

# **Her Fantasy Realized**

**By: Victoria Brynn**

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## Claire's Threesome

"Are you certain you really want to go through with this?" Claire asked, bending over to pick up another small log to toss into the fire burning intimately in the fireplace. The warmth of the fire felt perfect on the cool August night. The pitter-patter of raindrops bounced rhythmically off the roof above.

"We both agreed to allow each other one fantasy to fulfill," Brad replied, looking at his wife's ass squeezed into the denim of her jeans. He loved that ass. It wasn't one of those flat asses, or even worse, a fat and flabby one. It was perfection in two mounds of flesh. The only thing he loved more were the two equally amazing mounds of flesh that made up her large breasts capped with their dark nipples. He watched transfixed as her behind swayed sexily side to side. He could see up the loose front of her t-shirt to those perfect globes, naked under the thin cotton barrier of her top.

"I know, but I'm worried you'll get jealous," she said standing up and turning to face him. "I don't want anything to ruin the moment." She stood there staring at her husband of five years. The flame in the hearth and the dim lighting above bathed her in an almost eerie glow. Her reddish-blond hair seemed ablaze as it cascaded down her shoulders and over the magnificent breasts her husband loved to play with.

"Stop worrying," Brad smiled. "Everything will be fine. So are you going to tell me who the mystery man is? I'd like to know something about him before sharing him with my wife."

"Oh, you'll know all about him when you see him. I'll just say he's a man from my past that we both know."

Brad's brain suddenly went into overdrive thinking of all the men they both knew. Men she would feel comfortable sharing their marital bed with. But more importantly, men she thought he wouldn't mind sharing the bed with. Not that he would be partaking in anyone but his wife. The list grew smaller and smaller as he stared intently at his wife's body outlined by the flames of desire and by those burning in the fireplace behind him.

*It couldn't be Phil*, he thought. Phil was his best friend of twelve years. Phil was bisexual, but knew his friend was not. But he left him on the list until he found a better replacement. *Might be Charles*, his thoughts continued, moving on to Claire's ex-boyfriend. The relationship ended amicably and they were all friends to this day, but as far as Brad knew, Charles wasn't bisexual. Phil was looking more and more likely. *NO! No, no, no, no, no! There's no way in hell! It can't...she wouldn't.*

"Please tell me it isn't Randy," he said nervously. Randy and they went way back. It was Randy that introduced Brad to Claire at the Christmas party seven years ago. As far as Brad was concerned that was his only redeeming quality. Randy was, if nothing else, a complete asshole. He was full of himself, god's gift to humanity. The man had an ego larger than the solar system and didn't care to let others know just how amazingly awesome he was.

"And what if it is?" Claire smiled at him. "We both agreed to go along with whatever the other had planned, right?"

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. You will not ruin this night for me."

"I really don't think I could stand having that egotistical son of a bitch plowing my wife. I'd never hear the end of it. The dirty bastard would tell everyone he knows he screwed you. Do you want word of this getting around?"

"Don't worry. I talked to the man joining us. He assures me he'll never tell a soul."

*The man joining us, Brad thought. She said MAN. She didn't say Randy. That's a good sign. Maybe it isn't him.* "Alright," he sighed "this is your party. When will the guest of honor be here?"

"It won't be long. I told him to come on in when he gets here. Want to fool around while we wait?"

"As much as I'd love nothing more than to smother myself in your breasts, I think we should wait for the mystery man to arrive. Just so we're clear, you did tell him that I am not gay, right? The only one taking it in the ass tonight is you."

"I explained everything to him sweetie so stop worrying." She lifted the shirt above her large breasts and over her head. The two barely sagging mounds bounced up and down invitingly. "Are you sure you don't want to suck my nipples to get me in the mood?" she purred. "You know how much I love it when you suckle them."

"I only wish they produced milk," Brad sighed. He had an almost unexplainable obsession with breast milk. The very thought of the nourishing liquid shooting into his mouth was enough to tent his pants as he walked over to his wife and pulled her close. He breathed deep the scent of Jasmine and honey lightly perfuming her body.

"I'm working on it," Claire said as her husband took her into his arms. She didn't mean to let her little secret slip, but now that the cat was out of the bag there was no putting it back in.

"What do you mean you're working on it?"

"Lactating. Producing milk for you to enjoy. I've been working on it for a few weeks now," she said covering his mouth with her own. She nibbled at his lower lip, pulled on it playfully between her teeth.

"Are you..."

"Only one way to find out."

Brad didn't need telling twice. He latched onto her right nipple, swirling his tongue around the erect nipple, the tiny bumps on her areola gliding over the tip of his tongue like miniature speed bumps that he wholeheartedly ignored. He bit the nipple playfully and then started sucking. Nothing. His shoulders dropped as he realized he wouldn't taste the sweet nectar tonight, but he didn't stop sucking. His left hand slithers sensually up her side to her left breast. He took it in hand and squeezed it, pinching and tugging at the nipple until it too was erect and ready for his hungry mouth.

Claire gripped her husband's package in her hand, groping it gently. "My," she cooed "you're really turned on tonight aren't you?" There was a sound of a zipper and suddenly his pants weren't so tight anymore as his cock sprang free of the confining material. "Why don't I take care of that for you?" She dropped to her knees before he could give anything more than a sigh as her nipple left his mouth.

