

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 06

Briterotic

The long slow seduction of a work colleague.

Mature

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Chapter Six: An Autumn Affair

Tamara's sexual liaisons continued throughout the summer of 98 and, as usual, whether directly or indirectly, Jack benefitted from her affairs and conquests. The couple had threesomes with Marta, Annie and Alena. Tamara owned Danita as her sex slave, an arrangement that Danita found every bit as arousing as her mistress. Tamara also visited Olivia and Paul one warm, wet evening in June and left them both satisfied. Olivia wanted a regular date with her alone, but Tamara politely declined, she was still enjoying her attachment to Alena and was also too busy toying with Danita.

But nothing lasts forever and, gradually, into early autumn, Tamara's carnal companions departed one by one. As Tamara expected, her lovely Alena left her teaching job, and moved to be with her husband at the northern university at which he was now working. Tamara was sad to see her go, she and Alena were well matched, they had a close connection, and the best sex either had ever had with a woman. They both knew that they would stay in touch, but not being easily available to each other was a cause of sadness and frustration for them both.

Tamara, bedded Annie three more times after their first sexual encounter and Jack joined in on one occasion. Then, in August, Daniel returned and Annie turned her by now considerably more assertive sexual attention exclusively on her nephew.

Marta called on Tamara and Jack several times throughout June and July. She sucked Jack dry and licked Tamara to countless orgasms. In August, she left her husband, and stayed with Tamara and Jack for a fortnight whilst she found somewhere to live. It was a test of stamina for both of them and they were thankful that they could share the load. Marta fucked Tamara silly during the day then, almost as soon as he arrived home from work, dragged Jack up to bed and rode him relentlessly.

They usually ended proceedings each night with Jack lying on his back, Marta lying on top of him, facing the ceiling with his cock in her cunt, and Tamara going down on Marta's pussy. Marta's powerful orgasms erupted in her face as Tamara lapped up her juices mingled with Jack's come. Relief was mixed with regret when Marta found a new job in London and moved in with a elderly distant cousin. When Tamara had seduced Marta, only a few short months ago, she had unleashed a whirlwind of pent up sexual desire; as London was about to find out.

It was just a week after Marta left that Mark paid his final visit to Tamara. They played out their usual erotic routine one last time, because Mark had decided to give up his part time chiropody practice, having been asked to work full time in an IT company that he was already involved with. Tamara had taken enormous pleasure from the shaftings that she had received from him over the past eighteen months. She insisted on him taking her stockings as a reminder of their erotic, steamy seductive encounters.

In early September, Tamara helped her very clever bitch get a late place in college on a business management course. Despite her complete domination of Danita, Tamara had a soft spot for her and wanted her to do well. Danita was very bright and capable of greater things than cleaning for her horny mistress. Tamara regretted that she would no longer sit with her legs apart whilst Danita buried her face between them. Nor would she be able to spank Danita for some concocted minor misdemeanour, before slipping a finger inside her and bringing her to orgasm. Nor would she any longer be able to bind her hands behind her back, and shaft her with her strap on cock.

By late September, Tamara's various sexual partners and playthings had disappeared. Jack felt the loss as well and encouraged her to start some new adventures. He also floated the idea that they could take their already incredible sexual relationship to new heights by fucking secretly in public. He drew up a list of possibilities for them to ponder. The list was extensive and served to further stimulate their foreplay when they shared fantasies of where they would like to risk being found out.

In early October Jack had got mobile phones for himself and Tamara. They discovered the benefits of mobile phone sex one night when Jack was working late in the office, and Tamara phoned him to partake in mutual masturbation. Jack was alone in the building, even the cleaners had gone, he checked that the coast was clear before wanking to the sound of Tamara's heavy breathing and eventual orgasm all of thirty miles away.

Just after she had come, and still feeling aroused by the new experience, Tamara noticed a text from Alena.

"Tried to call you but engaged. Ring me, need to talk!"

Tamara realised she'd missed several calls from her so she rang straight away. Alena was in a state of high dudgeon. She had only been back living with Jed for four weeks, and had discovered that he was up to his old trick of screwing his students again. Alena was broad minded and hadn't objected to his affairs with women closer to his age, indeed, she had had dalliances of her own, but she disliked him taking advantage of what she saw as vulnerable young women in their late teens and early twenties.

Tamara consoled her and invited her to stay with her and Jack at half term, but Alena wanted Tamara to herself so they booked a long weekend in a hotel in Staffordshire. They only got out of bed to dress sexily for dinner, after which, they tumbled back into their room together to fuck until the early hours.

