

# Carol's Craving

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*Car trouble helps Carol to satisfaction*

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(c) 2001 Charmbrights. All rights reserved. The author has asserted the moral rights under sections 77 and 78 of the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988. Carol and Jeremy Coming away from the ante-natal clinic after a check-up four weeks before her second baby was due, Carol looked down, a little wistfully, as she eased her bulk into the car. 'Will I ever see my feet again?' she wondered. 'Nonsense,' she chided herself, 'A month from now I will have my baby to feed and most of my figure back.' She remembered the joy of feeding her first baby and her surprise when the milk flow almost gave her an orgasm only hours after he had been born, three years earlier. As she sat behind the wheel the change of position pressed the weight of her unborn child against her clitoris, and a twinge of desire coursed through her body. Once again she regretted that Jeremy, her husband, was too thoughtful and too careful. When she had had a craving for yoghurt and carrot sandwiches a few weeks earlier he had been happy to oblige, but now she craved sex he was much too solicitous of the welfare of both the baby and her. He had read somewhere that sex in the last few weeks of pregnancy was risky, so he would not even let her suck him when what she craved was a good fucking. As she started the car, the engine stuttered a little, but she took no notice, absorbed as she was with thoughts of sex. She caught herself eyeing every man she saw and imagining him naked and with an impossibly huge prick which was in her mouth, cunt or arse. Sometimes there were two or three men at once. Why she should have these fantasies she could not fathom. She had had a full and happy sex life until now, and had been faithful to Jeremy ever since she first met him. Their sex was conventional, to say the least; ninety percent of the time they were content with conventional fucking, missionary or doggy, and most of the rest was fellatio. Only occasionally did Jeremy want her arse, and she always let him have it, provided he oiled her and his prick well first. It didn't hurt, although she never found it the sort of turn-on that doggy style in her cunt, with a hand on her clitoris, was. Car Trouble As she drove along the stuttering in the engine became more pronounced, with it cutting in and out unpredictably for a few seconds every now and again. She cursed silently and resolved to take the short cut, through the back streets of a run-down inner city area which would save her ten minutes on the drive. Then it happened. On a quiet street, lined with houses in varying states of disrepair, the engine cut out completely and would not restart! She released the bonnet catch, got out of the car, opened the bonnet and stared at the engine. As she did so, she wondered

why she bothered; she didn't understand the first thing about internal combustion engines, but it seemed the right thing to do. Just then she became aware of someone else beside her on the pavement. "What seems to be the trouble, lady?" a voice asked. Turning, she saw an elderly white-haired negro looking at her quizzically. He seemed harmless and, indeed, avuncular. "Do you know anything about cars?" she asked, "Mine has stopped. It was ... I don't know ...sort of burping as I came along." "Sounds like fuel trouble to me," said the old man, "Me and my sons run a garage about half a mile away. If you like we can tow you down there and fix it for you." "Would you?" she asked, instinctively know that this old man could be trusted, and at the same time somehow hoping that he would hug her like a father and make it all better. He waved across the road to a car with two younger black men in it and one of them pulled across and parked just in front of her car. "What is it, dad?" he asked. Carol noticed the likeness at once; this was a father and his two sons, who were about her age. "Fuel blockage, most likely. One of you steer the lady's car and we'll tow it down to the garage for her." The second son got out of their car and tied a tow-rope on to both cars, then he got into the driving seat of hers. "You get in here," the old man invited, opening the back door of their car for her. After she was comfortably ensconced, he nipped round to the other side and slipped into the seat beside her. "I don't know how to thank you," she said, near to tears in her hormonally mixed-up state. "Just don't you worry, lady. Me and Bill and Ben will have it fixed in a jiffy," he answered. She felt a wave of trust and gratitude flow over her, and laid her head on his shoulder with the occasional tear spilling down her cheeks. "No need to worry," he said, quietly. It seemed to her the most natural thing in the world as his left arm came round her shoulder and held her to him in a comforting way. As his fingers slipped under her arm and on to the side of her left breast, she felt a quick flush of desire and rested her right hand on his thigh. Encouraged by this, his fingers began to caress the side curves of her breast and she automatically burrowed deeper into his shoulder, allowing his hand to reach on to the undercurves of her swollen tit and round to the nipple. The same movement lifted her hand on to the bulge in his trousers and she felt a comforting and desirable twitch from beneath the cloth. Just then they arrived at the garage and she let out a sigh of regret as the finger contacts at his groin and her nipple were broken. "You come in the house and have a cup of tea while the boys look at the car," the old man suggested. Carol glanced over at the two boys, who were already under the bonnet checking the engine. She could not help another twinge of desire as she saw two well-padded arses sticking in the air. Moving into the house, they were greeted by a young black woman about her own age who said, "Hello, I'm Chrystal, Ben's wife. What's happened?" "Her car broke down," explained the old man, "and the boys are looking at it." Turning to Carol, he said, "You sit down and Chrystal will bring us some tea." Sitting where he gestured, on the settee, Carol was unsurprised when he sat next to her and put his arm round her shoulders. The other hand started gently to unbutton her blouse, but she stayed his hand with a gesture. "What about Chrystal?" she whispered. "I'll send her out to the boys," he said, "that is, unless you want them to join us?" "Mmmm," she murmured and nodded her head slightly, suddenly feeling a twinge of desire at the thought. Just then, one of the boys came in and said, "Got it. The choke rod arm has snapped and the butterfly valve is flapping loose." "Oh dear," said Carol, touching his arm caressingly "Is that serious?" "Yes and no and yes," answered the

