

# Gail and Gina and Me

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*A lonely and depressed man is liberated by a mature lesbian couple.*

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I'd been married for nearly thirty years to a woman I'd known since I was in high school. Our marriage had been fairly good but with some natural ups and downs. But I don't want to get into that. Suffice to say, when I come home from work one day and she said, "I need my space. You have to leave," I was dumbfounded. She'd decided that she no longer loved me and I found my world crumbling beneath me. Over the next year, things got progressively worse and we were divorced. I was devastated and lost, confused and depressed, lonely and suicidal. I'd moved into my second home in East Hampton and attempted to keep my life on an even keel. Unfortunately, it was not to be as I watched my business collapse and I discovered that my ex and her boyfriend, our estate lawyer, had depleted and hidden most of my assets, including the home in which I was living. My life seemed to be in an unstoppable downward spiral and I could not regain my equilibrium. In short, everything had turned to shit. To make things even worse, I found that I could not find any satisfaction anywhere. I could not even masturbate. I would read erotica, watch erotica and dream erotica but all the stroking could not produce an orgasm. My depression was deep. I began to fantasize about all the different types of sex I was now free to explore but that only left me more frustrated. I was truly at my end point when Gail and Gina bumped into me on the beach. I'd found my only peace while walking along the ocean in the beautiful and deserted sand. Rarely would someone pass and then we would nod to each other and keep walking. The sound of the waves and the smell of the salt took me away from my problems and for those few minutes I was centered. "Ray! Is that you? Where have you been?" I turned to see Gail and Gina walking hand in hand along the beach. Gail and Gina lived down the road from my house. They'd lived there as a couple for more than ten years. Gail was an established artist whose large canvases graced the lobbies of many majestic office buildings in New York City. Gina was an established poet whose work was published in literary magazines and journals. Both were interesting people, energetic, attractive and worldly. They always seemed very well matched and so happy together. I'd met them on several occasions - parties, openings and most often, while walking my dog. Gail was the taller of the two, with a lithe and athletic body and sparkling eyes which animated her face. Gina had a deeper, more restrained personality. She was rounder and curvier and her face seemed cherubic and soft. I was always happy to see them. I always found our conversations stimulating and provocative. These were thinking people who seemed to enjoy all that

life offered. "I've been hiding," I said quietly. I briefly explained that my marriage was over and I tried to minimize the details. But when a person is hurting so deeply, it is difficult to mask and I didn't do a very good job of it. John Lennon wrote "One thing you can't hide is when you're crippled inside" and he was right on the mark. I knew that they sensed my crisis at once. I felt uncomfortable and I certainly did not want to wallow, especially in front of these neighbors with whom I had such a slight relationship. I found myself sandwiched between them as they each took one arm as we walked back from the beach. Both seemed motherly and consoling and I gradually began to feel relaxed. We reached their house first and they invited me in for coffee but I begged off explaining that I had things to do. Actually, I had nothing to do but I felt that I was imposing upon them. I said my goodbyes and walked back home. It had started to rain lightly and it matched my gloom as I lay down to nap. It was a few hours later when the phone woke me. It was Gina inviting me over for dinner. She would not let me decline the invitation. I was to be at their house in an hour, no ifs, ands or buts. So I agreed and proceeded to shower and dress. I picked out two bottles of good Tuscan red wine and walked down the road. I'd only been in their home once or twice. It was a space filled with creative energy, filled with interesting objects and fascinating images. Their warmth and hospitality was a welcome change from the dark and foreboding sadness in which I'd been residing. Our dinner was delicious and the wine flowed. Our conversation was about our creative pursuits and never touched upon my marriage. After dinner, we moved out onto their screened porch facing the water and for a few minutes, we drank cognac and took in the environment. I felt utterly relaxed although not quite at peace. Gina took out a box and began to roll a long thick marijuana cigarette. I was feeling little pain when Gail began to ask me about the future and my plans. Whether it was the wine or the joint, I began to spill my sadness and my fears. It spewed out of me in a profuse cascade of emotion that desperately needed release. I began to cry. Gina, who sat next to me on the couch, wrapped me into her bosom and began to console me and to rock me. I began to apologize and to make a getaway when Gail shushed me and the two began to soothe me. Quietly, they asked me if I meditated, practiced yoga or used any form of holistic relaxation. They began to help me relax with some breathing techniques and I began to settle down. Embarrassed, I told them that I must go but they would hear nothing of it. Gail insisted I stay and join them in their hot tub as it would do me good. She went out onto the deck and turned it on. I agreed to it and said that I would return with my bathing suit. "Unnecessary," said Gina, "it will only hinder your enjoyment." "Okay, but I think I have to build up my nerve." I lit the joint and sipped more cognac and suddenly seemed to enjoy the prospect of getting into the hot tub with a naked pair of lesbians. In a few minutes, the tub was heated. Gail and Gina left to change and returned in robes carrying towels and a robe for me. I went off to the bathroom where I doffed my clothes and wrapped myself in the fluffy white terry robe. As I came onto the deck, the women were in the tub and letting the warmth and the bubbles do their magic. I disrobed and coyly entered the tub as they made space between each other. Indeed, it was wonderful as I felt my inner tensions dissipate. After a few minutes of this, each took one of my hands and began to massage and work my fingers into limpness. Gail began to rub my neck and shoulders and I groaned in pleasure. I was a bowl of jelly in their hands. Occasionally, I would feel their breasts touch my skin but it caused no sexual

