

# Ivy, Barbie and Me, Pt. 1

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 Dec 2012



*How*

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First let me introduce the players: Ivy was 18, only 5'1" tall and weighed all of 90 pounds. She was a tiny red head, simply covered in freckles and since she was so tiny everyone just assumed she was a younger teen. She couldn't wear adult sized clothes and had to buy her clothes in the children's section, which didn't help her look her real age either. In fact, when I first met her I insisted she show me her driver's license before I would even let her get in my car without parental permission. Once I knew she was a 100% fully legal adult despite how tiny she was, I relaxed and began to enjoy her company enough that soon we were dating. Apparently it was a good decision, because we're still together nearly 28 years later. To this day she still looks fifteen years younger than her actual age and I still get accused of being a dirty old man. She has wide hazel eyes, almost Anime big, an incredibly cute nose and, in case I haven't mentioned, about a zillion freckles. Her hair, which was in a very short pixie cut at this time, was that light shade of true auburn that you can only keep until you're in your twenties and softer than any silk I've ever felt. She had tiny, AA cup breasts that were so pink and sensitive she could have a full blown orgasm just by having them played with. She was just starting to get hips, but had a surprisingly lush, heart shaped, tight little ass that she liked to show off in jeans that I swear she had to paint on. She looked about as fresh faced, innocent, sweet natured and naïve as a young girl can be, but she was most certainly not. Barbie is a year older than Ivy and was a grade ahead of her at school, but they'd had a few classes together and usually smoked at the same door in between classes. They were "acquaintances" but they got along well and both later confessed to me that they had liked each other "that way" and while each felt that the other might be flirting they were afraid to ever come out and say anything about it because they didn't really know each other that well. So they never "connected" back in school but that worked out well for me. Strangely enough, because we didn't know many people in common, I also knew Barbie. We had dated for about ten months while she was a senior in High School and I was a junior in college. We'd had a lot of fun together, both in and out of the bedroom. We fooled around quite a bit while we were together and the sex was always awesome. Neither of us can clearly remember why things fell apart between us. There was certainly never any animosity, no one cheated and there was no big flare up. We just drifted apart and one day we acknowledged that and moved on. At the time of this story Barbie was 19, 5' 6" tall and weighed in at 125 pounds. She also was small breasted, with firm A

sized breasts sitting atop her long and lean body, her slender but shapely legs were topped off by a nice tight ass. She has blue eyes and wavy, dirty blond hair, rosy cheeks with big dimples and her smile is positively infectious. My name is Rob. I'm 5'7" tall, have blond hair, blue eyes, naturally muscular both from working hard and spending time in a gym. I was the "dirty old man" in this scenario at 23 years old. Flash forward two years from when Barbie and I amicably broke up and Ivy and I have met and fallen in love. We had just moved in together, into a small "efficiency" apartment behind but attached to a very large house in a very ritzy section of town. We had our own private space with a living room, bathroom and bedroom, but we shared a kitchen with the main house. It was inexpensive, nice, mostly private, and came with full satellite television. This was back in the early 1980's, so that was pretty huge. We had tons of channels to choose from, including Playboy, Penthouse, even full blown adult movies, it was a really great perk of living there. We took advantage of it quite often. One day while shopping together at a local indoor mall Ivy and I bumped face first into Barbie. Neither of us had seen Barbie for a while and none of us knew that we all knew each other. There was a lot of hugging and the inevitable "How do you know each other?" questions, after a bit we decided it was all too funny and had a good laugh. We caught up with each other for a while at the mall, where it seemed to me that Barbie and Ivy were flirting a bit (remember, at this time I had no idea they'd done that before), at least they seemed to be enjoying each others company a lot. There was a lot of smiling, sexual innuendo and hair flipping going on between them. Barbie was even playing with her locket, sliding it slowly back and forth just above her breasts, calling attention to them. I've seen her do that before, only she used to do it when she wanted me. This time I could see she had set her eyes set on Ivy. I was not complaining about this interesting turn of events, wisely I smiled a lot and just played along. I'd seen girls flirt with each other and I know it when I see it. After a while Ivy and I invited Barbie over to see our new place and she jumped at the chance. She let her friends know she was going with us and rode back to our place in our car. The flirting between them got more obvious once we were in the car. They both climbed into the front seat next to me, Ivy in the middle (remember when no one wore seat belts?) and they were turned towards each other, chatting away and lightly touching each others legs as they made their points. It was really fun to watch, unfortunately it wasn't a long drive and soon we were at our place. We all went inside and got comfortable in the living room. Ivy poured us all drinks and I rolled a joint while we all caught up on the last couple of years of our lives and figured out how we managed to end up all together like this. After a good stiff drink and a joint we were pretty laid back, relaxing on the couch. I was sitting in the middle with Ivy on my right and Barbie on my left. They started talking about music videos and after a bit of that Ivy said, "You should turn on MTV." I grabbed the remote control (it was on a cable attached to the TV, do you remember those?) and turned on the TV. I didn't even look at the screen until I heard both Ivy and Barbie snicker out loud and Barbie finished with, "I know what you two have been doing!" I focused on the screen and, sure enough, the TV was still tuned into the adult movie stations we had watched together the night before while we fooled around on the couch. At that particular moment there was a close up of a woman's ass sandwiched between two pounding cocks as she was being royally double penetrated. I fumbled with the remote, mumbling something about