On the first evening when they got back to their room, Alena fitted a strap on cock under the tight black leather trousers that she was wearing. Tamara's juices began to seep out of her cunt at the sight of the cock bulging against the leather material. She was in a dress, heels and stockings, they kissed passionately on the sofa in their room. They mauled each other's bodies, Alena pushing her hand up Tamara's dress to take possession of her pussy, before unbuttoning her fly, pulling out the false cock, forcing Tamara onto her back, spreading her legs apart and fucking her vigorously. Tamara screamed the house down.

On the second evening, Jack was missing Tamara and had to deal with a very hard erection before going to sleep. He sent a text to her asking how the weekend was going.

"Wonderful, her fingers are in my cunt right now, I'm going to come..." came the reply.

Jack's erection was taken care of in no time at all.

In the couple of weeks leading up to half term and Tamara's dirty weekend with Alena, she had noticed a good looking new member of staff at school. He was covering for the Head of English, who was on long term sick leave, and had been drafted in from another school in the City until at least the end of term. There had been smiles and eye contact for several weeks. Tamara remarked to one of her colleagues from the English department that he was hot.

"Get in line girlfriend, anyway, you're already married and so is he."

"Not actually married but I take your point, no harm in window shopping though."

Then during break in the staff room one morning Tamara and the new man found themselves making tea in the kitchen area. They both reached for the sugar bowl at the same time and their hands touched.

"Oh, I'm sorry, here, after you."

"You're a gentleman, a rare breed in this school."

"Not always," he said with a grin.

"You're covering for Marion aren't you?"

"Yes, that's right."

"How are you finding it?"

"Good, the staff here are friendly, although there is someone I'd like to know better."

"I'm Tamara," she said offering her hand.

"I'm Evan," he said, taking it and holding it slightly longer than was necessary.

Tamara was wearing a loose fine knitted top that finished about three inches above the hem of her black skirt which in turn finished three inches above her knee. She wore two inch high square heels, underneath this she wore nearly black stockings and black underwear. Her long heavy necklace fell between and divided her pert breasts. Evan had been watching her for several minutes and he was very attracted to her.

"Good, now we're no longer strangers we can get to know each other," said Tamara with a meaningful smile.

"I'd like that very much."

Their flirting was interrupted by a colleague of Evan's.

The following afternoon Tamara sat opposite Evan in a staff meeting. She wore a short brown skirt, brown stockings, heels and a yellow top. Sitting in one of the low easy chairs in the staffroom, she found it difficult to hide her stocking tops. The welt was just visible for an inch or so. Evan found it hard to take his eyes off her legs, when he did eventually look at her face she gave him a suggestive

half smile, looked down at her legs and looked up again to show that she knew where his attention had been focussed.

The meeting finished and Sheryl, the Deputy Head, latched on to Evan and kept him talking. Tamara felt a pang of jealousy, but it was the last Friday before half term, and her head was full of her plans for Alena. She needed to get away so that she could arrive at the hotel for dinner by 7.30pm. Any plans she had for Evan would have to wait until after half term.

At dinner in the hotel on that first night Tamara told Alena about a new sex interest at school. Alena knew him vaguely and was full of encouragement for Tamara.

"You lucky bitch, he's definitely worth a crack, keep me in the picture won't you?"

On the third and final evening of their long weekend, during foreplay, Alena had aroused Tamara to fever pitch with a fantasy about what she could do to Jack. Tamara had loved the idea, she couldn't wait to try it, her pussy tingled all the way home the next day. Tamara had been home for a couple of hours when Jack returned from work. She had occasionally pressed her fingers into her mound and felt incredibly horny, but had managed to avoid using her vibrator. She wore a long tight skirt so that it wouldn't be as easy for her to push her fingers into her vagina as it would have been in a short skirt.

The skirt was camel coloured and it hugged her arse and thighs. It finished at ankle length just above her black low heeled shoes. Underneath she wore black lace top hold up stockings, the pattern of which was just showing in relief through her skirt material, if anyone looked closely. Her panties and bra were black lace, and she wore a patterned red long sleeved knitted top that also finished just under the curve of her buttocks.

When Jack saw her, he gave her a huge smile and a long hug, during which she could feel his cock growing against her abdomen.

"Okay, down boy, I've got a very naughty night lined up for you, I really hope you like it because I'm so aroused by a fantasy that Alena has put into my head."

"Wow, sounds intriguing, come here and let me feel your lovely bottom."

He embraced her again and placed both of his large hands on her buttocks, pulling her hard against his, by now, full erection.

