

Her First Bi

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Woman's introduction into bi threesome.

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There is something magical about Southern California in June. The flowers seem brighter and weather is perfect. No wonder this part of the world is known as a gold coast. In the morning you wake up to humidity free 65 to 70 degree weather, a perfect temperature to go for a three mile run along the Pacific Coast Highway. Along the way you pass the most magnificent sights of the Pacific Ocean and athletic bodies of fellow runners. Women in their sports bras whose sole purpose is to insure the best possible view of breasts perfectly firm and glistening with sweat, to men in their running shorts that assure that a girl gets a perfect view of his manly attributes. The run is both exhilarating and erotic. As you move and watch you become aware of every muscle in your body responding to the visual stimulation. Therefore, it is no wonder that girl would like a taste of what she sees, especially when the said girl is alone and in constant need of a new sexual adventure.

Although strictly heterosexual, male cock providing a very nice stimulation in all the right places, she was also restricted by her conservative upbringing where looking at someone of your own sex was strictly taboo. You simply did not look at other women as a sexy turn on, yet she always found something enticing about the way women looked, smelled and felt, the softness of their skin, the swell of their breasts as they thrust upwards by pushup bras. It seemed they beckoned her to take a taste. Then there were lips, so plump as if begging to be kissed. When she was a child she took pleasure in kissing her younger cousin, who in her naiveté of being only a year younger, did not realize the violation she was subjected to. Now, she was a grown woman on her own in a magical place where anything could be possible.

It did not start out as breaking a sacred taboo. All she knew was that she was alone and was craving satisfaction that women feel when their partner is not around. It was his fault that she was now alone and very horny. He chose not to come with her, so all was fair. She set out to find a companion who would give her necessary relief that her own hand could not provide. Masturbation was fun, but at the end of it she felt even more aroused than before she started. She knew her body, knew where to touch for ultimate pleasure, but it was never the same. She knew she needed strength of a good strong cock to make her complete and help her relax. So she did what any industrious woman who wants a good fuck did, she placed an ad, on a well-known website, for a men who will be willing to entertain her during her stay in California and what man could resist a one night stand with no strings attached, no drama, just pure sex. She got many responses, but just like in everything else many of those responses where just talk. She never could understand the attraction some people had with cybersex. After all you still masturbated and still were left unsatisfied and on top of that you had to stimulate the guy on the other end. Hell, as far as she was concerned, what these cybersex people were looking for was a cheap phone sex, definitely not her thing.

Finally her search produced a very interesting man. He was not exactly her type, being rather short with thinning hairline, but he had something about him, some sexual magnetism that she found irresistible. What made it even more exciting was that his wife knew of his adventures and had adventures of her own, this was a turn on. She never encountered such marriage before where men and woman shared each other with other people. She invited him to her retreat for a very satisfying afternoon. He had thin lips, but liked to eat pussy and boy could he eat. He obeyed her every command. She liked to be sucked hard, very hard, and he did. He sucked like a thirsty man sucking on a straw to get every drop of water. He sucked until she came and his bottom lip turned black and blue. While icing it, they talked about things he had done and things he liked to do. To her astonishment she found herself opening up to him and telling him about her secret fantasy of tasting a woman. What was even more amazing was that he had one that he liked to share. Plans were put into motion for the following evening. That night, although she had her cock and a very nice suck, she went to bed aroused and wet. The thought of another female stimulated her senses and her imagination. In bed naked she reached for her clit. She could feel her own wetness and a bit of stickiness from the condom and some cum

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that dripped into her pussy when he ejaculated on her stomach. She started to slowly massage her G-spot. Building a rhythm squeezing her nipples with her other hand. Banning her head down to one of the rosy, hard as rock tips she ran her tongue over it, first the left one then the right. She started to feel orgasm building. Now finger massaging the clit was not enough. She put her whole arm on the spot and grinded with her pussy until she climaxed. She had to do it two more times just to get the edge off just from imagining what the encounter would be like.

The next day as time approached she was feeling nervous. She was going against everything she was raised to believe, just to satisfy her lust for adventure and curiosity. When he called to confirm she almost lost her nerve, but being her, just asked for a bottle of wine. He arrived first. They opened the bottle, half way through it, mostly consumed by her, the female arrived. She was not what was expected. She was tall, Créole and Rubinesque. Her skin was milk chocolate and smooth. All apprehension has gone, perhaps spurred by copious amounts of wine. Daringly she leaned over to the Creole woman and kissed her. The kiss was everything she dreamed it would be. Her mouth was soft, inviting and sweet like a Hershey bar. She touched her tongue with her tongue. It was amazing. Maybe because they were both women and instinctually knew what pleased their partners, their kiss was arousing. Their tongues touched all the places in each other's mouths that set every sense tingling. He was watching mesmerized by the sight of these two women. As if on cue, as if their desire overpowered them they got up and moved into the bedroom, clothes coming off with no inhibitions remaining. They continued to explore as they lied down on the bed. For the first time she tasted another female's nipple. This one was larger and darker. She flicked her tongue over it, delighting in a moan that it produced in her partner. She totally forgot that there was a man present, until she felt him slide his tongue between her legs. She couldn't even focus on the gratification he was giving her so mesmerized was she by the pleasure her tongue was providing. She was alternating between licking and sucking her female's nipples and kissing and sucking her tongue. Suddenly she realized that the male has left her clit, he was now sucking her new friend. The look of him made her mouth go dry. Watching him between another woman's legs was too much. She wanted to know what other pussy tasted like. Slowly gently placing kisses on the body, she started making her way down until her mouth was next to his on the clit. She inhaled the sweet smell of another female. It was delectable. No wonder men loved being there. It smelled of sweat, salt and something else, something that was familiar yet foreign, something primitive. Gingerly she reached out for the clit with her tongue, afraid that it would taste like urine. To her amazement it tasted like spring water. She took another gentle lick and felt the other woman's body shiver, it delighted her. She became braver. Pushing the man aside, she took over the duties of paying homage to the sacred core that gave so much pleasure. First she tried licking with various degrees of pressure. Alternating between being gentle barely touching the sport, to accosting it with a full force of her tongue, to blowing on the hot spot, to rubbing the nub with her finger. She knew she must have been doing something right because the Créole goddess was moaning and wreathing on the bed. This gave her more courage. She started sucking on the clit that was hard, hot and delicious. She sucked hard, then she would just blow on it, then suck hard again. She finally heard two words that made her hard, she didn't even know a woman can get hard, "I am coming." The explosion was enormous, the female moaned and screamed she was looking for something to grab on to steady herself but could find nothing. She was grasping at air. Finally the spasm of her orgasm subsided.

The Creole, reached down to worship her pussy now. It was wet and steamy. The male could no longer endure being left out. He pushed milk chocolate out of his way and thrust into his companion. He was merciless pounding until they both came. After they left, it took several hours for the temperature in the room to go down. She was smiling her wonton smile, she loved being the best at everything and now she knew that she not only had power over men, but also women. Her mind was already trying to think of new sexual escapades that she will devise for herself.

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