**Rachel is Shared**

by[Rachel6](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1364489&page=submissions)©

As I say these events happened in the early 1990s when I was only twenty. Let me tell you a little about myself. I'm in my early forties and have been married for nearly twenty years to my husband Andy. We have two children and we live in the south west of England. I have shoulder length blonde hair and am pretty in a girl next-door sort of way. People say I have a nice smile and that my eyes and face light up when I laugh which is as often as possible. I have always had to watch what I eat but have kept the weight off and remained slim and I am 5'5"" tall. I have always liked to dress in such a way as to make the most of what I have and look as attractive and feminine as I can. I work full time in a high street office in a professional job (don't want to give too much away) and so get the chance to wear smart two piece suits with above the knee skirts. Back when I was twenty I was very slim, probably too skinny really and my breasts were smaller too before I had had children. I am only about 34 inches now but back then I was sporting no more than 32 inches but they were very firm and pert.

When I met my future husband Andy I was still a virgin. He was not much more experienced but did have one notch on his bed post from his first year at Uni. I met Andy at the beginning of my second year at Bristol University. We were not on the same course and we just got talking at the bar in the students union. We clicked right from the word go and it was one of those situations where within half an hour you just knew that as a minimum we were going to be great friends and there was sexual chemistry between us from the outset. Although I was a virgin I would have gone to bed with Andy on the first night we met given half a chance and sometimes I wish it had happened that way. That would be a terrific memory for a married couple to have; that we found each other so irresistible. It is a shame that over the years with the best will in the world that electricity diminishes.

We became a couple pretty much immediately and spent a lot of time together. We first had full sex after about a month having built up through the preliminary stages that you are all familiar with. I went on the pill because I hated Andy using condoms. Before long I began staying over at Andy's apartment one or two nights a week. He was living in a house shared with two other blokes so there were three bedrooms. The other two blokes were all on the same engineering course as Andy and were called Pete and Steve. They were both in relationships so it was not unknown on some Saturday nights for there to be three of us girls staying over and you might have called the apartment a bit of a (literally) hot bed of iniquity. We use to have such a laugh in those days it was unreal. We were always getting drunk and teasing each other and we got on so well it was just lovely.

Anyway all good things come to an end and after Christmas at the start of the second term sadly Pete unexpectedly dropped out. I was not aware that he had been struggling and suspect he was just not working hard enough but apparently he fluffed some important exams and got the boot. I gather he was finding it all so tough to keep up that he was relieved to get away from the stress and find something else that he felt he would be more suited to. So all of a sudden there was a spare room in Andy's house and they needed the rent covering. The two boys really wanted to replace Pete with another bloke but because of the awkward timing halfway through the academic year they could not find anybody.

I was not happy where I was sharing. I was not getting on with the other girls in my apartment and I sounded them out and they had a friend that wanted to move in. So it suited everybody that I took the spare room in Andy's apartment. It was sort of meant to be really.

So there I was sharing with two blokes. Obviously I knew them both well already so I knew it would work and be fun. But I did not predict how gradually the intimacy of living together in close quarters and sharing one bathroom, and one kitchen etc would gradually translate into the three of us becoming closer and closer friends. Steve was Andy's best friend anyway whom he had known from school and from the beginning, Steve and I were good friends with similar outgoing flirty personalities .I used to do most of the cooking for all three of us, as they were both rubbish.

We were a very touchy feeling threesome with lots of hugging and I would regularly receive an affectionate peck on the cheek from Steve. Gradually as we became more and more used to each other and as the comfort level increased I would worry less and less about how well I was covered up and would emerge from the bathroom wrapped in just a bath towel. Some days I would bum around wearing just a pair of tiny knickers and one of Andy's football shirts that was just about long enough to cover most of my bum until I sat down of course. So they were very used to seeing me scantily clad and likewise the boys would often just mooch around the flat in just their under pants. I almost never wore a bra and I am not sure many other girls at Uni did in those days but I did not need one with my small firm titties anyway. Often there would be just the three of us and we shared many boozy evenings solving the world's problems over a couple of bottles of wine. In the evenings we used to love to sit around in just candle light and burning lots of incense. I remember we used to play Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side of The Moon' album a lot as we thought it was cool and chic and atmospheric. I was just so happy at that time. I thought I had turned from an ugly duckling into a swan.

Some nights when we had finished work we would go down to the pub and meet up with other students we knew. When we left to walk home we were normally well oiled and in high spirits. I would often be holding hands with both of them with me in the middle. And other times we staggered back to the apartment and both of them would have an arm around my waist holding me up. One night Andy put his hand down the back of my jeans inside my panties and was squeezing my bum cheeks. Steve knew what was going on but he had a girlfriend at the time and did not follow suit.

