obviously more stony, more candid and more hilarious. "Ray," Lora remarked, "I was surfing the net a few weeks ago and I found this erotic story site, LushStories. I never knew you wrote porn! I read this hot story about your first bi couple and I knew it was you and Roger and Patty. You're ' oldhippie1949 ', am I right?" "Guilty as charged. So?" "So, I really liked it. You really described them well and I could really feel the fun you had with them. I sat at the computer with my vibrator in me, soaking wet and very happy." "Lora, what a nice compliment. Thank you." "I also read the one about the hispanic girl...the cook... I remember when you and she were an item." "You mean " Thong "?" "Yes. Very well written and very very hot. I made Doug read it, too. We talked about it bed later and had some great sex." "Again, thanks. Authors love positive feedback. Telling me that you jerk off to them and have great sex after reading them is inflating my head like you can't believe." She laughed. "I'm serious! You're a great writer, I mean it!" "I try to write my actual experiences. I try to tell the truth

and minimize my artistic license, if you will. I write them for myself so I will never forget the details; I want them indelible. I write them so I can jerk off to them." "That's great. I envy you. I wish I could do that," said Doug. "Do it! Just try it out. I'm sure there are details of events that you can never forget." "But I must admit," said Lora, "I'm a bit perturbed that you never wrote about the three of us. We're not worthy?" I knew that she was being sarcastic. "No, it's not that, Lora. I admit that in some of my stories, I've included scenes we've experienced only I put them with other characters. We have great scenes together. But if you like, I'll write a story about you. I just need some inspiration." "Good, I'd rather you write it, Ray. I'm not good at writing, sculpture is my forte." "Yes, Ray. We'll tell, you write." "Okay. You tell, I'll write. Let's go back to what I just suggested. Doug, how about telling us about your first bisexual threesome. I'll write about that." "Geez, man, that goes back." "Good. Close your eyes and relive it for us." "I don't know that I've ever discussed this before. I don't think you know about it, Lora. Let me see now. I was a junior in college...The Sorbonne in Paris where I studied art...I was dating a girl from one of my classes, Anne-Marie...yes, it was Anne-Marie. I'd come from a pretty straight Midwestern background and being, like Joni Mitchell sang, "a free man in Paris" was exhilarating to me. I was in a new exotic world and I took to it like a fish to water. By my third year, I could speak fluent French, I knew all the famous places in Paris, the art history...I was very comfortable there. Also, by my junior year, I'd had more than my fair share of les jeune filles. Anne-Marie shared my apartment for a semester. It's a whole strange story about how she became my roommate and while it started out platonic, within a month we were having sex." "We had a class where we'd sketch live nude models. Later, when we'd return to the apartment, we would compare our drawings and talk about the forms. Often this led to sex. One night, we shared dinner with another couple in our class. The conversation turned to how we would all have great sex after discussing the class, the pictures and the nude models. Anne-Marie and the other girl talked about the men's penises while the other guy and I talked tits, ass and pussy. The talk made us all horny. Much wine was drunk that night and before long, the girls were asking us to model for them. And we did. He and I stripped nude and posed while the girls sat on the couch sketching us. Somehow, they got us to move together and strike greco-roman wrestling poses. I remember being uncomfortable about it but I also remember that after a few minutes of feeling his body against me, I got hard. His penis was longer and thicker than mine; feeling it against me was very sensual and erotic." "The girls chided us both for sporting erections but loved it just the same. As none of the professional nude models ever got erections, the girls were excited at drawing one. To keep us hard, they stripped down, too. I remember the other girl as being a little plump with very round breasts. I remember that her pussy was hairy with little black curls. She was built differently from Anne-Marie who was tall, thin and with light, silky pubes. I recall staring at them from my position on the floor, feeling his erection on my thigh, and thinking how much I wanted to fuck. I told Anne-Marie that and both girls got down on the floor with us. Soon, we were four nude wrestlers, drunk and silly." "As we played with each other, I noticed that the two girls spent as much time feeling each other up as sucking on our cocks. I remember feeling the other guy's hands caressing my balls as I was being sucked. I remember feeling his tongue along my shaft. The girls remarked that watching him was very hot. They sat back

