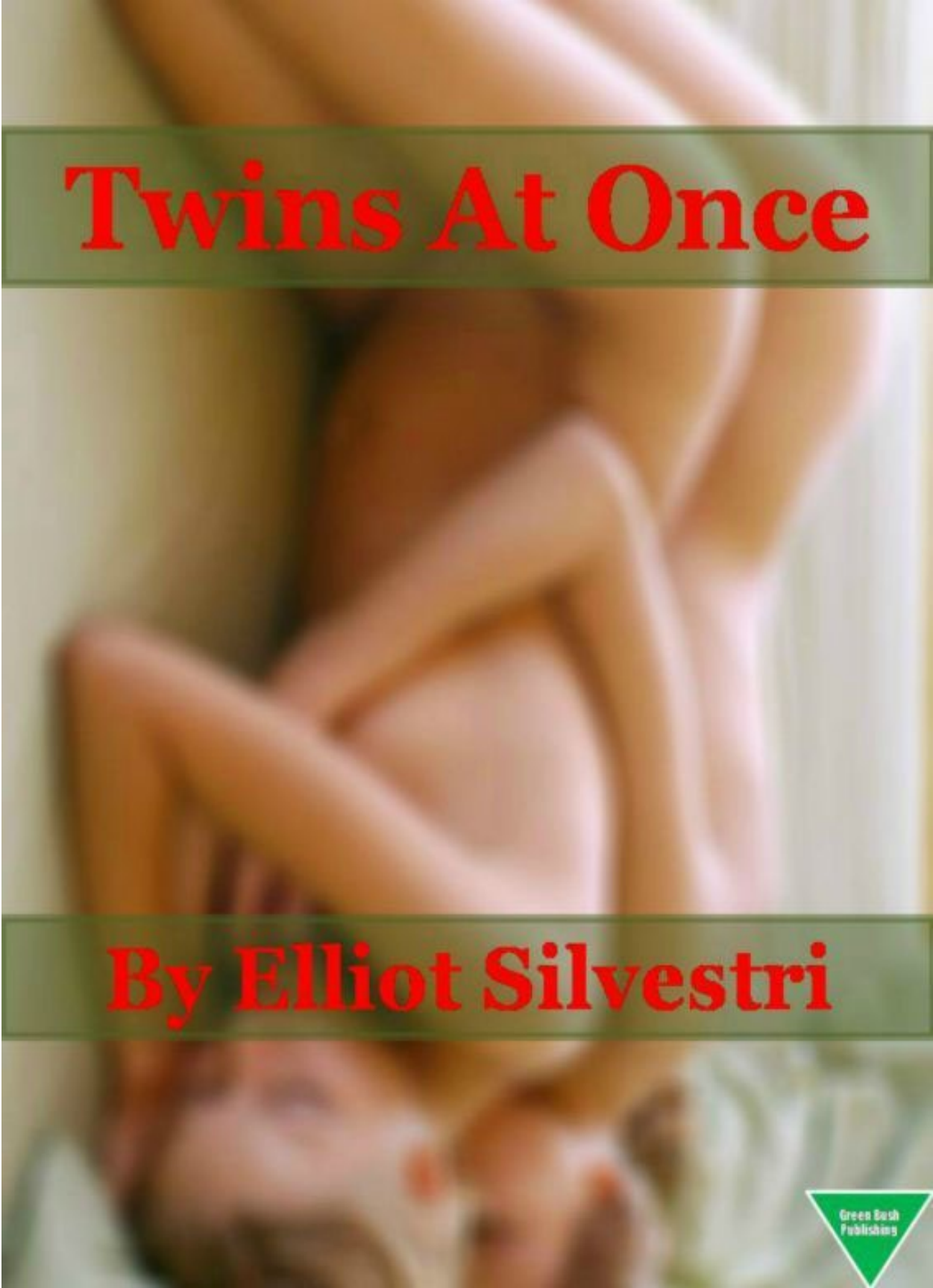
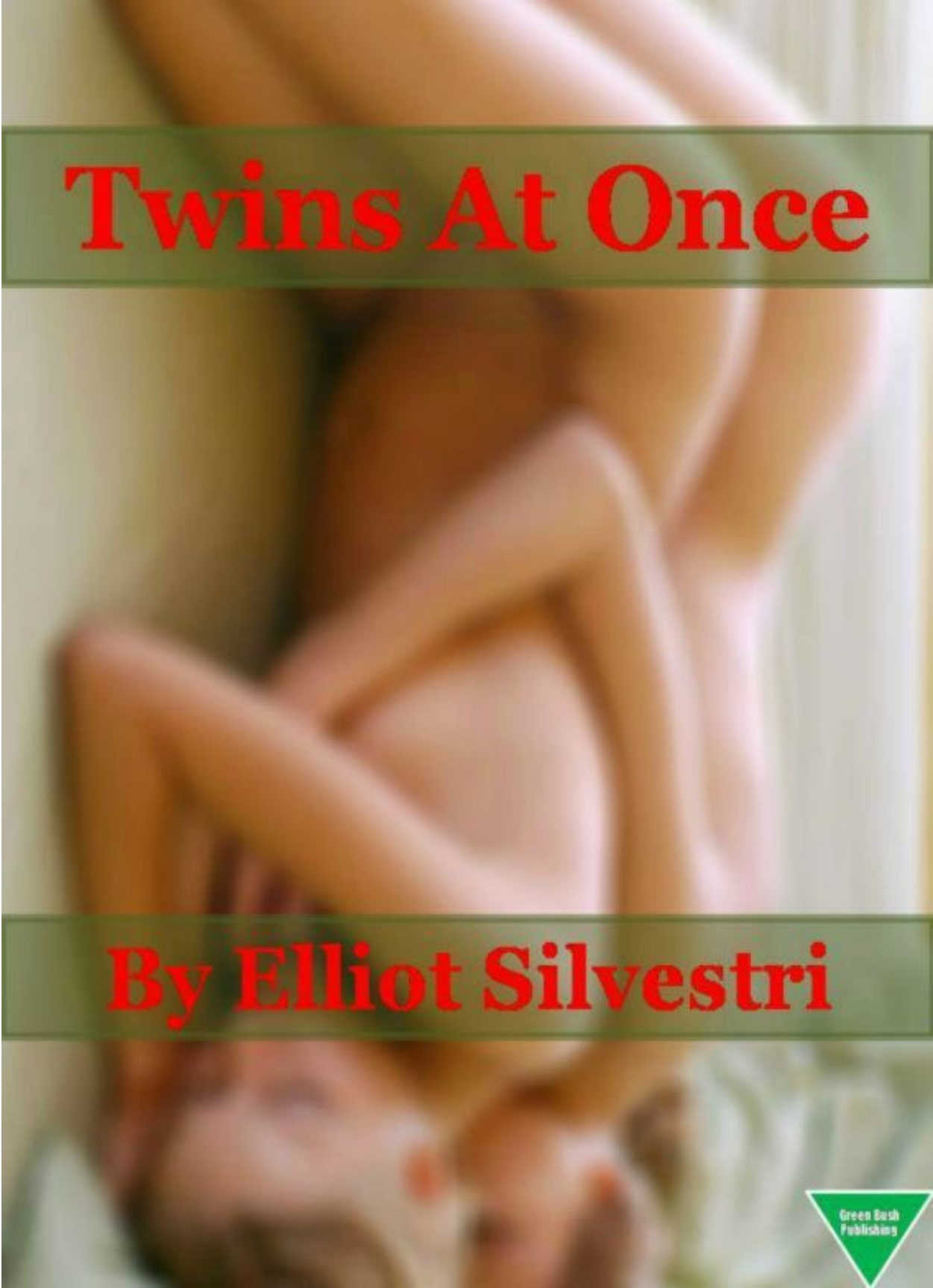




Twins At Once

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing



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Chapter One

Sabrina wandered inside the bar of the hotel. She could still watch the revelers on the patio and pool deck but the sun was too hot and bright for her. The hotel had helpfully installed a bank of windows and glass doors to line the patio and keep it separate from the bar. She welcomed the air conditioning even as the chilled air made her nipples erect and form little bulges in her swimsuit. There was no reason for concern, except for the bartender, the room was empty.

“Just water,” she said to the woman behind the bar. The middle of the day was always slow and the real action was taking place outside at the portable bars rolled out for the occasion. She hated these annual meetings that were a bigger waste of time than weekly sales meetings, but insurance managers love their meetings and PowerPoints so there was no escaping the dreariness unless one went along with the inane games that were played on the patio. Sabrina considered shuffleboard an anachronism from the nineteenth century and sunbathing a sure way to skin cancer. Being a fair-skinned blonde she spent most of her time hiding from the sun. There was one other escape. “Wait, change that water to gin and tonic.” The bartender nodded, her dark hair falling into her eyes as she changed the order.

“Little early to be drinking so hard, isn’t it?” A tall man approached from the other side of the bar. She had missed him when she had first walked in. Either he had just entered from the other side or had been hiding in the shadows. He was tall and had auburn hair, boyish freckles were scattered across his cheeks though he was certainly well into his thirties—he was no boy.

“It’s never too early with this crowd,” she complained. It was just past one in the afternoon. The second set of training sessions were in an hour. Lunch was winding down. It was time to start drinking. His gaze briefly traveled over her body. At first she had a brief flash of embarrassment because she knew he could clearly see the evidence her hard nipples even with the protection of her modest red one-piece suit. She wished she had thought to pull on a robe or wrap of some sort. Then Sabrina took a second look at him and changed her wish to be wearing something a little more revealing.

“I know,” he agreed. She jumped. For just a moment she thought he was referring to her silent wish. “You here for the insurance adjusters training as well?” He was wearing a green polo shirt and a very plain swimsuit. She was barefoot compared to his sandals.

“Yes. Two more days of this,” she sighed in mock exasperation. “I’d actually rather be back in the office.”

“Oh really,” he said doubtfully.

She grimaced. “I burn easily. The morning trainer wanted to have class outside on the patio.”

“You’re very blonde,” he told her. “Your coloring, that is. I’m certain your skin has no bearing on your intelligence. Or wit. Though it does compliment your beauty.”

She blushed just a bit at the compliment. “Careful,” she warned him as she took a healthy sip of the drink placed in front of her by the bartender. “Keep talking like that and someone will think you’re hitting on me. Or that you’re drunk.”

“Or maybe both,” he said. Now she noticed a few of the tell-tale signs he had been drinking well before her. His words were slightly off, his eyes were glazed, and he looked a bit unsteady on his feet. She glanced at where he had been walking from; the bathroom sign was prominent.

“He’s been here since before lunch,” the bartender confirmed for her when Sabrina looked at the tender with an arched eyebrow. “Nice guy. Good tipper.”

“Sam,” he said holding out his hand. “My morning training was on something so unimportant I let halfway through and didn’t go back.”

She shook his hand. “I wish I had the guts to do that. Sabrina, by the way. My friends call me Rina.”

“Can I call you Rina?” he asked with a crooked smile.

“We’ll see,” she said. “Why aren’t you outside with the crowd?” she asked. “Training is over and lunch is free.”

“Same reason as you. I can’t stand the heat and sun.”

“Oh really?” she took another drink. He was handsome enough...and she was horny enough. Maybe she’d make them both skip their afternoon training.

He ran his hands through his slightly too long hair. “I used to be a redhead. It faded in my old age.”

“You hardly look old,” she said.

“Old enough to have disappointed my parents by failing to give them a daughter-in-law or grandchild yet.”

She made a face and took another swig of her gin and tonic. “Ugh. Don’t talk to me about parents and their wishes for grandkids.”

He laughed. “What should be talk about?”

Sabrina tried to remember what her afternoon training was for. “Insurance risk and fire protection.”

“I like to take risks,” Sam said with a knowing wink. “And I always come with protection.”

“Really?Because I like risks as well.”

Ten minutes later they were upstairs in her too-small hotel room. The moment the door closed behind them Sam pushed her up against the wall and kissed her fiercely. She opened her mouth and accepted his tongue. He moved quickly, pushing the straps of her suit off her shoulders and then peeling it off her body as he kissed his way down her skin. It was always strange getting naked with someone new for the first time. Sabrina wasn’t terribly shy and she knew her breasts were impressive enough, though she was somewhat self-conscious of her slightly bulging tummy and the tiny bits of cellulite on her thighs. Sam didn’t seem to notice any of that. He simply buried his face in the blond hairs that covered her crotch, inhaled her pussy’s scent and licked at her clit.

Sabrina shivered. What he did felt wonderful. It was at moment like this that she wishes she was more daring. Abruptly he backed off. “You said you liked risks,” Sam said from his kneeling position on the floor.

“Yeah,” she replied absently. Her nipples were still erect and her waters were starting to flow in her pussy.

“But you don’t have any tattoos or body piercings. You don’t shave your pussy. I’m a little disappointed...unless you have a tattoo on your ass.” He half-turned her body to inspect her curvy ass that had a little too much padding. “Nope.”

That caused her to laugh in the back of her throat. “I’m too old for those things,” she said. “Or not stupid enough. Or crazy enough.” She sighed. “Does that mean you’re not going to fuck me?”

“Hell no,” he said, jumping to his feet. It only took him a moment to shuck his shirt, kick off his sandals, and pull off his swimsuit. Freckles covered his arms, chest, and shoulders. There was a scattering of light brown hair on his chest. He was in remarkably good shape for someone pushing forty. Sam’s half-erect cock poked up from a curly nest of light red pubic hair. And just like her he sported no tattoos or body piercings.

Looking at his cock she decided to reciprocate his previous compliment to her sex. Sabrina fell to her knees and took his manhood into her mouth. For just a moment she felt like a spring break college student hooking up with a complete stranger. She loved the feeling. She loved the taste of his cock in her mouth and he quickly hardened for her. There was a thrilling moment of panic that ran over her body when she realized she was going fuck in a minute. It had been how long? Three months since her three week fling with Elian?

Sam pushed her back a bit and she looked up at him with faux disappointment. “Let’s go to the bed.” He pulled her up for the three step journey, then pushed her down onto the hard mattress. There was no pause as he got on top of her and they continued making out, tongues traveling back and forth, lips exploring mouths and faces. By years of practice Sabrina opened up her legs and helped Sam get between them so he could enter her. Only as his hard member pressed against her wet slit did she come to her senses.

