**One Room Apartment**

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This tale is about an american girl who travels to Europe to find herself before college - what she finds is much more. It is a story of two friends then three who share much more than a love of books.   
  
I was a model student in high school spending most of it preparing for college. Academics never posed a challenge and I had no interest in extracurricular activities. Most weekends and evenings I spent working and managed to save most of my earnings giving me a great on the costs of tuition. In spite of all I had done to be prepared for the logistics of college, at the end of my senior year I wasn't prepared to make the decision of where to go or what I wanted to do.  
  
It was clear to me that I still needed change, to strike out on my own even if college wasn't in my immediate future. After a lot of contemplation I decided to use my savings to go abroad in hopes to find the direction I was searching for and maybe, learn about myself. It wasn't a popular choice at home, but it was my money and my future so a week after graduation I was on a plane flying over the Atlantic Ocean.  
  
My first month in Europe, I spent visiting the major sights, traveling by rail, and sleeping in hostels. With the big landmarks out of the way I was drawn to the villages and culture along the Mediterranean Sea. Beginning in Italy I followed the cost through France and into Spain.  
  
Food and lodging alone during my trek through Europe was slowly draining my bank account, but I wasn't ready to exhaust my savings and return stateside so I started to look for work and a place to stay for a while. I found work in one of my favorite coastal villages in Spain and started my search for an apartment. Coastal real estate cost a premium, but after intensive searching I answered an ad looking for a female roommate for a small apartment overlooking the Sea for a price on a month to month lease that I could actually afford with money left over for a the essentials and even some fun spending cash.  
  
We met at a small café overlooking the Sea for the roommate interview. The café was below the apartment complex and could have been in any of a dozen famous romantic movies. Anna, my potential roommate was near my age, probably a few years older, nice and spoke perfect English. From the café she pointed up to the veranda overlooking the Mediterranean which was at the front of the small apartment. I was overwhelmed and felt as if a dream had come true.  
  
Opening the apartment door, cleared the dreamlike cloud recalling me back to reality. Small was a bit of an understatement. It had only 2 rooms; a bathroom and the kitchen/living/bedroom.   
  
The bathroom was gorgeous. A mosaic of colored tile painted the entire floor that's centerpiece was a large circular shower area with two sunflower shower heads dropping from the stucco type ceiling. The wall behind the shower was made of thick cubes of glass which let in light and provided a abstract, silhouetted view of the coastline, yet some privacy from the outside world. Along one wall were 2 sinks situated in a built-in room length vanity area with built in drawers. The only other feature of the room was a small door which behind it hid the toilet closet.  
  
The main room had a small kitchen with an equally small stove, microwave and refrigerator. It was separated from the rest of the room by a high counter top with 3 bar stools. The rest of the room included two beds, one full size and what would be my twin sized. There was also a small couch and a couple other odd pieces of furniture for storage. Had I had another option, I might have kept looking, but I was committed to making this work.   
  
Anna and I got along wonderfully. She was absolutely fascinated by America and I was equally interested in her stories of her home in Sweden. Anna, not unlike me, had not gone directly to University and had settled in the region a bit more than a year ago, still trying to find herself. Part of me hoped that it would not take me that long to find my direction, but I was also envious of her free-spirited attitude.   
  
One cultural shock for me traveling parts of Europe and specifically along Spain's Mediterranean Coast was their attitude towards public nudity. Public nudity was actually specifically allowed in Spain and designated nude or topless beaches outnumbered other public beaches and even those beaches were mostly topless. They just didn't seem to be ashamed or embarrassed by the human form. It took some getting used to.  
  
I hadn't noticed when first looking at the apartment, but there was no door in the oversized doorway separating the bathroom from the rest of the apartment and the shower lacked a curtain or any real means of installing one. Privacy was not a priority for the designer which seemed consistent with the region. Anna exuded the unashamed and free spirit attitude of the region. Comfortable in her skin and nothing else, she slept nude, but also spent a lot of her time that way in the apartment.   
  
Those first few days, I spent a lot of time trying not to stare at Anna, but it was hard not to notice she was stunning, clothed and in the nude. She was short and very petite with electric blue eyes and full, pouty lips. Had she been taller, she easily could have been a model. Yes, her breasts were small, but very perky, probably filling an "A" cup, although I never saw her wear a bra. Her skin was fair and breasts tipped with small pink nipples. She had the short, golden hair of her Swedish ancestors, which I assume was natural, although she removed any evidence of that "downstairs."  
  
I was more conservative than Anna, choosing to lounge around the apartment in a worn out t-shirt and panties. I was 6 inches taller with olive skin, dark eyes and long thick dark hair complements of my ItalMarco heritage. I was between a size 6 and 8, with more curves. A "B" cup couldn't properly contain my boobs, which came in mid way through my senior year and in their youth, defied any notion of gravity. My dark complexion meant that my dark nipples were obvious under a braless t-shirt and if I wore light-colored panties you would be able to see the thin dark landing strip leading between my legs.   
  
Time flew by. My hours at work had me starting in the late morning and home for supper about dark. That work schedule was pretty common for the area which meant there was a regular night life followed by sleeping in. At least a couple days each week Anna and I would bounce around between some of the local bars, have a few drinks and flirt with the local guys. Most nights after work and many mornings I would sit in a plush chair with a glass of local wine on our veranda looking out over the sea and read whatever novel I was in to at the time. Anna and I shared this passion. I still traveled some in the region for festivals and such, but spent a lot of my weekends at the local beaches. Over the span of a few weeks, I progressed from the more conservative beaches to nude beaches and my olive skin soon matched the deeply bronzed skin of the region's residents.   
  
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About six weeks after I moved in, after a couple glasses of my favorite wine and a few chapters of a cheesy romance novel, I'd slipped into bed around midnight. Anna, who'd invited me out with some friends from work, still wasn't home. I was in that foggy stage of sleep when I heard Anna talking with a man at our apartment door. The door opened and then closed with a click.   
  
"Quiet, you'll wake Kinsey," I heard Anna say in a hushed voice. I quickly realized she had brought home a strange guy as I listened to their whispers as the two shuffled their way across the small room to her bed.   
  
The curiosity was starting to get to me and I wanted to look, but had been sleeping on my stomach with my head turned, facing away from Anna's bed. My ears strained harder to paint the visual picture of what was happening behind me. I heard the snaps and zips as they undressed and then the soft sound when their clothes dropped to the floor before crawling into bed. A few moments later, I heard the familiar sound of kissing and soft cries of Anna's mattress springs.   
  