“I’ll get that changed...” while the ladies both howled with laughter. Barbie said, “Hell, looks like fun to me! Leave it on.” Ivy looked at me and shrugged, with a wicked smile on her face. I was, of course, thinking “Dear Penthouse...” But just to be sure I asked, “Are you sure?” and both women laughingly assured me they wanted to watch it. It was my turn to shrug, so I did. I’m also quite sure I was smiling. Not being a complete idiot (I’d been in threesomes before, just never with either of the girls I was with right then) I quickly rolled another joint. When I was done with that I got up and got everyone a fresh drink before I climbed back onto the sofa between them. The girls were watching the TV while I did this, commenting on the action. How it was “staged”, how it was “raunchy”, but they were giggling a lot and sure seemed to be enjoying watching as the woman on the screen was repeatedly being pounded by two hard cocks. I fired up the joint, started passing it and kept my big mouth firmly shut to see how this might play out. Ivy and I had talked about threesomes quite a bit, it being pretty obvious to us that we both liked group sex from our porn preferences. We’d both had threesomes before, but not together. My experiences were always FMF, while hers had all been MFM. She tells me that once she did a MMFM foursome but it wasn’t as fun as it sounds because two of the guys blew their loads right away, the first guy as soon as she jerked his dick the first time, covering her hand in cum, the second guy just as soon as she put his dick in her mouth, blowing all over her face when she quickly pulled him out. They then both scurried into their clothes, sat on the couch, and never came back for more. Can you imagine? So it ended up being only her wiping off their cum then fucking the only guy left standing while the other two watched, rather than a foursome. She’d also been with another girl before, and loved it, but she wants to tell you about that later so I’ll not say any more about it now. She’d admitted to me several times she was very curious to be with another girl and a guy at the same time because of all the “possibilities” she could imagine. She’d said if the situation ever presented itself she was going to go for it and now it was looking to me like it just might happen. Barbie and I had talked about group sex while we were together but had never been presented with any opportunities and that, combined with her current out and out flirting with Ivy, convinced me she was up for this as well. In fact she’d been the one who began egging things on while Ivy and I were just gladly following along. I was, of course, thrilled with how things were progressing. The next scene on the TV was a FMF threesome, which I thought was pretty perfect timing. It was old school, 70’s porn, which started with some horrible music, segued into horrible dialogue, followed by everyone getting naked, then the two women dropping down on their knees to do a tandem blowjob on the lucky guy. By this time the room was dead quiet and I noticed that both of the girls had moved closer to me. I reached my right arm around Ivy’s shoulders and pulled her in closer to me. Not right into my lap though, not yet, just snuggled up next to me. She looked up at me and smiled as I leaned in and kissed her. I let it linger for a moment then I leaned back smiling. I turned to my left to see Barbie had scooted pretty close to me but wasn’t actually touching me yet. She was watching the screen intently as the two women slid the man’s throbbing erection between their lips, kissing and licking it together almost like they were kissing each other passionately through it. Eventually the two women did slide up higher than the tip of the man’s penis and start kissing each other. They came together, rubbing the man’s erection between their breasts as they French kissed

