Ganged The First Time: - Part 1:

Photographed & Authored by Terrytel

A lot of nonsense is written about women and sex so lets get this straight at the start. Most women love good sex, most are tarts at heart, fantasise about, but rarely go for or achieve their sexual desires. In this day and age such is not acceptable. I am very fortunate in having a partner who is open minded, caring, unafraid to voice his own sexual fantasies and most importantly listen to mine. This makes for a varied & positive sex life, planned with care, shared and enjoyed by both. It also means I can be frank, honest and original in writing this, stating my own excitement, feelings, motives, and activities from a very female point of view. If you are too macho to read about a woman in control then don’t bother reading further. If your female and a man hater – sister it isn’t for you. If you think my partner is a wimp for going along with and photographing this – then I pity you, not him. As for me - you will see I have a reasonable figure, am in my late thirties, have good tits, and though I didn’t yet know it, have cunt that can take a lot of satisfying when I’m in the mood.

Myth two is that real life isn’t like the stories. Your man has a fantasy about seeing you shagged by a number of men, you have a fantasy about enjoying a number of black men, on your terms, in a situation under your control. This is not the same – so you agree to compromise, you build in safety, and you wait. Then when chance comes along it always does so from an unlooked for direction.

In our case it came in the form of a Christmas party in an Asian restaurant, the El Amin, in the east end of London. I was very merry and flirting with the owner. Amin was a skinny, Bangladeshi Muslim in his early 50’s, with terrible English, who clearly had had a fantasy concerning me for most of the two years my partner and I had been regular customers. This was apparent in his eyes, his accidental gropes, and the free drinks and chats we had enjoyed after the restaurant had closed. On this particular night, Mrs Jude and Mr Terry [ his names for us ] had been invited to celebrate the arrival of his three teenage sons who had come to live with dad and work in the restaurant. They turned out to be an eighteen year old named Shazad and seventeen year old twins named Kabir and Karim. They were young, had taut, fit, sinewy bodies with nice tight bums. Better still the elder of them who was bringing his dad drinks also kept falling down my cleavage, something I played to shamelessly. I was absolutely delighted when knowing me to be a secondary school English teacher, Amin requested me to give them some language lessons.

By midnight I had listened to his life story, heard again about the wife back in Bangladesh, his hard lonely time in a foreign city, how his faith denied him the comforts of drink, women, and whatever. Even worse - his sons who had been strictly brought up would be totally inexperienced, have little English and in any event would need to be quickly re-educated in the ways of a sophisticated, cosmopolitan city. About the only thing he hadn’t mentioned was the fact that although a good Muslim he was actually quite pissed, his eyes were falling down my cleavage, and that he had a wandering hand on my knee under the table. I remember thinking that despite his age this was mildly erotic when it blatantly hit me that if I substituted black men for brown, what I had here was a window of opportunity to turn our sex fantasies into reality and quite possibly satisfy a few of Amin’s needs if not desires, as well.

I acted! Pushing my leg forward it caused his hand to slide further up my knee and under my skirt. This surprised him but he took it in his stride and started to explore as best his reach would allow. When he found a stocking top and a suspender he let his delight show on his face despite my partner presence. Taking advantage I acted very pissed and leant forwards allowing his eyes to enter my low buttoned shirt and gain site of my unfettered nipples. His hand responded with increased attempts to reach my crutch which I kept nicely, just out of reach. At the very moment he thought his attempts were to be rewarded I suddenly stood up and swaying told him I needed a pee. ‘ Mrs Jude’, he said, ‘We have nicer place in the kitchens, you come and I show you more comfort there’. How could a girl resist?

Once in the deserted kitchen I let him help me to the loo. Leaving the door open as if I was too drunk to close it I pulled down my knickers and arranged myself so my skirt was far enough up for him to see everything but my fanny. Sitting on the loo, my knickers stretched tight between my kneecaps, I let him drool for a while. Finally standing I pulled my knickers up at a speed that gave him the quickest of glimpses of pubes before taking my time in adjusting them with my skirt at waist height. As he ‘steadied’ me again I let a hand linger on a thigh and stroke it. Playing the ever tipsy I told him in a half serious, but not too protesting a manner that I thought he was trying to take advantage of me. In reply he stammered his apologises and excused himself on the grounds that he’d never seen a woman wearing, ‘such fine under dressings’, and I believed him. ‘Then you shall have another look’, was my reply, at which point and much to his surprise I hoisted up my skirt and gave him a long look at what he was gagging for. As this point fate took a hand as his elder son walked in. As he took in the view his mouth just dropped open. I noticed however that he managed to fight off any urge to leave the scene he’d just interrupted, so in reward I gave them a complete twirl and a curtsy! For a moment we had ourselves a stunned silence before dad said something in his native tongue that made him depart - with what I took to be undue haste.

I will not recount the ten minutes that followed before our arrival back at hubby’s table except to say Amin had agreed I might be able to teach his boys the ways of women, relieve him of some years of celibacy, indulge my husbands fantasy, and satisfy a curiosity of my own. For his part he’d had a quick fumble in my knickers, whilst I had been surprised and intrigued to find he possessed a very long and curly male organ. This had received a brief hand massage as much out of fascination as out of a promise of what might be if all went ahead smoothly with our agreement. This was to be a private family party after the restaurant closed on new years day. He ‘talked’ to my Terry upon our return, ‘man to man’, ‘as he desperately wanted assurance that he was ok with the arrangement. He couldn’t really believe it was real even when he was told by Tel that the arrangement was fine so long as it could be photographed, I was to be in control at all times and was treated with respect. It was settled as simply as that. We would turn up at the restaurant at 9pm for a meal and at midnight or soon after all would go back to Amin’s docklands apartment.