They were fucking. Not five feet from me my roommate was fucking some guy. At first I was offended, but what could I do, I had already faked slumber and it didn't seem like the appropriate time for this conversation. However, the longer I listened, the less angry and more aroused I became.  
  
The sounds of the bed, their bodies and Anna's muffled moans which filled the room were transformed into an erotic picture show in my mind. I imagined myself lying in Anna's place below a strange man, legs open receiving a hard shaft inside my wetness. My hand instinctively found its way into the warm comfort of my panties and slowly started rubbing myself. Lack of any recent serious relationship was partially to blame for my familiarity in this region, but in any case, I knew how to make my pussy purr. As the strange man picked up his intensity, so did the frequency of Anna's sexual coos and the speed of my hand.   
  
Oddly enough, judging by the sounds, Anna, her visitor and I all climaxed at the same time. I buried my face into my pillow to muffle my own whimpers of pleasure, but doubted they would have heard me over their own excited cries and grunts. As my orgasm subsided, I allowed my finger to slip inside my wetness, then drifted off to sleep.  
  
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When I opened my eyes the following morning I saw Anna and her visitor laying naked on her bed, the covers kicked to the floor. He was lying on his back with her beside him, arm across his chest and leg pulled up, draped across his crotch. Quietly I slid out of bed and headed for the shower in my standard t-shirt and panties, hoping to finish, dress and exit before they woke and things became awkward.  
  
I was headed for the beach that afternoon and hadn't used a razor in a few days so my shower took a bit longer than I had hoped. By the time I had finished, Anna's visitor had left.   
  
"It was nice of you to bring the lost man home with you last night," I teased walking from the bathroom still dripping from the shower.  
  
"Did we wake you?" Anna inquired.   
  
"I don't think so," I lied. "Is it serious?" I continued the conversation.   
  
"Not really, more playful. We started sleeping together about a year ago. It was just starting to get serious before he had some extended travel for work. We lost touch and just kind of reconnected last night. Does it bother you if he sleeps over?"  
  
I shrugged and told her it didn't bother me. Maybe, had I considered the implications of the question, my answer wasn't completely truthful, but it seemed like more the norm of roommate life than an abnormality. The small apartment just made it more... intimate. Admittedly, part of me had enjoyed last night's activities which had thinking about now started to turn me on all over again.  
  
Anna joined me at the beach where we stretched out side by side, the sun's warm rays kissing our bodies with bronze lips. After the beach we did some shopping and walking in a small village off of the coastline enjoying another beautiful Mediterranean day. Like most women, we were not short on conversation and Anna told me a bit about last night's visitor and their previous relationship. Although she never called Marco her boyfriend, it sounded like they used to have a pretty steady relationship, but I didn't press the matter.  
  
Anna thought it would be a good idea for me to meet Marco so that evening the three of us went out for a late dinner where we were formally introduced. Marco was definitely a local, his dark features and complexion screamed Mediterranean Spain. Tall, dark and handsome was another way to say it. Even dressed in slacks and a light t-shirt it was obvious he was well built with broad shoulders, muscular arms, thick chest and flat stomach. I imagined it was probably chiseled like his other features.  
  
We had several drinks after dinner before Marco excused himself and called it an evening. Back at our apartment Anna and I had one last glass of wine and gossiped about Marco's good looks before we slid into bed for the night. Strangely, I couldn't decide if I was more relieved or disappointed that Marco hadn't stayed the night.   
  
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The week was back to our normal routine with no sleepovers although we did meet him mid week at a bar in the village, but only spoke with him briefly.   
  
On Friday, to kick off the weekend, Marco took Anna out for dinner. They offered to bring me along, but I stayed back not wanting to intrude and enjoyed enough wine to make reading difficult . I got ready and slipped into bed still with just the right buzz.  
  
I hadn't heard them come in to the apartment, but they must have made enough noise to wake me. Opening my eyes I surveyed the room which was bathed in moonlight from the window behind me. I was facing Anna's bed and was pretty sure my hair and its shadows concealed my eyes, so I watched.  
  
While Anna unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans, Marco pulled his shirt over his head. The soft light was enough for me to see his washboard abs ripple with each movement. Anna had loosened his jeans, given them a shove and they had dropped to his ankles. If he was wearing underwear, they had fallen to the ground with his jeans. My eyes were drawn to his cock, which hung silhouetted in the moonlight. I didn't have much experience to draw on, but he looked a bit larger that my paradigm of normal, but then again it seemed to be growing. I watched in awe as it both thickened and lengthened, hanging at first but then rotating and climbing into the air.  
  
Marco had been unbuttoning Anna's short sundress while I had watched his manhood spring to life, which I hadn't noticed until it dropped to the floor. From the dark shadow, Marco and I admired her tight, petite body in the moonlight, our eyes both drawn to perky, pointed breasts and their small, excited nipples. I could see his eyes wander down to the small opening to her pussy, smoothly shaven and perhaps even glistening with her excitement.  
  
He stepped toward her, hoisting Anna into the air then gently laying her on the bed, hovering above her on all fours. Marco kissed her deeply, with such intensity it made my own pussy ache in anticipation. Carefully I readjusted, slightly lifting my ass and slipping my hand down the front of my panties. I was already wet with excitement and started slowly massaging in gentle circles.   
  
Anna seductively opened her legs for him. Even in the dim light I could see the inner lips of her pussy unfold like a delicate flower. Still kissing, Marco crawled between her legs and lowered himself closer to her. Anna's small pale hand which had been lost his dark waves of hair appeared, reaching down and grasping his swollen shaft and guiding it to the mouth of her pussy. As she traced it's engorged head along her wet slit I heard her whisper , "be gentle."  
  
The head of Marco's engorged cock had just parted Anna's pussy lips when he withdrew it. As I watched, my finger began to tease the opening to my own wetness. Again he entered her, but only a bit deeper the second time before retreating, just getting past the base of its purple head. After a half dozen deliberately gentle strokes, only half of his cock came out glistening with her slippery warmth. But then, in two more long thrusts he parted her and drove deep inside, forcing a moan from Anna's open mouth. When Marco buried his cock into that small pussy, I buried my finger into me, desiring him instead.   
  
Marco fucked Anna gently, softly as I alternated between rubbing and finger-fucking my own coveting pussy. Bit by bit his cock stretched her and he was able to thrust harder and deeper with each stroke. Anna came quickly, erotic whimpers poured across her lips which cued Marco to follow suit with low grunts and a final thrust. I worked hard to catch them and started my own silent climax by the time hers was waning. The release felt good, but holding back certainly reduced the overall satisfaction and I went to sleep only partially satiated.  
  