I had always been a high achiever academically but I wanted to also be seen as a sexual nubile creature instead of some languid geek. I used to wear a white clingy cotton nightshirt as my sleepwear and would sometimes change into that ready for bed about 10 o'clock in the evening and then come back and sit with the boys in the sitting room. Usually I would have some panties on underneath but not always. Don't get me wrong I was not sitting there with my legs apart exposing myself but it did used to reveal my bare legs and thighs and the thin material used to cling to my nipples. I knew what I was doing and was enjoying being a sexual being at last and exploring my sexual side; remember that I had been a late developer and had only been having sex for about six months. On one occasion Andy made a comment about my casual attire and wondered if I was being a bit informal with Steve. I told him not to be silly as Steve had seen me hundreds of times already wearing not very much and that he was our mate and I was sure he was not interested in looking at me anyway. Steve did chime in that he thought I was gorgeous and was pleased that I felt relaxed enough and confident of our friendship to wear whatever I felt comfortable in around him. A sort of double edged complement I suppose but it was said in such a way that I knew he fancied me. After that Andy got used to me flaunting myself and accepted it and never mentioned it again. So gradually the intimacy between Steve and me grew and my eventual seduction by Steve took place very slowly over a few months.

I have always had a thing about enjoying taking my clothes off. I adore swimming in the nude in the sea although the opportunities for this are obviously very rare. I just love being naked in public although sadly due to all the obvious reasons I have not actually done it that many times. One time that does stick in my memory however was when I was only 15 at a huge summer Guide / Scout camp. About 20 of us were hanging out unsupervised in a farm barn. Some of the kids were smoking. I don't think we were supposed to be in there. There were some quite high beams and ropes up in the roof over a lot of straw bales on the ground. Some of us were doing some gymnastics up on the beams and out of the blue I just decided to do a striptease. One by one I dropped all my clothes down to the enthusiastic audience below. I remember at the finish hanging there above them all stark naked with them all cheering. Nothing else happened but you can imagine I was very popular amongst the boys who were present and the girls thought it was a right laugh as well.

But at uni I had infamously performed a much celebrated strip at a wild student party towards the end of my first year. Everyone had gathered around me in a big circle clapping and once you have started there is no way they will let you stop. This was before the days of camera phones or Facebook thank goodness of course. Neither Andy nor Steve had been at the party but they had heard about it and other blokes were always asking when I was going to do another. I used to tell them it had been a one-off and they should not have missed it!

However one night when the three of us had been drinking and smoking some good weed it was late and we were in high spirits and I suddenly decided to do a striptease for them. I just thought it would be fun. Out of the blue I stood up and said in my best Chinese accent, "How you wan see pretty girl no clothes? How you like see sexy striptease? It make very nice end to evening you think?"

What do you think their answer was?

Andy put on the perfect music: Angel performed by Jimi Hendrix. Very sexy and perfect tempo for stripping to. So I did and I had great fun entertaining them and dancing around stark naked in the candle light like you see those stoned girls at the Woodstock or Glastonbury Festivals! I was staggering about a bit unsteady on my feet from the alcohol and weed. So Steve got to see me naked that night for the first time and this took our physical intimacy up a notch. I was not shaved in those days; I don't think many girls were. I was sporting an only slightly trimmed full bush of fair curly hair. Nothing else happened that night and it never occurred to me that it might but I suppose it did heighten the sexual tension. I just said after I'd finished, "So sorry-That is end of show. I now go bed. Hope you both very enjoy my sexy tease." Andy and Steve both leapt to their feet and applauded and I collapsed onto the sofa.

I used to like it when Steve's girlfriend Alison stayed over as well. When I was flirting with Steve, Andy was flirting with Alison and it was all good fun. Actually Alison was totally stunning-I hated her! No not really, but she could have been a model. When she stayed over I particularly liked it because it meant Andy and me did not have to worry so much about how much noise we made in bed. In fact it was quite comical some nights with the moaning and creaking bed springs coming from two bedrooms.

Some nights when Andy was fucking me and Alison was not around I used to imagine Steve listening in the next bedroom. When I was purring or moaning I got turned on by the thought of him hearing me being given a good seeing to and imagined him perhaps masturbating while I was being fucked. If I am honest I think sometimes I made even more noises and moaned louder because the thought of Steve hearing made me feel hornier and more wanton.