On the way to the restaurant a week later I could see ‘El Tel’, was nervous if only for me. I had also laid down some rules with him. Thou shall not be possessive, thou shall not interfere, thou shall do as requested by me, thou shall not worry about me riding bareback as I was convinced that they, as we, were ‘clean’ For my part I was not at all nervous, had no doubts, and knew I was going to enjoy this experience.

Upon arrival we were shown into their rest room where Amin and his eldest son where sitting. As there were only a few dinning the whole family gathered and despite any theoretical religious principals were all quickly enjoying some champagne. At this point I told my hubby to get his camera ready and to everybody’s great surprise opened my coat.



What they saw – you see now. I wanted them to know what was on offer later, to spend a few hours anticipating and to get horny, though obviously I was going to have to dine with my coat on! They clearly drooled to a man and I literally saw a number of bulges appear. The thought of them ‘wanting me’ there and then really turned me on, as did the realisation that in a few hours they would be pumping their spunk deep inside me. I got randy myself when Amin, offered me £10 for every time, ‘Mrs Jude got from his boys or him, ‘ cummings somewhere’. Interesting I thought’!

Amin joined us in dinning and during this I told Tel that he would be last to have a crack at me, after all he was taking the photo’s! I also made it clear that everybody would have to get undressed and robed before I would start any action. Shortly after midnight saw Tel and I following Amin’s car back to his docklands home with a pissed Amin in the backseat of ours. Within minutes of arrival all were out of their clothes, into their dressing gowns, sitting down and staring up at me. I decided that there was no time like the present, took of my coat, went to the eldest son Shazad and pulling him up took him into the centre of the room. He immediately spent some fumbling around my crutch so to avoid any embarrassment for him I took his hand away, undid my crotch fastenings, and put his hand back. Inexperienced or not a finger soon found my crack, slid into it and tried to force itself into my hole. To give him easier access I stuck my bum up a little and one then two fingers slid up inside me.

  

Not wishing to deflate him I allowed his exploration for several minutes as hubby snapped away. Eventually easing out his fingers I removed my shoulder straps and introduced him to breasts as I ran a hand into his dressing gown. I remember the tingle of his skin as I found and fondled a very tight ball sack, ran my hand slowly up a wickedly curved shaft to a tip buried in his own belly button. I also remember the intense heat in my own loins at the thought of riding it. So randy did it make me I dragged him straight to a sofa, disrobed him, sat him down and using my hand to control it, positioned myself over the dome of that banana. As I slipped down the shaft it arced into me - by the time I had reached its root it was snugly curled around inside me. It was an incredible feeling, my vagina fitted it like a glove. Its curl pushed it firmly against my clit so each trip up and down the nine inches sent ripples through my loins. After a minute or so of glorious thrusting myself upon it I stopped to enjoy the feeling of it stuffed inside me and not wishing him to cum too quickly started kissing him instead.

  

Resting at the bottom of his shaft was glorious, his tight balls under my bum. It wasn’t long before I slipped off one strap presenting him with my left tit to play with. He was clearly uneducated in such things wanting to explore and toy with it. The whole time I could feel his prick straining to get even longer inside of me, coiling further round in tiny jerks. Of his own volition he pulled down my other strap and jerked my right tit free so sharply the back of my teddy jerked up leaving my ass and fully skewered cunt on display to all. The flashing of Tel’s camera told me one spectator at least was turned on by the sight. Leaning forward I presented my nipples to his lips and he was soon sucking hard on one whilst caressing the other. I was in seventh heaven, my tits tingling with pleasure, a rigid, vibrant, throbbing dick skewering my pussy, and the rippling heat in my loins promising an orgasm. After some time I took the iniative by making small movements on his prick until I shook my nipple free from his lips. Over the next few minutes I travelled the whole length of his shaft with an ever increasing speed. As his ardour joined mine I’d lift myself to its tip only to have his hands, which were on my hips, slam me down its length to bounce my ass on his balls. The friction this caused sent a ripple from my clit to deep inside my cunt which slowly intensified, building up until I could hear myself gasping for breath whilst biting my lip to stop myself crying out. Suddenly he slammed me down his shaft and held me there. Inside me I felt his penis try to uncurl, it leapt, and then let loose a huge, gushing stream of hot liquid. I remember an acute ecstasy, giving a long deep moaning gasp, and collapsing forward onto his shoulder as his first cum forcefully flooded me. I swear that over the next two minutes he came at least eight or nine times until the pressure inside me was forcing jism out down the sides of his weapon onto my thighs. Hubby later told me he could see Shazads balls pumping almost continuously as they injected his hot seed into my womb.

Resting languidly on his shoulder I could hear Shazads dad behind me telling hubby that, ‘his boy had given Mrs Jude much good joys and filled her overflowing’. ‘Bend Mrs Jude for camera to take you are a man’, he instructed his son. I obligingly bent forward and let Shazad part my bum crack to put the evidence on show to all.



With photo taken I lifted myself of his still hard shaft and stood up intending to give all an ironic bow. However a massive stream of his cum shot down my inner thighs and legs, reaching my knees in seconds. With as much dignity as I could maintain I shot off to the bathroom instead. Sitting on the loo cleaning myself I was joined by an almost tearful Amin who profusely thanked me for what I had done for his boy. He also wanted to know if he could be ‘lying down with me soon’, as he had ‘ much years of cummings to give me’ It sounded like a take-away order but keeping a straight face I assured him I would be out shortly to see to his needs. To be honest though my mind was on what the twins might be like and getting Shazad up me again.

This you can read about and see in part 2.