each other deeply. Ivy and Barbie were focused intently on the screen and I was focused on doing nothing at all to distract them. I wasn't really surprised when Ivy's left hand crept slowly from her own thigh over to mine and she began to stroke her palm lightly up and down it. Barbie watched from the corner of her eye but didn't make any moves of her own. By the time I looked up at the TV again the two women on the screen had fallen into a wild sixty-nine, licking each other furiously as the guy walked back and forth between them, sliding his hard cock into each of their pussies and pounding away for a time while the other girl would lick them both. Suddenly the guy pulled out, making the "I'm cumming" grimace of pain that seemed to be a requirement for porn back then and pumped his dick violently up and down in his fist as he spewed streams of cum all over one girl's ass and the other girl's face. A few seconds passed then Barbie said, "Oh, wow. That was hot." Ivy said, "I know. It looked like a lot of fun." Being wise, I said nothing. The next scene was a foursome, MFMF. Not very imaginative, to be honest, but it was still four people on screen having sex in dozens of combinations, we were all watching avidly and no one was complaining. In fact it helped because the girls weren't so focused on the TV any more. Ivy was paying more attention to what she was still doing with her left hand and had started to rub my inner thigh a little bit. I was squirming because that tickles. Ivy thought it was "seductive" but it mostly just tickled. Barbie was smirking as she watched me twitching around helplessly. She eventually said, "I know someplace he likes having stroked very much." Ivy smiled up at her and said, "Can he do it with his pants on?" Barbie smiled the sexy smile I knew so well and said, "What I was talking about? Yes. But hold that thought, we might think of something else to do when we come back to it." Ivy smiled her consent, removed her hand from my thigh and put on a pose that clearly said, "Show me." So Barbie leaned in very close to me, placing her bunched together finger tips directly on my knee, which she then opened as she allowed her fingers to slide down loosely over my kneecap until her palm was resting firmly against it, she rubbed it around for a moment, then reversed the stroke of her fingers. She kept doing that, up and down, for a bit while I started squirming. I have no idea where she learned to do that, but it has always driven me absolutely bat-shit nuts. And in that good way, not in that bad "it just tickles" way. I'm not going to say it would work on everyone, in fact I know it doesn't because Ivy can't sit still for it, but some of us really like it. I responded by having my already fully erect cock pop up against my jeans so hard that it threatened to blow right through them. That's the good way I was talking about. No, I don't know why it works. Have someone try it on you if you're so curious. Barbie looked directly at my crotch, looked back at Ivy and said, "See what I mean?" Ivy took a good look herself and said, "He does like that, doesn't he?" and immediately began to do the same thing to me on the other knee. I was squirming around quite a bit at this point but I wasn't complaining one bit. I discovered on that day that while having that done to one knee by one woman is a huge turn on, and very enjoyable, having it done to both knees at the same time by different women is beyond enjoyable. It moves into a realm beyond that into someplace I'd like to visit on a more regular basis. The two girls were leaning over me now as I lay back completely helpless between them on the couch. I had my arm around Ivy, so I did the only smart thing a guy in that situation can do, I pulled her into me and kissed her soundly. She squealed with laughter as I did this but despite all that she continued her assault on my knee. When we broke the