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When I woke the following morning, Marco was already gone and Anna was in the shower. I joined her in the bathroom to empty my very full bladder.   
  
"Did you like it," Anna questioned.  
  
"Wha wh what, I didn't...?" I stammered back.   
  
Anna laughed. "You dirty peeping tom."   
  
"I didn't mean to... oh shit." I didn't know what else to say. "You saw?"  
  
"Hell yes I saw! Anna blurted. "It wasn't that dark in the room."  
  
"I'm sorry," I pleaded.  
  
"Don't be," comforted Anna, "I felt sexy being watched."  
  
"You were!" I exclaimed, my excitement immediately embarrassing me.  
  
"I've been better," replied Anna, he's a lot to handle, takes getting used to."  
  
"I saw," came my reply. I thought about sharing that I came watching them, but it seemed too personal.  
  
"Of course you did, Marco's cock is hard to miss," commented Anna. "  
  
I learned that Marco had left to run an errand and then they were going sailing and asked if I wanted to join them. It sounded fun, but I already had planned to meet a high school friend in the city so it wasn't going to work out. After breakfast we went our separate ways.  
  
It was great reconnecting with my friend and I didn't return to the small apartment until Sunday evening. Anna and Marco were both there, not a piece of clothing between them. This may have been normal for Anna, but I was pretty shocked to see a cock hanging around the apartment in the daylight. Marco, started to apologize, saying they hadn't expected me until later.  
  
"No, don't worry about it," I genuinely replied. "It's not much different than the nude beaches, it may take a while to adjust, but I'll get there." I was getting wet just looking at him and couldn't help longing for his cock to find its way into my pussy, hoping Anna couldn't read my thoughts.  
  
The rest of the evening we spent in the apartment sipping wine and sharing stories. I had stripped down to panties and a t-shirt and definitely caught him staring at my chest several times over the evening. I felt fortunate that at least my dark panties would conceal my arousal.  
  
It was a bit awkward when we decided to go to bed, we all knew what was going to happen 5 feet from my bed. I turned away and they tried to stay silent, but I still could hear them quietly fucking in the darkness behind me and not even the pillow in her face could soften Anna's moans when she orgasmed.  
  
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Marco and his glorious cock, became a regular in the small apartment. The entire next week the three of us spent every night in, drinking wine and becoming great friends. Each night Marco would drive his shaft inside Anna until she came with a fit of moaning while in the next bed I listened and brought myself to a silent climax, or two. Tuesday night I faced them, openly watching them together, but still tried to conceal my own devMarcot actions, but even they became less concealed with each passing day.   
  
My desire for Marco burned inside me and by mid-week I had started flirting and trying to be more seductive in my choice of attire. Evenings I was wearing my thinnest, worn t-shirt, short enough to let whatever panties I wore peek from below. I selected nearly transparent light-colored panties which hugged the mound of my pussy lips, especially when wet.   
  
When Thursday morning came, Marco was off to work and Anna and I were having breakfast in the kitchen.  
  
"You looked like you were enjoying yourself last night," teased Anna, shooting me a knowing look.  
  
"What does that mean," I asked.  
  
"I saw you, fucking yourself while you watched us ," Anna accused.  
  
I knew exactly what she meant. Last night, when Marco was fucking her, I had placed my hand palm up on my bed, two ridged fingers pointing into the air. Rather than move my fingers in and out I had raised my ass into the air and began thrusting my pussy onto my waiting fingers.

"I couldn't help it," I replied.  
  
"It was hot," continued Anna.  
  
The conversation ended we each left for work. Returning from work I found a note from Anna telling me that her and Marco were going out and wouldn't be back 'til late. I took a couple of sleeping pills and made it an early night.  
  
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I woke and saw Marco still in Anna's bed, but she was gone. I left him sleeping and quietly trotted off to the bathroom where I tossed my t-shirt and panties into the hamper and stepped under the shower. I must have gotten lost in the warm water and soapy bubbles because time seemed to melt away. Coming out of my relaxing trance I looked up to see Marco standing in the doorway watching me.  
  
"Hey Kenz, looking good," he exclaimed.  
  
"Jeez! What the hell," I sputtered as I used my hands to cover my private parts. Sure many guys had seen me nude on the beach, but this seemed somehow more intimate.  
  
"Come on Kenzie, what's the big deal? We're all friends here. Loosen up. You've seen mine and I've must say you have nothing to be ashamed of," argued Marco. "Those tits are nothing short of spectacular."   
  
Marco walked toward me still attempting to shield my private parts in the shower. I couldn't move. As he stepped into the shower next to me my heart was pounding so hard I thought it might burst out of my chest. What the hell was happening?  
  
Marco reached down and turned on the second shower head and began to take a shower of his own. I stood there dumbfounded, staring at his fully erect cock.  
  
"Relax Kenz, this isn't for you – it's always like this in the morning. I'm just taking a shower," teased Marco, "this was built for 2 people."   
  
"OK..., I guess," I stuttered.   
  
"Don't get me wrong Kenz. If it wasn't like this in the morning, and I was standing this close to you with those soapy bubbles cascading down your tits I'd be just as hard." Marco must have realized I was a little offended when he said I wasn't the cause of his erection.  
  
It took a few moments, but I came out of my frozen state. This was a first for me, showering next to a man. It was still awkward, but with each passing second it became less so. After less than a minute my hands revealed their wards and I restarted washing. We faced each other washing our own bodies. In my mind, it was his hands soaping my breasts.   
  
Marco soaped his body, starting with his broad shoulders and strong arms, then chest and stomach. I watched as he began to wash his still erect cock. He seemed to be spending a lot of time getting it clean, before it dawned on me he was jacking off. For me or because of me I wasn't quite sure, but it didn't matter. My hands seemed to embark on their own exploratory journey, one focused on teasing the very hard and sensitive nipples covered in soapy bubbles and the other followed the trail of bubbles down between my legs where I began to alternately rub and finger my soaking pussy. We were masturbating together.   
  
My nipples were rigid between my fingers and each pinch sent tingles between my legs. I was surprised by how quickly my orgasm was building. Marco must have known that I was close to climax because he had picked up his pace. I watched the purple head of what seemed an even larger cock peak out from his closed hand with each stroke. I couldn't help but stare. Then, too soon, my orgasm swept over me weakening my knees and causing me to bend slightly forward at the same moment the head of Marco's cock opened up and shot several streams of hot sex onto my face, breasts and stomach.   
  