“Oh shit! We need a condom. Fuck!” Sam froze and pulled back.

“I don’t have any with me,” he said softly.

“Shit!” she cursed again. Just then it hit her how badly she wanted to get laid.

“I’ll eat your pussy out,” Sam added as he moved down her body slightly. He didn’t mind. Eating pussy was a way of pleasuring a woman he enjoyed almost as much as fucking her.

“No, I want cock,” she complained. “Wait!” she exclaimed and pushed him off her. She jumped up from the bed and bounced over to her purse. Sam watched. All of the right parts of her body jiggled and jumped in the right ways. She grabbed her purse from the small table in the corner, fished around inside it for a second, then triumphantly pulled out a single condom. “Always be prepared.”

“I didn’t realize you were a Boy Scout,” Sam teased her.

“Not me, but my brothers were. But this,” she said waving the rubber at him as she started to tear it open, “is actually a gift from a friend who wanted me to be safe when I was...um... having a rather torrid affair.”

“Really? Tell me more.”

“Later,” she said pulling the piece of latex free of the wrapper. She looked at his cock which had partially deflated during the distraction, gave it a few licks of her tongue and a firm sucking. It was all he needed to get fully hard. She rolled the condom on him.

“You do that like a pro,” he complimented her.

“Thanks,” she said, and then realized what he had said. “Are you calling me a slut?”

“Only in the best of ways.”

She smiled. “Good.” She got on top of him, straddled his hips, and smoothly slid her cunt down onto his cock. She sighed deeply as his flesh expanded her pussy, filling her up. “Fucking good,” she shuddered softly.

Sam reached up and held her breasts, lightly flicking her nipples. Sabrina leaned forward, rested her weight on her knees and hands on his shoulders. The sex wasn’t for him now, it was for her. Automatically her hips went up and down. He continued to tease and torment her tits. Somehow as they continued to fuck his hand went to her face and she kissed his palm, then his fingers. Only then she noticed his ring.

“Oh fucking shit, are you married?” she complained. At this point it didn’t matter, she was going to continue to fuck him, and she just didn’t believe she had missed such a detail as a wedding band.

“What? No! Why?”

She twisted the ring on his finger.

“That’s an old family ring,” he said to her, displaying the etchings on the metal. “And it’s on my right hand,” he added. “I’m not married.”

“Oh. Right.” She flushed with embarrassment. “Sorry.” She leaned forward onto him, dragging her nipples across his chest. He started to thrust his hips up into her pussy. “Oh, don’t stop doing that.”

“Is that how I make you cum?” he asked.

Sabrina shook her head and buried her face into his shoulder. “No. I need... something else.”

“What?” he asked her as he grabbed her hips and thrust faster.

Sabrina was approaching a peek but she knew she couldn’t get over the hump without some help. “More,” she moaned.

“What do you need!” he insisted.

Closing her eyes and pretending she was masturbating was the only way she could say it. “Put your finger up my ass and make me cum.”

Sam was more than willing to fulfill her wish. His long arm slid down to cup her buttock. A finger wandered around a bit, then found her bottom hole. She tensed up as he pressed his digit against her sphincter, then it slid in up to the first digit and she started to hyperventilate.

His hard thrusts upward into her combined with the finger was all that she needed. A tortured squeal of pleasure dribbled out of her mouth as her orgasm overtook her. She could feel his pulsing cock as he erupted within her but his hot semen was contained by the condom.

When they were both finished he smoothly slide his finger out of her ass and she rolled off him. "Back in a minute," he said while heading for the bathroom.

As promised he returned shortly. "We should hurry if we're going to the afternoon training," Sabrina said with a sigh but she didn't move to get off the bed.

"Are you going?" Sam asked her.

"I suppose."

She still didn't move.

"Do you want to fuck again?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied and raised her knees and opened her legs to invite him back in her embrace.

"I don't think I'm up to it right now," he said looking sadly at his flaccid cock.

"I can see that," she agreed. "How about we go to our afternoon sessions and then meet up again before dinner?"

There was a flurry of activity as they quickly showered together, dressed, and made arrangements to meet and dine together with the rest of the training institute.

Just before dinner Sabrina found herself anxiously waiting for Sam outside the banquet room. He was late and she had already waved off several invitations from acquaintances and now she was certain they were gossiping about her making her feel foolish. Finally Sam walked down the hallway with an apologetic smile. "Sorry I'm late. I was talking to my brother and I lost track of time."

"It's okay," she said even though she was annoyed. Sabrina desperately wanted to kiss him but had already decided that was bad choice here with her colleagues. "What were you talking about?"

"Brother stuff. We're pretty close."

Apparently close enough to distract him from returning to the woman who was a sure thing to get him laid again tonight, Sabrina thought. "How close?" she asked absently as they went to the dining room and waved hellos to friends.

He leaned in and whispered in her ear as they grabbed plates for the buffet. "I had to run out to buy more condoms."

Immediately she wanted to skip dinner and go back to his room. "Really?" she asked in mock surprise. "That close?"

His nod was one of false sagacity. "Yes. Intimately close."

As they moved through the line Sabrina tried to pretend her panties weren't getting moist. Dinner was grueling. She was hungry but they were forced to sit and make small talk with a group of insurance adjusters she barely knew and tonight could hardly tolerate. By pre-arranged agreement Sam left first, claiming he had a phone call to make. She waited what seemed like a respectful minute before she got up. Just before she did so dessert was announced and she made a hasty exit. "I can't be around all that rich food," she said to muffled laughter.

Upstairs she found his room and knocked lightly. The door opened and Sabrina had to restrain herself from running inside. When she laid eyes on him she only saw his naked chest and intense eyes. They embraced and kissed intensely. After a minute when they broke apart did Sabrina realize he was fully naked with a semi-hard cock.

"Isn't the woman the one who is supposed to answer the door naked?" she asked.

"I didn't want to waste any time," he said as he began unbuttoning her blouse. "You don't need this, do you?"

"Nope," she replied and helped her strip her. The clothes were left in a heap on the floor and he pulled her to the bed already turned down for the night. He was a little rougher with her than before, but she didn't mind that. The only thing on Sabrina's mind was getting a good fucking. She spied the condoms on the nightstand as they made out. She opened her legs and encouraged his cock to come to full life with her hand. "This is a little crazy," she breathed at him when he dipped his head down to suck on her tits. "I never have one-night stand near-zipless fucks."

“Oh really,” he mumbled into her soft breast.

“Yeah.” It was hard to concentrate when he nibbled on her nipples. There was a hot wire running from nip to clit and she dropped his cock to play with herself.

“Turn over on your hands and knees,” he said abruptly as he pushed off her body and knelt back.

“Doggy style?” she asked. She didn’t care about the position, she just wanted him inside her.

“Is that how you usually do it in your ass?” he asked while reaching for the condoms.

“What?” she froze, uncertain at what he was asking and implying.

“Some women like to be on their backs when doing anal,” he said conversationally. “I like it doggy style, but whatever you like is fine.”

Sabrina could only blurt out, “I’ve never done anal.”

He blinked at her. He had torn open a condom packet and was rolling it down his cock. “What?”

“I’ve never done anal,” she repeated. Sabrina felt like she was admitting she was a virgin. In a way, she thought, she was.

“Oh. I thought with the finger in the ass and everything you liked anal and I thought we’d do that first.” He held up a bottle of lube to help their play.

His disappointment was obvious to her. In that moment Sabrina realized she wasn’t opposed to anal, it was just that she had never done it before. There had always been a reason—usually the guy she was with was interested in something else—and even though she liked a finger in her ass to help make her cum the thought of something as large as an erect penis in her ass was a little too much to fathom.

But she was away from home and very horny.

“But I didn’t say I wasn’t willing to try,” she said. What followed was a series of

instructions as he positioned her and prepared her.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” she said uncertainly but didn’t let him know that. He pressed his finger to her anus; she tensed and then relaxed. She could just feel the tip of his condom covered cock resting against her ass cheek. She wondered if he kept it on because of safe sex because there was no chance she’d get pregnant with a cock in her ass. His finger went away and then came back with lube that he pushed into her ass. That was easy enough and pleasant enough.

“I think you’ve unintentionally trained your ass for anal sex with all that fingering,” Sam said with a slight chuckle.

“You think?” she asked.

“It’s nice and smooth and easy to get in your bottom.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“It’s perfectly natural.” Sam spread more lube in and around her asshole. She checked over her shoulder and saw him smearing more on his cock.

“No it’s not, really. Anal sex isn’t natural. It’s kinky.”

“I meant your anxiety,” he said.

“Oh. That.”

Sam got behind her and positioned the head of his cock at her opening. “Reach between your legs and grab me,” he instructed her. “Guide me into you.”

She did as he bade and felt his slippery latex covered manhood. He wasn’t huge or extremely long; that helped assuage her worries. Without further preparation he pressed forward. “Relax and don’t resist,” he said softly.

Sabrina had been certain it would be painful or impossible but instead after a moment’s resistance his cockhead slipped past her sphincter and he was inside.

“Oh!” she exclaimed. The first step had been simpler than she had anticipated.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No, no. It’s fine. I thought it would hurt more.”

“Does it hurt?” he asked

“No...no it doesn’t. Feels full. Feels strange, but good.” And at that moment she couldn’t believe she was getting fucked in the ass by a man she barely knew—and that it was excellent.

“I’m going to push in deeper,” he said. She felt his length penetrate her bottom, her fingers sliding along his cock as it disappeared into her ass until he was fully buried.

“Oh. Oh. Oh.” The three words were all she could manage. His cock had disappeared where it should not be and she was left cupping his balls.

“More your hand to your pussy. Jill off. It’ll make it feel even better.”

“Uh-huh,” she agreed and let her hand find her clit. She was full in her ass and her pussy was empty. It was wrong and reversed but felt wonderful like she’d never felt before. Sam started thrusting slowly. His cock going slowly in and out of her ass was strange but lovely. She could barely control her body and breathing. Jill off quickly Sabrina had an orgasm like never before—intense, almost painful, but thrilling as well. “I came,” she sobbed.

“Good, good,” Sam said soothingly, softly. “You’re very tight. Do you mind if I cum too?” They had barely been fucking two minutes and she wasn’t sure if she could stand his cock inside her much longer.

“Cum, cum,” she vocalized raggedly.

A few thrusts was all he needed. She could feel his cock pulse and force semen up and out his length, but it was entirely different from when a man came inside her. Sam’s hands had never left her hips and he remained motionless after cumming until his cock shrank down enough to easily slip out of her ass. Once he was gone Sabrina slipped forward and lay prone on the bed.

“You okay?”

“Uh-huh!” she replied enthusiastically into the bed sheets. There was a tingling thrill running over her body concentrated at her ass.

Sam went to the bathroom and she heard water running then the toilet flushed. Back in the bed he moved her over slightly and let her curl around his body.

“Wow,” she said.

“Glad you enjoyed it.”

“We’ve got to do more,” she said. “I’m still horny.”

“I thought that orgasm would have done you in.”

“Nope. It just got me started. I just want a little break first.”

They lay together for a bit then agreed to turn on the TV to watch the news for a few minutes. Before anything of consequence came on Sam’s phone rang. Sabrina listened to him talk.

“Hey Eric. Yeah. A few minutes ago.” Sam grinned at her. “No, she was a great piece of ass.”

A little surprised and annoyed at his words Sabrina slapped him sharply on the thigh.

“OW! No, she just slapped me on the leg. A little embarrassed I think. Sabrina. Yeah, she’s very pretty. Beautiful. No, in the ass.” Now Sabrina rolled her eyes and fake threatened him with her raised fist. He ignored her. “She loved it. She said she was still horny. We’ll probably fuck at least one more time tonight.” He waggled his eyebrows at her as he listened to Eric talk. She wanted to turn away and ignore him, but she was vaguely aroused at being discussed as a sexual object. After a pause Sam looked at her. “Eric wants a picture of you. Can I take one?”

“I suppose...”

“Naked?” he added.

“What?! No.”

Over the phone came a tiny voice. “How about just her pussy?”

“NO!”

“It’ll be face only, bro,” Sam said. “If you haven’t spoiled everything for me.” Pause. “Yeah. Okay. Talk to you later.” He ended the call. “Can I take a picture of your face only?” he asked. “And I apologize for my brother. He can be an ass and he liked to annoy me as well.”

“Face only,” she agreed. The picture was taken and sent on the cell. “Is there anything you two don’t discuss?”

“Not really. We share everything.”

“Uh-huh. Now I’d like you to go down on me. Make me cum hard,” she instructed. He happily did so. As Sabrina’s eyes rolled up into her head she reflected he was very good at what he did.

They spent the night together; there was no need for Sabrina to go back to her own room and bed. In the morning she was woken by Sam’s face between her thighs and that was a pleasant way to start the day. In the haze of early morning it was much easier for Sabrina to cum. Sam only had to slide his finger along her back hole in order to bring her off. The moment she was swept away with ecstasy he was on top of her, pushing his cock into her. For just a moment Sabrina panicked and thought he was bare, but then she reached down and made sure there was a condom on his prick.

“I wouldn’t do that to you,” he huffed in her ear. “I want you to trust me.”

“Uh-huh,” she replied as he kept thrusting his cock into her.

“I want to meet with you again. I want to fuck you again.”

Now she was much more agreeable. “Mmm...sounds good.”

After a night’s rest Sam didn’t need much cum either. Their fuck session was short but powerful. He came hard inside her although as much as she wanted she wasn’t able to cum again.

“That’s okay,” she assured him. “I’m pretty much spent, I think.”

He nodded. "I'm going to go shower."

Once he was inside the bathroom and the water was running Sabrina got out of bed and wandered the room. All hotel rooms are pretty much the same, she reflected. Sam's was exactly the same as her, except in mirror image with some slightly different mass produced paintings on the wall. Sam's phone vibrated on the nightstand. Out of curiosity she looked and saw it was a text message from his brother Eric. She didn't break his confidence and read the message but a wicked idea came over her and she quickly ran through the functions to find the camera.

