He's With Her and She's With Her Too Part 1

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This story will take several installments to tell, as it happened.

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That morning, Lila had chosen a red silk scoop-neck sweater over a black skirt, and in her heels she wobbled just a bit now as she approached the front door. She also had on a long black twill coat and driving gloves. Black thigh-highs with seams down the back, a garter belt and a shelf bra completed her ensemble. She had thought about a sheer black thong she liked a lot, but in the end she'd decided to wear no undies at all.

She could feel how hard her nipples were under the sweater, and she was also quite moist down below. The wetness between her thighs had been a constant since last night's phone call confirming this liaison.

During her morning shower, her thoughts had been of the new man in her life, and of his spoken desire to wash her hair, and shave her, and as she performed those tasks, she wished he had been there to do them for her. As she had applied a dusting of scented powder, and then lotion, it was the feel of his hands she thought about. It took a great deal of self-control not to touch herself during and after the shower. She had masturbated quickly and with her customary efficiency just after awakening, naked and in bed, as was her habit, but her excitement about today could have produced several more climaxes. “All in good time,” she thought to herself. “There should be plenty of those before too long.”

On the drive from her house, Lila's mind had wandered a bit. She'd thought about how he might have enjoyed watching her put on her stockings, the black silk gliding along each calf and up her thighs. When the bra had been slipped on, she'd wondered if he would have been able to refrain from catching the tender tips of her nipples in his fingers, making her more wet, possibly making her need to seek relief and then be late? But he hadn't been there this morning, and much as she wanted him to be, he wasn't here now.

Any anxious thoughts she might also have had while driving were kept at bay by the cloth of her sweater slipping against her nipples, the sensation of friction scraping ever so lightly on her sensitive flesh. Each time her shoulders moved as her hands shifted on the steering wheel, it felt like the

lightest touch of fingertips, teasing her, arousing her even further, if that were possible.

Both vehicles were in the driveway. She had been hoping that Roman wouldn't be home at the beginning. Him joining in once things started would make it ever so much easier on her. But maybe her friend would prefer it to be this way. Because she loved Roman, surely she would. After the way she had begged Lila to grant this wish despite her reservations, it was clear that pleasing Roman was Janet's heart's desire.

Lila's ability to breathe was becoming impaired by a runaway heartbeat. She wasn't sure if the anxiety was as great as the excitation. Surely it couldn't be.

No one came to the door right away, and she was going to knock again, but then Janet was standing there in the doorway. She wore a textured linen dress in a beige color. It was long, to about mid-calf, with many buttons down the front and a pattern of tiny purple pansies all over it. She wore no shoes. "Hey lover," she said softly.

She took Lila's bag and motioned her to come inside. Before she set the bag on the floor, she peeked inside and then smiled at Lila. Lila couldn't say for sure that Janet had seen all the toys she'd brought, but surely she had seen and recognized the one on top. She'd used it on Lila before.

Lila took off her coat and gloves and laid them over the back of the living room couch. Never one to waste time with unnecessary chatter, and maybe sensing Lila's nerves, Janet glided closer. When only inches separated them, she and Lila touched hands, fingers lacing perfectly together. Lips parted and heads rolled slightly in opposite directions, aligning them for that first, ever so important “things to come” kiss. Both exhaled, and when their lips finally touched, Lila's eyes closed as Janet's hands released hers and slid around Lila's waist, locking in the small of her back.

Janet whispered that she'd missed Lila, had missed this. Janet guided her back toward the couch, tugging with some urgency at Lila's sweater as she did so. Lila slipped it over her head. Janet sighed when she saw the shelf bra, the cups of which had no upper half. Lila's nipples were bared, hard and standing at full attention.

Reaching her arms behind her, Lila unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor, and sat down on the couch. Wearing only her heels, thigh-highs, garter belt and bra, she parted her legs slightly, teasing Janet with just a peek between her thighs.

There was no sign of Roman as yet, but Lila could hear noises coming from the kitchen. Janet stepped back a little and sat in a chair. From those few feet away, she implored, "Touch yourself for me. Show me."

Needing no further invitation, Lila slid the tips of her fingers downward from her collarbones, dragging her fingernails over the swell of her breasts. She watched Janet, whose lips were parted as Lila's fingertips lingered only slightly on her nipples before moving slowly and lightly down her stomach, finally reaching her inner thighs. The whole time, sometimes-shy Lila wondered if she were blushing,

but as soon as she dipped her fingers between her legs, lust took over and she stopped wondering, stopped thinking about much of anything.

Head digging into the soft pillow-back of the couch, Lila dove into her arousal with a full head of steam, scooting her ass forward to the edge of the couch. She spread her legs wider to give Janet a better view. Her fingers traced and teased as they slipped along her thighs, coming close but never quite touching her clit. Lila's eyes squeezed shut as she strained, fighting against the urge to come. Having just begun, she couldn't believe how close she was to it already, when her clit had not yet been touched.