"Sorry Kenz," Marco huffed "it's hard to aim this thing."   
  
Marco's hand continued to slowly milk his throbbing cock, coaxing every last drop from his reserve. Without speaking I turned away from him, lost in the moment. One stream of cum had stretched from my cheek, across my lips to my chin. Most of its trail I cleaned with my tongue, my first time tasting the salty spew of man... and I liked it.   
  
We finished our showers, toweled and dressed with only small talk before each going our separate ways for the day. All day I was distracted by the recurring image of Marco fondling his cock, my pussy lips sliding against one another in my state of longing.  
  
Fridays I always get off early and was the first back at the apartment. I poured a tall glass of wine, stripped to my favorite t-shirt and changed into favorite pair of panties. They were small, sheer and white. Even a glance would give the looker a nearly unobstructed view of my mound topped by a pencil thin line of black hair, like an exclamation point for a pussy. After the second glass, my t-shirt was thrown across the room. Half way through my third glass Marco and Anna came through the door. After the initial shock wore off, they cheered welcoming me to their near-naked freedom and joined me with their own total nudity.  
  
Anna and Marco did a couple shots to catch up to my state of relaxation and were starting to get handsy with one another. I too was bitten by the hormone bug and driven by my deep forbidden desire for Marco. Every opportunity I got, I teased him. At first it was my best bedroom eyes or licking my pouty lips, but it quickly advanced to fondling my breasts or teasing my nipples, all when Anna wasn't looking. The danger of getting caught had my pussy burning with unbridled desire. It didn't stop with touching myself. I found excuses to reach across him letting my breasts graze his skin or bump into him on my way to the toilet. My most daring tease was when I reached to grab something from behind him, pressing my right breast into his face.   
  
The three of us were sitting, Marco and Anna on the couch and me sitting directly across from them in a plush chair. Anna looked at me as she slowly stroked Marco's thick snake to life. I watched her and started fondling my tits, rubbing my hands over them slowly, trailing my fingers across the stiff nipples.   
  
Anna moved to a spot, kneeling before him and I watched her place small kisses along the length of his shaft and one lingering kiss on its tip before kissing back down its length to its base. Then she licked from its base to its head before swallowing him whole. Marco groaned when she took him into her hot mouth.   
  
Marco wasn't watching Anna, his eyes were trained on me. Not only was Anna facing away from me, she also was otherwise occupied, bobbing up and down her mouth fucking his cock. Slowly and seductively I opened my legs wide. Marco's eyes drifted down between my legs. My soaked transparent panties did not shield the dew laden flower open beneath, lips full of lust and shining in the soft light. His eyes raised to mine and we fucked one another with our stares. I raised my right hand to my mouth and slowly pulled my middle finger in to it, sucking for a few moments just like Anna was sucking his cock before slowly withdrawing my spit covered fingers and trailing them down my body.   
  
I paused for effect just above my panties then slowly crept my hand beneath them, following my dark line down between my legs. I watched my hand and thought it looked even more erotic barely shielded by the sheer wet fabric of my panties. My finger slipped inside my heat with almost no effort and I began to finger-fuck my pussy for Marco, knowing both of us were imagining it was his cock parting me.   
  
Marco's hands grasped fists of her golden hair and began pulling her face onto his swollen member, fucking her beautiful mouth. My hand fondled my pussy with such passion, fingering, rubbing, massaging me ever closer to orgasm. Anna's muffled gags came at the end of each thrust of Marco's cock as he shoved it further into her throat. Then all at once she stopped and pulled away from the angered beast between his legs.   
  
My hand jerked from my panties and I closed my legs fearing my betrayal would be discovered. My breathing was labored as I tried to suppress the orgasm that was building inside.   
  
Anna stood and faced me then backed onto Marco's lap and lowered herself onto his cock. She started to fuck him slowly, but deliberately. I envied her, but couldn't watch any more. The room spun as I stood and walked back to my bed, Anna's labored moaning filling the air. I collapsed on my bed watching her bounce on his pole like an animal, screaming with pleasure. Anna's climax was spectacular. Her moaning alone would have made most men cum. Her body writhed in orgasm, flailing in pure ecstasy. Marco followed her with loud groaning as his cum filled her tiny, perfect pussy.   
  
"Bitch," I muttered under my breath before passing out.  
  
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I woke hung over. Marco was gone, but Anna was banging around in the kitchen.  
  
"You missed the finale," taunted Anna.  
  
"I was pretty drunk," I replied.  
  
"Too bad, he's a great fuck," teased Anna.  
  
"Go ahead and rub it in," I tossed back. "I need a man."  
  
"Well at least a good cock," she added, "maybe I'll borrow you mine sometime."  
  
We laughed at the suggestion, but it seemed like we both were trying too hard.  
  
I spent the rest of the Saturday and most of Sunday out, away from the apartment. I needed some time to regain my bearings. I tried to not think of Marco or his cock, but the more I tried not to the more I craved it deep inside me. The fact that it was forbidden drove my desire. By the time I returned to the apartment on Sunday evening, I was committed to making him want me as much as I longed for him.  
  
Marco had all but moved into our apartment. When I walked in Sunday evening I stripped down to nothing but a smile.  
  
"Fuck it, let him see what he's missing out on, I thought."  
  
He noticed, stealing more than an occasional look that evening.  
  
During the week I stepped up my teasing really pushing the limits when Anna wasn't looking, but even the teasing done with her in the room didn't seem to offend her. It was a clumsy week for me, always dropping something and needing to bend over in front of Marco giving him a view of my backside or tripping and falling into him. During these haphazard incidents, my hand occasionally brushed his cock only a few less times than his hands were filled with my tits. Each night Anna and Marco would fuck like they were the main attraction and I would finger myself to orgasm watching them. I didn't try to hide my finger fucking and stopped suppressing my cries of pleasure, but I didn't make the same show of it I had done previously for Marco.   
  
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Friday night had become date night for Marco and Anna and this week was no different. I was in bed when they got home, but no amount of sleeping pills could have kept me asleep. Their fucking was almost obnoxious, but maybe it was just me being jealous.  
  
Saturday morning I was the first up and hit the shower. In the middle of my shower, Anna stuck her head in and told me she was going out for a bit. I turned off the water just as the front door closed behind her. Most of my weeks teasing of Marco happened in the evening with the help of a few glasses of wine, but I saw no reason not to continue now, especially with Anna away. I was intent on really pushing his buttons.  
  