Claire kissed the head of the cock staring her in the face. It was a cock she had seen a thousand times and never got tired of it. She licked the drop of pre-cum leaking from the tip, her tongue pressing ever so slightly into the hole as she did so. Her hand cupped his balls and tugged them gently as her other hand stroked up and down the smooth shaft.

Knock, knock, knock came a rapping at the door. It opened silently, the normal squeaking drowned out by the increased sound of rain. In stepped the man of the hour. He was the lucky man to join them in their first threesome. Claire stood up and Brad turned around, his raging hard-on pointing angrily at the intruder.

"Hi Phil," Claire smiled. "Come on in. Brad and I were just getting warmed up."

"I can see that," Phil replied, his eyes darting from Claire's large breasts to Brad's steel hard cock. "Don't let me stop you. Go ahead and continue while I get out of these wet clothes."

"Um, hi Phil," Brad finally said to his best friend. He was thankful, so very, very thankful that it wasn't Randy.

"I'd ask how it's hanging, but I can already see that for myself," Phil laughed at his juvenile joke. "So you're really ok with this, man? You want me to fuck your wife?"

"I'm ok with it. It's her fantasy, not mine. I'm just glad it's you and not that asshole Randy. Just try to keep this to yourself. I'd rather not have word spread around that I share my wife with other men."

"Mums the word," Phil said putting a finger to his lips. He peeled off the wet t-shirt clinging to his sculpted body. Claire stared at his muscular arms and chest, and his six-pack abs. The light brown hairs of his chest were barely visible in the dim light. "I'm not going to lie," he said "I've wanted to do this with you and Claire since I met her so this is as much my fantasy as it is hers."

"Why don't we all get naked so we can make this fantasy come true?" Claire suggested. She could feel her heart beating in every part of her excited body. She had been dreaming of taking two men at once for so long she never imagined it would ever come true. When the topic of fantasies came up several months ago, and they both agreed to allow each other the fulfillment of one desire, she knew this was it.

"Sounds like a marvelous idea," Phil replied. He kicked off his shoes and pulled off the wet socks. He pulled off his pants at the same time Brad and Claire removed theirs. All three stood there naked for a moment, eyes darting back and forth between bodies.

"Nice cock," Claire said looking at Phil's already hardening pole. "Why don't you come over here by the fire so I can suck it while Brad fucks me?" It was a nice cock too. Larger than average, but still smaller in both length and girth than her husband's nine inches. It was what she loved to call an anal cock. It was long enough she would definitely feel it sliding in and out of her tight hole, but slender enough it wouldn't rip her backdoor open painfully.

Claire breathed in the faint aroma of cinnamon and sandalwood from Phil's cologne as he moved closer. His skin was damp from the wet clothes now lying in a heap by the door giving him an earthy smell, like a forest after a heavy rain. She looked up at him from her position on her hands and knees, the light of the fire causing her eyes to flicker with the lush she held within. She opened her mouth and took Phil's cock in, running her teeth lightly over the smooth shaft as she swirled her tongue around the head.

Brad moved in behind his wife. He ran a finger down her spine, smiling at the shiver it sent through her. He gave her ass a slap and held his hand there, squeezing the flesh in his powerful grip. "We're going to fuck you silly, dear," he promised. "When we're done with you, you won't be able to walk for a week."

"Promises, promises," Claire replied, taking her mouth from Phil's cock. "Now fuck me dammit before I turn around and let Phil take me first!"

Brad squeezed the other ass cheek and spread them apart. He looked down at her puckered asshole and thought for a moment about ramming it in there. The lube was right there on the mantle. All he had to do was reach over and coat his cock before pushing it in. His eyes drifted a fraction of an inch lower to the folds of her labia. Her mound was puffy, swollen with excitement. Her inner labia were longer than any other woman's he had ever been with, but that wasn't a problem for him. He kneeled down behind her and kissed her on the ass where his hand slapped only a moment ago. He flicked his tongue over her asshole and then went lower. He

sucked those long, meaty labia into his mouth and nibbled on them playfully. He could suck them all night and knew it was a surefire way to get her heated up.

Claire reached back to but her clit. Brad slapped her hand away. "No pleasuring yourself," he said. "It's our job to bring you off, just as it's your job to make us cum." He reached up and massaged the little bundle of nerves as he continued to lick and suck on Claire's slit. The three friends went at it with everything they had. Things were heating to a crescendo when Claire pulled her head back and let out a yelp. "Fucking hell!" she yelped in pain. "I think an ember just burned my thigh!" She scooted away from the two men and the roaring flames and rubbed her outer right thigh.

"You're the one that kept adding logs to the fire," Brad quipped.

"I'll add your log to the damn fire," she shot back at him.

"How about we forget the fire and move to somewhere a little safer," Phil suggested. "As romantic as the dim light and the fire is, I'd rather not get singed."

Brad turned the lighting up and looked at his wife's thigh. There was a small red spot about the size of a dime just below her hip. He kissed it tenderly and helped her to her feet. "Come on, let's take this to the bedroom. That hardwood floor was starting to get to my knees. I don't know how you do it."

"I love sucking your cock so much I forget about the pain in my knees," Claire smiled sheepishly. She held their hands and led the way up the stairs to the safety of the bedroom and the comforts of the bed.