on the couch and watched as he sucked me in and gave me an amazing blowjob. I can remember thinking that this was not his first time. The girls were riveted on us as they caressed and stroked each other. I couldn't keep it back, I had to cum; my balls were boiling over. As I began to shoot my load into his mouth, he pulled it off me and opened wide as I spattered his face with my semen. He was giving the girls a big show, a cum shot, as it were, and they were loving every second of it." "It was our turn to relax and watch them sixty-nine. At some point, I began to look at his cock and absorb its details, much as an artist might. He noticed this interest and offered it to me for inspection. I crawled between his legs and looked closely. I reached over and touched it. I liked the way another man's penis felt in my hand. I liked the shape of the helmet which fascinated me. I remember the first time I put my head down and took it between my lips...that soft, spongy thing that was pulsing in my mouth, it felt so good. Some pre-cum leaked out and it didn't taste too bad, this salty, milky liquid. It was new and exciting. In my memory, I can hear the girls moaning in orgasm as he began to cum in my mouth and I remember swallowing it. I liked it." "We had several foursomes that semester and anything and everything happened. That was the year of my true sexual awakening and liberation. It affected the way I draw and from that day on. I felt free. And that is the story of my first time. I see what you mean, Ray, just retelling that story has given me a nice woody!" "And it has me nice and damp, dear. I loved hearing about it." "And, you see, I now have something to write about. That was a great story, Doug. I'd really like to see you write it up and, for want of a better phrase, flesh it out. I want to hear more about your exploits as a Parisian art student. I also want to hear more description about the bodies involved so I can better visualize them. But you did pretty good. See?" I unzipped my shorts and let my stiff dick jump out. Lora leaned over and gave it a gentle pat and a kiss. "I believe it is my turn now," she said, "and my mind has been racing." She brushed her long black curly hair off her face and I liked how it framed her round face. "Do tell, dear." She took a large toke from the bong and coughed a few times. She washed it down with chardonnay and cleared her throat. "This is about my first time bi and not my first time with another woman. My first lesbian encounter was during college when my roommate and I were high, a bit drunk and angry at our boyfriends. One night, horny and frustrated, we went all the way and it was my first time licking a vagina which I liked a lot. No, my first real bisexual experience took place after N.Y.U. I was working as a film editor for a successful husband and wife team of industrial filmmakers. He shot the manufacturing process and she shot the interviews. It was my second job that paid very well, enough to allow me to rent an apartment in the West Village." "So, we were working late one night at an editing studio on Ninth Avenue. When we were too exhausted to work anymore, we called it quits. It was the dead of winter and as we got to the lobby, it was awful outside. Unknown to us, snow had been falling for several hours and the streets were piled high with the white stuff. The wind-driven snow was almost at blizzard proportions and there was no one out nor any taxis in the street. I didn't know how I would get downtown to my place. Since they lived in Hell's Kitchen, about three blocks away, they insisted I return with them and spend the night there. I agreed and we bundled ourselves up and headed out into the stormy night. I think it was the longest three blocks I ever walked. By the time we got to their townhouse, we were soaked to the skin and shivering. As we entered their place and removed our

parkas, he said he was going to make some rum toddies while she and I raced to take a hot shower." "I decided to go second and wait until she finished but she insisted I get into the shower with her. We giggled like little girls as the hot water warmed our bones. She started to soap my body as the bathroom steamed up. Her hands were soft as they traveled over me. Her hands on my tush were firm as they gripped my cheeks. I spread my legs a bit to give her more access and she hit all the right spots. She made me turn around and then proceeded to soap every square inch of skin. As the shower was not that large, her body rubbed against me and believe me, I was very turned on. I took the soap and laved her, making sure to play with her breasts and lather her pubic hair. We kissed, still giggling and enjoying ourselves when he entered the shower. We couldn't see him though the steamed glass but he must have been watching us because his large, fat dick was at full mast." "Up to this point, my previous lovers (all two of them) were tall gentile gods with average