Not bothering to towel off, I stepped out of the shower and walked into the main room, dripping wet. Marco was in lying in Anna's bed awake.  
  
"It looks like Anna wore you out last night," I hinted as I nodded towards Marco's flaccid penis. Even without being erect it looked like it could please every crevice inside me.  
  
"It was pretty good, but I have to hold back a little or I hurt her," he confided.  
  
"There you go bragging about that monster cock of yours," I teased. This time when I looked at it I noticed it swelling into life.  
  
"You're wet." Marco replied.  
  
"And I haven't dried off from the shower either," I responded, matching his implication. "Besides your hard."  
  
I grabbed the towel from beside the bed and dried my body facing him. Marco's eyes never left my body. Continuing the tease I grabbed my body lotion from the dresser and began to rub it all over my body.  
  
"Wanna help?" I taunted, but quickly recanted, "you better just stay there, I've got this."   
  
Normally I don't put body lotion on my breasts, but I did this morning and made sure to pay special attention to my nipples. As expected the bronze circles around them shrank to the diameter of a quarter and the nipples themselves poked into the air. Marco's hand was slowly stroking his cock. I rubbed the lotion into my long legs, spreading them to provide Marco a look at my blossoming flower.  
  
Marco rose from the bed, cock hard and twitching with his pulse. He took a step towards me and I pushed my way past him, allowing my hand to graze his cock as I passed. Marco followed me to the kitchen like a lost puppy.  
  
"I'll make us breakfast while you shower," I called. The tease was going well.  
  
With a disappointed gasp, he headed to the bathroom. I pulled out a few Eggo waffles from the fridge and dropped them into the toaster the pulled the strawberry syrup from the cupboard and whipped topping from the fridge.   
  
Marco didn't take long in the shower and, glancing at his still throbbing cock, it was obvious he hadn't relieved his pressure while in there.   
  
"Waffles ok," I asked.  
  
"Sure," he responded walking closer.  
  
I prepared two plates with the waffles from the toaster and then covered them with strawberry syrup. Shaking up the can of whipped topping I "accidentally" sprayed some on my right breast.  
  
"Shit." I exclaimed. "Care you help me with this?"  
  
Marco leaned over the counter and I handed him a wet paper towel. He dropped it on the counter and bent lower until his head was at my breast and he was using his tongue to lick off the whipped topping. How I wished some of the whipped topping had landed on my nipple. He must have shared my desire because once my breast was clean I watched Marco pull my dark hard nipple into his mouth. He sucked it only briefly exclaiming, "Just to be sure," when he pulled off.  
  
"Ooops again," I said deliberately spraying a glob of the whipped topping onto my other nipple.   
  
"This one's a bit jealous." The line of teasing was blurring quickly.  
  
Marco eagerly engulfed my cream covered nipple, this time really sucking it in, letting his tongue dance around its tender tip. Bolts of electric excitement shot from my hardened bronze bud down to my now aching pussy. Over and over he sucked pulling it into his warm mouth, occasionally gently nibbling on its tip. My eyes shut and I felt my head tilt back fully enjoying the attention. Realizing the line of teasing was quickly blurring I gathered all the self control I could muster and pulled him off. He sucked against my pull and when his lips finally left my nipple it was standing erect, straining nearly a full inch into the cool air.  
  
"I think its clean now," I managed to say in a small, unconvincing, hushed, out of breath voice.  
  
In the commotion, Marco's cock had bumped into a stack of waffles and smeared it with strawberry syrup.   
  
"Looks like you need another shower," I taunted, considering it was probably a good idea to cool off before Anna returned.   
  
"Kenz please, I cleaned yours," Marco pouted.   
  
I considered his request, not sure if I could continue the tease without going too far.   
  
"I suppose fair is fair," I replied, "but this is going to take a bit more work."  
  
Dropping to my knees I examined the red-stained pole in front of my face. From its base to its purple head was longer than the distance between my chin and top of my head, I guessed 8 to 9 inches. No wonder Anna's tiny pussy couldn't handle this thing. I began my lightly licking at the red syrup coating his cock.  
  
"Nope, that's not going to be enough," I teased.   
  
My licks became longer and more intentional, using all of my tongue, up and down Marco's shaft all the while staring up at him with desiring eyes. I still wasn't sure how far I could let this go without betraying my friendship with Anna.   
  
Licking his shaft just wasn't getting the red sticky syrup off so what else could I do? I opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around his cock sliding up and down his shaft. I did my best to take it all inside my mouth even to the point where my throat wrapped around its head. I was really getting into this.   
  
Marco moaned, "Ohhh Kenzie..."  
  
Three or four more sucks and I pulled off, with a playful tongue twist around the head of his cock. I recognized the familiar salty taste of his pre cum. Looking at him I was certain his desire matched or exceeded mine.  
  
"That should do it," I exclaimed. "That was not nearly as easy as your job." I grabbed my breakfast and sat in one of the kitchen stools.  
  
"I don't know about that," Marco responded. "My two jobs were much bigger than yours."  
  
"Yours is pretty big," I argued, "and mine weren't nearly as sticky."  
  
"That's a good point," Marco admitted then took the strawberry syrup bottle and coated each of my nipples with strawberry syrup before squeezing a glob just below my belly button. How I yearned for him to engulf them again.  
  
"You need to clean this mess," I offered, but he was already intent on doing just that. Marco sucked the red liquid off of each nipple. Marcos lips, tongue and teeth had my sensitive nipples buzzing with ecstasy. But even with his lips wrapped around each bronze nipple I was more aware of the syrup slowly crawling down between my legs. I felt the sticky trickle down onto the opening of my pussy all the way down its slit before dripping onto my stool.  
  
Marco left my nipples and kissed his way down to my stomach where he began to lick the sticky trail of syrup. I spread my legs and shifted to the edge of the stool so Marco could have the access he, and I, needed. He licked each side to the entrance, gently licking the lips clean, teasing me as I had done to him.   
  
"Please Marco, I need more..." I whispered, but he continued to play, never quite penetrating me with his warm tongue. I spread my legs further, and filled my hands with his hair, moaning, begging him to enter. I knew my pussy was fully open to him, vulnerable with my love button about to climb down from its protective hood.  
  
"Oh God...," I moaned, "Fuck me with your tongue."  
  
That did it. Marco's tongue slid between the warm wet walls of my pussy and he lapped up my excitement occasionally lightly stroking my clit with a flick of his tongue causing me to buck in excitement.   
  