It was about early May when out of the blue Alison dumped Steve. No one was expecting it especially Steve. It was one of those, "I just want to be friends ", explanations. But she did not seem to have another boyfriend so it was puzzling and Steve had really loved her and took it very hard. He pleaded with her to give it another chance but she would not and in the end he actually thought she had been quite unfair and cruel. As I say Andy and I could not understand it and there had been no hint that this was going to happen. So for a week or two Steve was devastated and Andy and me were taking particular care of him, and going out to the pub together to cheer him up etc

That brings me to the night you want to hear about. When I look back I think I just drifted into a threesome, sleepwalked into it, it was inevitable really. It was always going to happen during this period when I was spreading my wings and exploring my sexuality. It just seemed a natural and beautiful experience between three very close friends; I never regarded it as anything sordid or depraved. It happened, I think, in the May on an evening that had begun like so many others. Steve had begun to get over Alison a bit and was feeling a little more cheerful. We had had a couple of bottles of wine, and perhaps a couple of joints. When it got dark we were lit only by candle light and had been burning incense sticks. All very typical Uni life really. We had been watching a film together --Body Heat I think-where there had been a lot of explicit erotic action and sexual tension and I think some of that tension had rubbed off on us. You could just feel that the atmosphere between us was a bit more highly charged than normal. After the film I decided to get changed for bed into my night shirt and yes I did leave my panties on but that was all. I gave myself a couple of squirts of perfume to freshen up; why did I do that? I came back and plonked down on the sofa between the two boys as usual. The sofa was only just wide enough for three so it was always very cosy squeezing in between them. I was as usual exposing vast areas of bare leg and thighs and loving how they both could not keep their eyes off me but were trying so hard not to stare. The night took a new turn when Steve said, "I've got a great idea. I have a couple of porno videos in my room. Do you fancy watching one?"

Well the number of porno films I had ever watched could be numbered on one hand and the idea seem delightfully risqué and exciting to me so I looked at Andy for his approval and replied, "Sure. Why not? Great idea. Go and get them."

Andy gave me an approving look as if he thought I was a good sport. As soon as Steve left the sitting room, Andy leaned over toward me and gave me a huge cuddle and a full on snog. He was obviously feeling as aroused as I was .He slipped his hand inside my nightshirt and groped my naked breast and kissed me again but we were caught out when Steve walked back in with the video cassettes.

He was about to say what they were about but instead was taken aback by Andy and me and said," Wow! It looks like you have already got started with your own porno action. Maybe I'll just sit and watch you guys. Carry on!"

We broke up quickly embarrassed but laughing.

Steve crawled around on the floor in front of the ancient TV and video player and got the film started. Unbelievably he had chosen a film about two blokes and a girl which was deliberate I imagine. I am not a great fan of porn because I hate the way there is usually no build up, no story, and no seduction .It is always straight into the action whereas in my opinion it is the seduction of a girl or woman that is the erotic part and sure enough true to form there on the screen almost immediately were two naked blokes with full erections and a naked girl who apparently could not get enough of their attention. Whenever Andy and I watch internet porn nowadays I am only ever interested in amateur submissions and it is the early part that I find the most arousing. I love to watch the faces of the women during the period when they are caressed and undressed and seduced into submitting themselves to the guy or guys. I see no point whatsoever in porn videos that start with all the participants already naked and just go straight into extreme sexual gymnastics.

But the film had its desired effect and very soon it was feeling very hot in the room and we are all wriggling and squirming a bit and looking a bit embarrassed. I could tell the boys both had hard ons.

Andy, who was sitting on the right side of me, eventually broke the ice and started rubbing and stroking my bare leg and thigh. It felt so relaxing and nice that I turned around to him and kissed him again full on. Our tongues were darting in and out of each others' mouths. This encouraged him and I settled back into the sofa and Andy put his left arm around my shoulder and rested his left hand on my breast but on top of my night shirt. Andy continued massaging my right leg with his other hand. After a while Steve thought he would try his luck and tentatively stretched his right arm around my shoulder from the other side. This all felt so right and I thought I was in control of the situation anyway so I leant forward to allow his arm around my back as well. His right hand was not actually touching the material of my night shirt but sort of hovering over my right breast.

Meanwhile on the film the girl was in full swing receiving her first fuck and starting to moan in ecstasy as they always do after virtually no fore play .The second guy in the film had his erect penis in her mouth as seems mandatory .It is complicated being a female sometimes because I can remember feeling a little jealous of the two boys ogling the slut on the screen who was completely false with dyed blonde hair, a ridiculous boob job, and false eye lashes etc and probably thick. In my own girl next door , natural way I looked much nicer and it was me the boys should be appreciating; not some common porn star! But all this action on the screen was without doubt starting to be reflected into sexual tension between the three of us that night. I had no idea what I expected or wanted to happen.