"Whoa, put me down Tarzan, let's eat first then we'll get changed and have fun."

"Role play? You've really got me going now."

"Well, that all depends on who wins the game we're going to play."

"What game?"

"Cards, look, we're going to eat now, then we'll play whist and whoever wins gets to be in control, right? I'll explain later, tea's ready so open a bottle while I serve."

"What if I win, it won't be Alena's fantasy."

"You won't"

"Oh, right, we'll see about that, I've hatched some pretty good fantasies of my own while you've been away."

"Come on dummy, eat up then I'll beat you at cards."

They enjoyed the wine and their meal as though it was all part of their foreplay. Jack was intrigued and excited, he almost considered deliberately losing the card game, but he liked the idea of being in control, and couldn't wait to teach Tamara a lesson.

After they had eaten, she told Jack about her weekend with Alena. He was especially aroused by the image of Alena in high heels, and tight leather trousers bulging with a strap on cock. He could picture her, trousers pulled down to her knees, fucking Tamara on her back with her legs wrapped around Alena's waist. Jack stood up, unable to disguise his own bulge, and cleared away the plates, whilst Tamara got out a deck of cards; she dealt them seven cards each.

"You didn't shuffle," said a suspicious Jack.

"What's the matter, Don't you trust me?"

"Not entirely."

"I can shuffle and deal again if you like."

Jack fell for it.

"No, it's okay, let's carry on."

Tamara had rigged the deck and won the first trick. She got to choose trumps and wiped the floor with Jack winning the next trick six to nothing. She'd arranged the cards so that there would be no doubt about the outcome.

"Oh, I see, I've really been suckered haven't I? Your hand was full of aces and pictures and I didn't have any."

"I don't know what you mean. Now pay attention lover boy, I'm going upstairs to slip into something less comfortable and when I'm ready, I'll call you."

Tamara left Jack to wonder what his fate would be, his cock started to swell again. She called him when she was ready and he wasted no time climbing the stairs to their bedroom. As he entered the room his jaw dropped at the sight of Tamara dressed as a dominatrix.

She looked stunningly sexy, her bust emerging from a low cut black basque, a tight black leather skirt, elbow length black gloves, very high black stilettos, and nearly black stockings with seams. Her suspender straps and clips protruded through the leather skirt which also concealed her already damp black panties.

She stood near the bed with her weight on her left leg, and her right leg slightly bent. In her right hand she had a riding crop that she held at an angle across her thighs, toward her left knee. Her lips and fingernails were scarlet, and she wore long teardrop jet black earrings tipped with amber; Jack was salivating and wondering where her dominatrix ensemble had come from, he knew that he hadn't seen it before; he would have remembered.

"Don't look so surprised, I bought all of this at the beginning of the summer holidays. Danita had a look on her face just like you have now. She would finish cleaning and get into a schoolgirl uniform that I bought for her, and I would appear dressed like this."

Jack was in awe of Tamara by now, she approached him slowly and menacingly and held the tip of the riding crop under his chin.

"Danita was a very obedient little slut, just like you're going to be. You will do whatever I say without hesitation, any disobedience will be punished with this."

She slapped the crop across her leather clad thighs as she spoke.

"You will only speak when spoken to and you will call me mistress. Understood?"

"Yes mistress," said an aroused but slightly alarmed Jack.

"Strip naked now and lie face down on the bed."

"Yes mistress."

Jack did as he was told, he felt Tamara's weight on him as she pulled his arms behind his back, and bound them tightly with a soft red rope. Then she gagged him with a red scarf. At least he hadn't been made to wear a schoolgirl outfit, he thought with some relief. Little did he know that what he would be wearing, had been the deviant, delicious highlight of Alena's fantasy that had so captured Tamara's imagination and pussy.

Tamara stroked his buttocks with her riding crop and told him to roll over. Then she commanded him to sit up, she ran the crop along the underside of his erect cock from the base until it reached the glans at which point she pinned it against his abdomen. She knew that the riding crop was now pressing against the most sensitive part of his penis, so she gave him a look of gloating domination and teased him by masturbating him with the crop, until droplets of come started to ooze out of his helpless cock.

Leaving him frustrated, and on the edge of an orgasm, what she did next took Jack completely by surprise. He looked spellbound as she took her short black skirt, a black suspender belt, black lacy panties and nearly black stockings, from her wardrobe and underwear drawer.

"It's a shame that none of my tops or heels will fit you."

A gagged Jack couldn't have spoken if he'd wanted to. His cock was rigid and jutting out from between his legs, he felt as though he might come spontaneously.