Grasping fists of hair I pulled his face into me, wrapping my legs around his head. I was so hot, turned on by a week of teasing and watching Marco fuck Anna. He remained diligent, driving his soft fleshy tongue inside me coaxing me closer to climax. My breathing was shallow and labored, all the blood flushed from my body rushing to my most sensitive region. Then he stopped.  
  
"All done," Marco beamed. He was playing my game now and he knew it. I felt the builds of my orgasm slipping away.  
  
"No!" I shouted. "You missed some."  
  
Just then keys rattled outside the apartment door warning us of Anna's return. Marco walked quickly into the bathroom and jumped in the shower and I turned to my breakfast just as Anna entered the apartment. She set a couple bags on the counter and asked,  
  
"You OK Kenzie? You look a little pale."  
  
"Fine, just still tired," I responded.   
  
Even as I was answering Anna called to Marco, exclaiming "Wait for me, I'll join you in a minute."  
  
Anna didn't bother to put away the groceries in the bags and I watched her strip and walk naked into the bathroom to join Marco in the shower.  
  
Extremely frustrated, I finished my breakfast to the sounds of Anna reaping the benefits of my morning tease as Marco fucked her crazy in the shower. I had no right to be jealous. Anna's timing probably prevented me from crossing a line in our friendship.   
  
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After their shower, Anna shared she had picked up a weekend shift tonight at work and wouldn't be back 'til late. After breakfast I went shopping in the village and didn't return until near nightfall to an empty apartment. Apparently I had made the transition to being comfortable in the nude because I peeled my clothes off at the door and headed for the kitchen.

After finishing a bottle of wine I was still horny has hell from this morning. I stared at the long, thick neck of the bottle. It was longer and thicker than my finger. I picked at and removed all the foil from the bottle, leaving a mostly smooth bottle with a couple of rounded ridges near the top. It looked like a green cock complete with a little ridge around the head. In a daze I positioned the bottle between the cushions of the couch so that the neck of the bottle protruded upwards. Facing into the couch I placed one knee on either side of the bottle. Holding the bottle with one hand, I slowly lowered myself, guiding its tip into the mouth of my pussy. It was a bit uncomfortable at first, but once the rounded ridges were inside me they provided added stimulation.  
  
Carefully I slid up and down my glass cock and began to gently massage my pussy with one hand and tease my nipples with the other. This was working better than my finger and in my mind I was fucking Marco. I could feel the orgasm building again and it wouldn't be long before I reached my climax.  
  
"Miss me?" Marco's voice broke through my self-induced pleasure and I looked up to see him standing in front of me. I hadn't noticed him come in.   
  
"Oh shit – how long have you been watching?" I asked pulling my glass dildo from the heat of my pussy.   
  
"Not nearly as long as you have spent watching me," came his reply.  
  
"I didn't get the chance to finish earlier today," I shot back in an angry tone, "and now you ruined it again."  
  
I turned to go somewhere, anywhere to shelter myself from this embarrassment, but there was nowhere to go. I moved toward the kitchen, but Marco caught me from behind.   
  
"Leave me alone..." trailing off when he started kissing my neck, each hand carefully massaging one breast from behind. I turned to kiss him, my hands immediately fumbling at his pants. We broke our kiss just long enough for him to rip off his shirt and drop his pants to the floor.  
  
I stroked his hardened cock in my hands pulling it towards me, while his mouth worshiped my breasts. He lifted me and set my ass on the edge of the cool kitchen counter. With a long, slow single thrust his cock parted and drove deep into my wanting pussy. I moaned in pure erotic pleasure.  
  
In and out he slid his shaft, filling me before reaching the base of his cock.   
  
"I've imagined fucking you hard so many times Kenzie," Marco muttered.  
  
"Show me," I replied gazing in his eyes.  
  
Marco stopped thrusting and returned my gaze. He slowly pulled his cock from inside me and lifted me off of the counter letting me to the ground. Then spun me around and bent me over, my hands braced against the counter where I just sat.   
  
His body pressed hard against mine and I could feel his hot, hard wet cock resting on the crack of my ass. Marco grabbed my hanging boobs, roughly kneading them and twisting my erect nipples. He used one hand to guide his cock to my still wet pussy and shoved it inside of me. I moaned a cry of pleasure and pain. The first 2 stroked my pussy stretched to accommodate his length and girth, but his third thrust nearly choked me forcing my pussy to a meal never before attempted.   
  
Marco grabbed both of my hips, using them to slam his cock repeatedly into my pussy.   
  
"Mmmmmm, ooooooo, ahhhhh," I couldn't stop the cries pouring from my lips with each powerful thrust. I arched my back allowing his hammering cock to penetrate further into the pains of my pussy. My boobs felt heavy and achy as they jerked back and forth each time Marco drove inside me. My moans soon turned to whimpers, cries and screams...  
  
"Fuck me harder! yes....Yes......YES.....YEESSS, I'm CUMMING," I screamed at the top of my lungs as I felt hot loads of his seamen explode inside me and heard his own grunts and groans. There was no room for this new hot sex and it squirted between the walls of my pussy and his cock, dribbling down the inside of my thighs.   
  
Slowly Marco pulled his cock from my stretched cunt. I turned to watch the pussy stretching monster softening before me. I didn't want this to end, I wanted more.  
  
"It looks like I've got another mess to clean," I promised.  
  
Kneeling before him I wasted no time carefully sucking his sensitive cock. I could taste our lust as my mouth and tongue slowly coaxed life back between his legs.   
  
"Kenzie, ohhh, Kenzie, suck my cock hard again for your pussy," Marco groaned.  
  
His cock slowly hardened in my mouth and once Marco was fully erect I laid him on the floor and mounted him reverse cowgirl giving him a view of my ass which he greedily grasped as I rode him. I fucked him hard, just as he had me, something I knew Anna's small cunt couldn't provide, impaling my pussy repeatedly onto his unyielding rod. My screams were sure to be heard by the neighbors, but I didn't care. I had partaken of the forbidden fruit and I loved it. My second orgasm sent epileptic shudders throughout my body rocking me back and forth, Marco's cock deep inside me. It took a minute for me to recover, but then I coaxed two more smaller orgasms out, the last took both his cock and the rubbing of my trained hand before I felt the warm sensation of his cum inside me for the second time. Then I collapsed Marco's throbbing cock slowly waning inside me the seed of our mixed lust slowly draining from within. I enjoyed the feeling for a few minutes later I showered and then crawled into bed overcome with sleep.  
  