I heard myself saying to my horror, "I'm just as attractive as that slut, I think." I knew immediately this had been an extremely naive and promiscuous thing to say with all the undesirable signals that it would send out into the room.

Both boys immediately turned to me and enthusiastically reassured me that of course I was much more attractive but I was not really listening and just grinned all the way through their protestations knowing that was something that I absolutely should not have uttered. Was I putting, myself up in competition with the slut on the screen? Was I being a prick tease? I did not know what I was doing. I only knew I was getting myself into hot water.

Andy then retrieved his left arm from behind my back and turned to his side to face towards me and moved things up a gear by sliding his right hand under my nightshirt to cup my left breast. My left nipple immediately stood to attention hard and erect so grateful to have been touched. His left hand was by now stroking the succulent smooth flesh of my inner thighs under my nightshirt towards my panties. I purred a little and Andy put his face to mine and kissed me passionately again. He tasted of the red wine we had been drinking. I closed my eyes and melted into the attention I was getting from my boyfriend who I loved very much.

Then I heard Steve chuckle a little and complain, "Christ guys! This isn't fair! You can't do this in front of me. Jesus! It's just too much watching Andy ravishing your breast!"

I was feeling so sexy and daring that I opened my eyes and laughed and said, "Well there are two of them you know. There is another one on the other side if you haven't noticed! I give you permission to have a stroke."

It all just seemed so harmless and natural at the time. Steve's hand which had been speculatively dangling over my breast for ages now disappeared under my nightshirt at the speed of a snake and was making the most of groping and caressing my other breast. I closed my eyes again and slid down in the sofa a bit more to enjoy the attentions of the two boys. Unfortunately as hard as I tried to be passive and stabilise the situation my hips had other ideas and started pushing up and down rhythmically to almost will Andy to touch me between my legs. In truth I was just so desperate now for Andy to touch my pussy that I just ached for his fingers.

Thankfully I did not have to wait long and his next foray under my nightshirt ended with his placing his hand over and cupping my mound on top of my panties. When he touched my hot pussy over my panties it was like an electric shock. It was such a relief that I jumped and involuntarily and let out an, "Aarrrgh," in submission.

I then realised that Steve was now stroking and rubbing my other leg with his free hand and also making more and more adventurous forays under my nightshirt towards my panties. I kept my eyes closed and sighed in submission. It all felt so heavenly and impossible to resist.

Very soon Andy wormed his finger into my panties from the bottom under the elastic and found his way into my sopping wet pussy. There was no way I could resist it and started to wriggle and squirm and make purring noises. I knew I was getting into a situation that might become difficult to control. I started pushing up at him and meanwhile Andy was still kissing me and both boys were still massaging my breasts. It was gorgeous and I knew I was rapidly reaching a point of no return. Andy graduated to two fingers which he used to alternately gently stroke my clitoris and then insert into my tunnel and rotate. I was so turned on by the situation and so wet that Andy's hand in my pussy was making squelching sounds.

It was then that Steve kissed me for the first time and I responded passionately. With just his first kiss he had his tongue deep inside my mouth. After that both boys were kissing me in turn. My legs were drifting apart encouraging Andy to plunder my pussy more vigorously with his fingers. Andy told me afterwards that he was more jealous of seeing me kiss Steve passionately than he was seeing Steve screwing me.

When I felt Steve fumbling inside my panties as well I suddenly came to my senses and saw the distinct possibility that I was going to suffer the same fate as the girl in the film who by now was being well fucked by the second guy. I needed to cool things down a bit. I was laughing at the outrageousness of the situation and out of nervousness but said, "Hey Guys. Steady on. You are getting me a bit too turned on. You're not both having me if that is what you're hoping. We're not having a gang bang! What kind of girl do you think I am?"

Then Steve said, "Can I at least give you a nice sexy lick and a suck in your special place? Make you feel nice and relaxed and then Andy can take you to bed. Is that OK with you Andy?"

I smiled and said. "Why on earth are you asking him? Why does he have to give permission? It's my pussy for God's sake! "

To reinforce that I was an independent woman in my own right and to make a token stand for feminism I added, "Are you any good at it then?" I made this outrageous reply as a reaction to the effrontery of him having asked Andy for his permission to make this intimate advance on me.

Steve replied, "Well I've never had any complaints. Only one way to find out though!"