With the fingertips of her right hand, Lila spread her lips open, slowly dragging a single finger across her clit. The two middle fingers on her left hand dipped deep inside, and she pulled them upward and out, spreading wetness. Just as those fingers reached her clit, she opened them, allowing her clit to slip in between, and to be seen by Janet. Her hand still moving upward, she brought the fingers back together just above her clit, then moved them back down, pressing on it.

Her hips rotated upward as her toes pressed into the floor, calves flexing. When she reopened her eyes, she found Janet had crossed the space between them and was kneeling between her legs, leaning forward. Lila's nipples were about to burst in anticipation as Janet's mouth approached them. Avoiding the nipples altogether, Janet kissed and licked all over Lila's chest and all around her breasts. Lila ached to have those nipples in Janet's mouth.

In an attempt to satisfy that aching feeling, Lila rolled her upper body to direct Janet's kisses, chasing her lips with her nipples. Flooded by a new rush of desire, Lila's fingers were dancing quickly over her clit. Somehow, Janet seemed to sense that Lila was near her climax, because Janet's breath quickened. Feet flat on the floor and with a deep arch in her back, Lila's hips pushed upward. Janet leaned in closer, extending her tongue to lick upward through velvety folds. Janet's long, slow, lingering licks tortured Lila, teasing her ever closer.

Swiveling and squirming, Lila reached down to take Janet's head in her hands and pulled her in, her feet coming off the floor, ankles locking behind Janet's shoulders. Janet slipped her hands under Lila's ass, cupping it and pulling Lila down off the couch. Never breaking contact, she fell back, pulling Lila on top of her. Lila's hair flipped over her head as she reached forward to break her fall, winding up on all fours on the carpet with Janet on her back underneath.

"Mmmmmmm," Janet moaned, still licking and sucking. The vibration of Janet's voice caused Lila to whimper, and she ground her pelvis onto Janet as Janet pulled at Lila's hips, struggling to get her mouth even closer to Lila's core. Then came the searing hot wave of orgasm, and Lila could feel a crimson blush move from her neck to her face. Her vocabulary was reduced to vowels, mostly the letter "o" over and over. She squeezed Janet's tongue and arched her back, as evidence of her climax flooded Janet's mouth.

After a few seconds, when her hearing and equilibrium had returned and the room was no longer spinning, Lila pushed herself upward, sitting back on her knees while still straddling Janet's mouth.

Lila's hands moved to her breasts, squeezing her nipples at last. She drew deep breaths, holding each as the waves of her contractions slowly diminished.

She said something like "My god!" Meanwhile, Janet was still saying "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm". Leaning forward slowly, Lila looked down at Janet, or at the top half of her face anyway. Leaning on one knee, Lila slowly lifted the other, raising herself from Janet's mouth, only slightly, wanting more. She walked herself back down down Janet's body, until their mouths could meet. Lila kissed her deeply, tasting herself on Janet's lips and tongue.

Only then did Lila notice that Roman had walked into the room at some point. Suddenly she realized that after Janet's oral ministrations, she didn't care so much about him being there. He was leaning against the doorway to the kitchen, smiling at them.

Janet and Lila stood. Janet took Lila's hand, squeezed it reassuringly and motioned to Roman to follow them to the bedroom. Still somewhat self-conscious about his eyes on her naked posterior, Lila kicked off her shoes and let herself be led by her friend and lover. She told herself it would be all right. Roman knew the rules, and surely he would stay within them.

There was an understanding. Each of them was there for Janet, and not for each other. Lila had a new man in her life, and she saved her passion for cock for him. Janet was a different story, and her new love encouraged her to make her own decisions on both those counts. It was her preference that it be this way, and not Roman's, but Janet had reassured her he understood.

From behind, Roman said, "I have a surprise for you," and Lila's heart rate doubled in an instant. She told herself to relax, for surely he must have been speaking to Janet. Roman had a red scarf in his hand, which he could have pulled from the pocket of his jeans. He brushed it along Janet's cheek. Her eyes closed and she sighed, as she responded to the soft, slick texture of the silk against her skin.

Roman said to Janet, "I want you to concentrate on every sensation I have for you this afternoon." Janet's response was silent, but she smiled and laid a trembling hand over his, communicating her acceptance. Her other hand was still tightly holding on to Lila's hand.

He took the scarf and brushed it over Janet's lips, then he moved it over her eyes, covering them and wrapping it behind her head to tie a knot. He leaned close to her and breathed deeply, his face buried in her hair. He whispered how much he loved the way she smelled, and Janet touched his cheek again without speaking.

He turned her around, with her back facing the bed. "Sit down," he instructed, "and scoot toward the middle of the bed. Lila will be right beside you." When Janet reached the middle of the bed, she stopped. From beyond the footboard, Roman reached out and grasped her ankles, centering her on the bed. Janet settled back on the pillows.