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Sunday morning I woke to the smell of freshly brewed coffee. Opening my eyes I surveyed our small apartment. Marco was gone and Anna was watching me from the kitchen.  
  
"You fucked Marco. I knew you would," Anna spoke loudly at me from across the room.  
  
"What? No,.." I objected.  
  
"Don't deny it. You fucked him good too, he was completely spent when I came in last night. I tried to suck him hard and could taste what you too had done," spewed Anna.  
  
"I'm sorry. I didn't mean.... It just sort of..." I stammered.  
  
"Don't apologize, it's about time," Anna retorted. "He can hardly take his eyes off those perfect tits and God knows my pussy can't handle that cock of his."  
  
"What???" I mumbled.  
  
" I've been the lucky recipient of his lust fucks while he was thinking about you for a while now." Anna continued. "I told you I'd borrow you his cock sometime."  
  
"You knew?" I stammered in disbelief.  
  
"It was my idea," Anna replied. You needed a good fuck and Marco is just that, I told you we weren't serious. In hindsight maybe it was a bad idea, you recked him last night."  
  
"Trust me," I replied, relieved that she wasn't really angry," the feelings mutual," as I hobbled toward the bathroom. "my pussy took quite the pounding last night."  
  
Anna continued, "well, both our pussies are going to have to go on leave for a while, Marco is traveling this week for work, but when he gets back he's gonna be horny as ever."  
  
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The time without Marco was really nice. Just the two of us again, girls night every night. I'd forgotten how much I missed our time alone. That week I shared my lust for Marco and talked about the build-up from teasing him. I even told her about the flirting I'd done behind her back, our masturbation shower together and when I finger-fucked my pussy while she sucked his cock. Wine is a great lip-loosener.  
  
"I know, Marco told me," confided Anna. "I wish I could have watched you too. You've got an incredible body and I couldn't take my eyes off you the times I've seen you climax when you were watching us." Had we not consumed so much wine the conversation may have been a bit awkward.   
  
When the weekend neared I realized that I didn't know how things would go between the three of us. I'd always been the third wheel and Anna and Marco were the couple.  
  
When Marco got back from his trip, the three of us went out for a late dinner. We quickly settled in to our old routines, joking and talking and drinking. The conversation was openly flirty and we even talked about our shared sexual experiences. I thought I could see a bit of jealousy in Anna's face when Marco talked about watching me finger myself, but it was only for a moment.  
  
On a trip to the powder room Anna suggested that we start toying with Marco's hormones.   
  
"How," I asked.  
  
Anna suggested that we remove our panties and find ways to give him little peeks now and then. We were both wearing very short sun dresses made of thin material, but it sounded like fun. Over the next couple hours, Marco got a lot of peeks, but so did several other bar patrons.  
  
Anna and I didn't buy another drink all night. Young studs kept us well watered and we showed our appreciation with an intentional nip slip or sometimes even leaning over giving them a peek at our backsides. Late in the night Anna and I started dancing together putting on a somewhat private show for Marco. She would peel back the top of my dress and let a nipple peek over the top and once I pushed my hand under Anna's dress where I felt the hot wetness coating her pussy.  
  
After our most provocative dance we each sat on his lap and pulled open the fronts of our dresses to give him a preview. Marco's strong arms reached around us and slipped a finger into each of our wet and hungry pussies. That seemed like the appropriate time to continue our activities back in the apartment.   
  
Marco was twisting tongues with Anna outside our apartment as I fumbled for the keys. In my drunken condition they fell to the ground. Bending over I felt Marco's lift my dress and slide a finger inside me from behind. I opened my stance, backed toward him and arched my back. In this position he was able to add a second finger to my snatch. I allowed him to finger-fuck me right there in the hall. Our neighbors weren't often active this late and in my heightened state of arousal I would have let him fuck me in front of a studio audience. After a minute, I heard Anna moaning. Looking around, my jealousy took over when I realized that Anna was getting the attention of his mouth on her breast AND a finger in her twat.  
  
Retrieving the keys from the floor I stood letting Marco's fingers pull from my warmth. I opened the door and pushed into the apartment shedding my dress in the doorway. Marco and Anna followed right behind. Marco grabbed me and spun me towards him kissing me deeply. As we kissed I felt Anna undressing him, gently stroking his hardened cock rubbing its moistened tip across my naked stomach.   
  
Marco pulled away from our kiss and turned to kiss Anna, then back to me. Both of our hands were stroking him, gently pulling at his balls.   
  
And then, Anna's lips were on mine, soft, warm, and smooth, not at all like the face of any man. We kissed very tenderly. Her lips softly hugging mine and mine embracing hers. I felt Anna open her mouth and her tongue tease across my lips and reacted by opening my mouth to receive her, and before I realized it our tongues were dancing in the most erotic kiss of my life. So taken by the tender passion of Anna's mouth I nearly forgot about Marco.  
  
"Now that's beautiful," I heard Marco say as I felt his hand trail down my naked back and rest on the backside of my ass. The tip of Marco's finger began to trace up and down my wet slit, easily parting my pussy. I assumed his other hand was doing the same with Anna.   
  
Anna's hands had wandered to my breasts where she was fondling them with more skill than I could have done myself. Her touch was gentle and knowing, smoothing tracing my curves letting each finger gently bump my straining brown buds. I wondered if Anna's touch alone could bring me to my climax.  
  
My thumb played in the pre-cum oozing from Marco's cock beckoning me to taste its salt, even if it meant pulling away from this amazing kiss. Reluctantly I pulled away from Anna's mouth our lips clinging to each other soft and warm. Looking into Anna's eye's I saw something I'd never seen before, intensely passionate and intimate, for a moment I wondered what it was.   
  
Deliberately I kissed my way down Marco's chest, Anna mimicking my movements. Down on our knees, our mouths met once more in another erotic kiss. Her mouth was so welcoming, warm and wet, like coming home, I was again lost in her and she in me.   
  
Marco placed one hand on each of our heads and shoved his shaft into our faces, prying our lustful lips apart once more. Eyes locked Anna and I licked up and down the length of his cock, twisting it between our playful tongues and lips. We took turns sucking it's fullness into our mouths to the Marco's satisfied groans.  
  
My pussy lusted to swallow his cock so I stood and trotted to Anna's bed, plopping down on all fours, ass high in the air. In that vulnerable position I buried my fingers in my warmth, spreading the wet lips inviting Marco's penetration. Meanwhile, Anna was doing her best to keep him occupied, expertly fucking his cock with her warm sensuous mouth. I envied both her mouth and his cock.  
  