I replied,"Well my servant Serf, in that case you can provide that service for me as your Queen. But that is as far as it goes. When you've had your thrill I am going to bed with Andy." I know you will think I must have been very naive but remember I was only a twenty year old girl who was fairly new to sex and was adoring being the centre of attention of these two boys.. Andy was a little shocked by my invitation to Steve and withdrew his fingers from my pussy. He was not annoyed though and was as turned on as I was by the situation.

Steve took his place between my legs kneeling on the floor. He was still dressed in his jeans and a T shirt. Steve put his thumbs in each side of my panties and started to very very slowly pull them down. He was grinning at me with anticipation. My heart was beating so fast and loudly that I thought I might faint. I remember at the time I could not wait to have my clothes taken off me and to be naked and display myself to the two boys. I eagerly lifted up my bum off the sofa to assist him pulling my panties down submitting to his advances. I watched intently as my panties travelled slowly over my thighs, and then my knees, and then my lower legs and it was the most electric sexually charged moment of my life by a mile. When he got them to my feet he slowly massaged each foot in turn as he slid them off. He passed my soaking panties to Andy like they were performing an operation. He and Andy gathered up my nightshirt up to my waist so I was completely exposed. So there I was with no panties on about to receive cunninlingus from Andy's best mate. The anticipation was just too much to bear.

Steve stood up and stripped down to his underpants. He looked fit, slim and toned and had a grin from ear to ear with excitement and anticipation. He got back down on his knees between my legs and carefully studied my aching pussy like a Doctor as he prepared to start work.

He began by kissing and licking my thighs all around my vagina. It was lovely and I could not wait for what was about to happen. He then rubbed the outside of my mound with the palm of his left hand and then slid his fingers very gently up and down my crack. He then expertly used both hands to fiddle with my lips and carefully separate them. This was all so delightful and impossible to resist that I was involuntarily pushing my abdomen up towards him. Andy by this time was stroking my forehead and hair affectionately.

Steve started licking my thighs again in turn gradually getting closer to the Promised Land. I was writhing and thrusting my hips up towards him desperate for him to make faster progress but he was teasing me. I said to him,"Come on then my man! Get on with it! I haven't got all night. Suck my pussy now or I will have you executed!"

When Steve finally put his tongue to my clitty it was pure heaven. He was going round and round with his tongue making small circles. I let out a long, "Urrrrrrrgh, Christ! Oh fucking hell!"

He was right. He was good! I was pushing and thrusting my hips up towards him and cradling his head holding him close to my crotch. I stroked his hair and clenched it between my fingers. Andy started to gather up my nightshirt and pull it up over my head. I feebly said a token,"No!"

But I was concentrating on Steve's magical attention and just meekly held my arms up in the air so he could slide it up over my head. In truth I felt absolutely bloody marvellous being completely naked before my two boys wantonly displaying myself to them; it felt so dissolute and lewd. I relaxed back down and continued thrusting my hips rhythmically towards Steve's magical tongue. Then Andy also quickly stripped down to his underpants and sat down beside me. In those days he was also very slim and also looked fit and toned. He put his lips to mine again and began a deep long loving kiss.

I lifted my legs up in the air off the floor and put my hands behind my thighs to hold them up. I started to feel the first rumblings of an orgasm building. But it was a bit uncomfortable holding my legs up and I asked if I could lie on the floor. Of course I could have anything I wanted. The boys would have agreed to anything! So I quickly laid down on the carpet in front of the sofa with my head on a pillow and Steve got back in position again at the altar of my holy vagina and Andy lay down next to me again and resumed his kisses.

I laid down flat on the floor with my legs splayed as wide open as I could get them but with my knees up a little so I could bring my feet back in to make a V shape.. Steve put his hands under my thighs and spread his hands out flat on my groin. In this way he held my legs apart and knees up a bit to fully expose my pussy to his attentions. His tongue was working my clitty so hard I could not help lifting my arse up to meet him. I alternated between cradling his head holding it to my desperate cunt and frantically rubbing and cupping my own breasts.

I was pleading with Steve, "Oh God! Oh God! Please.Please. Oh please, arrrgh!"

I lifted my feet and placed them on his bare back. Steve responded by inserting a finger in my love tunnel, and pushing it in and out faster and faster while he continued to frantically lick my clitty to destruction. I took my right hand from the back of Steve's head and stroked it over Andy's chest down to his waist. By now I was completely out of control and I grabbed at Andy's underpants , put my hand down the front and grasped his erect throbbing rock hard prick tightly and liberated it from his pants. Andy let out a sigh like he was ready to explode. My pussy was more hot and wet and aroused than it had ever been. My orgasm was building stronger and more overwhelming. I wanted to cum so badly. I wanted release from this torture. I was panting wildly trying to breathe.