embrace Barbie, who was clearly pouting, said, "That's not fair. I didn't get a kiss." So I looked at Ivy and said, "She's right, she didn't get a kiss." Ivy smiled at us both then said, "All right." And then she kissed her. Right on the lips open mouthed, with tongue. This started a make out session of epic proportions between the two girls. They started out French kissing and eventually they both crawled closer to each other, over and on top of me, where they began hugging. After quite a bit of this, I'd say three to five minutes of passionate kissing and embracing while I lay between them doing my best to be unobtrusive despite the knees in my abdomen and lower back, Ivy snaked one of her tiny hands in between them and began to rub Barbie's breasts through her top. It didn't take very long for Barbie to respond in kind. I still had one arm around Ivy, so I snaked the other one behind Barbie to get further out of their way. Once I could breath again I started to squeeze and stroke both of their tight little asses through their jeans, which seemed to press the two of them even closer together at the lips. Suddenly Ivy broke their kiss and dove down and started furiously kissing me. She did that for about fifteen or twenty seconds, then she pulled back away from me and started kissing Barbie again. After a short time, she started kissing down the side of Barbie's cheek to her neck, where she started to nibble very lightly. At the same time she used her body to push Barbie's face close to mine. I smiled at Barbie, who had that, "I'm really enjoying what she's doing to my neck" look in her eyes, but she was cognizant enough of what was going on to smile back at me as our lips met. She was still a good kisser. We enjoyed each other for a bit while Ivy kissed her way around to and started nibbling on Barbie's ear lobe. She was also furiously using her free hand to stroke and tug at Barbie's breasts through her shirt. I hadn't let up on my assault of their still fully clothed rear ends either. Suddenly Ivy practically jumped up and tore off her T-shirt. She didn't wear a bra most of the time back then, she would say, "If you didn't have fingers, would you wear a glove?" so this immediately made her half naked. Her tiny tits were standing out proud and perky, her pink nipples are very tiny but they get so hard and tight when she is excited you just want to slip them between your lips. She leaned in and pulled Barbie up until she was kneeling on the couch, grabbed the bottom of her shirt and yanked upward. Barbie lifted her arms as Ivy whisked the shirt right off of her. She had on what looked like a training bra, and probably was, which also went away very quickly with Ivy's help. Then she pulled Barbie by her arm until she stood up and led her, smiling broadly at her the entire time, to our bedroom, where the two of them disappeared through our door. After a few seconds, Ivy leaned back out to look at me. Her pants were gone, and Barbie's arms were wrapped around her, pulling her back. She had just enough time to ask me, "Well, are you...?" Before she was scooped up and I heard the unmistakable sound of her being thrown onto our bed while she squealed with delighted laughter. I half heard Barbie mumble something like, "If he doesn't have enough sense to get his ass in here, who needs him?" Then the sounds of Ivy's laughter turned into an even louder, "Oh, that's very nice..." followed by some loud, sexy moaning. I heard most of this while making tracks and losing clothes, you can be sure. When I got to the door I was naked, all six and a half inches hanging high and hard in front of me. No, I'm not stacked, just average. So far no complaints about how well I can use it though. I was greeted with the lovely sight of Ivy spread across our bed, near the foot, with her legs splayed wide open, and Barbie on her knees on the floor directly in between those legs, with