sized uncircumcised penises. Here was a short, stocky Jewish man with a large and thick circumcised penis. I was fascinated by it and could not take my eyes nor my hands off it. When the shower began to run out of hot water, he pulled us out and still like little kids, we happily played as we dried off and raced into their bedroom." "The hot toddies had a kick to them and we were quickly tipsy. She pushed me onto the bed, pushed my legs apart and started going down on me. He moved behind me and fed me his thing. I loved how the large reddish helmet seemed so prominent. I recall thinking how his piss slit seemed to be smiling at me like a 'happy face', except that it wasn't yellow." She chuckled at the memory. "I like how it felt as it filled my mouth and pushed deeper into my throat, so smooth. I had to concentrate on suppressing the gag reflex and soon I was able to handle his piston-like thrusts. Even the taste of it was so nice. Meanwhile, she was bringing me off and I was reveling in my sexual bliss. As I came in little orgasms, she pulled away from me and lay down next to me. We began to tongue kiss and I tasted myself on her. He came around and drove his penis into my soaking vagina. I felt full. It was very satisfying." "I rolled over into the doggy position without letting him slip out and pushed my way between her thighs so I could return the oral favor. Her vagina was so wet and hairy, I had to pull her lips apart so I could burrow into her clit. Her scent was powerful which only turned me on more. I held on as tightly as I could while he pile-driven me with his big cock. I was in heaven, truly in heaven. I pushed back against him so I could feel the fullness as I tickled her clitoris with the tip of my tongue. I remember her crying out, "Oh, oh, oh" a lot as her orgasm rose. I clamped my mouth down on her pussy and tongue-whipped her. She pushed up against my face and began to cum. I felt her juices squirting on my neck and dripping down between my breasts. I felt so dirty and so erotic. As her orgasm abated, she pushed my face away." "His orgasm was approaching and he was giving us a running commentary. Just before he started to squirt, he pulled out of me and placed the head against my anus pushing only a tiny bit of it in as I felt his sperm shoot into my bowels. On one hand, I missed the fullness in my pussy but, on the other hand, this was a new sensation for me and I felt wild. I remember that after he came and his seed dripped out of me, she scooted around and the two of them sucked his cum from me and licked me clean." "We were very exhausted and we collapsed in a pile. Soon, we were sound asleep. When the morning came, the blizzard was at full force and the streets were impassible. We stayed in bed most of the day and tried different combinations and

positions. Somewhere, there is a film of us because he mounted a camera on a tripod to record our lovemaking. And that was my first time with a couple. Obviously, it was something I liked. We went our separate ways after the film was complete but some years later, I bumped into them at the Tribeca Film Festival. They wanted to get together again but I was deep into Doug then and we never did. That's it. That's my coming out!" "Great story, Lora," Doug said stroking his dick. "I have to fuck you now." "What are you waiting for, Douglas? Fill me up! And you, Ray, I want to watch Doug suck you." Suffice to say, we did not keep the lady waiting. She plopped down on the rug and pulled her shorts and panties down in one motion. Ray helped her out of her tee shirt and gave her nipple a quick lick. She spread her legs and held her thighs up in a lusty invitation. Doug wasted no time dropping his shorts. His long beautiful cock bounced around his brown bush. He slowly rubbed it up and down along her slit. "Jesus, babe. You are so fucking wet!" His cock slid in easily and as he slowly fucked her, the room filled with her squishy sounds. Lora had a very powerful musk that filled the room and began to drive me wild. I unbuttoned my already unzipped shorts and got on my knees over her head. One of Lora's favorite tricks was to tea bag and I was a big fan of her technique. I leaned low enough so she could lick and flick her tongue around my scrotum, occasionally taking each testicle between her lips and lightly sucking. My cock was pointing only inches from Doug's face. He leaned closer and took only the head into his mouth, gently sucking on it. I was feeling a sensation overload as the two of them ever so gently worked my cock. "After those stories, I'm having a hard time holding back." "So don't!" "Yes, Ray, cum. We want your cum." That did it. Ropes and strings of the white sticky stuff shot out of him. One glob hit Doug on the cheek as Lora pulled it down and swallowed several more globs. One more shot landed on her nose. I rolled off to the side and watched as they licked the cum from each other's faces and shared it mouth to mouth. I sat back and watched