I screamed at Steve, "Yes! Yes! Don't stop what you're doing you bastard. Don't stop!"

I briefly opened my eyes and saw my pale white thin naked body stretched out with Steve between my wide open thighs sucking my desperate pussy and both boys in only their underpants giving me all this attention and thought '"If my mother could see me now!"

I was writhing around and thrashing and thrusting my arse up at Steve pleading, "Don't stop. Just don't change. Whatever you are doing it's fucking wonderful."

I was right at the very brink of my orgasm exploding but I began to panic that I was never going to cum. I heard myself shouting, "Oh Steve, Oh Steve my love. Please Fuck me. Please fuck me!"

I knew then I had lost control of my senses. I certainly should not have called Steve 'my love' and I absolutely should not have asked him to fuck me. Thankfully Andy seemed to be retaining his sense of humour and was more laughing at my intense state of arousal than anything.

Steve thankfully did not immediately fuck me and instead mumbled, whilst keeping his mouth firmly on the job in hand, "No, Can't do that. Andy's my mate. He'll have to finish you off."

I screamed, "Well alright then but don't you fucking dare stop sucking my clitty like that. Oooh! Yes! Like that! Just like that. Yes!"

I knew then that I was going to let Andy fuck me in front of Steve and the very thought of that seemed so outrageously decadent and made me feel hornier than ever and tipped me over the edge into my orgasm anyway. It was such a violent orgasm I was convulsing as the spasms of ecstasy rolled through me. I could feel the wetness of my vagina seeping out onto the carpet. I continued to grind my cunt into Steve's face. Steve loved the power he had over me and showed no mercy as he kept sliding my pulsating little bud in and out between his lips. Every time I thought that it was subsiding he made me shudder again with another wave of sublime pleasure. I thought I was going to die in ecstasy and collapsed back flat on the carpet completely exhausted and weak as all my energy seemed to drain away. Steve was still kneeling between my legs looking very smug and satisfied at the fine job he had done. He had beads of sweat on his forehead and was looking hot and grinned at me with his eyes full of desire and lust like he wanted to devour me. Andy was still lying by my side with his pants half down sporting a fine erection and looking completely desperate for some relief.

I had had an earth shattering orgasm but I had two very aroused boys on my hands both looking at me with expressions of total lust. They were both nice boys and they both looked a bit sad and pathetic really as they were being so polite about it! My mothering instincts kicked in and I knew one way or another I would need to put them out of their misery.

I thought things are about to get even more interesting. I had never wanted to be fucked more than at that moment when the prospect of actually having sex in front of another human being just seemed the most exciting and deliciously naughty thing I had ever done.

With glee and a level of anticipation I could hardly bear I turned to Andy and confidently ordered, "Right get your kit off! It's time for you to give your Queen some pleasure as well now."

Andy looked a combination of relieved it was his turn, but at the same time a bit hunted and under pressure. Steve crawled away from between my legs and Andy replaced him at the speed of light. He was far too aroused to engage in any foreplay and I did not need any. He just lay right on top of me, grabbed my breasts with his hands, and plunged his rock hard shaft right into me up to the hilt.

I was still highly aroused and obviously felt guilty about how I had been behaving with Steve. Andy withdrew and thrust in again really roughly and screamed, "Oh God. Rachel. You are so fucking sexy. So fucking gorgeous."

I shouted back, "Oh God. I Love your cock my darling. Faster, faster. Give it to me!"

I was panting uncontrollably again. I started to thrust my pelvis up at him and put my hands on his bum to pull him in deeper. However, it was all too much for Andy and with probably only his fourth or fifth thrust he just exploded inside my cunt and shot all his sperm deep into my body. He was both disappointed for me and embarrassed for himself to have muffed liked this in front of Steve. He let go of my breasts and just collapsed on top of me annoyed at himself saying,"Oh shit! I've fucking cum already!"

I actually thought it was funny. I put it down as a compliment actually that I was just so hot and desirable! I laughed at him but absolutely not to mock him; it was more that I could not believe how much fun we were having and how over aroused and stimulated he must have been to cum straight away.

However, I was still desperate to cum again. I had got used to the idea that I was going to be fucked by Andy and that had not happened. I felt so frustrated I did not know what to do. I started to rub my clitty myself gently at first but then I became more urgent and desperate. I was writhing around masturbating like a mad woman in front of the boys. My breasts were heaving .I then noticed that at some stage Steve had removed his pants and was frantically wanking himself off as well. He had I assumed taken his pants off to settle down and enjoy watching me being laid by Andy.