her head buried in Ivy's tiny, tight, completely shaved, pink little pussy. At the same time she was shaking her naked, tight little ass invitingly at me. Not one to pass up a good opportunity, and not quite far enough gone to sanity to just dive directly into Barbie until I'd had a chance to see how Ivy really felt about it, I immediately jumped on our bed and fed my hard, throbbing cock into Ivy's tight little mouth while I began to pinch her pink nipples. I love to feel a girl moan around my cock from pleasure as she is being eaten out, especially if I get to watch as the other person does the eating. Barbie was doing a good job of making Ivy moan and she looked good doing it. After only a few minutes of Barbie's licking and my furious nipple pinching, Ivy suddenly swallowed me right down to my balls and let out a fierce growl as she came. This felt so fantastic I almost blew my load right down her tight little throat. But I've learned one thing with Ivy; you do NOT cum in her mouth. She doesn't like it, and I can respect that. So I gritted my teeth and thought about baseball. It works every time. I got myself under control, pulled my throbbing cock out of Ivy's mouth, and tugged Barbie up onto the bed. Our lips met and I tasted Ivy as we pressed together in a naked embrace. My cock was throbbing between us, smashed against her well manicured landing strip. Suddenly Ivy's hand was between Barbie's legs, rubbing lightly around her tight hole. Then I felt her shift until she was behind Barbie, pressing into her and using the hand not occupied in Barbie's pussy to rub her tits, reaching brazenly in between us to feel them where they were pressed into my chest. Suddenly she pulled Barbie back against her, taking her down onto the bed, turning her and laying her on her back while she climbed around on top of Barbie. She was very aggressive and I wondered if I had gone too far too soon with Barbie in front of her. But I soon figured out that wasn't the problem. The problem was that she wanted Barbie first. She'd built up a powerful lust for sucking Barbie's pussy and she was not going to be denied by my getting in the way. She leaned over and passionately kissed Barbie, their tongues intertwined, their bodies pressed together at both nipple and pussy. Barbie's legs were spread wide and Ivy was lying on top of her in between them, grinding her pussy mound into Barbie's. She looked for all the world just like any guy you've ever seen fucking a girl. Except she was so tiny, feminine and cute there was no way you could mistake this for anything but lesbian sex. Yeah, it was smoking hot to watch. They were both moaning and pressed joyously into each other for quite a while, kissing passionately and enjoying each other. Finally Ivy broke the kiss and began to lick, suck, bite, nibble and nip her way down Barbie's body. She spent quite a bit of time working on Barbie's ears and neck, then down to her tiny breasts, where she took her time lightly and sensuously working her lips and tongue all the way around each from the very edge, always stopping just short of touching the areoles, then moving to the other one and starting over again. All the while, her hands were roaming around Barbie, tracing her hips, belly and thighs as she ground her pussy directly into Barbie's. I could tell Barbie was close to an earth shattering orgasm, she was breathing shallowly and her eyes were open but seemed to be looking at something far away. Barbie's entire body was arched off the bed, seemingly attached to it only at the shoulders and heels as her orgasm approached. In the throes of their mutual ecstasy the girls were moaning so loudly I was actually worried our landlord might knock to find out if everything was OK. Ivy was relentlessly pounding her pussy mound into Barbie's, then just when Barbie seemed about to reach her peak, Ivy suddenly

engulfed one entire nipple in her mouth and sucked, her tongue was moving so fast I could see it swirling against the inside of her cheeks, while she shortened her strokes to a wild gyration of rubbing just their clits together. Barbie came. Over and over again, waves of ecstasy rippling up her belly, her mouth wide open, gasping for air, it was wild to see. Her entire body was wracked with convulsions and she squeezed Ivy on top of her with all her might as she sought to hold their pussies in synch until she slowly ground out her long release, finally falling back on the bed. But Ivy wasn't done with her. As Barbie started to relax back onto the bed, Ivy left Barbie's breast and kissed her way back up to Barbie's neck. Barbie was mewling and purring at Ivy while kissing her soft hair as they embraced. Ivy kissed her way up to Barbie's lips where they shared a long, soft kiss. Then Ivy simply slid down between Barbie's legs and without any further preamble she buried her face in Barbie's little pussy and began to feast, Barbie arched forward and reached down for Ivy, beginning to say something like, "Oh, too soon!" But this wasn't my first rodeo. I leaned in to Barbie and intercepted her lips with mine. Her words actually came out more like, "Oh, tphh sphhheenn" as I pressed her back gently onto the bed and wrapped my arms around her. I kissed her with passion and pressure, driving my tongue deeply into her mouth and pushing her gently back onto the bed. She squirmed for a bit, making groaning noises and flailing her arms mildly, but she eventually relaxed again and began to enjoy what was being done to her. When she did I kissed sideways across her cheek and began to kiss a trail downward. I didn't stop until I got to her nipple which I immediately took into my mouth and began to lick and suck with gusto. Barbie groaned in appreciation and I felt her hand slide gently around my cock, which she began to stroke and pump in time with what Ivy was doing to her tiny pussy. I turned to see what exactly Ivy was doing to that tasty little pussy and I was greeted with the vision of the top of Ivy's head as she was driving her tongue as deeply as she could get it into Barbie. The angle I was looking from only allowed me to see how furiously her head was moving, I couldn't see any of the details. So I devoted myself to moving over to Barbie's other breast where I took her other nipple in and gave it my best attention. Barbie continued to stroke my throbbing hard cock but more out of reflex than anything, it was hard and in her hand so she was stroking it but not really paying attention. Ivy's ministrations on her silken smooth pussy and my nibbling on her nipples had her on the edge again, despite her recent orgasm she was obviously ready to go again. I redoubled my efforts and apparently so did Ivy because soon Barbie was holding the back of my head down tightly to her breast while my fingers were pinching the other nipple. Barbie was breathing fast and hard, moaning in time to Ivy's tongue movements and holding onto my cock like it was a life line. When the damn burst on Barbie's orgasm it was unlike any I'd ever seen her have before. She convulsed nearly in two and I actually winced as her hand around my cock tightened into a vice. She panted out her release, seemingly unable to get enough air to scream properly this time. When the waves finally stopped crashing over her, Barbie collapsed into a sweaty pile of loose arms and legs. I moved back from her to let Ivy climb up her limp body until they were once again kissing each other. Barbie and Ivy were making out, Barbie had mercifully let go of my still throbbing hard cock and all I could see at that moment was Ivy's tight little ass bobbing around as she hovered over Barbie. It was too much for me to take at that moment and I practically threw myself behind Ivy, grabbed her tiny hips with both of

