

My beginning and pathway to group sex Part 5

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How easily I slipped into my first threesome

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/my-beginning-and-pathway-to-group-sex-3.aspx>

This is a continuing story. Please read Parts 1 - 4 to understand where I am in my sexual development.

My boyfriend soon recovered from his tonsillitis. It was easily apparent to him that his brother and I were more 'familiar' than before he was sick. His brother just grabbed me one day when he came in and rubbed his hands over my breasts and scooped them under my arse and rubbed me between the legs, then left.

"Has he done that often"? I was asked.

"Yeah, a bit" I replied.

"Anything else"? he asked.

"Yeah, I let him use one condom. It seemed fair otherwise we'll have none" I said. "No big deal to me".

I looked at him while I unzipped my shorts. "Come and see how it's worth it" I said.

He was on me straight away, groping and squeezing everything. He was in such a rush pushing my shorts down, fingering and kissing me at the same time. I pulled his pants off and went on my knees to suck him, but he pushed me over and dropped on top of me. Five days without it gave him quite a

build up. I remember watching him while he got a condom out; his cock sticking out like it had never been relieved. I just laid back and let him get on with it. I wanted it too, but just knew I was there for him to get off in. He pushed in quickly and fucked me like a rabbit for about ten seconds and then dumped his load, grunting and snorting. I could tell from his body contractions that it was a powerful orgasm for him, following five days of nothing. He got up quickly and cleaned up. It was just a quick empty out for him, using my cunt to pull himself. I didn't mind. I enjoyed being needed and felt good about the pleasure I could give.

"See, I told you letting him use one was worth it" I said. There was no way I was going to let that stop. "I'm going to keep him happy too" I announced. I reassured my boyfriend it would be good for all of us.

My first threesome happened a couple of days later. I was on the floor fucking my boyfriend, when the door opened and his brother came in and peered over the couch.

"Piss off"! my boyfriend said.

"Not until I've had a go" was the response.

I just lay there and started laughing while my boyfriend was losing control in me. He got up and called his brother a prick for spoiling it for him. It was an absurd situation. I didn't even have any clothes on and just lay on the floor giggling. The brother soon made his intentions clear and pulled his cock out while he knelt next to my head. I lifted my head for him while he put his fingers in me. My freshly fucked pussy now had fingers in it and soon it would have another cock in it. This was going to be a gold medal afternoon.

I sucked him and he got fat very quickly. He pulled a condom from his pocket; curiously not one of our supplies, and rolled it on. He lifted my hips again and pushed himself in. This was the first time I had had two cocks back to back and could feel the difference in the fatness of the second one. My walls and opening were stretched more and damn it felt good. He thumped into me with a quick rhythm pushing my legs open. All I could think of was 'second cock'; 'two cocks'. It could have been anybody; it would have had the same effect. Two cocks; two cocks. My cunt bubbled its cream while the contractions started, this fat thing stretching me. I rolled my hips back and gripped him hard while I came and he kept humping into me. He kept fucking me well after I had come down, pushing my legs back and wide and spearing his cock into me as hard as he could. He kept this up for a good while and when I opened my eyes he was looking straight at my face. Over his shoulder, I could see my boyfriend watching us. It was wonderful. Being fucked twice and being watched. I didn't want this to end. It did when his brother emptied his load and got off.

I just lay there, feeling good. I wasn't interested in getting up. I stayed there with my legs flopped wide, letting my boyfriend stare at my cunt. I beckoned him down and rubbed his cock gently while his brother brought me a drink. I had a sip, then dipped my head and put my boyfriend's cock in my mouth. I was on a mission and sucked him hard again. Three fucks from two cocks today. This was going to be a record. I sucked him a long while, knowing that I could because he had just unloaded. When we were ready, I climbed on top and rode him slowly for a long time, enjoying him looking at my tits and feeling them. I slowed or stopped when I sensed he was building until he eventually gave over and groaned loudly while I siphoned his load out of him. I remember that I didn't cum that time. I was in a different pleasure zone, where the pleasure was in the fucking, not the orgasm.

The rest of the summer holiday was spent like this. We met every day. We fucked or sucked every day. I fucked his brother, sometimes alone, sometimes together. I loved every moment and looked forward to every morning. I felt as if I had met my calling. This was what I was here for. This was what I wanted.

I was a new woman going back to school. I had a new confidence. The in-crowd girls didn't intimidate me any more. I was beyond their 'I Put Out' badge of honour. Wait until they found out how I could put out. My conversation with the boys flowed easily and my confident flirting suddenly generated a lot more interest.

It was an interesting year which I'll explain in Part 6 to follow.