Hurrying so she didn't get caught Sabrina quickly clicked off a few pictures of her naked breasts, then laid down on the bed and found the correct angle to photograph her ass. The water was still running as she rolled over and spread her legs. Oddly, taking a picture of her open and used snatch was the easiest of the bunch. Remembering there was a full length mirror hidden in the narrow closet Sabrina hopped off the bed and did a couple of full body mirror shots of herself.

For just a moment she considered deleting the pictures but then the water stopped and she didn't want to get caught. Turning off the camera function Sabrina put the phone back where she had found it wondering all the while how long it would take him to find her pictures.

Casually, as if sleeping with a perfect stranger was something she did every week, Sabrina walked into the bathroom where Sam was drying off. "I want your phone number before I leave," she said.

Chapter Two

It took Sam two days to text her. Sabrina wasn't surprised to find attached to his text one of the pictures of her wide open pussy.

I found this on my phone. Any idea who it belongs to?

She smiled at his coy ploy. Probably some girl you picked up in a bar and fucked.

Probably, he replied. I'd like to fuck her again.

That could be arranged.

As it turned out they lived little more than an hour apart on opposite side of the city. Both had gone to the insurance training seminar because it had been relatively close but far enough away from their homes it was easy enough to justify to their companies the expense of the overnight stay.

Over the next few days Sabrina and Sam texted back and forth. Some information about their lives and jobs, but mostly it was playful sex banter. If they had been younger they would have happily used the term sexting each other, but they weren't that young and they weren't old enough to eschew the use of cell phones and texting as a primary method of communication.

They met early Friday evening for drinks and dinner. Drinks were kept short, dinner was practically forgotten right after Sam said, "I'd like to take you back to my place and fuck you until you pass out."

Sabrina had just put a bite of eggroll in her mouth and desperately wanted to reply. Chewing gave her a moment's thoughts. "You certainly know how to charm a girl."

His gaze didn't break with her sapphire blue eyes for a second. "I know what I want. Am I right about what you want?"

She thought about the package of condoms in her purse along with the tube of

lube. “You’re right about what you want,” she said. “You’ll have to get me back to your house to find out what I want.”

“Can’t I just ask what you want?”

“You can when you get me in your bed.”

His house turned out to be one side of a duplex in the middle of old suburbia. “Just half of who I am,” he said gesturing to the entire structure as they strode up the walk. Once inside Sabrina didn’t let him get beyond the entry hall before she was all over him. Sam was happy to kiss and grope her body. He managed to get her shirt off before she stopped him. “Okay, I was kidding before. I want you to fuck me in the ass again.”

“Just in the ass?”

“For now,” she teased.

He stepped back from her. “Take off your clothes,” he ordered.

Sabrina paused for a moment, then realized she was just delaying the inevitable—and delaying what she wanted. It only took her fifteen seconds to unzip her skirt and drop it to the floor, kick off her shoes, reach behind her back and unhook her pink bra and drop that on top of her skirt. Her modest pink bikini underwear was her last line of defense. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband and looked up at Sam. He was watching her with a smirk on his face. That should have annoyed her, instead it turned her on. She liked the thought of being naked when he was fully clothed and ready to fuck her. Off came her panties and she shoved them with her foot next to the small pile of clothes.

Sam’s eyes roamed up and down her body. She leaned back against the wall and tried to adopt a casual attitude. It wasn’t surprising his gaze locked on her crotch; careful shaving had shaped her blond curls into a simple, small, and neat triangle. Going the extra distance Sabrina had even trimmed the length of her pubes to show some pride in her intimate grooming.

“You’ve shaved for me,” he said.

“Yes,” she said steadily. “Do you like it?” she asked with a half-gesture at her pussy.

“Turn around, let me see your ass.” He didn’t answer the question.

Sabrina obeyed and arched her back a bit, pushing her slightly too large buttocks out at him.

“Very good. Up the stairs and first room on the right. I’ll be there in a moment.”

There was no reason to pick up her clothes she reasoned. Climbing the stairs alone she saw him disappear around the corner, presumably to the kitchen. This disappointed her, she wanted Sam to follow her upstairs and watch her ass as it jiggled up the steps.

The bedroom was almost too generic. Queen sized bed with a heavy wooden frame, dresser and small table, an almost too large TV bolted to the wall. For a moment she wondered what to do: get in bed or just wait for him. Thinking about how he would shortly fuck her Sabrina silently cursed. She had left her condoms and lube in her purse which was locked outside in her car. Sabrina padded over to the window and spied her car parked in the driveway. It seemed like a world away.

“Ever given a lover complete control of your body?” Sam asked her. He had appeared while she was berating herself over such a stupid thing.”

“What?” she said, startled. “No. Why?” The she looked at his hands. He was carrying a pair of leather straps and what she first thought were dog collars, but then she realized they were bondage restraints for her. “Oh.”

“If you don’t mind I’d like you to get on the bed on your hands and knees. Then I want to put these manacles on you and attach the restraints to the bed. Just your wrists. You’ll be able to move a little bit, but I’ll be in complete control.”

Her pussy moistened even though that wasn’t where she wanted his cock. “Oh. Wow. It’s a bad idea to get tied up on the first date, isn’t it?” she asked. “I mean, what if you’re a serial killer or some pervert who likes to use women as his sexual playthings until they’re too exhausted to do anything but say yes to his every suggestion?” she smiled.

He moved close to her, tossed the straps and one cuff to the bed. “I’m not a serial killer,” he promised her. “But I am a pervert who likes to use women as his sexual playthings until they’re too exhausted to do anything but say yes.” He

picked up her right wrist, wrapped the cuff around it, and buckled it in place.

“Oh good,” Sabrina replied. “I was hoping for that sort of date tonight.”

The process was repeated with her other wrist and then Sam led her to the bed. “I’m glad you want to do this,” he said. “It’s hard to find a girl willing to be tied up.”

“I had a boyfriend a few years ago into bondage,” she told him.

“Really? Now I’m curious about your past.”

She shrugged. “He was the one he who liked to be tied up, actually. He only did it to me a couple of times. We broke up.”

“Because of the bondage thing?”

“No, other stuff. I mean, maybe it would have worked out if he had been more willing to tie me up.” She gave him a wicked grin.

“Okay then. Just to show you I’m not some crazed sex fiend intent on making you my slave, you’ll notice the cuffs aren’t actually locked on your wrists. They work like regular buckles. If I pass out or leave you tied up here, you can use your teeth to loosen the straps and free yourself.”

“Okay...” now that he had said it, Sabrina wondered if he was some sex maniac. That didn’t prompt her to speak up or resist when he hooked the straps to the D-rings on her cuffs, positioned her on hands and knees on the bed facing the footboard, then proceeded to lock the straps to the bed’s substantial corner posts. The bed wasn’t obviously built as a sex toy, but it had probably been purchased as such.

When everything was in place Sabrina felt oddly vulnerable...and aroused. She was naked on a bed, her arms restrained and her ass in the air. Sam was fully clothed and admiring her body and his handiwork. The straps were long enough that she had some freedom of movement, but were short enough that her hands couldn’t reach each other effectively trapping her. Sabrina never considered herself especially attractive but this moment she did.

“Do you want a blindfold?” he asked as he brushed her short, straight hair out of

her eyes, tucking the locks behind her ears. Sabrina could never decide if she wanted long hair or extremely short hair and always wound up splitting the difference to her great dissatisfaction.

“No.”

He moved to the side of the bed and slowly stripped down to his underwear. Sabrina watched him out of the corner of her eye, not knowing if it was allowable to watch him. From the nightstand he pulled out a package of condoms along with a bottle of lube. “You’re a brave girl,” Sam said walking around to the foot of the bed. “You like sucking cock?”

“Uh-huh,” she answered. He pulled down his boxers and presented his semi-stiff manhood to her mouth. She opened and eagerly sucked knowing all the while what he intended to do.

“You’re good at that. I bet you have a quite a history you’re keeping secret. You like anal. You like being tied up. You’ve tied up a boyfriend. I bet there are all sorts of things you’ve done and even more you want to try. Am I right?”

Sabrina looked up at him, his cock now rigid in her mouth. Her eyes promised many secrets but she wasn’t telling them yet. He pulled out of her mouth. “Yes,” was all she said.

Now fully erect he picked up a condom and rolled it onto his cock. He went around the side of the bed and ran his hand down her back as he moved. “You’re going to love this.” A shiver of fear and anticipation ran down her spine. The mattress shifted as he got on the bed behind her and then lightly touched her anus. Only through strong willpower was she able to keep her cheeks from clenching under his touch. The finger went away and then returned, this time smearing a daub of lube on her. It went away again and once again returned, this time pushing the lube inside. Almost as if it had its own will, her ass opened up to his finger. “Very good,” he complimented her.

Then his cockhead was pressing against her bottom. She took in a deep breath, blew it out, and relaxed as he breached her ass.

“Oh.” Her word was small and quiet but it spoke more loudly than a scream. She pushed back onto his cock wanting to feel his girth fill her.

Sam's hands rested on her upturned buttocks, holding her still. "Let me do the work," he said as he forced himself deeper inside. She sighed with relief when he was all the way in, gasped a little when he pulled back, then sighed again as he pushed forward and set up a slow rhythm. He pulled back and thrust back in with each sentence he spoke. "It wasn't so many years ago that when a woman had an orgasm it was considered an aberration. Then, slowly, it was accepted that women could have orgasms, but only from vaginal sex. An orgasm from the cock in the pussy was considered a 'mature' orgasm. If she needed clitoral stimulation it was an 'immature' orgasm. Of course, we know now that all female orgasms are clitoral in nature. Different women need different stimuli to cum. Some women need a three hundred horsepower vibrator applied directly to the clit to cum. Other women can cum from simple nipple stimulation. Certain people are surprised that women can orgasm from anal sex alone. They shouldn't be. The anus is full of nerve endings that stimulate the pleasure centers, isn't that right, Rina?"

"Yesss," she moaned. His talking had distracted her. Her ass felt full and wonderful but then she realized her tits and pussy weren't being stimulated at all. He was only using her for her ass. And Sabrina realized she didn't mind at all.

"You like having your ass fucked, don't you?"

"Yes."

"When did you first discover you liked anal play?" He was surprisingly calm and collected considering the situation.

"College. Boyfriend put a finger up my ass when he went down on me." Sabrina pulled on her restraints and discovered they were strong and short enough to prevent her from reaching down to her tits to play with her nipples.

"You want me to cum in your ass, don't you?"

There was no doubt to her answer. "Yes. Please." She almost whined.

"Soon," he promised and pulled back her hair. They fell into a steady rhythm. Sabrina couldn't believe he was doing this to her and that her body was thrilled at the treatment. Then the unmistakable signals of her approaching orgasm started. Her nipples contracted and her breathing became ragged. Her head dropped down, her hair swung into her eyes. Her pussy got incredibly hot and

she could feel her juices slowly seeping out from between her legs. Then it happened: her legs shook, a loud cry escaped her lips, she could barely stay on her knees, she desperately wanted to clutch Sam's flesh but had to settle for grasping at the sheets; the orgasm spread quickly through her body originating from her ass and taking over her whole body. She didn't know how long it lasted, but every moment was pure bliss.

Just as she started coming down from the high her body had gifted her Sabrina felt Sam's cock pulsing in her ass. He grunted with his orgasm. For a moment she wished he wasn't wearing a condom; she wanted to feel the splash of his seed in her ass. A few more grunts signaled each pulse of his cock and eventually he drove Sabrina off her hands and knees to lay prone on the mattress. They lay together and breathed. Sam's cock slowly shrank and when he slipped out from her ass he knelt up and headed for the bathroom but did not bother to release her. Sabrina was left alone to contemplate what had been done to her and how much she had enjoyed it.

It seemed she was alone for a very long time. She could hear Sam just down the hall running water and moving about. He seemed to be in no hurry and all she wished was for him to return to her...for what? To fuck her again? To release her? To give her the opportunity to degrade herself further...something that appealed to her even though she didn't want to admit it.

It was far too long before Sam returned. She felt him enter the room, but she was too tired to raise her head and talk to him. "Tired?" he asked when he walked back in.

"Mmm."

"You're beautiful when you scream during orgasm."

I screamed? she thought.

"Want to spend the night?"

Her body had made that decision already. Her eyelids were heavy and her limbs didn't want to move. Sam released the straps attached to her cuffs and turned her body around to rest her head on the pillows. Strangely, he didn't remove the cuffs, but that didn't bother Sabrina as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Three

She woke up with Sam's arm thrown over her body with his hand lightly cupping her breast. Her cuffs were still on and she woke up horny. His morningwood was pressing against her buttock, and that was all the invitation she needed.

Sabrina lifted up her knee and put a hand down to her pussy. She was already wet, but she knew that. Reaching over her hip she found his cock and repositioned herself to slip his rigid member into her cunt. She sighed deeply as it filled her up. Straight sex was different from anal, she reflected. Not better, but different, more common and comforting. Anal sex was for a mind-blowing experience.

Sam spoke, startling her. "Good morning."

"Oh, I didn't know you were awake!"

He chuckled. "It would be surprising to not be awake and fucking you."

"Umm. Good." He was fucking her now. His cock slipping in and out of her pussy. Her hand strayed down to her clit and she absently started jilling herself. Then she realized he wasn't wearing a condom and that was entirely her fault.

"Oh shit, don't cum in me," she complained but didn't want him to stop fucking her either.

"I won't cum in you," he promised. "I have something special planned for you."

"Uh-huh." His words were lost on her as Sabrina anxiously frigged herself until a mild orgasm washed over her. "Oh, that's the way to start the day."

Showing great care, Sam pulled out of her pussy. She looked over her shoulder at him and asked, "Would you like me to give you a blowjob?"

"No. I don't want to cum yet. We're going to do something special first." His cock was large, red, and wet from her pussy. Sabrina honestly felt sorry for him.

“Are you sure.”

His grin promised a hidden secret to be revealed. “Oh, I’m positive. I’m going to take a shower. You can take off your cuffs and join me if you want.” He got up and left the bedroom. Sabrina took her time, first removing the cuffs and placing them on the nightstand. They weren’t new, they’d been used before, that was obvious to her. But by who? Sabrina resisted the temptation to snoop for just a minute, then quickly rifled through his dresser and nightstand drawers. She found a few books, condoms, lube, some loose change, a silver vibrator, and very little else. Lots of clothes. Nothing incriminating. Nothing special. In the closet were a few more leather straps and some other restraining devices including a leather collar. Was this what he was planning for her? Sabrina’s already damp pussy moistened a bit more.