response in me whatsoever. I was malleable as a piece of clay as they worked on my pressure points. Their combined massage on my toes, my knees, my arms, my shoulders, my neck, my ears, my temple and my lips was blissful. Gina asked me to roll over as they began to knead my back and my buttocks. I was putty in their hands. When they finished, my face was glowing in a huge peaceful smile. Gail said that there was one more technique to do and if I was at all alarmed, I should just relax and that it would be alright. She began to massage the lower part of my stomach just above my penis. She softly pressed and rubbed the glands and the area around my pubic bone. It caused a reaction that I had not experienced in months - I began to get hard. I began to giggle. "You're giving me an erection, ladies, and I haven't had one in a very long time. You'd better stop or I will embarrass myself further." "It's okay, Ray," said Gail, "you need release...let it go...enjoy it." I closed my eyes and let their four hands softly stroke and caress my seven inches. One set of fingers rubbed my testicles and played with my ass. A pair of fingernails ran along the underside. It was heavenly but I wasn't cumming. "I really really love this but I think you could do this for hours and I still wouldn't cum. I haven't cum in months. I don't know that I am able to anymore." Gina said, "Ridiculous. You have to let go. You have to surrender." Gail suggested that perhaps it was time we leave the tub. I watched them as they left the tub and began to dry off. It was the first time I looked at their bodies. I noticed the differences and the similarities. Both were shaven. Both had the same tattoo on their shoulders, a scarab. That is where the similarities ended. Gail had smallish breasts and small nipples, long legs and no ass. Gina had full round breasts, her nipples were large and somewhat oval, her ass was a soft booty and her vaginal lips were plump and full. Again, my penis stirred. "Come out of there and come with us," Gina said as she held open a towel for me. I rose from the tub and allowed them to dry me off and pat me down. My penis was still hard and swinging and they smiled. I took Gail's outstretched hand as she led me to their large king-sized bed. Pushing me gently onto the bed, I lay between them as they caressed and fondled me. "I want you to cum, Ray. I want you to release your stress. I want you to let go. Close your eyes and let us help you." With my eyes closed, I let their hands roam over me. I felt time slow down. Gina fed me her nipple and mashed her breast into my face. Gail took my hand and tenderly lay her vagina onto it. I stroked it and rubbed my fingers around her generous clitoris. They moaned as they played with me. Gina slid her body along my face until my nose was between her vulva lips. I smelled that musky odor and it thrilled me. Now she licked my penis and sucked in the helmet. These soft, quiet and erotic movements continued for some time as I just stayed hard. Gail whispered to me, "I want you to open your eyes now. I want you to watch us." I moved up to the pillows and began to take in their sensual pas de deux. They kissed so passionately that I moaned in appreciation. Their bodies intertwined and separated, connecting in new forms, they cooed, they giggled. They scissored together as their vaginas met in an exotic dance, their hands playing with each other. The scent of their sex filled the room in a sweet incense. And while this was going on, I had spread my legs wide with one hand pulling and stroking as the other cupped my testicles and I began to groan as the feeling of my semen rose through my testicles and then the base and slowly upward. They noticed my breathing quicken and they began to stroke my thighs. A finger pushed its way into my anus and I felt the pressure against my prostate. A tongue lapped

