

Ménage à Trois

Jimmy Lee Starbird and Gen are © Roochak

Jimmy opened the door to his apartment and was instantly greeted by an avalanche of giggles. One set was familiar to him, it was his girlfriend Anne, but the other set was new. Deeper and more sultry, they seemed to come from a woman with a little more age and experience. Jimmy was, of course, quite intrigued.

As he moved into the living room, Jimmy saw his small mousey girlfriend Anne entangled with a skunkette Jimmy had never seen before. She was wearing glasses and a very nice cap, and little else. Anne was likewise in a state of undress, and there were various over and undergarments strewn around the living room. A bra, much larger than anything Anne could ever fill, was even draped over one of the lamps. Jimmy then noticed how exceedingly ample the skunkette's bust was. There were two wine glasses and three bottles, one of which had already been emptied.

"Oh hi Jimmy...I was wondering when you'd be alive, we've been waiting for you..." said Anne. "This is my friend Gen, she's an artist..." Anne bent down and kissed Gen as she finished. It was a deep, sincere, sloppy kiss, the sort Jimmy had only seen Anne give to him. Jimmy would be jealous, if he wasn't so aroused.

When the kiss finally broke, it was Gen that spoke first. "I met Anne when she was posing nude for me in an erotic art class. You should see some of my sketches of her. I just love how her lithe little body rolls out over the page. And she's got the cutest little nipples on those itty bitty titties of hers...But I guess you knew that already." Both girls were visibly tipsy, though not thoroughly drunk just yet. And they were certainly pawing all over one another, and things had clearly gotten started without him.

"Jeez Anne, when I put up the idea of you bringing over a girl for a little bit of a threesome, I had no idea you were so keen on the idea. Or that you'd bring one by so fast." Jimmy walked over to the pair with a bit of a swagger, making sure that Gen got a good look at his physique, though the sweatpants and wifebeater he was wearing didn't exactly show off his twinkish look. Still, she'd be getting plenty of it soon enough.

As Jimmy got within range, Gen started to reach out and touch him. Her fingers were firm but seemed to have an interest under their fog of drink. She seemed to be checking him out by touch. "God, Anne had shown me some of your pornos and the like...I knew you were a toned little thing, but it's so much better up close. I've got to sketch you sometime! No...You and Anne together. Maybe that cute little bubble-butt of yours going up and down while you give it to her..." Gen's exploring hands were soon untying the waistband of Jimmy's pants and groping at his shaft. She grinned as she got a good firm

grip on his length. "Not bad for someone who takes it up the ass for a living.

"Hey now, I give it as good as I get," said Jimmy. "Or did Anne not tell you?"

"She told me about all the strapons she keeps in her toy box." Replied Gen. "And I know she didn't just buy those because she wanted me to warm her up before I sketched her..."

"Well then, it seems like Anne has a talking problem," said Jimmy. "Luckily I know how to deal with that..." Jimmy gently grabbed at Anne's shoulders, pulling her over and putting her lips to his shaft. She didn't need any more encouragement to be silent, and soon she was licking and slurping on the head of her boyfriend's cock. Gen snaked out from underneath Anne and joined her mousey friend, and soon they were both working Jimmy's shaft and balls.

"Ahh fuck, you girls are GOOD," said Jimmy. Anne giggled.

"Well I do work in the industry...And Gen draws erotica for a living," said Anne between slurps. "You know damn well how good I am at fluffing...That's why we started going out, as I remember."

"True, true...But while she's here, I'm a bit more curious about your friend down there..." Gen smiled and took the hint quickly, moving up onto the couch and curling up her tail, showing off her fine rear end and her wet, inviting sex. Jimmy panted and slid in slowly, stepping out of his pants and getting rid of his wifebeater. Unlike the girls he fucked on the set, Gen was warm, smooth and soft. She was not a plastic slut, but more an experienced girl with an experienced feel. Jimmy didn't want to admit it, but she had a feel that Anne just hadn't mastered yet. Maybe she needed to have this skunk spend a bit more time with Anne, and give the girl some pointers. Gen certainly seemed like the sort to teach...

Anne chuckled and wandered off as Jimmy slowly began to work. Gen was no squealer the way most of Jimmy's partners were, and he groaned as he began to work her over. "Mmm, you know how to give it to a girl without trading pleasure for showmanship, hot stuff?" asked Gen. Jimmy smiled, and replied with his hands and shaft, gently moving over her, feeling and groping her as he worked.

"If I'm answering your question, please moan," said Jimmy. Gen smirked a bit at him, trying to put up resistance, but years of working in the industry had taught Jimmy what he needed to know, and even Gen's resistance broke under his motions. It was a delicious, and delightful, to pleasure a femme like Gen. He'd have to do this more often.

Jimmy let himself get so distracted that the warm, light pressing at his hole caught him completely off guard. He turned around, surprised and more than a little indignant. Anne grinned, pressing the tip of her strapon to his rear. "Turnabout is fair play... So bend over, boyfriend..."

Jimmy groaned as he felt the rubber shaft slide up his tailhole. He was used to this particular sensation that it took Anne almost no effort to move the lubed rubber cock deep inside her boyfriend.

"Mnff...You had to get the big one, didn't you?" said Jimmy as he held still, letting Anne push it in. Anne giggled.

"Gen is out guest, honey...Do you really expect me to not show off for a friend who is so near and dear to my heart?" Jimmy groaned as Anne hilted him, and he felt himself pressing forward into Gen. It was new, it was pleasurable, and Jimmy loved every moment of it.

What followed was a mass of bodies curling and pushing and shoving over one another as each partner tried to please both of the others. They moaned, they bucked, and they moved this way and that, each one working and riding the others hard. Fingers, limbs and feet were everywhere at once, and the couch groaned and strained under the weight.

It took some time, but the three kept at it until each and every one had shuddered with pleasure, the orgasms ringing up and down the bodies as they occurred. Soon they were all collapsed on the couch, killing another bottle of wine, and passing around Gen's cigarettes. Jimmy and Anne didn't normally smoke, but for some reason it just seemed decidedly appropriate at the moment.

"So, how long is your friend going to be staying over?" asked Jimmy. Anne nuzzled him a bit, the now well-used strapon still flopping this way and that in her lap.

"As long as you like," said Gen. Anne grinned at her friend's words. "It's not like I have any pets or anything to take care of, and the life of a freelance erotic artist, well...I make my own schedule, really." Jimmy grinned.

"Well that's damned convenient, because they don't need me for post production. I get the feeling we'll get to know each other real well over the next week or so...Just make sure that when the time comes for me to go back to work, you haven't left me in such a state that I'll have to call in sick..."