Deciding she had already taken too long Sabrina padded down the carpeted hallway and found the bathroom. Sam was just getting out of the shower when she walked in. He looked good dripping wet. She licked her lips and wanted to fall on her knees in front of him, take his cock in her mouth and suck him off. She resisted the temptation.

“You move slowly in the morning,” he commented.

“Yeah...”

“Shower and come downstairs. I’ll make you breakfast.” He left and she used the toilet, emptying her overfull bladder, then quickly bathed herself. Only after grabbing a towel and drying herself off did she realize she had no clothes to put on. Out in her car was a t-shirt and sweats, but those weren’t immediately accessible. Wrapping the towel around herself she went back to his bedroom, opened the closet, pulled out one of his dress shirts—a deep green Oxford button-down—and slipped it on. Feeling naughty she only fastened two of the buttons in the middle, leaving it mostly open, and rolled up the sleeves. No need for panties or anything on her bottom, she rationalized. Out in the hallway she pondered opening the three other doors to the hallway, but restrained herself and followed the scent of breakfast downstairs.

Sam was scrambling eggs. The coffee was already made. A carton of orange juice was on the breakfast bar. “Care for some toast?” He glanced at her and smiled. “You look good in my clothes.” He was wearing a gray t-shirt and jeans.

“Thank you. Mine seem to have disappeared.”

He poured her some coffee. “Sugar, cream,” he indicated on the counter. “And you don’t need to button that.”

With a smile Sabrina opened the shirt just enough to expose her breasts. The hemline barely came down low enough to cover her crotch. “Think I’ll find something to wear today?”

“You won’t need anything for a while,” he told her putting eggs and toast on a plate on the counter. Sabrina perched herself on one of the tall stools and made sure the shirt was open just enough for Sam to admire her nipples.

“When do I get to wear clothes again?” She took a bite. “And you can cook!”

“Just breakfast foods. And later today.”

“Where’s my stuff from last night.”

“You’ll get them back later,” he promised.

“Naughty boy.”

Sam smiled. Somewhere in the house they heard a door open. “Hey!” a voice called out and footsteps sounded in the entryway.

“In here,” Sam called. Self-consciously Sabrina pulled her borrowed shirt closed but Sam brushed her hands away from the buttons.

“What’s up, dude?” the intruder said to Sam. “This her?”

Sabrina wheeled around on the stool and almost did a double take. The man who had entered the kitchen could have been Sam’s twin. He had the same auburn hair cut a little too long, sparkling green eyes, athletic build, and hints of crow’s feet just starting to form in the corner of his eyes. Then she realized he was Sam’s twin.

“Rina, this is Eric, my brother,” Sam introduced them.

She held out her right hand politely and used her left to keep her shirt closed. He

shook her hand and all but leered at her.

“You don’t have to do that,” Eric said. His voice was almost exactly like his twin’s. There were differences between the two, slight as they were, but they weren’t exactly alike. Eric was wearing jeans and a black t-shirt.

“Do what?” she asked. Her legs were crossed so she was fairly sure he couldn’t see anything more intimate.

“Hold your shirt closed.” He accepted a plate of eggs and toast from Sam. “I’ve seen your pictures.”

Sabrina blushed bright red. “Oh jeez,” she said. Then she turned on Sam. “I thought you were going to keep those private!”

He shrugged. “Eric’s my brother. Like I said, we share everything.”

“You didn’t!” The two of them grinned like idiots at each other. There was little Sabrina could do about it at the moment.

“You’re even better looking in person,” Eric told her.

“Thanks.” Her voice was dripping with sarcasm. “You didn’t tell me you were a twin,” she said to Sam.

“You didn’t ask.”

“That’s not something I normally ask people.”

“Does it matter?” Eric asked.

Sabrina shook her bangs out of her eyes. “I suppose not.” Her eyes narrowed at Eric. “Do you come over for breakfast with your brother every Saturday morning?”

“No, not always. But I knew he was cooking, so I decided to show up.”

“Uh-huh. And where do you live?” She took a bite of toast.

“Next door.”

That made Sabrina stop chewing. She swallowed hard. “Really?”

Sam spoke. “I told you we were close. He owns the other half of the duplex.”

“We share pretty much everything,” Eric said.

“That’s true,” Sam agreed. “Everything.” The way he stressed the word left no doubt to the interpretation he meant.

Both men looked at her with level gazes. She finished her eggs as she contemplated what she was being told. “Is that so?” she finally asked.

Sam spoke. “Yes.”

Sabrina’s eyes locked onto Sam. “And you’re just offering me to your brother as a sex toy?”

His answer wasn’t exactly what she was expecting. “Oh. No, not precisely. I’m offering you the chance to have sex with two men at the same time. Ever been in a three-way before?”

“Ummm...no. I’ve never done two guys.”

Sam leaned in. “Want to?”

Sabrina learned to her delight that the answer was yes. It had only been a few days since she had tried anal for the first time, so why not try two guys at once, especially if they were both as handsome as her new paramour.

“Why not?” she answered.

Sam stepped around the breakfast bar, stood her up, and removed her shirt. She stood naked in front of them both and tried not be self-conscious. Eric grabbed her hand and led her upstairs to the bedroom. Sam followed admiring her ass.

“You two share everything?” Sabrina asked as she got onto the bed.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Eric told her.

As she complied Sam answered her question. “Pretty much. I can’t think of anything important we’ve done that we haven’t shared in one way or another.”

“Twins are often like that,” Eric added as the brothers stripped. She watched Eric. His body was nearly the same as his brother’s. Not exactly, but at a quick glance she wouldn’t be able to tell the difference.

“And now I’m something you have to share?” Eric’s cock was already erect. He grabbed her hips and moved Sabrina to the middle of the bed, her hands near the opposite side of the mattress. Sam walked around to that side as his cock steadily grew.

“Yes,” Sam said, “if you want to continue seeing me. We share everything.”

A thought occurred to her. “I’m not the first woman you two have had at the same time, am I?”

Both laughed. Eric answered. “I think you’re something like number fifteen.” He picked up the box of condoms from the nightstand and looked at the lube. “You used the cuffs on her last night? Nice. Does she need lube?” he asked Sam.

“I had her ass last night,” Sam answered.

“Right.Forgot.” Eric’s hand went between her legs. Sabrina jumped a little bit at being touched so intimately by someone she had just met five minutes ago, but Sam’s cock was only a few inches from her face so she focused on that. “She’s wet.”

“She liked to get fucked,” Sam commented. “Use a condom.”

“Of course.”

Sam took her face in his hands. She licked her lips and looked up at him. How had she gotten on her hands and knees again, Eric behind her ready to fuck her doggy style while Sam was standing in front of her at the edge of the bed ready for the blowjob she had earlier offered? “Are you ready for this?” he asked her kindly. “You can back out if you want.”

The implied penalty was that if she said no, Sam wouldn’t be seeing her again. “I’m ready. I want to do this,” she said the words with conviction she didn’t feel.

“Good.” He pressed his cock to her lips. She opened up and accepted his manhood into her mouth. Behind her Eric shifted his position. His cock pressed

up against her pussy. By arching her back just a bit it was easy to let him slip right in. His cock felt remarkably like his brothers.

“Oh, she had a nice tight twat, doesn’t she?” Eric asked.

“Mm-hmm,” Sam agreed as he watched Sabrina’s face go up and down on his cock. “Is it okay if I cum in your mouth?” he asked her. Without removing her mouth from his prick she nodded. “Good, good.”

It was strange to be both receiving and giving sex at the same time, Sabrina reflected. Was she being used as a sex object, or was she an active participant. Was she just a prop for the two brothers? Having two cocks at the same time was incredible experience she then realized. Why hadn’t she tried this before?

So distracted by the sensations of getting double-teamed it was a surprise when she tasted the salty eruption of Sam’s spunk in her mouth. With some effort she swallowed the first spurt. The second eruption came quickly but she was ready this time and easily handled his load. There were a few more spurts and each was swallowed handily.

“Oh, fuck, she’s good, Sam.”

“Told you.”

Sam pulled his cock from her mouth. It was wet and sticky, but that was okay because Eric’s cock was going in and out so rapidly now she needed her mouth empty to breathe properly.

“How do I make her cum first?”

“Put your finger in her ass.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. She loves it.”

Sam stepped back and watched his brother fuck his newest girlfriend. It was something he had seen before with other women, but it was always a pleasant moment to see his twin sharing a girl for the first time. He leaned against the wall and watched. Sabrina’s head dropped down as her breaths came more

rapidly and her eyes glazed over. All Eric had to do was press his finger against Sabrina's anus and she mewled in pain and pleasure. Her pussy clamped down on his cock as she came. A moment later Eric shot off his load into her pussy. In a way Sabrina felt cheated because she wanted the intense sensation of hot semen in her pussy. But two guys at once was good too.

"It's like just touching her backdoor makes her cum," Sam commented.

"Wow. No shit," Eric said and pulled out of Sabrina's pussy while keeping his hand on the condom so it didn't slip off. "You are an excellent lay, Rina," he complimented her.

"Thanks," she mumbled into the mattress. She was exhausted, but an excellent form of exhaustion. And perhaps best of all her horniness had abated. Sam got on the bed with her and pressed his body against hers.

"You good?" he asked.

"Wow," was all she said. "Wow."

"A little intense?"

She nodded.

"I'm glad you didn't run away when my brother came in. If I can't share a woman with him...well, I won't stay with that woman."

"Wow," she said again.

Sam chuckled at her reaction. "So then, you want to stay with me for a while?"

Sabrina nodded again.

"Good."

Eric returned from the bathroom and started dressing. Sabrina watched as his skin disappeared under his clothing. Naked the two were even more alike. Sex with twins was like getting laid from the same guy twice at the same time.

"Gotta go, bro," he said.

“Running off so soon?” Sam asked. “Give her a minute or two and Sabrina will be ready for another go.”

Eric laughed. “Yeah, she’s almost as passed out as a freshman at her first frat party. Anyway, I’ve got to get back to the wife. We’ve got that thing with her parents tonight.”

“Right.Later. Give Emily a kiss for me.”

It took Sabrina a minute to process what Eric had said. “Wait. He’s married?

Chapter Four

Meeting Emily wasn't nearly as awkward as Sabrina had imagined.

"It's just a family dinner," Sam explained to her.

"Yeah...it's you and your brother—your twin brother—and his wife. And she's knows I fucked him!"

"Yeah? So?"

Sabrina hesitated answering his barely spoken question. "So...I just a can't face the woman that I cheated on with her husband. Call me old fashioned."

"Okay, Old Fashioned. She doesn't care. Really."

"And how do you know that?"

Now it was time for Sam to look away briefly before picking up her hand to give his answer. "Because Eric's banged other women with me. And Emily knows. It's not stuff we hide from her, Eric and I. Like I said, we share everything."

Sabrina tried to remember to keep breathing. It was the answer she knew he was going to give, but even knowing the answer and knowing how that would make her feel, she was still shocked. That prevented her from asking the next question she knew she needed to voice, but couldn't. "Okay, okay, fine. But can you give her a warning that I don't want to start the evening with all sort s of sex talk and long stories about how you and your brother do what you two do."

Sam laughed lightly. "You'll have to get used to it."

"Why?" she asked sulkily.

"Don't you want to be my girlfriend?"

She did, but now wasn't the time to admit it. Sam was handsome and charming and polite and attentive...and a little kinky. She liked all of that. She wanted to

be his girlfriend.

“Yes.”

And so a little less than a week later Sabrina found herself ringing the bell to Eric’s side of the duplex. One of the twins answered the door and immediately she froze. While she liked to think that after a month of wild dating and sex she knew Sam’s face well enough, but when put on the spot she really couldn’t tell the two apart. Her eyes narrowed when he opened the door and said nothing. Then she saw there were perhaps two less tiny wrinkles in the corner of his left eye—or maybe she was just guessing. “Hi, Eric,” she greeted him.

“Very good, Rina,” he complimented her. She was a little uncomfortable with Eric using her familiar name, but then again it wasn’t so long ago his cock was inside her. He was wearing a gray t-shirt and jeans. She suddenly felt overdressed in her simple floral patterned dress. “But I think it took you a moment too long.”

“I’m still getting used to the twin thing.”

“It takes a while,” he conceded. “Come in and meet Emily. Sam’s waiting for you.”

Before she stepped into the house Sabrina presented her gifts. “I brought brownies for dessert. And wine. For dessert...or dinner...or before.” She hadn’t even met Emily and was already too nervous to walk forward.

Eric grinned. “Chocolate chips in the brownies?”

She nodded. “Just like Sam told me he likes.”

“And I like them that way too.” He all but grabbed the brownies away from her and beckoned her inside. “We have a lot of the same tastes.”

“I’m not surprised,” she said after taking a deep breath and then following him inside.

His side of the house was a mirror image of Sam’s. Everything was backwards and that disoriented her until she found the kitchen where Sam and Emily were waiting. Sam was sitting at the breakfast bar eating chips and salsa, Emily was at

the stove cooking. “She’s finally here,” Eric announced. Once she saw Sam she was certain she had correctly distinguished between the twins. He greeted her with a kiss and took the bottle of wine.

It was Emily who surprised her. She wasn’t angry. She wasn’t upset. She seemed perfectly nice and normal.

When Emily turned around Sabrina was a bit shocked. Emily was nice and normal looking...and it was almost as if she were looking in a mirror. Emily was tall, but not too tall, pretty, with pale skin and straight blond hair that just fell to the nape of her neck. She had blue eyes and just a scattering of freckles across her nose and cheeks. She wore a modest skirt and shirt but her hidden breasts seemed to be the same size as Sabrina’s. She was even the same height within an inch at most.

“Hi!” she said a bit too happily. Emily reached in for a hug and gave Sabrina a kiss on the cheek. It was as if she didn’t know Sabrina had had sex with her husband. Or that she didn’t care. It was just a normal Saturday night dinner with two brothers. “I’m so glad to meet you!”