"Oh good, I can see that this is turning you on almost as much as it is me."

Tamara looked into his slightly panic stricken eyes and gripped his cock whilst straddling him, her tight leather skirt rode up over her stocking tops. She brushed her silky black panty gusset with the tip of Jack's cock and whispered into his ear.

"Now you're going to be a good girl and play nicely with your mistress."

"Hhnnnggg!" was all Jack could manage. His orgasm was screaming to be released from the confines of his balls.

"I'm going to dress you as my slut, then I'm going to tease you, and make you do things to me, then, when I'm ready, I'm going to take you and fuck you so that you're in no doubt about your submissive, crushing humiliation."

She gripped the shaft of his hard cock, and stroked it several times, whilst looking seductively into his eyes. Jack sat bound and helpless as semen started to rise up his shaft, Tamara was incredibly aroused, "clever Alena," she thought as she savoured the intense erotic thrill building inside her pussy. With impeccable timing, she released her grip on Jack's cock just as he was about to come.

It was the most excruciating erotic torture as she brought him to the brink, and then left him teetering on the edge of orgasm; she knew exactly what she was doing.

She sauntered sexily over to the clothes she had prepared for Jack. She picked up the panties and with a domineering expression told Jack to stand up. She made him step into the panties and she slowly raised them up over his knees and thighs until they sat on his hips. She folded his erect cock into the lacy front panel of the panties as more of her juices seeped from her pussy. Next she fitted the suspender belt around his waist, straps dangling suggestively, and told him to sit on the dressing table chair. She slowly and deliberately unfurled the stockings up over his legs and clipped them to the four strap suspender belt.

Jack had been taken completely by surprise, he didn't know what to think when he had realised what she was going to make him wear, but now he was even more surprised at just how hot and kinky he felt. His nerve ends were tingling with forbidden erotic arousal. Tamara made him stand and step into the short black skirt, she could feel her cunt walls clenching as she slowly pulled the skirt up over his buttocks and hips. There he stood, gagged, hands bound behind his back, looking perverse, but so deliciously erotic in her stockings, underwear and tight skirt.

Tamara drooled at the sight of the skirt as it fitted snugly over his nicely formed buttocks, with a mound at the front where his cock couldn't be contained. She wished she'd got a pair of heels in size eleven; perhaps next time, she thought. She just wanted to put her hand up the skirt and grab his cock, but not yet.

Tamara sensuously slipped off her leather skirt and panties, sat on the chair and opened her legs.

"On your knees bitch and eat my cunt... Oh, that's a clever girl, suck my clit, Oh yes, lick me, suck me, you're such a turn on in your tight skirt and stockings."

Tamara was more aroused than she could ever remember, she tried to stay in control but Jack's tongue and lips brought her crashing to a loud orgasm that lasted a full forty seconds.

"Oh, you naughty girl, you've made me come before I was ready, you'll have to be punished for that. Go and lie face down on the bed."

Tamara lifted his skirt, pulled down his panties and gave him three playful strokes across his buttocks with her riding crop.

"Now turn over bitch."

Jack did as he was told. He lay there, arms bound behind him, gagged and completely powerless. Tamara's pussy was tingling again as her eyes settled on the bulge at the front of his skirt. Now she was ready to take him, to live out the final part of the fantasy that Alena had whispered in her ear as she had been engulfed by an orgasm the previous night.

Tamara got onto the bed next to Jack, she pushed the hem of his skirt up over his stocking tops to reveal his erect penis bursting out of its lacy covering. She felt a surge of pussy juice running out of her as she gazed at the erotic sight of Jack, bound, in his suspenders and stockings, his skirt pushed over his hips, wearing her lacy panties that were unable to fully contain his erect cock and his balls. She quickly untied the gag and covered his face with her wet pussy.

"Eat me slut, lap me up."

Jack was almost suffocating but he sucked her delicious come into his mouth and swallowed. Now she roughly retied the gag and prepared for her big finale. She gazed at Jack once more, his skirt around his hips, suspenders, stockings and panties on view, his cock standing to attention. Alena was right, it was one of the most erotic sights she had ever seen. Tamara almost came as she pulled his lacy panties down to his knees and left them there.

"I'm going to fuck you bitch, I'm going to fuck you hard, you're my slut with a cock and I'm going to ride you until you beg for mercy."

Tamara lowered herself onto Jack's spike of a cock and started to move slowly and sensuously, moving her hips like a belly dancer. Jack breathed heavily underneath her, he could feel his semen waiting to be pumped into her warm cunt. She quickened the pace and started to shaft him, almost pushing him through the mattress.