So there it was a bit of a train wreck really. There was both Steve and me desperately frustrated and dying to cum and both of us feverishly trying to bring ourselves off. Andy's cum was leaking from my cunt. I knew then that despite good intentions I was a victim of circumstance. I had to have Steve finish me. Steve was lying next to me and rubbing my breasts with his free hand. I reached out and grasped his raging rock hard prick. I started stroking it loosely with my fingers. Steve looked grateful for anything.

I looked pleadingly at Andy and said, "Andy , please I am so sorry. You know how much I love you but you guys started this and got me in this state. Look what you have done to me. Please would you be Ok if..?"

But Andy knew what was coming and cut me off and said,"Yes all right. I know I have let you down. Go on Steve. Give it to her. Do your worst mate. You'll owe me a pint." He seemed reconciled to the inevitable. I saw that his cock was shrinking, his erection now gone. I felt deflated that I was only worth a pint of beer but I knew what he meant. I thought I was worth at least two!

Steve looked at me and made eye contact and asked one more time very earnestly, "Are you sure this is what you want?"

I said in my serious voice, "Yes Steve. I am completely sure. Fuck me now. Do it! Just promise me you'll never tell anyone about this."

The die was well and truly cast. There was no turning back now. Andy got up and went to pour himself another drink. I wished he had stayed really. Steve started by lying right on top of me and tenderly kissing me and grinding his groin into me. It felt so nice and sexy feeling our naked skin come together. He took my right breast in his hand and groped it. What I liked about Steve's lovemaking was that he seemed confident enough to take his time to control the pace of it and add to the anticipation by not rushing it just as he had done when he was sucking my pussy. He gently pushed my legs apart and arranged a pillow under my head carefully preparing me until he was happy that I was ready for him to take his pleasure.

I found the anticipation of feeling Steve's rock hard shaft sliding into me imagining what it will be like too much to bear. However, Steve was going to take his time and tease me. He wanted to make me beg. He tantalised me by rubbing the head of his cock along my slippery wet lips. I almost passed out. Then he pushed it in very gently but only about an inch. It was pure heaven feeling him push between the lips of my poor deprived pussy but it only served to make me even more desperate. Then the bastard completely withdrew again. He repeated this routine about four times by which time I was ready to strangle him. I screamed, "For Christ's sake Steve. Stop teasing me. Put the bugger in now or the deal is off!"

But he knew what he was doing and was going to make me beg. He said, "Say please. You've got to say please! Say please Master, please fuck me. Say I want your prick in me kind sir. Say please fuck me kind sir!"

I screamed, "Yeh alright shut up! Oh God please fuck me kind sir. I want your fucking prick etc etc. Now just fucking get on with it!"

With that he did push all the way in. I felt him push my lips apart again and slide with no resistance deep into my warm, wet, submissive, and welcoming body. Steve colonised me for his pleasure and he was going to make it last as long as he wanted. His swollen prick was a bit longer than Andy's was and I could feel it throbbing and thrusting deep inside my temple. Steve kissed me again and it went on and on into a very passionate snog. I was really enjoying the sensation of kissing another boy.

Steve began grunting as he began to build up a rhythm as he thrust deep into my cum filled pussy. I was conscious of emitting my own, "arrghs, "and "Ooohs" in response to each thrust. Steve had always fancied me and had waited a long time to have me and he was surely going to enjoy it. He loved having my body completely at his disposal for his pleasure. I was stroking his back, feeling his muscular body as he fucked me. I wrapped my legs around his waist.

He asked, "How's that Rachel? Is it good?" I replied," It is fucking wonderful Steve. Don't stop what you're doing. Oh Steve it's so good."

He said, "Rachel you're bloody lovely. You are bloody fantastic."

I knew this was not going to make pleasant listening for Andy. I said, "Well that's nice of you but just remember I am spoken for. This won't be happening again."

Steve replied," More's the pity. I had better make the most of it then."

I was thrusting back up at him, lifting my hips and pelvis up in time with his thrusts.

Steve lifted himself up high on his forearms so he could survey his prey in full. He carefully studied my wobbling pert boobs, my thin pale white body, and watched his erect penis going in and out of my cunt in triumph. He then looked down my spread legs and studied my splayed out feet. He knew he had me completely conquered. I would definitely be another conquest on his sexual CV. He looked well satisfied. He looked like he was well pleased with his achievement of having me and with the job he was doing.

I started to approach a climax again thank God. It would not be long now I thought before I got some relief. I did not know how far away Steve was but I wanted to go for it. I was making more and more oohs and arrghs and shouting,"Yes!" over and over again. " Oh Yes! That's it Steve. I'm going to cum."