The brothers obviously had very similar tastes in women. Sabrina realized that she wasn’t Emily’s twin—though they held many of the same attributes it was nearly impossible to mistake one of the other—but she still felt like she was in the middle of some weird sci-fi movie.

Dinner was surprisingly mundane. They talked about work. They talked about politics. They talked about nothing of consequence. The wine was opened and the group wound up drinking three bottles. Sabrina’s head was slightly dizzy and she realized too late she shouldn’t have drunk so much.

“How long have you two been married?” Sabrina found herself saying to Emily.

“Almost two years now,” Emily answered.

“Wow. How long have you been...um...together?”

“About four years, right Eric?”

“Yup,” her husband confirmed.

“And how old are you?” Sabrina asked. She knew she was drunk and had lost control of her tongue, but that didn’t matter now, she needed to know.

“Turned thirty six a month ago.”

“I’m thirty seven,” Sabrina offered. “So...why’d you marry him?”

The twins were listening to their conversation but were keeping out of the way. Both had their lop-sided smiles on, the one that when Sam used alternately amused and annoyed Sabrina.

“You mean besides being in love with him?”

“Yeah. Setting aside all the usual love bullshit and he’s so nice to me stuff, why’d you marry a twin? Didn’t you know what you were getting into?” The question was there, but she hadn’t really voiced it yet.

“Of course I knew what I was getting into. I married Eric—we met when his company needed some specialty printing done.” Emily worked for a local printing company that did high quality art prints. “He charmed me and I fell in love with him. And I met Sam and I knew they were a package. Sam was our best man at the wedding, don’t you know.”

“Didn’t know,” Sabrina confirmed.

“But that’s not what you’re asking,” Emily said.

“What?”

“You want to know what my relationship with Sam is, don’t you?”

“Uh...” It was exactly what she wanted to know, but she couldn’t say that.

“One month,” Emily said.

“Huh?”

“I fucked Sam for the first time a month after Eric and I first had sex,” Emily explained.

“Oh.” A wave of jealousy rolled through Sabrina. She tried to push it aside

because that had happened more than four years ago.

“I like group sex,” Emily went on to say.

The twins laughed a bit at that statement. Emily kept her gaze focused on Sabrina. She wasn’t distracted by her husband or his brother.

“What?”

“I like group sex. Ménage a trios. Orgies. Gang bangs. Pulling trains.” She pulled up short. “Well, maybe not that extreme.”

“Oh.” Sabrina sat there shocked.

Emily glanced from Sam to Eric and back. “Can we just dispense with the bullshit?” she asked them.

Eric waved his hand. “Sure!”

“I like group scenes,” Emily explained again. “When I found out that Eric had a twin I knew I had to have the both of them at the same time. It was something I hadn’t tried yet.” The twins snickered. They were acting more like teenage boys than thirty seven year old men. “What I didn’t know when I asked Eric if he’d be willing to do that with his brother—I like to have one in my mouth and one in my pussy—is that they’d already done that with other girls.”

“Five other girls!” Sam nearly shouted. Eric dissolved into some drunken sniggers. His wife gifted him a sour look.

“And they made it seem like they were doing it with me as if it were the very first time they had ever done a girl together.”

The boys laughed some more.

“Wow,” was all Sabrina could say.

Emily reached across the table and took Sabrina’s paralyzed hand. “Honey, these two share everything. If you want to stay with Sam get used to that idea right now. I have to be honest with you. I had sex with Sam two days ago.”

Since she was already paralyzed Sabrina wouldn't have been shocked if her heart stopped pumping. Instead it pounded all the harder in her chest. Somehow she managed to do a half-nod.

"Don't worry, Eric knew. I like my variety. We do that, the three of us. We're happy. I'm happy—I like group sex. They're happy—they like fucking girls together. You knew that didn't you?"

Sabrina managed another half-nod.

"Three-way relationships don't last," Emily said. "We need a fourth, someone for Sam. That's you, honey. You need to realize right now that if you stay with Sam he's going to fuck me—sometimes alone. Sometimes with Eric. And Eric's going to fuck you with Sam. And sometimes Eric's going to fuck you along. I'm good with that. Are you?"

Everyone was staring at her. She opened her mouth to speak and couldn't. She cleared her throat, took a sip of wine, then drained her glass. "Wow. I think I am."

The serious expression on Emily's face since she started her long speech and inquisition vanished. "Excellent! Wonderful! We're all a little drunk. I say, to hell with the dishes. Let's go upstairs and fuck."

The twins were on their feet in an instant. Emily stood up as well. Sabrina knew everything depended on her. Sam and Eric helped her to her feet. Emily walked around the table, slipped her arm around Sabrina's waist and led the slightly drunk girl to the stairs. "Trust me, you're going to love this. But then, you've already sampled Eric's cock haven't you?"

"Yes." She blushed with embarrassment.

Emily lowered her voice as they climbed the stairs. "I'll tell you a secret. Sometimes when my eyes are closed, I can't tell the difference between their cocks. It's a wonderful feeling."

Instead of being led to the bedroom that would have been in the mirror location of Sam's, Emily took her to one of the other rooms upstairs. The room was average sized but completely dominated by a huge king sized bed. Even in her slightly buzzed state Sabrina knew exactly what that meant. Casually, as if she

did this sort of thing all the time—and for all Sabrina knew she very well might—Emily began removing her clothes and talked to Sabrina. Downstairs she could hear the brothers moving around but they weren't ascending the stairs just yet.

“Just let whatever happens, happy,” Emily said. “I’m pretty sure the boys aren’t going to get too wild with you on your first time. Wait this isn’t your first time with the both of them, is it?” She had dropped off her shirt and casually stepped out of her pants. Now Emily only wore a white lace bra and fairly plain pair of cotton panties. Unconsciously Sabrina licked her lips and shook her head at Emily’s question.

“No, not my first time.”

“Have you ever done a three-way before them?”

“No. It was my first time.”

Emily reached behind her back, easily unhooked her bra and dropped it to the floor, kicking it away in the narrow space between the wall and footboard. “Too bad, I would have liked to watch your first time with two men. I’d like to watch any woman’s first time with two men.” She smiled dreamily. Her tits were roughly the same size as Sabrina’s and had the same pink areolas and prominent nipples. Were they twins separated at birth? “But then it wouldn’t have been a three-way, would it? I’d have joined in.”

Sabrina wondered if that meant Emily wanted to have sex with her. Would she? Sabrina had never considered herself bisexual. “Better get undressed, I can hear the guys coming and they don’t like to wait.”

And with that she dropped her panties and kicked them away as well. It was remarkable how similar their bodies were. For whatever reason Emily had shaved her pussy’s hair into a two inch wide rectangle covering her labia and extending straight up to her belly button. Emily caught her staring but said nothing. “Get undressed!” she ordered.

Without thinking about it Sabrina pulled her dress over her head and unhooked her front-closure bra. Before she could dispense with her fancy lace panties Eric and Sam walked in.

Emily slipped her arm around Sabrina's waist and cozied up to her new friend. "You boys ready?" she teased them.

For a few seconds Sabrina couldn't tell the two of them apart, then Sam approached her and all but threw her to the bed. On the other side of the mattress Emily and Eric rolled together. It took Sam no time at all to hook his finger through her panty's crotch and pull them off. He rolled her onto her back and buried his face into her pussy. His tongue found her clit and she closed her eyes and enjoyed what he was doing to her. This was lovely and effortless.

Sam wiggled around too much while he ate her pussy. That was annoying. Then she realized he was stripping himself as he pleased her. With a bit of effort she opened her eyes to see his pants get kicked off. She looked down between her raised knees and admired his face slick with her juices. Unconsciously her head lolled to the side and she viewed Emily and Eric in the midst of their coupling. Both were already naked. She couldn't really see anything, but it was obvious he had already entered her and they were fucking full speed. It was a pretty sight. Sabrina didn't watch a lot of porn, but this was nothing fake or acted, it was nice to see a couple fucking because they were married and in love.

It got to the point where Sam's tongue was a distraction. "Come up here and fuck me," she ordered him. He was quick to scramble up her body and plant a kiss on her lips. She tasted her own cunt on his mouth and didn't mind it; he meant the gesture as one of affection and lust. "Condom," she reminded him. Sabrina wasn't ready to fluid bond with her boyfriend just yet. He grabbed one from the nightstand, rolled it on, and plunged into her pussy.

Though conservative the missionary position he had her in was very comfortable. Sabrina just let her head turn to the side and she could watch the other couple fuck while Sam went in and out of her pussy. He kissed her neck and continued fucking her for a bit before he realized what was going on.

"Do you want to watch them, Rina?" he said softly in her ear.

"Uh-huh." Sabrina wasn't good at talking when she had a cock in her pussy.

Sam pulled out and rolled Sabrina to her side. Lifting her leg just a bit allowed him to enter her from behind. They spooned together while watching his brother fuck Emily. If the other two were aware of being watched they gave no indication.

Reaching around Sam put his finger on Sabrina's hidden clit. She wiggled back against him enjoying the sensation. "Do you like watching?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"Do you like being watched?"

It took her a moment of concentration to force out the words. "They aren't watching."

"They will be."

These words caused an odd dropping in Sabrina's belly. Did she want to be watched?

Before she could fully contemplate the idea Emily called out, "Come! Come!" Then Eric grunted loudly a few times. Sabrina wished she could actually see their genitals together, but the action was hidden by Emily's leg. "Oh, yes, I can feel it inside me," Emily said softly to her husband.

Sam and Sabrina watched the pair as they tapered off their motions. Eric collapsed on her and they held each other a moment, then he rolled off her. Only then did Emily feel eyes upon her. "Enjoy the show?" she asked Sabrina and Sam.

Her lover answered first. "As always."

Sabrina said nothing, she couldn't get her voice to work. It struck her hard what she had just witnessed.

"Why don't you pull out of her," Emily said, "and finish off inside of me."

"Okay," he quickly agreed, pulling out of Sabrina leaving her alone and empty. She watched in shock as her boyfriend rolled off the condom, hopped across the bed, and mounted Emily as if it were the most common thing in the world. She couldn't move or say anything. Emily and Sam kissed. They were lovers. They had been long before she had met it.

And then Eric was next to her. He had returned from the bathroom. "Sam says you like it in the ass," he whispered in her ear as Sabrina watched her lover

betray her. "I can't get it up again right this moment, but I can help you out."

"What?" Sabrina managed to say. A tear slid out of her eye. She hastily wiped it away before anyone could see it.

"Let me help you out," he said. His body felt just like Sam's, but was slightly different. There was a bottle of lube in his hand and then the cool gel was being smeared along her pussy and then along her perineum to decorate her anus. She was expecting him to shove his fingers or maybe his cock or some dildo inside her. She welcomed the thought. She wanted something inside her because Sam was gone and she wanted to prove she didn't need or want him. Instead Eric just wiggled his pinky insider her back hole. It was nice but hardly all she needed. Then a pair of fingers penetrated her cunt. That was even better. She was starting to feel full.

And then, finally, he pressed his thumb to her hidden clit. Sabrina's body jerked. She hadn't expected such a strong reaction. "Oh."

"You like that?" he said in her ear. "You want me to play with you?"

Sabrina nodded. "Uh-huh."

His thumb rubbed her clit and she wanted to escape the torture, but she had to keep her eyes on Sam and Emily. The other woman called out. She heard Sam grunting and realized he was cumming inside her rival. Then they were kissing intimately, familiarly. And Eric's thumb was on her clit, and his fingers were in her pussy, and his pinky was huge in her ass, and then he was rubbing her too hard and not hard enough and her orgasm burst over her body. Her ass clenched on his pinky, her contractions were strong, it felt like her ass was crushing his hand, and then it was over and she lay panting on her side wondering what had just happened.

"You're right, Sam, she does love to have her ass played with," Eric said somewhat crudely to his brother.

"Told you," he laughed and kissed Emily as he levered his body off hers. They kissed one final time and he left the room to clean up.

Emily stayed on her back with her knees up. She looked over at Sabrina and smiled. "When are you and Sam going to get rid of the condoms?" she asked

conversationally. It was an intimate question and seemed to be the wrong time to be asking it, but what was the right time? Two hours after your boyfriend fucked another woman while his brother had fingers up her ass and twat?

“I don’t want to get pregnant,” was all she said.

“I understand,” Emily said. “We’ll have to get you on some other birth control.” Now she was being a helpful big sister. Sabrina’s mind was reeling.

Then Eric’s presence was gone, but he was just moving to the other side of the bed, next to Emily. He pushed her, closing the distance between the two women. Sam came back and slipped next to Sabrina, forcing them closer still. The two women were physically close now, if not intimately so.

“Want to play a bit more?” Emily asked her.

The orgasm had all but wiped out Sabrina, but she didn’t want to seem rude. “Maybe in a bit, I’m tired. And a little drunk.”

There was some repositioning as the group clumsily got under the sheets and blankets, four nude bodies sharing the big bed. Emily and Sabrina were next to each other again, the men on the outside. “Want to talk about what just happened?” Emily asked.

“Yeah...maybe,” Emily said dreamily. Her head was slowly spinning.

“Good!” Emily said happily and gave Sabrina a quick kiss on the lips. “What did you like best about it?”

Her only reply was a soft snore. Sabrina was asleep.

“Damn,” Emily said. “I’m not really done for the night.”

“You got fucked twice,” Sam pointed out.

“Doesn’t mean I don’t want more,” she complained.

“Give us both a minute and we’ll take care of you,” Eric promised. He wasn’t very good at keeping his promise. Both Sam and Eric were shortly snoring.

“You guys are getting old,” she complained and cuddled up to Sabrina’s soft body. The other woman didn’t complain and even went so far as to sleepily slip an arm around Sabrina. “In the morning, then,” she said.

Sabrina woke with a kiss, much like Sleeping Beauty, though that fairy tale character wasn’t woken by a kiss from a beautiful naked woman while two men surrounded them. “Good morning, Rina,” Emily greeted her.

It took Sabrina a moment to fully come to her sense. “Morning,” she mumbled.

“I’m horny, want to fuck?”

There was just a touch of hangover buzzing her head. Perhaps the best way to get rid of that problem would be a nice, little orgasm. “Uh-huh, sounds good.”