between my balls and that seemed to do it as I let a deep groan escape. Suddenly my penis erupted into ropes of milky fluid shooting in the air. They giggled as they caught it in their mouths, on the faces, on their breasts and in their hands. As my voluminous orgasm subsided, they slid up to my face where we joined in a three-way happy kiss. "Oh, that was sooooo good. I can't thank you enough." "Oh no, we thank you. That was wonderful for us." "I have never seen a man cum in person before," said Gina, "I loved it!" And she added, "and you taste pretty good, too!" We laughed and I was at peace. Over the next eight months, they would ask me over. Sometimes it was just dinner, drinks and smoke. Sometimes, we would sit naked on the deck and meditate. Once, after meditation, we sat close together and watched each other masturbate until each of us came. Nothing was forbidden, nothing was restrained. I was their "boy toy" and they enjoyed leading out of my darkness and into a liberated world of total sensuality. They liked to experiment, too. One night, as a nor'easter raged, they asked me over. I was surprised to find other people in their living room, all naked and all enjoying each other; women with women, men with men, combinations shifted and mutated over the next few hours. Vibrators and dildos and other toys lay around the room. We played games like spin the bottle, group massage and body painting. As day ran into night and into early morning, the warmth and collective comfort was amazing. The group sensuality was palpable. Nothing was forbidden. I experienced many firsts that night and it was all good. One day, Gail told me that they had sold their home and were moving down to the Florida Keys. They invited me to a farewell party a few days later and, of course, I accepted. Needless to say, the party was a unique affair. Everyone there would truly miss this wonderful couple. As the party stretched into the night, the wine, the pot and the lack of inhibitions flowed. The area around the hot tub seemed to be the center of the action as I watched woman on woman and man on man action as well as all combinations in-between. I found myself on the deck toking up with an eclectic mix of people. Gail came over to make sure everyone was mixing. "Ellen, Ray is the person I was referring to when I told you about how Gina and I dealt with his dysfunction and depression. I hope you don't mind, Ray, but Ellen is a Sex Therapist and I thought it relevant." At first I was embarrassed but Ellen made me feel better about it. She introduced me to Bobby, her girlfriend and Bill, her boyfriend. "Bobby, Billy and I have a wonderful menage," she said. "Perhaps you might like to stop by one night to discuss your health with us. Gail and Gina simply love you and if you pass muster with them, you must be good people." I immediately agreed to meet them and we exchanged numbers. But for now, I will save the story of our encounter for another time. I was preparing to leave when I met Lauren. We were both moving around the room and making our goodbyes. Lauren, a cute blonde with a fine body, also knew who I was. "Gail suggested that I might be able to help you with some acupuncture therapy. She said the nicest things about you. Would you be interested?" "Yes, I think I'd like to try that. It sounds interesting." We walked outside together and walked down the driveway. She asked me where I lived and I pointed to my house. "I hate to leave this party but all the sexual activity is making me uncomfortable," she said. "How so? I find it fascinating to watch and to be honest with you, very very horny." "So why don't you stay and get your jollies?" "No, I don't think I'm ready for my public debut. I'd rather go home and masturbate." She laughed. "That's exactly what I intend to do, too." "Maybe we should do it together!"

It felt good to have my old confidence back. "That sounds hot! I'll show you mine if you show me yours! But no touching, that's the rule." "It's a deal!" We hopped into her BMW and drove down the street into my driveway. We raced into the house. "Want to hit my hot tub?" "No. I think I'd rather see your bedroom." I stripped off my clothes as I ushered her in. By the time, we reached the bedroom, I was naked. "Wow," she said, "you have a nice cock!" "Thank you. Are you just going to stand there and look at it or are you going to join me?" She did a little strip tease for me until she, too, was naked. I found her body to be curiously different. Her breasts were nice round C cups but her nipples were at the bottom, long and pointing downward. Her pussy was framed by two tight rows of tight blonde curls which reminded me of corn rows. She jumped on the bed. I grabbed a bottle of baby oil and an old Oster massager, the kind that you plugged in and had two springs that went around your palm to hold it in place. I lit some candles and set them around the room. "I haven't seen one of those in years," she said. "Yes, it is pretty old but it sure is powerful and it does the trick." "Show me how you use it." I sat opposite her and strapped it on. I flicked the switch to the Low setting and began to fondle my balls. My dick became erect instantly and I began to stroke it. "Cool. Your dick is so nice looking. You're turning me on." She was pinching her nipples as she said this. "I know. I can smell your scent and I can see how damp you are." She spread her legs wide and pulled her labia apart. Her clit peeked out of her folds like the stamen of a flower. It looked like a Georgia O'Keefe painting. "Here, you try it." I took it off my hand and handed it to her. "Set it on Low first." She turned it on and held it to her nipple. "Ooooh. Nice." Watching her caress herself only served to make me harder and I slowed myself down to hold back my orgasm. She moved her hand down and cupped her pussy inserting a finger into her canal. "This is awesome. It...it...it...is power..ful." Her pussy began to drip. "I can't hold back much longer, Lauren. Watching you is making me cum." "Do it. I want to see you...c-c-cum. I'm c-cumming t-too." I couldn't hold back any longer. I was wanking myself with fast strokes. I leaned back on one arm and arched my back. She flipped the massager on High and was squeezing her vagina. Her mouth was open and she was panting. I began to shoot ropes and globs of my cream. Some of it landed on me and some landed on her. This seemed to push her over the edge and she let out a series of banshee wails until she pulled the massager away and fell back on the bed. We were quiet for a while until she muttered, "Whew. That was about as good an orgasm as I can have. I think I want to marry this thing!" Her hand was flooded with her juices as was the massager. I picked up the massager and held it to my nose. "Ah, what a nice aroma. I love the scent of a woman." "It tastes good, too. Here. You may lick my hand." And I did and she was right." She rubbed my cum into her skin and licked off her fingers. "You taste pretty good, too." "Would you care for a shower now?" "No, thanks anyway. I have to rush home now and take care of my cats. I like the squishy feeling anyway. I'll probably play with myself on the ride." Thus began a unique relationship with Lauren that lasted a few years until she, too, moved down south. She gave me incredible acupuncture treatments, among other things. I should also mention that her wiry corn rows were a unique new oral sensation I'd never known before. I'll always thank Gail and Gina for opening up my eyes and expanding my mind. And also for Ellen and her unreal sex therapy and for Lauren and her unique sex trip. After Gail and Gina, I have never been the same. They saved my life. They freed my

soul. I shall love them both forever.