

# Thanksgiving Weekend Ch. 3

by [bridgetkeeneey](#) ©

Dave had a perfect view up Tara's long legs that were splayed open as she lay on her back. He could see Tara's lips and clit, swollen, red and wet from Sandy's oral attention. He allowed his eyes to wander up to Tara's remarkable breasts. While he had never minded Sandy's smaller breasts, seeing such a full and puckered pair was quickly reviving his erection. He looked over to see Sandy smiling at him. She was lying on her side, with her head propped up on her elbow. Her robe was wide open and her firm breasts and flat stomach encouraged his recovery. She had caught him ogling Tara's breasts.

"Tara has an incredible set, doesn't she, Dave?"

Tara opened her eyes and raised herself up onto her elbows. She didn't quite know where things should go from here. She had accepted Mark's invitation for the weekend, and here she was lying naked with his dad and step-mom. Suckling on Sandy's breasts while Dave pumped into Sandy had been incredibly erotic. She had never been with a woman before. It was like making love to herself in some ways. Sandy's body was glowing with sexual energy. Tara decided to make the most of the moment.

"Do you like what you see, Dave?" Tara asked.

Dave wasn't sure where all this was heading. He knew that Tara and Mark weren't sleeping together, but that Mark had hopes, hence the weekend trip. He thought he would just see what Tara and Sandy wanted.

"The view from here is exquisite. But, I am the host, so as I said before, I need to know if you two need anything."

Sandy had so enjoyed Tara's breasts; she wanted to share them with Dave. "Dave, why don't you give Tara's breasts some more attention? She really seemed to enjoy that earlier."

"They are rather lonely, now, Dave," Tara added. "You wouldn't want to waste all this wonderful oil." With that remark, Tara and Sandy reached for Dave and pulled him up to his knees. They pulled his shirt over his head and pushed his jeans and boxers down and off. Tara moved to the center of the futon, laid back and reached for Dave to straddle her ribcage on his knees. Tara was impressed with how well maintained Dave was for being in his early fifties. His dark brown hair was sprinkled with gray. His face was traced with smile lines around his mouth and eyes. His body was hard in all the right places. She eagerly reached up to circle his flat nipples with her nails and then ran her fingers down his ribs and belly.

"What a view," Dave thought. He gazed at Tara's overripe breasts with their large, pink aureoles pouting up at him. Dave reached down and gathered Tara's breasts together in his

two hands, rubbing the nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. Tara grasped Dave's thighs and squeezed. She trailed her fingernails through the light sprinkling of hair and his dark brown bush. Dave's testicles twitched as she gently tickled up them with her nails. She then traced the seam and around the tip of his cock with the back of her nail. Dave continued to swell.

"Sandy, could we have some of your wonderful oil?" Tara asked.

Sandy reached over for the oil and poured some into Tara's and Dave's hands. Dave drizzled the oil in the deep valley between Tara's breasts and then eagerly slid his hands around their fullness. Tara cupped and massaged Dave's balls with her left hand while she skimmed her right hand down and up Dave's pulsing erection. Once the oil was distributed she started to grasp him more firmly and thumb him just under his head.

"Oh, yes...." Dave sighed.

Tara then pulled Dave forward and slid his thick, seven inches up her cleavage.

"Sandy, I think I might need your help with this husband of yours." Tara had not forgotten about her resolution to make the most of this situation. She wanted to taste her first woman and she had a plan.

"Sandy, I need you to hold my breasts together for Dave, so I can hold onto his tight ass."

Sandy was hot to be a part of the action and moved alongside Tara's head, facing Dave and her hands joining his hands on Tara's breasts. She pressed Tara's breasts closed around Dave's slick erection.

"Oh, I think that's awkward for you. Come here."

Tara pulled Sandy to straddle her face. Tara inhaled the combined scent of Dave and Tara from Sandy's dripping cunt and then blew some air onto Sandy's lips and clit. Sandy lowered herself to give Tara better access and leaned her head onto Dave's shoulder while squeezing Tara's breasts. Her shoulder length auburn hair brushed Dave's shoulder and chest.

Tara chuckled and gripped Dave's firm ass. She reached up her tongue to taste Sandy. The familiar taste of cum was blended with a lighter saltiness. Tara closed her eyes to picture what Sandy had done to her. She traced Sandy's lips and gently tugged on them with her teeth. She licked up from Sandy's cunt to her hood and probed for her clit. Sandy and Dave's juices dripped onto Tara as she lapped at Sandy's clit. Sandy ground herself down onto Tara, moaning lightly.

Dave was quickly spiraling into ecstasy. He reached forward for Sandy's pert breasts and teased her nipples while she sucked at the pulse in his neck. Thrusting between Tara's slick breasts was sensory overload. The slight pain from Tara's nails digging into his ass kept him

from coming too soon. He was enjoying the sights and sounds of Tara eating Sandy. He wanted Sandy to come first.

Sandy was quickly on her way to obliging Dave. Feeling him thrusting between the breasts she held while Tara started to suck on her clit was overwhelming. As Mark pinched her breasts, Sandy felt herself flying over the edge. She started to buck against Tara's face.

"Oooohhhh...Ohhhhhh...Mhhhhmmmmmm....." Sandy moaned. Dave held her down while Sandy gushed her juices onto Tara's face.

Hearing and watching Sandy climax brought Dave to the edge. He quickened his thrusts and spurted his cum between Tara's breasts. Some hit Tara's chin. Sandy slid back and leaned over to lick Tara's breasts and face and Dave's cock.

As Sandy moved to the side, Tara's eyes opened wide to see Mark and Mike sitting on loungers across the room. They were both grinning widely as they stood up and walked over to the futon.

"Sandy, I think it's our turn for clean up," said Mark as he nudged his dad off of Tara and sat down next to her.

*Web-accessed August 9, 2010 at:*

<http://web.archive.org/web/20030618164943/www.literotica.com/stories/showstory.php?id=62465>