Sabrina knew what she was getting into now. There was no reason to not face it or deny what she really wanted to experiment with. Emily kissed her lightly, again, on the lips, then again more aggressively, pushing her tongue into Sabrina’s mouth. Sabrina opened her lips and allowed the other woman to be the aggressor.

Their arms went around each other and Sabrina pretended she was just kissing a man. Then she felt Emily’s curvy body against hers, her warm skin, her soft breasts and dispensed with that idea. She was kissing a woman, she admitted to herself, and was enjoying it. Emily’s hand slid down her side, over her hip and rested just above her pubic mound. She broke off the kiss. “Are you ready for this?” Emily asked.

She nodded and opened up her legs. Only now did she notice that Sam and Eric were awake and watching their partners have sex. A thrill that had nothing to do with Emily’s hand ran down Sabrina’s spine.

And then Emily was cupping her pussy. And then her finger was running along her labia. Sabrina shifted her weight and opened her legs more. And then... Emily pushed her finger inside Sabrina. She inhaled sharply and then sighed. “You like the touch of a woman, don’t you?” Emily asked her.

“Uh-huh. Any touch is good.”

“You’re wet. Do you get wet easily?” Her finger started going in and out, slowly

at first but picking up steam along with way.

“Yes...” Her strokes were long and luxurious. Deep into her cunt, then back out to tease her clit, then back in.

“Do you like it hard and fast or slow and soft?”

“Doesn’t matter.” Sabrina was finding it hard to breathe steadily now. Normally it took her longer to work up to an orgasm...or a finger up her ass. Did Emily really know a woman’s body that well where she could bring her off so quickly? Or was Sabrina just extremely horny for a woman’s touch?

Her breaths came short and sharp now, she was ready to cum, and then Emily pulled her hand away. “Can I go down on you?” she asked abruptly.

Truly Sabrina didn’t care any longer how she came, she just wanted the satisfying release of orgasm. “Make me cum!” she all but cried out.

In a flash Emily was down between Sabrina’s legs. Her tongue was out and licking the length of her cunt all the way up to her clit. Sabrina wiggled uncontrollably; she needed to cum. “Hold still,” Emily instructed, taking a quick break from her pussy.

“I’ll try,” Sabrina puffed.

Then Emily slipped a pair of fingers in her pussy, stroking upward, looking for Sabrina’s g-spot. Sabrina’s breathing got heavier and her hands went to her nipples, squeezing them, when what she really wanted to do what shove a finger up her ass. Emily knew exactly what she was doing and used her tongue on Sabrina’s tiny clit.

Now Sabrina howled and clamped her legs around Emily’s head. There was a slight gush as her pussy wetted Emily’s face and her orgasm shook her body. When it was over Emily was laughing and wiping Sabrina’s juices from her face. “Wow! That was fantastic! I can never cum hard enough to squirt like that.”

Sabrina’s face was crimson. “It only happens once in a while,” she admitted.

“Why?” Sam asked this question. He had never seen her squirt before either.

“When I cum really hard,” she said softly.

Sam looked to Emily as the other woman crawled up Sabrina’s body and gave her a kiss with still-wet lips. “Congratulations, Em. You know how to make a woman cum.”

“Indeed I do,” she agreed as she kissed Sabrina. The kisses were pleasant, a nice conclusion to her orgasm. “Are you still horny?” she asked.

“A little,” Sabrina admitted. “Why?” She was nervous that Emily would want her to go down on her now. As much as the idea turned her on, she wasn’t sure if she could do it with an audience.

“I want to watch them fuck you, is that okay?”

“Both Sam and Eric?”

She nodded. “Uh-huh.”

“I guess...”

“What’s the matter?” Emily had immediately picked up on the other woman’s reluctance.

“Doesn’t it make you feel weird to have your husband have sex with someone else? While you watch?”

Emily smiled. “Uh-huh. It certainly does. And that weirdness turns to horniness. Want to do that for me?”

“Okay...”

But Emily didn’t immediately move away. “Know how I want them to do you?”

Sam and Eric were already moving. From the corner of her eye Sabrina saw Eric grabbing the condom box and pulling out a pair.

“No. How?”

“Like you told us yesterday, Em?” Eric asked.

“Uh-huh,” she said with great satisfaction. “

“how?” Sabrina asked, nervous now.

Emily looked her right in the eye. “I want to watch while you get on top of Sam and take him in your pussy while Eric gets behind you and fucks you in the ass. Are you ready for that?”

In truth, no, Sabrina wasn’t ready for that. Taking two cocks at once like that was...a little extreme, but she lied to Emily. “Yeah. I’m ready. I can do that.”

As Emily watched, Sam laid down on the bed. He was already hard and wearing a condom. Before Sabrina could mount him, Emily helpfully spread some lube on his cock. She slid easily down his length, taking all of his cock inside her pussy. Sam smiled up at her and she returned the smile. It felt good to have him back inside her.

“Nice,” he complimented her. “Your pussy is very hot this morning.”

“Uh-huh.” Already she was losing concentration again. It happened every time she had a cock inside her body.

“Lean forward a bit,” Emily instructed and then ran a thick line of lubricant on Sabrina’s asshole. She pushed a little bit inside her anus. Sabrina tensed up. “Relax, honey,” Emily instructed. Sabrina nodded. Then Eric moved in close. Sabrina didn’t look over her shoulder but she could hear the sounds of Emily lubing up his cock, and then all too soon, before she was fully ready, his cock was pressing at her ass.

“Ready?” he asked.

She wasn’t, but this is what she loved, even if she wasn’t mentally prepared, she knew her body was ready. He pressed slowly into her. For a moment she resisted, then her body took over, her anus opened, and his cock joined his brother’s inside her body.

For just a moment she was so full she couldn’t process the feelings her body was telling her brain. Only a ragged sighing escaped her lips. There was no pain, just an intense fullness. And then they started pulling out and diving into her ass and pussy.

“Oh my god,” Emily breathed. “That’s hot. That’s beautiful.” Sabrina looked over at her new friend and didn’t say anything. She couldn’t speak, her body was just cunt and ass and that’s all she needed at the moment.

“I could never do that,” Emily continued. “I wish I could, but I couldn’t.”

“Oh, we’ll do it to you too,” Eric promised her.

And so Sabrina was a captive between the twin brothers. Her mind had no control over her body. There wasn’t one hard orgasm, but a series of small ones. She could feel their cocks pressing against each other through the thinnest of tissues. It was strange and wonderful. And the Eric came in her ass. His thrusts during orgasm were hard, overwhelming Sam and grinding Sabrina’s clit down on his pubic bone. She came again with a small, ragged scream. Sam thrust harder and faster once Eric withdrew from her ass and he came. This pushed her over the edge again with another orgasm.

She collapsed against him and wanted to cry. She wasn’t sure if the tears were from pain or from revealing her true nature to herself.

“That was beautiful,” Emily told her, placing a hand on her shoulder, then leaning down and kissing her cheek.

Sabrina rolled to her side, letting Sam’s cock slip free. She moaned and Emily curled up next to her new best friend. While she didn’t pass out, Sabrina drifted into a gray haziness of recovery from ecstasy.

After a while Emily said. “I can’t believe you did that. You’re a better woman and a better lay than me.”

Sabrina’s eye fluttered open and she looked around. Sam and Eric were gone. “What?”

“You’re a sex goddess,” Emily complimented her again. “I’m glad Sam brought you into our lives.”

“Oh. Wow. That’s quite a compliment.”

“You deserve it.”

She blushed. “I feel like a slut.”

Emily smiled. “Go with the feeling. There’s nothing wrong with being a bit of a slut.”

That statement made Sabrina relax a bit. “I should probably get over what other people think of me and my sex life. Fucking hell. I’m nearly forty and I’m still worried about what other people from high school think.”

“Thirty seven isn’t nearly forty.”

“Yeah, yeah, but you’re married.”

“Don’t let that be an indicator of anything in your life,” Emily said, brushing off her comment. “I want to tell you something.”

“What?” Sabrina couldn’t imagine Emily being shy, especially after what they had just done.

“You’ve got a really tiny clit,” she blurted.

“What?!”

“When I was eating you out I could barely find it. I felt like I was digging for buried treasure or something.”

Sabrina put a hand over her eyes and looked away. “Oh gods, I can’t believe I’m having this conversation.”

“Did you know it was so small?” Emily pressed on.

“Compared to what?” She didn’t remove her hand from her face.

“To other women’s.”

“I haven’t done a close up comparison.”

“But you must have seen others in porn, pictures and videos.”

“Probably, but I wasn’t doing a comparison study.”

“Well, look at mine.” Emily bounced up from her side, sat up, pressed her back against the huge headboard, spread her legs and displayed her pussy. “See,” she pointed out while opening her labia with one hand, “mine is what I think is average sized. Hard to tell the size of a clit and all, but mine isn’t huge or anything. But yours is cute and tiny, hidden away like a secret.”

“Thanks.” Sabrina hadn’t moved her hand.

“You aren’t looking, Rina,” Emily said sadly.

With a heavy sigh, Sabrina moved her hand away and peered at Emily’s sex. To her surprise the display wasn’t overtly sexual—though there certainly was a sexual component to it. Her pussy was red and ripe and crowned by the strip of blond pubic hair. At the top of her slit was a small but prominent clitoris that stood out proudly.

“Yes, it’s bigger than mine,” she said, not knowing what else to say.

“It’s bigger than normal right now because I’m turned on.”

“Turned on?”

“After watching you fuck Sam and Eric. That was hot.” She closed up her legs with a smile.

“Wait a second. Where are they?”

Emily rolled her eyes. “Downstairs. Either playing video games or making breakfast. Keep quiet and we can stay up here a while and have some privacy.”

Self-consciously she lowered her voice. “Why would that make you hot?”

“I think I’m a voyeur.” Emily grinned and wiggled her hips. Sabrina noticed her bedmate had one hand tucked between her thighs and up against her quim.

“Oh.”

“Could you help me out?” Emily asked. Her voice was open and honest. She parted her knees a bit giving Sabrina a small peek at her cunt.

“You mean...make you cum?” Sabrina asked hesitantly.

Emily grinned. “Yeah. Want to?”

“Umm.”

“Come on, it’ll be fun. I haven’t gotten off yet this morning.” She grabbed Sabrina’s hand and tugged her forward lightly.

“I’m not sure.”

“You haven’t had sex with a woman before?”

Sabrina shook her head. “No.”

“There’s a first time for everything.”

If she kept talking it kept the decision at bay. “You’re bisexual?”

Emily nodded. “Uh-huh. I’ve known since I was like...fourteen.”

“Wow. I don’t think I am.”

“Of course you are. All women are.”

“What?”

Emily fixed her with a serious stare. “All women are bisexual of varying extents. We fall in love easier, we’re more flexible with our sexuality. A woman today can experiment with her sexuality with another woman and actually be praised for it by men. Men can’t do that. They get stuck with the label of straight or gay. Lots of people think bi men are just gay men fooling themselves. I don’t know if that’s true, but I do know I like having sex with women.”

“And men?”

“And men. If I had to choose only one or the other, I suppose I might ultimately choose men—maybe I’m fifty one percent straight, forty nine percent lesbian.” She gave Sabrina a wicked grin. “What’s your percentage? How curious are you? At least a little, you were making out with me pretty hard when we woke up.”

Truth time had come. “Maybe seventy five/twenty five,” she admitted.

“Time to act on that curiosity.” She pulled Sabrina forward and kissed her. They wiggled back down to the mattress and kissed some more. Sabrina was immediately reminded about what had turned her on that morning. There was so much to like about Emily’s body. With just a bit of encouragement Emily got Sabrina to move her kisses down to her breasts, then to her tummy, then Emily let Sabrina move on her own, heading slowly down to her pussy.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Sabrina murmured as she found herself face to face with Emily’s open and wet sex.

“Just do it,” Emily groaned. “I need some relief.”

And so Sabrina plunged forward, kissing Emily’s quim, spreading her labia with her fingers, slipping one up inside Emily’s soft, moist sex, feeling her velvety inner walls. With her tongue she licked Emily’s clit, teased it out into the open, and then sucked it.

“Harder. Faster.” Emily’s instructions were hissed out. Her hips moved under Sabrina’s face forcing her to slip her arms around Emily’s thighs to hold the other woman in place. Emily’s hand came to rest on the back of Sabrina’s head, guiding her, showing her what to do.

Very quickly Sabrina understood the attraction of eating pussy. It was pleasant and the feedback was immediate. She found herself doing to Emily exactly what she liked a man to do to her pussy.

“Uh uh uh,” Emily vocalized. “Don’t stop.” Sabrina didn’t and a minute later Emily let out a strangled cry that she muted with the use of a pillow over her face. Her cunt got hot under Sabrina’s tongue but there was no rewarding gush of pussy juice which seemed odd to Sabrina.

“You okay?” Sabrina asked after a minute when Emily didn’t move. She was still laying between her lover’s legs and didn’t want to disturb her.

“Just basking in the morning glory,” Emily replied, her words muffled by the pillow. “For a girl who never ate pussy before, you know exactly what you’re doing.”

“Thanks, I think.” Sabrina blushed again. She was glad Emily couldn’t see her blush because the pillow was in the way. “I never expected to do this to another woman.”

“I like oral sex,” Emily said, her voice still muffled. “Don’t worry, it doesn’t make you a full-blown lesbian. It makes you a bi-woman and that’s better.”

“Why?”

“Because it more than doubles your chance of a date on a Saturday night,” Emily said pulling the pillow off her face. “I think that’s what Woody Allen said, anyway.”

“Why the pillow?”

“I don’t want to the boys to hear,” she mock whispered. “If they know we’re awake they’re going to insist we have breakfast or clean up or play video games or something.”

“Maybe they’ll want to have sex again,” Sabrina asked. Eating Emily’s pussy had made her a bit horny and she wouldn’t have minded getting plowed again.

Emily rolled her eyes. “Not likely. They fucked once this morning. They won’t be good for another throw until this afternoon at the earliest. That’s one of the nice things about fucking a woman. She’s good to go all day long. Men...not so much.”

“So, how did you discover your bi side?”

The question just caused Emily to shrug. “I don’t know. I kind of always knew. I knew that men were handsome and women were beautiful and I wouldn’t mind having sex with either of them. I also knew to keep it quiet because you didn’t say that sort of thing and not be thought of as a freak...at least back in junior high school.”