Rolling over to my back I slid down so my ass was at the edge of the bed. Spreading my legs I used my fingers to open my pussy wide, stroking its swollen lips as seductively as I could. Marco decided to accept this invitation and pulled out of Anna's mouth and started moving toward me.   
  
Anna stood quickly and beat him to the bed and straddled me there. Again I felt her full lips on mine and felt myself slipping into some erotic cloud. Then, with the same warmth and wetness of her mouth, the lips of her pussy lowered onto mine. Anna, slowly gyrated her hips, rubbing our pleasure centers together. The slickness of our mutual arousal caused our swollen pussy lips to slide easily across one another, just like the tongues dancing in our mouths. I was certain that this double kiss would bring me to an amazing climax like I'd never experience.  
  
Our vaginal kiss was cut short and I felt it in her lips and in her painful breath when Marco entered Anna's small pussy, forcing himself deep into her wetness. Looking in her eyes I also saw the filling satisfaction of his cock. Marco's thrusts slowly rocked Anna's body on top of me. My hands were drawn to her small breasts as they swayed back and forth beneath her. They warmly supported those perky tits as my fingers found their way to her very hardened nipples.   
  
Marco pulled his cock from Anna's hole and shoved her forward up my body to a point where her tits dangled just above my mouth. Lifting my head I pulled the stiff pink eraser like buds into my mouth as I felt Marco's throbbing shaft penetrate my welcoming pussy.  
  
Slowly Marco slid his shaft inside me then, just as slowly, withdrew it from the warm depths. Gently he fucked me then Anna, exploring one warm wet cunt only long enough for the hint of an erotic spark before retreating to its next visitor. Back and forth went the large cock, blending our lustful drippings into a purely erotic concoction. Dozens of minutes passed, three of us fucking in shifts of ecstasy.  
  
Marco pulled out then layed in the center of my bed, his wet shaft beckoning us to follow. He directed me to sit straddling him, my pussy just below his cock and Anna to sit facing me. Our legs crossed and in this position the wet, thickened lips of our pussies wrapped around the girth of his shaft, hers above, mine below. The vision electrifying. My pussy ached for Marco's cock, but also for the gentle grinding of Anna's own pussy against it. After a few minutes we all realized that it wasn't going to get any of us where we wanted to go. Anna's pussy slid all the way up Marco's shaft and then engulfed it inside her wetness. I stayed there a moment, Anna's small weight on my thighs, methodically bouncing on Marco's cock as she rode him reverse cowgirl, but then moved to his head and lowered my aching pussy on his face.   
  
Behind me, Anna bucked hard on Marco's pole. Marco tongue-fucked my pussy as I ground hard against his face. Two pussies were too much for him and he came violently inside Anna's tiny pussy just as she reached a climax of her own. Marco's attention to my needs waivered and I was left unsatisfied.   
  
"Do you need some special attention," Anna asked from behind me. I didn't need to answer, she and I were connected somehow. I watched Anna slide off Marco and move to her bed. She placed her hand palm up on the mattress, stuck two fingers into the air and pleaded, "Let me watch you fuck my fingers Kenzie."  
  
"Yes Kenzie, fuck Anna's tiny fingers." Marco echoed.  
  
I stood and walked to Anna straddling her outstretched hand. Our eyes met, then our lips as I slowly lowered my open pussy onto her small, waiting fingers. Marco's cock had stretched my pussy and I could barely feel the fingers, but the idea of Anna's fingers inside me was shivering. My body was shuddering uncontrollably with anticipation of this gentle woman's gift. My hands embraced Anna's face and as I felt my body tingle I broke away from our kiss and drew her warm mouth to suckle my breast.   
  
Anna's pale skin and pouty pink lips contrasting against my own dark complexion and bronze nipple was nothing short of erotica. Her oral skill and timing was unmatched with each tease of her tongue or nibble of her teeth pulling me closer to orgasm. I glanced over at Marco who was stroking himself watching me fuck Anna's fingers. Up and down I impaled my aching pussy on her finger grinding my swollen clit into the palm of her hand. Finally, with a shutter I let myself go, moaning and whimpering allowing my heavy breasts to bounce in my sexual shiver. In my climax Anna's warm lips mixed with my mouth, freshly cold from orgasm.   
  
I saw that same look in her eyes and it made me weak with want.  
  
After a moment Anna spoke, "Marco says you are multi-orgasmic. He appears ready to please you and I really want to see what I missed last week."  
  
Marco layed on the floor and I mounted him reverse cowgirl facing Anna and started a slow recovering fuck. My muscles were tired and exchanged the slow, long strokes for deep grinding against his cock. My pussy was already worn and I was doubtful I'd be able to cum again, but did not want to disappoint Anna.   
  
Anna's face moved close to watch. I wondered which she found more erotic, the coated cock or my swollen lips which housed it. I tossed my head back, really gyrating on his cock trying to find the pleasure tickle from within when I felt Anna's kiss just below my belly button. I stopped and looked at her, smiling back at me before her kisses trailed lower before tenderly dancing her tongue along the lips of my pussy and base of Marco's cock.   
  
"Mmmmmm, you taste so sweet," I heard Anna say, "cum in my mouth."  
  
Rocking my hips Marco's cock bumped inside me and watching her lap up my arousal I felt a pleasing tingle begin to grow from somewhere deep inside. Anna's tongue found its way to my exposed and swollen clit, teasing it bringing me ever closer to orgasm.   
  
They were building like 2 separate orgasms, one from deep inside where Marco's cock was hitting just the right spot and a second one from Anna's tongue teasing my love button.   
  
My entire body was singing with pleasure. Tiny droplets of energy starting in my fingers and toes were being drawn inward, slowly at first. Drops merged to form puddles, then small streams, building in intensity until raging rivers radiated all throughout my body.   
  
From some far off place I heard Marco groan, "I'm cumming!" then felt his warmth inside me.  
  
My duel orgasm jolted my body backwards, my pussy quivering with waves of pleasure. I screamed in a pleasure I'd never known as wave after powerful wave of orgasm washed over my body. There was no end to the pleasure as orgasmal after-shocks came one on top of the other until I passed out in an intense fog of erotic exhaustion.  
  
I woke later in the night laying in Anna's bed, her arms draped across me. I saw Marco laying in my single bed and as I drifted back to sleep I wondered what this meant, but in any case, I was happy.