intently as Doug rocked in Laura's cunt. She grunted as he pumped harder. The fingers of both her hands pulled her lips apart and diddled the man-in-the-boat until 'he' drowned in the juices. Lora bucked hard, her nipples nearly popping off. I had to lean over and pinch one which I knew she liked. This elicited a string of "Pinch my tits. Pinch them. Do it, do it. Fuck me. ...harder...harder...fuck...fuck...cock...fuck..." She cried out and pulled him down upon her as she wrapped her legs around his waist and dug in her heels. Her face seemed in agony or pain, all wrenched up and grimacing but she was really exhibiting her ecstasy. Doug rocked back and forth in long strides. It was obvious that he was cumming inside her sugar walls and she was sucking it all in. His eyes rolled and he collapsed upon her. "I haven't cum yet. I'm close. Make me cum!" Doug pulled out and both of us began to lick her. Her juices and Doug's cum dripped out in our mouths. I pushed a finger up her butt as she arched into Doug's face, her fingers splaying her labia. I replaced my finger with my tongue and she started to scream and curse again. This time her pitch rose into an orgasmic crescendo and as she bucked, she pummeled both our faces. Finally, with one long moan, she was done; finished; drained. The silence seemed to last a long time until Lora whispered, "Thanks, guys. That was as good as it gets. That was an orgasm to remember, to frame...I wish we had filmed it." We were sprawled out on the floor together, limbs over limbs and just enjoying some post-coital chat. The conversation turned to Roger and Patty. "While both of us had explored bisexuality before our

marriage, it wasn't until we met Roger and Patty that we watched each other perform the act," said Lora, "and we both found it very liberating." "Yes," added Doug, "it was as though we crossed an important threshold together. We'd both bared deep secrets to each other and discovered that we were both okay with it." "I never had that opportunity with my ex-wife and I envy you both," I said dolefully. "She wasn't into it?" "She wasn't into anything except straight sex. It was either missionary or doggie, oral or fucking. Those were the choices. Needless to say, I fantasized a lot and privately jerked off even more." "That's a shame," Lora said sympathetically, "there must have been a lot of wasted years, I suppose." "Yes. She was tough. I used to joke that after sex, she fell asleep before I did. She liked sex in the morning and I liked sex at night so we compromised. We had sex in the morning!" They laughed. "But once I was divorced, I decided to fulfill all my sexual fantasies. Sucking Roger's cock liberated me and allowed me to see myself as more of a complete organism. Since then, I have no problem admitting to myself and others who it is I am and what I like and desire." "And what is it that you now desire," asked Lora? "I desire to suck Doug's cock and swallow his cum while you watch us, caress us and encourage us." "That's what we love about you, Ray. You don't equivocate." "Equivocate be damned." I crawled over to Doug's side and instantly buried my face in his crotch. It dribbled a little of his cum and still tasted of Lora. I took my time and relished in the sensations. Lora's hands gently caressed me. She licked my face and whispered how beautiful I looked with my mouth full of cock. We went on like this for nearly twenty minutes until Doug stood up and instructed me to get on my knees. He held my head in his hands and proceeded to vigorously fuck my face. I concentrated on deep throating him with each downward stroke. But I really didn't have to concentrate too much, it was easy. Lora was watching us and stroking herself. The room was dank with her musky aroma. I held on to Doug's ass and felt his cum rising and ready to spit. My lips and sucking mouth acted like a siphon as I breathed through my nose. My reward was now filling me and shooting down my esophagus. I grabbed his cock and firmly stroking it, squeezed out every drop. "Oh, that looks wonderful. Kiss each other now and share it!" Lora squealed as her fingers were rocking deep inside her. I stood up and offered my lips to him. We hugged each other close and swapped his load. Our closely trimmed beards scratched together as our tongues dueled. "Oh...oh...oh...fucking hot...oh...ooooh." Lora cried out as she brought herself off. Her face was one of incredible bliss. Doug and I laid down on each side of her and gently caressed her sweaty skin. Somehow, we made it into their bedroom and cuddling, fell into a sweet slumber. In the morning, the storm had long passed and the sun was streaming in through the windows. The sky was a cerulean blue and the ocean was endless. I awoke to Lora in a reverse cowgirl riding my dick and Doug licking my cock and her pussy. Being free, uninhibited and open is the ultimate way to exist. I love my friends and I think I got enough inspiration now to write about them. I hope they like it.