“Right,” Sabrina agreed. “But when did you first act on being bi?”

“I was seduced by an older couple,” Emily told her with a straight face.

“What?”

She sighed. "Come up here and keep me warm and I'll tell you a naughty tale about a misspent youth."

That was all the encouragement Sabrina needed to cuddle with her newest lover. They moved together and Emily repositioned Sabrina a bit so that she could toy with the older woman's pussy while she talked.

"In junior high and high school I knew I was bi, but I never acted on it because I had common sense and I was afraid of what others would think, do, and say. So I only dated boys and kept my opinions about the fuckability of other girls to myself.

"In high school I got a job at a store that was a combination camera store/framing service/photography studio/wedding photographer's office. It was run by a married couple. Nice people, Jillian and George."

"Were they the older couple?" Sabrina interrupted.

"Yes—"

"How much older," she interrupted again.

"They were in their late twenties, maybe just turned thirty."

"And you were in high school!?"

"Yes, and stop interrupting, it's rude."

"Sorry."

"My job was a little bit of everything. Behind the counter sales, developing film, setting up photo shoots, assisting on the occasional wedding when one of the owners was busy elsewhere. It was fun, mostly. I became pretty friendly with Jillian."

"I can see where this is going."

"Shut up and stop interrupting," Sabrina complained. "One day Jillian asks me to

go to the back room, the photo studio, she needs to test out some lenses and film. This is completely typical seduction of the innocent stuff. ‘Just unbutton your shirt a bit I want just skin in this head shot.’”

“Uh-huh.”

“Then she asks if I’d mind taking my shirt and bra all the way off because I had great skin and the pictures would be completely modest. She just wanted to see the skin to material to color contrast.

“And I knew what she was doing. And I didn’t mind. I went topless. I knew from the angles that the pictures she was taking were showing my breasts. I didn’t stop her.

“She says thank you, she’ll show me the pictures tomorrow after she develops them. Next day after the shop closes she brings out this huge binder with the pictures she took. And George is right there with her looking at the photos. They just kind of turn the book around to let me look through it. Most of the pictures were fairly innocuous. Except for the last section where I’m topless and you can totally see my tits.”

She paused. “Gods I had great tits back then.”

“You still do.”

“Thanks. And I say to Jillian ‘I thought nothing was going to be showing.’ And she gives me some line about how she’ll crop them if I want. I can have the negatives, blah blah blah. Then George gives me the ‘you’re very beautiful’ line and ‘the public doesn’t appreciate models with curves’. I’m sure my face was bright red but I said nothing.

“And then George leaves. I don’t know why or maybe I’ve forgotten why. Then Jillian says to me ‘Don’t mind him. He gets that way around girls he wants to fuck.’”

“She didn’t actually say that!”

Emily just nodded. “And I said, ‘He wants to fuck me?’ I was playing the innocent card. I knew what they were up to, I just couldn’t believe it. Then I she looks me straight in the eye and says, ‘Well I want to take you to bed too, but I

think you're a little young for us."

Sabrina just stared at Emily who continued to play with the other woman's pussy. "What did you say to her? What did you do?"

"For a minute I did nothing. Then I managed to stammer out something like, 'I'm of legal age in New York.' And she just looked at me. And you have to remember she was this goddess-like figure to me. Tall and thin and model good looks with a knowing life attitude. Then she said, 'George and I have special tastes. Do you want to go to bed with us?'"

There was a long pause. "What did you say?" Sabrina finally asked.

"I said yes. What else could I say? And she smiled and stepped around the corner of the counter and kissed me. I can still taste her lips today." She licked her lips in remembrance.

"Then what?"

"It took a little time to coordinate things. It was the next weekend actually before I had a chance to get to their apartment which was over the store and studio, but remember I was still in high school and had actual other things in my life. It was the most intense week of my life. Their attitude changed toward me, like I was now their girlfriend or special plaything and I loved it. She'd kiss me in the back room. George would touch my shoulders and waist. I couldn't wait to lose my virginity to them."

"You were a virgin!?"

"Never been kissed," Emily confessed. "Well, I'd been kissed and felt up, but nothing below the waist in my somewhat pathetic life."

"Geez," Sabrina breathed.

"Yeah, well, that's the way it was. I was so worried about my sexuality that I never got to serious physically with a boy—or a girl."

"So then what happened?" Sabrina prompted.

"I told my parents I needed to stay late at the store—inventory, resets, blah blah

blah. We went up to their apartment and...Jillian kissed me and I kissed her back while George watched us. She helped me undress. I was too shy to actually take her clothes off so I was down to my panties before either of them had dropped a stitch.”

“Sounds a little one-sided.”

“Yeah, but while I stood there topless Jillian pushed me onto the bed and stripped herself pretty quick. Gods she had the most amazing body. I’m probably remembering it slightly wrong, coloring my memories to make her more beautiful and sexy than she actually was, but it was amazing making out with a naked woman. First time I actually did that. I’d kissed boys before, but never a girl.

“She was pretty aggressive. She had to be otherwise I would have just laid there and done nothing. I was scared and excited, but I didn’t want either of them to know how inexperienced I was. Probably not the best idea. Anyway, she got half on top of me, kissing and sucking everything, but didn’t go down on me. She just slipped a couple of fingers into my pussy and got me off that way. I knew that George was watching the entire time. That is what really turned me on, him watching and knowing he was going to join in.”

“Fuck, you were kinky at a young age.”

“And when Jillian has her hand inside of me she comments that I’m really tight. I should be, right? I’m a virgin. George says something about young girls being inexperienced and all. Then all the lights switch on for Jillian and she asks straight out if I’m a virgin.

“I tell her yes. This was really my first time other than making out with Mark Wasley in eighth grade and Derek Jacobs feeling me up every time we went to the movies. For some reason that makes Jillian nervous—as if a couple ten years older than me seducing a teenage girl was okay as long as she wasn’t a virgin. But it excites George. By now Jillian’s already made me cum once. He wants to fuck a virgin. I’m ready to dispense with this whole virginity thing and move on with my life. He’s naked. He’s got a condom on. I’m wet and ready on the bed. Jillian watches as George gets on top of me and pushes his cock into my pussy.”

She paused and Sabrina looked expectantly at her. “Well?”

“It hurt, not a lot, but a bit. He was fairly gentle if a little excited at fucking a virgin. I think I came once when he was in me. Jillian watched, saw that I was happy with what was going on, and she was back on board with the whole group sex thing.

“When George was done with me she went down on me. To this day I will swear up and down that a woman eats pussy better than a man. All guys think they’re great at it, but in my experience women are better.”

“That’s good to know.”

“After she made me cum again I was exhausted. I couldn’t have imagined a better way to lose my virginity and have a three-way at the same time. George wasn’t done. Maybe he had something to prove, but he insisted I watch as he fucked Jillian. I think he just wanted to prove he was a virile man and all that. Still, I got to see sex up close and personal. That was when I figured out that I was really into group sex.

“Fuck,” Sabrina said softly. “Did that mess you up?”

Emily raised an eyebrow at her lover. “Hell no. It made me popular...in college at least. I didn’t say a word to anyone in my home town. How could I? When I got to college I went a little wild, nothing too crazy but I got a rep as a girl who would do two guys at once. Or a girl and a guy. Never really had straight up lesbian sex—just me and another girl—until after college. Ah well.”

“What happened with Jillian and George?”

“Oh. Well. Them. That was...interesting. I got laid with them almost every week until I finished high school. It was great. A little weird, but great. My parents were a little worried that I didn’t have a boyfriend and didn’t go to prom and that whole scene, but I was part of a ménage a trios and that was better. I don’t know what happened after I went to college. They eventually closed up their shop and moved somewhere in the Midwest. Since I wasn’t easily accessible to them any longer they probably found some other girl to seduce.”

“Oh. That’s kind of sad.”

“Makes things a little easier. Washes away any possible guilt.” She smiled wickedly. “Want to see their going away gift to me?”

“Sure.”

Emily led Sabrina out of the sex room and down to the hall to another bedroom space that had been converted to a home office. From the depths of a filing cabinet drawer she pulled out a large binder filled with plastic protective sheets containing mostly black and white photos with some color interspersed. Sabrina figured out that these were for the most part pictures of art work Emily must have created in college. Emily opened up the massive binder to the middle and flipped through the pages.

“Don’t tell Eric or Sam. I’ve kept these a secret from them for this long, you can’t blow it for me.” She stopped flipping pages. Though it was nearly twenty years since it had been taken, the model in the picture was obviously Emily. A very young and very naked Emily. The pictures were obviously shot by a professional with an artist’s eye, it would be a hard stretch to call them pornography, but they were most assuredly erotic and explicit. There wasn’t much Emily didn’t show in the pictures. They weren’t taken during one session either, she had posed repeatedly in different locations and with different backgrounds. A handful was taken outside in semi-public locations. A good number featured another woman that must have been Jillian. The two women were usually locked in some sexual pose.

“Wow. You were even more beautiful back then,” Sabrina breathed.

Emily laughed lightly. “Youth does a lot for beauty.”

“Um. How young were you in these?” Viewing them made Sabrina nervous if she understood exactly why Emily had kept them secret.

“Let’s just say when these were taken I was legally able to give my consent for sex but not legally able to give my consent to have nude photographs taken of me.”

“Shit.”

“I was beautiful though,” she said thoughtfully. “Jillian and George could have gotten in bigger trouble for the pictures than the sex.”

“Have you kept these secret because you were underage?”

Emily closed the binder and put it back into the filing cabinet. “No. I just want to keep something from Eric, from all my male lovers. These have only been seen by women. A few of my select lesbian encounters.” She paused. “And George. He took most of them. Jillian took the rest.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Did the pictures turn you on? What about the story?”

Sabrina hesitated. “Yeah. I guess so.”

Emily snaked her hand down between Sabrina’s legs. “You are a bit wet,” she said, probing at the other woman’s pussy. “But that could be from getting fucked earlier. Come on, let’s put something on and get some breakfast.”

Something turned out to be a thin, sheer robe that hide absolutely nothing from even the casual eye. But Sabrina willingly took the gauzy green garment from Emily’s closet while the other woman found a purple silk robe that was slightly more modest, if a bit shorter; it was just short enough to expose the bottoms of her ass cheeks.

Downstairs—as predicted—they found the twins busy playing a video game in the living room. After a short light-hearted argument with them, breakfast was arranged—the women would cook, the men would clean up—and the morning began in earnest. Sabrina marveled at the fact that except for the group sex the night before and this morning, it was like being among any ordinary group of friends...friend who happened to swap sex partners at the drop of a hat.

Chapter Five

It was easy for Sabrina to settle into a routine with Sam, the addition of Emily and Eric was strange, but she quickly became accustomed to their presence next door and in her bed. Sometimes there were group dates, sometimes it was just her and Sam. Group sex with the addition of either Emily or Eric or both always made things interesting, but she was just as happy to have Sam alone to herself. The toughest night she had was when Sam brought her back to his house after a dinner out and announced he would be spending the night at Eric's place. "But it's okay," he said. "Eric will keep you company."

"What?"

"We're doing actual wife swapping tonight," he told her. "You know, except for the fact you aren't my wife."

"You're going to have sex with Emily? Without me?"

"Yes," said Sam. He looked evenly at her. "This is the life I live. I share everything with Eric as he does with me. We're exact brothers, we have the same tastes and desires. If this is something you can't handle, maybe we should rethink our relationship."

He wasn't cruel in his statement, but he was firm. She knew she was not only allowed to fuck Eric, but encouraged to do so. Sex with him wasn't the issue, she enjoyed it with him. The very thought of having sex with someone else—and not in Sam's presence—was disturbing to her. That's when she realized she was truly in love with Sam, but she didn't tell him that.

"Okay," she consented. When they reached the house, he went in Eric's side and she went up to Sam's bedroom. Two minutes later Eric was there. She knew it was expected of her to have sex with him and she did so willingly. Even happily.

It was easy to pretend that Eric was Sam, they were so alike, but she was now able to spot the minor differences easily enough. He was as good as a lover as Sam, he knew her body nearly as well. It was no secret that to make her cum, all

he needed to do was press his thumb against her asshole. It worked every time, it was like her kryptonite.

“I love it how your cry out in that little whimpering tone when you cum,” he told her after cumming.

“I didn’t realize I was doing that.”

“Don’t stop doing it.” Eric got up and went to the bathroom to dispose of the condom and clean off his cock. She was surprised when he returned and got back in bed with her. She didn’t protest. She thought they were going to have sex again. As it turned out she was wrong. A few minutes later he was asleep. Apparently swapping partners also meant spending the night with the new partner.

Group dinners became common. Emily and Sabrina were expected to cook, but Eric and Sam cleaned up, so in the end it balanced out.

“I can’t believe the amount of time those two play video games,” grumbled Sabrina as she cut up vegetables for a salad while Emily tended to the stovetop. You’d think they were seventeen and not thirty seven.

“What would you rather have them doing?” asked Emily. “There are a hundred different things they could be doing that are twice as annoying.”

There were random shouts and protests from the living room. “Maybe watching sports? Watching porn? I don’t know.”

Emily laughed. “You’ve been involved with Sam and stayed with him expecting him to be the same as other guys? If you wanted sameness and dullness you probably shouldn’t have stuck with him this long.”

A sigh escaped Sabrina’s lips. “Yeah. I suppose. Some ideas are just hard getting used to.”

“It’s a good thing both of them love anal sex because you put out on the front tremendously well. It’s probably the one thing I can’t do.” She absently stirred the pot of spaghetti while she talked.

“Wait a second,” Sabrina protested. “I learned to enjoy group sex...and lesbian sex, why can’t you learn to enjoy anal sex?”

A shrug was really the best answer Emily had. “Because my body—my ass— isn’t built for it but yours is? It’s crazy the things we’ll do for love, huh?”

She wasn’t sure if Emily mean her love for Sam or her love of anal sex. She decided to change the subject. “I need to do something about my birth control. I’ve been off the pill for a long time and I don’t want to go back on it. Condoms suck. What do you use?”

Emily turned and studied her partner carefully. “I don’t use anything.”