And then I came at last. My vaginal muscles contracted around his pumping rod. It was a fantastic mind blowing orgasm and Steve laid back down on me as I helplessly quivered and shuddered below him. Having his full weight on me helped to anchor me down so that my convulsions were more restrained. I put my hands on his arse again to hold him in deep whilst the convulsions of my orgasm washed through me. My head was thrashing from side to side. I cried out loudly and Steve covered my mouth with his attempting to quieten me so the people in the next flat did not hear us. I got the feeling that Steve had been biding his time waiting for me to cum because he was soon groaning himself with relief as his throbbing penis squirted his warm sperm into me to mix with my vaginal juices. When it was over, he lay on top of me for a minute while we were panting and trying to get our breath back. Then we had one last passionate kiss and he said, "That was lovely Rachel. Thank you."

I replied. "Don't thank me. I loved it too."

I looked at Andy wanting to see his reassuring smile that everything was OK. However, he was fine about it actually and knew that I had not set out for it to happen and that he had contributed.

I felt so satisfied; my body drained as it had never been before, feeling as if I was floating on a cloud of post-orgasmic bliss. It was very late and we were all exhausted. Andy went and got two duvets and we laid one down to lie on and spread the second one over our three naked bodies. It felt so natural for us to all cuddle up as spoons. I put my arms around Steve who was in front of me and Andy snuggled in behind me and put his hands on my breasts. I turned around briefly to kiss him and told him I loved him. I have never done it again since but let me tell you it is an amazing delightful experience to be in the middle of a sandwich of two naked guys.

After an hour or so I felt Andy getting a little frisky again and thrusting his penis into the crack of my bum. When he was stiff I helped guide him into my very sloppy pussy from behind. In that position with my legs close together my vagina was squeezed tight around his prick but Andy still managed to redeem himself and last about four or five minutes. It was lovely and honour was restored. Steve knew what was going on but was sensitive enough to let us put things right between Andy and me again without attempting to get involved. After Andy had cum, Steve did briefly turn around and kiss me again as if to say you are all right girl!

Andy was never angry with me about what happened that night. He knew we were all as guilty as each other. But we knew as a couple we should not do it again because of the risk of it ruining our relationship. The three of us shared that apartment all the way throughout our third year at Bristol and had a great time but we knew that night had to be a one-off and not repeated.

I have to be honest that I did have sex with Steve once more and I did regret that. Andy knows about it and was very upset at the time and it caused a lot of problems between us. Andy went home for a weekend to see his family and I was behaving selfishly and did not want him to go. I resented him leaving me for the weekend and ended up having a weekend in the flat alone with Steve. On the Saturday evening I had had a long bath and a soak and emerged from the bathroom with just a bath towel around me. I had been playing with myself in the bath so far without success. I started flirting shamelessly with Steve asking him to dry my back and massage my shoulders. Stuff like that really. I was letting the towel drop down very low so he had a good view of my breasts. I laid face down on my front and pulled the towel down to my waist and asked Steve to massage body lotion all over my back. I should not have done it and was leading him on something rotten. I lay on my back and loosely laid the towel over my front and lifted my knees up. I had Steve massaging body lotion into my feet and legs and I was taking less and less care to cover myself up. I kept asking him to apply it higher and higher up my legs playing with him really and he would have clearly seen my bare pussy under the towel. This was temptation beyond endurance and Steve suddenly announced, "Oh Christ Rachel. I've got to fuck you."

I smiled and said, "I was rather hoping you would say that. I thought you would never ask!"

Steve undressed as if his clothes were all five sizes too large and we were soon rolling around naked on the carpet with our hands all over each other. Without Andy there Steve completely ravished me with no holds barred and proved again that he was a superb amazing lover. After a while he turned me over and I knelt up so that he could fuck me from behind which has always been my favourite position .It was a great fuck-even better than the first time with Steve. We got a bit drunk afterwards and did actually sleep together that night for the one and only time. We made love again when we went to bed and started Sunday off with a bang with another steamy session but when we got up, we both felt very guilty and knew that it had been wrong to do it behind Andy's back. When Andy got back he could tell straight away from the look on our faces what had gone on but I think the fact that he knew how close we all were sort of helped him understand how it had come about. And in any case Steve and me both readily accepted that it had been wrong and a mistake and were very sorry.

Actually we did manage to control ourselves after that and Steve and I never had sex again. I knew it was Andy that I loved and we went on to get married at the end of uni. But I have always remained an exhibitionist and always looked for opportunities to be naked or semi-naked in public.