my hands and speared my hot cock deep into her pussy from behind in one swift stroke. She cried out into Barbie's mouth as I buried my cock deep inside her tight, slick pussy and started drilling back and forth into her like a wild man. I was pounding her tiny pussy with all the frustration I had built up over the last several hours while mostly watching this amazing adventure, no longer able to contain myself or play Mr. Nice Guy while they took care of each other. After a time I was pounding Ivy's pussy so hard she was no longer able to pay attention to kissing Barbie. Barbie took the opportunity to wriggle her way lower until she could get her lips on Ivy's nipples. Ivy moaned her gratitude for that which seemed to push Barbie even further down because soon her wriggling brought her mouth level with Ivy's clit which my balls were repeatedly slapping into. Barbie's agile tongue soon found its way in between my balls and Ivy's clit, where she swirled it around and poked it up and down so we could both drive ourselves onto it. It was wild and incredibly erotic knowing my ex-lover was down in between me and my current lover, licking both of us as we fucked madly. The tingling started in the back of my nuts and quickly expanded to the length of my cock, it let me know I was there but I could feel Ivy thrusting frantically back against me and onto Barbie's tongue as she reached for her release. I once again thought of baseball and kept it first and foremost in my mind as I continued to drive my hips back and forth, thrusting my fevered cock deep into Ivy while Barbie kept up her tongue bath on us both. Finally Ivy went over the edge, thrusting her tiny pussy back onto my cock as hard as she could and bouncing there, while both hands pulled Barbie's mouth tight up against her clit. She was yelling out her pleasure as loudly as I've ever heard and her body was wracked with spasms. Her tiny, pink, tight pussy was convulsing around my deeply rooted cock and I absolutely could take no more. My voice joined with hers as I began to pump streams of hot, thick cum up into her tiny pussy as Barbie went back and forth between us, licking her clit and sucking on my balls as we ground out our passion against each other. Eventually I had shot my entire load and my dick was starting to get limp inside Ivy's tiny pussy. It finally deflated enough to be forced from her with a plop and cum began to run out and down across Barbie's face. She reached her chin up to Ivy's pink lips and slowly licked them clean as I leaned back, finally falling over sideways onto the bed to watch as Barbie made love to Ivy's dripping pussy with her tongue. As I straightened my legs out from underneath me I heard Ivy groan from Barbie's tongue action and declare emphatically, "Not bad." Then Barbie stopped licking for just long enough to say, "Not bad at all, for round one." She dove back into Ivy's pussy; Ivy hissed in pleasure and started to grind her pussy down onto Barbie's face. I knew right then that I was going to be in trouble for quite some time with these two little pixie minxes.