“What?” Sabrina practically screamed. The twins didn’t seem to notice her shriek, the volume on the TV was far too loud—there was no chance she was heard over the vaporization of zombies.

“I’ve been off BC for about four months now, shortly after you and Sam hooked up.”

“I...didn’t know.” It seemed every time she had a serious conversation with Emily or Sam something strange developed. “You’re trying to get pregnant?”

“Yes, that’s usually why you stop using BC. Unless you’re a stupid teenager.”

“But...you’ve been having unprotected sex with Sam...”

“Uh-huh.”

Sabrina tilted her head and goggled at Emily. “That means he could wind up being the father of your baby!” She wasn’t the jealous type, but getting knocked up by her husband’s brother seemed an odd course of action for anyone.

“Yeah. Maybe. So what?”

“It’s...wrong.” Sabrina didn’t have a better protest.

“They’re identical twins. Genetically Eric and Sam are the same. There wouldn’t be a way to tell who the actual father is,” Emily pointed out. She closed her eyes, unable to meet Sabrina’s stunned gaze. “Yeah, I know it’s wrong. I find it

extremely kinky and wild. The idea of getting knocked up and not really knowing who the father is drives me a little wild.”

“Wow. Just wow.”

“I know, I know. Sometimes I look at myself in the mirror and wonder what is wrong with me.”

“But on the birth certificate...”

“Will be Eric’s name. It’ll be Eric’s baby.” She opened her eyes and looked at Sabrina. “You’re judging me.”

“I’m sorry, but yes.”

“It’s who I am,” Emily said. “I’ve come to terms with it, sometimes bumpy and difficult terms, but to deny who I am and what I desire and what I find sexy and erotic would only make me miserable.” She sighed. “Now that you’ve found out our big open secret, are you going to leave Sam?”

“No.”

“Why not?” Emily’s question seemed genuine.

“I’m in love with him.”

Emily’s eyes went big. “Have you told him this yet?”

“No, and don’t you say a word to him.”

She made a motion across her mouth indicating zipped lips.

“What I need to do now is figure out the best birth control for me.”

A little over a month later Sam eased the butt plug past the tight sphincter and seated it firmly in Sabrina’s ass. “I can’t believe you’ve never used one of these before.”

She was on her hands and knees with her well-lubricated ass in the air. The butt

plug filled her up making it seem like someone was already inside her. It was unusual because normally that feeling only occurred when a guy was behind her shoving his cock up her ass. Sam got on the bed next to her. His cock was already erect and smeared with lube, not that she needed it. They had been playing with her pussy and ass for the past half hour and she was more than ready to be fucked. Sabrina climbed on top of his body and eased her pussy down on his naked manhood.

A sigh escaped her lips. "I know it's my imagination, but a naked cock feels better than one with a rubber."

"I agree," he grunted and thrust his hips up into her pelvis.

She took the thrust and they quickly established a heavy rhythm. Sabrina liked the feel off the butt plug in her ass. While having Sam and Eric fuck her at the same time was good, it was often difficult to coordinate their movements. With a butt plug she only had to concentrate on Sam's cock and could enjoy the sensation of her full ass. When orgasm came it was one of the sort that made her hyperventilate and her whole body shake. Her ass clamped down on the butt plug causing a more powerful orgasm than she normally experienced.

"Oh fucking god," she breathed as she collapsed against Sam's body when it was over. The plug was still firmly in place. She wasn't sure if she wanted to leave it there forever or pull it out immediately. It took her a minute to realize that Sam had cum too. His seed was slowly oozing out of her pussy.

"Thanks for the compliment," Sam said.

"What?"

"You called me a fucking god," he said. "I would have settled for god-like, but you can elevate me to god status."

"You can be an asshole sometimes," she mumbled into his chest.

"Speaking of which, you want to leave that thing in place or do I need to pull it out?"

"You'd better pull it out. I don't think I can do it."

Sam rolled her off him, and then rolled her over again. The pink base of the toy stuck out of her ass. He helped her shift her hips and open up her legs. Grasping firmly he tugged the item out of her body. “Oh, wow,” she breathed. “I should have gotten one of these a long time ago.”

“I agree,” Sam said. “And you got to try out two new toys on the same day, how’s that for a sexual milestone?”

“Wait. What?”

He looked at her with some exasperation. “The butt plug and your IUD,” he prompted her.

She and Emily had been to the gyno the day before. After much debate and discussion Sabrina had decided that an IUD worked best for her birth control needs and Emily went with her to have it implanted. It was painless and she had been eager to try it out with Sam but had been forced to wait a day before they got a chance to fuck. And then he had surprised her with a butt plug. She couldn’t say no.

“Right. Two on one day. I’m a woman possessed of a sex demon.”

“That’s why I fell in love with you,” he told her casually.

The words didn’t rush right by her. “What?”

Sam looked blankly at her. “What what?” he questioned her.

“Did you just say you loved me?”

Her question and accusation made him think a moment. “I suppose I did.”

“Do you truly mean it?”

“I suppose I do.”

In a blink Sabrina grabbed and kissed him. “I love you too,” she admitted.

“A big day then,” announced Sam. “A new sex toy, new birth control, new emotions.”

Wait until Emily hears, Sabrina thought.

Sabrina laid on her back, legs spread, with Emily on top of her. She and Eric's wife had made love together many times time, usually with one or both of the twins in attendance, and occasionally by themselves while their respective partners were otherwise occupied. While she doubted that she would have sought out Emily on her own if she was horny and wanted sex, Emily wasn't the least bit shy about seeking out her brother-in-law's girlfriend for some Sapphic sex.

Once a week Sam and Eric insisted on going out without their partners; this was the time that Emily usually came over to Sabrina's side of the building looking for girl-on-girl sex. Usually Sabrina gave it to her. Sometimes she demurred. Usually she thought the twins left them alone with the idea that their partners were having lesbian sex and they were both turned on by the idea.

"Look what I've got!" Emily announced upon walking into Sam's place. There was a connecting door between the duplex halves and the twins insisted that the door be always accessible to the other side. Sabrina was just finishing washing dishes when Emily sauntered into the kitchen waving an odd package of straps and fake flesh.

"What is it?" she asked fairly certain she already knew.

"Strap on dildo," said Emily when she plopped the item down on the counter to Sabrina could take it in its glory. The harness was fairly straight forward while the dildo mounted to it was significantly bigger than Sam and Eric's cocks. "I want to fuck you tonight."

"With that? Why? Where'd you get it?" Sabrina wasn't afraid of the inanimate object, but she didn't want to touch it either even though Emily seemed so casual with it.

"I've had this for a few years. Got it back when Eric and I were having sex with this other girl and he liked to watch me plow her."

"Oh...so it's not like you used it on him."

Emily laughed. “Nope. I’m pretty sure Eric’s game for a lot of things, but I don’t think his wife pegging him in the ass is one of them.”

“And why do you want to do this tonight?” It wasn’t that she was unwilling. She was a bit horny and the idea of a woman fucking her with a fake cock was titillating, but everything new made Sabrina a little bit nervous.

“Let me fuck you and I’ll tell you, Rina,” Emily teased her.

Even though new sex games made Sabrina nervous, they also turned her on. “Straight or anal?” she asked.

“Whatever you want, baby.” Emily put her arms around Sabrina’s waist, pulled her close, and kissed her. “You want to do it, don’t you?”

Admitting this to Emily was easy. “Kinda, but...geez... I thought as I got older my sex life would peter out. It just gets wilder and more frequent.”

“That’s the advantage of an open marriage and easy access to horny pussy.”

Up in the bedroom Sabrina now shared with Sam she and Emily stripped off their clothes and she helped her more aggressive partner put on the harness and position the dildo correctly in the harness.

“You look a little bit ridiculous with your tits and a fake cock,” said Sabrina as she laid back on the bed and opened her legs.

Emily was still standing at the side of the mattress as she greased up the big tool with plenty of lube. “Don’t say things like that,” instructed Emily. “I’m the one with the fake cock. I get to determine if it goes in your pussy or your ass.” She climbed on top of her lover and together they positioned themselves so Sabrina’s pussy opened up to admit the phallus Emily wore. It was easiest for her to bring her feet off the sheets and spread her legs wide. Though Emily didn’t have extremely wide hips the difference between her body and Eric and Sam’s slenderer builds was noticeable when her female lover took on the role of a man.

Getting fucked by Emily was perfectly pleasant. She was gentler than Sam or Eric, at least as she got started. They started in the missionary position and stayed that way. It made Sabrina feel a little subservient to her lover especially when Emily really started enjoying her masculine role and she started fucking

her harder.

A groan escaped Sabrina's lips. "You like that?" Emily grunted at her.

"Uh-huh," was all she could do to answer. Emily's hips were now slamming back and forth into Sabrina. All she could do was open her legs wider, raise up her thighs, and take the abuse Emily was dishing out.

"Put your finger up your ass," Emily ordered.

"Huh?" Sabrina mumbled. She understood Emily's order perfectly well, she was just surprised at it. Emily had never expressed any special interest in anal play even though she knew Sabrina loved it and could cum quite easily when her asshole was touched.

"Do it!"

Unwilling to disobey the woman who was in charge, Sabrina reached around her leg, felt that her juices and the lube that Emily had earlier applied were coating the outside of her anus, and gently touched her most sensitive region. A small, sharp intake of breath gave away what she was doing.

"Hurry up!" Emily ordered. "I want to see you cum!"

Sabrina pushed her finger against her ass. It opened up and she was able to slip in her index finger up to the first knuckle. She cried out in a bit of pain that was surrounded by bliss. She didn't need a cock or dildo ramming into her ass to make her cum, just that bit of penetration, that feeling of fullness and wrongness. Her ass wasn't supposed to be penetrated, it was wrong and wonderful and she was a slave to the sensation.

"You've got your finger up your ass?" Emily barked at her.

"Uh-huh."

"Gonna cum?"

"Uh-huh. Keep...fucking...me."

Emily increased the pace of her thrusts and Sabrina felt her orgasm rising and

her sphincter clamped down hard on her finger. There was no reason to muffle her cry of pleasure but she still half strangled it as her shriek filled the room. With every heartbeat she could feel her ass squeezing her finger and it felt wonderful, even better than the orgasm's point of origin inside her clit.

When Emily saw that Sabrina was done cumming she stopped fucking her partner and pulled the phallus out. "Go clean yourself up," she said rolling off Sabrina.

The tall blonde did as she was ordered. In the bathroom she washed her hands, used the toilet, wiped between her legs with a wet washcloth, cleaning her pussy and then her anus. Back in the bedroom she found Emily lounging on the bed on her back with one leg up but hiding her pussy from Sabrina's view with a hand draped over her crotch. Sabrina could tell Emily was masturbating and smiled at the innocent display of sexuality.

"It's your turn to pleasure me now," Emily said as she opened her legs further and displayed her bright pink pussy topped, as always, by the strip of blond hair she kept trimmed. Sabrina saw the lines from the harness straps that had recently circled Emily's hips. There must have been a pleasure nub on the inside of the harness because her pussy was wet and open. "I want your mouth on my cunt."

She had been with the Sam and Eric and Emily long enough to know exactly what Emily liked and expected of her. She had to admit making love with a woman was—at times—better than sex with a man. There were differences that she reveled in. Women were soft and warm the opposite of hard and rough men. Both were nice at different times. But she still had that momentary hesitation of facing Emily's pretty pussy and knowing she was expected to kiss and lick and suck what was supposed to be anathema to her. The display Emily put on was supposed to be seductive, but Sabrina didn't see that. Still, she wanted to make her lover happy, so she crawled on the bed, kissed Emily's knee, then her thigh, then her hip, then she trailed her tongue around her hip, up to Emily's belly button, and only then slowly down to her soft hair.

Emily sighed and rested her hand on top of Sabrina's head. She didn't push, but the implication was there was Sabrina was subservient to her lover. Inhaling Emily's strong scent she descended to her lover's pussy, licking all the way, running her tongue down her long slit and burying her tongue in Emily's quim.

“Good, good, up to the clit. Make me cum.”

If nothing else, Sabrina had learned to take orders and eat pussy at the same time. It wasn't that she loved getting up close and intimate with female genitalia, but she loved doing it for Emily. It seemed like not time at all before Emily came on her face and she was allowed to move up next to her lover.

“You've become an expert in the fine art of cunnilingus,” Emily complimented her.

“Thanks,” Sabrina said distantly “You taste different today.”

“Is that bad?”

“No, just different.”

“There's a good reason for that.”

“Oh, what?” Snuggled up against Emily. Sometimes it was nice to have a man's hard body to hold, other times it was nice to feel another woman's softness next to her own skin.

“I'm pregnant.”

Sabrina shrieked with surprise. “What? When?”

“I peed on the stick a few days ago, went to the doctor yesterday for the confirmation. I'm at about two months.”

“That's still early.”

“Yeah, well I'm getting old. If I am knocked up I need to be careful with what I do with my body. You're going to have to do a lot more duty of the surrogate wife for Eric in the next few months.”

Sabrina accompanied Emily to her next doctor visit for the initial ultrasound. They had decided to keep the pregnancy from their male partners for a bit so they could share the secret just between the women. She was sure that they gave the impression of a lesbian couple in love, but she didn't care. Emily happily disrobed and allowed the technician to probe around her lower belly all the while

holding Sabrina's hand.

"Ready for the big news?" the tech said when she had made some initial measurements.

"What news?" Emily asked, her hand clutching Sabrina's in a sudden surge of panic.

"Do twins run in your family?" the tech asked.

"No," Emily replied automatically. "They run in my husband's."

The tech blinked back and forth between Emily and Sabrina's intimate grasp for a moment before moving on. "Right. Well, you've got twins growing in there."

"What?"

The tech pivoted the small ultrasound screen to display what was obviously two embryos growing inside her womb. Both women started laughing joyfully.

"Twins," Sabrina breathed.

"Yeah," Emily agreed.

"Fraternal," the tech clarified. "Two sacs, two placentas. Too early to tell the sex, of course."

"Could they have different fathers?" Sabrina blurted out.

The tech goggled at the two women for a moment, then recovered after regaining her professional distance. "I suppose...if, um, you had sex with two different men during your window of ovulation..."

Emily and Sabrina laughed and kissed each other.

About the Author

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