boy, looking down at her hand and causing her to blush deep red. "Yes, you need a new one. No, they only cost pennies. Yes, we haven't got one," he explained, "Somebody will have to go across town to the main dealer's to get one. It will take about an hour." The old man made a quick decision. "Send Chrystal," he ordered. "Why?" asked Ben. "Just do it," came the stern reply. Spare Part So it was, to Chrystal's complete mystification, that she was sent off and the four of them started on their cups of tea. "What do you want, lady?" the old man asked, unbuttoning her blouse and slipping it off. Seeing this, Bill choked on his tea. Blushing again to the roots of her hair, Carol whispered, "All of you, everywhere." He drew her to her feet. "Say it," came the order as her skirt was unfastened and laid carefully on the side. "I want all of you to fuck me in my cunt, in my mouth, and in my arse," said Carol, becoming bolder and more wanton by the second as her hormones took over from her upbringing. She reached behind her and unhooked her bra, allowing her swollen blue-white breasts with their purple veins to swing freely. The three men admired the distended areolae with the nipples which were engorging visibly as her desire rose. Stepping back, Carol said, "Please be careful with them. They are super-sensitive and need to be touched only very lightly. Is there a bed we can use?" She was led up the stairs and into the master bedroom where a king-size bed was the centrepiece. She resisted a gentle encouragement to lie down on it. "Take my knickers off first, please," she said, revelling in her wantonness and enthralled by being able to let herself go like this. She had never behaved like this with Jeremy, nor with the boyfriends before him, although two of them had made love to her. Then she blushed again as the thought came unbidden that today, in the next hour, she would double the number of men who had been inside her ... and she wanted to do so ... she had instigated it. Bill and Ben stationed themselves either side of her and gently started to slide the knickers down from her distended belly. Meanwhile, the old man knelt in front of her and gently kissed the curls of her pubes as they appeared. Because she was so pregnant, they seemed thin and wispy, and he found it difficult to angle his head to kiss her labia as they appeared. "It'll be easier on the bed," she said, "I'll sit on the one in my cunt and someone can stand behind me and take my arse while the third lies across my legs on the bed and I suck him off." One of the boys lay on the bed at one side and the old man lay beside him. Carol lowered herself on to the son's prick and leant forwards to suck the old man's cock. The other son lubricated her rosebud with some Vaseline and gently pushed his engorged cock home in her bowels. It wasn't that easy, but they managed it. Her belly kept getting in the way and the bounce it gave tended to cause the arse fucker to fall out. However, they made it and when it was all going swimmingly Carol paused in her sucking for a moment. "All of you cum in me, please. I want to be treble filled," she begged and returned to enthusiastic juggling and sucking. 'The nicest thing about being pregnant,' she thought to herself as a prick moved easily in her welcoming, but rather wide, vagina, 'is that the cunt fucker doesn't have to mess about with condoms.' Chrystal Returns They were still hard at it, or at least the boys were still hard, even after two orgasms each, truth to tell the old man hadn't managed a second and was distinctly drooping, when the trio heard Chrystal return down stairs. She went into the sitting-room and then flew upstairs. "What are you doing with my men?" she demanded, brandishing Carol's discarded bra. Carol spotted her mistake at once and answered, "Your 'MEN'? You have all three as

well do you?" "Not all at once," yelled the indignant Chrystal, and then stopped with one hand over her mouth. "Well you can finish them off together," said a triumphant Carol, "I think there's a bit left in each of them." Scooping up her knickers, she went to the bathroom and showered the cum and sweat off her body. Her ardour cooled a little as well and she slipped her knickers on, wondering what had come over her, and smiling a little as she thought that at least she knew what had cum over her. Going quietly downstairs she put her bra back on and was just putting her skirt on when the old man came in to the room. All desire satiated, Carol blushed deeply at the memory of what they had done together and hastened to put her blouse on. "I'll fix your car. You can go in five minutes, at most," he said, "Please don't be angry. We thought you wanted it, and you said you did." "I did, but ... it's awkward now I have calmed down. It was wonderful while it was happening but ..." her voice tailed off. "I'll fix the car. Don't worry; nobody need know, and Chrystal has calmed down now the boys are both fucking her at once. She has been having them both since she first met them, but she thought neither of them knew about the other. Of course, they did." Ten minutes later, Chrystal waved as Carol drove away, already regaining her composure and relegating the experience to the status of a dream. Truth and Consequences Jeremy was obviously worried when she arrived home so late. "What happened? I was scared the baby had started early," he asked breathlessly, rushing out of the front door to meet her. "The car broke down and I had it mended," she replied, "Nothing to worry about." "What was the trouble?" he asked. "It kept burping and then stopped," she said. "Did it cost much to repair?" he wanted to know. "They didn't charge me, because it was only a tiny problem. All the time was getting a part from the main agent in town," she replied. \*\*\* In bed, later the evening, Jeremy asked, "Did they say what was wrong?" "Something about a rod choke arm and a butterfly, and they had to send out for another one," she answered vaguely. "Choke rod arm connecting the butterfly valve," he corrected, "yes, that would cost only a few pence. What on earth did you do while they fixed it?" "Oh, I had a gang bang with the black man that ran the garage and his two sons," she answered lightly, "It was lovely." "Oh shut up and go to sleep," said Jeremy, not believing a word of the literal truth. Carol lay there in the dark remembering her adventure and feeling her baby kick inside her; she relived in her mind the gorgeous feeling of being naughty as three men working together brought her to orgasm after orgasm. Wondering, in her semi-dreaming state, if having a father and his two sons all at once was incest, she quietly drifted off to sleep with a slight smile on her lips ...