"Oh yes! Oh God!, fuuuuck, uggh, ugghh. Don't you dare come until I tell you bitch."

Jack's cock had never felt bigger, it filled her wet cunt, rippling the walls and sending hot, erotic sensations throughout her body. She became more and more aroused, the dirty kinky fantasy, with its domination, and the sexy dressing up of Jack, swirled in her mind. She felt like she'd reached a new level of sexual gratification, it felt deviant, illicit, forbidden.

"Ohh! That's it bitch, wait until I give you permission, wait, Ohhh, fuck, you're mine slut, I own you now."

"Ohh, Now bitch, come, come for your mistressss nowww. Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, ahhhh, come for me bitch, yesss, yes, ahhhhhhh!"

Tamara pounded into Jack as they both came with spectacular intense orgasms. At last, Jack pumped his warm spunk into Tamara's cunt and she gripped his cock with its slick walls. Jack had been ravaged and he knew it, he was still half shocked and half electrified by what she had done to him.

"Oh Jack, that was the best, most perverted sex I've ever had," she said as she collapsed beside him.

Tamara lay next to Jack for several minutes savouring the moment and enjoying the feeling of being in complete control. Then she untied him and gave him a loving hug and a kiss on the forehead.

"Jack, you make a very sexy girl, can we do that again sometime please? I could get you a pair of high heels to fit, just imagine."

"Okay, steady on, I think this might have been a one off for me, but we'll see in a few months maybe," said Jack playing down his by now considerable craving for being used as Tamara's slut again.

"I could make you a little black dress and buy a wig for you," she laughed.

"Very funny, now let's go and finish that wine, watch a bit of telly and indulge in some slow warm fucking later on."

"Sounds like a plan, I'm in."

"Did you enjoy it though?"

"Tamara, you took me somewhere I never imagined I would go, I'm still trying to get used to it but, yes, it was fucking amazing, you were fucking amazing, you have a talent for it, it must be the strict schoolteacher in you."

Early Monday morning, half term over, Tamara was getting ready for work. She put a tight grey pencil skirt on over black hold ups and black underwear, a close fitting grey knitted top showed off her breasts. Jack wished he could skip work and fuck her all day long.

Just as he was about to set off she said, "Jack, I must tell you, there's a new man at work that I've got my eye on. He's probably only here for this term, but I could get infatuated. I really want to fuck him. He's married but I can't stop myself. Don't worry, I'll be careful."

"Good, we need a new adventure. What's he like?"

"His name is Even, he's African Caribbean and he's covering for Marion as Head of English."

"Evan, that's a Welsh name."

"Yes, he's a black Welshman who's passionate about the English language, and he's very good looking. I can tell that Sheryl, the deputy, is keen but I want to make him mine."

"I'm looking forward to hearing about this contest, go get him."

"Thanks Jack, I love you."

That afternoon, after school, a staff training session was held for two hours. During the session, Tamara and Evan managed to get paired up to look at aspects of the behaviour policy. He paid close attention to her and touched her arm more than once, she enjoyed the contact and leant into him slightly but they had to be careful in front of their colleagues.

"Getting cosy with Evan I see," smirked Sheryl afterwards in the car park.

"In your dreams Sheryl, he's married so off limits I'm afraid," said Tamara trying to throw her off the scent.

"No, he's separated, has been for a couple of months. I've been trying to offer sympathy and... well you should know, but he's not taken the bait yet."

"But you're... "

"I only want to fuck him, I'm not going to dump Martin for him."

"Wow, you're a dark horse."

"You should know Tamara, how is Alena by the way?"

"She's... oh, you knew, oh God! Is it common knowledge?"

"No, don't worry, I just happened to see you squeeze her breasts and kiss her on the back of her neck once when you thought no one was looking; quite arousing if you must know. I kept it to myself and I must say, you both did a very good job of concealing it otherwise, I don't think anyone suspects."

"God I hope not, thanks Sheryl, I owe you."

"Oh don't worry, and when I said arousing don't think I was coming on to you, I'd have to be very drunk before jumping into bed with a woman."

"I must buy you a drink sometime."

"Naughty!"

Sheryl trotted off to her car in her heels, smart navy blue pencil skirt suit and bobbed red hair. She had joined the school as Deputy Head in April and was popular because of her open, friendly management style. Tamara now realised how attractive and appealing she was; perfect body, pert, sexy, warm, attractive smile and very endearing.

"Mmm, just up Jack's street," she thought, "and mine too if I'm honest. If I can seduce Evan before she does it will be some achievement."

The following week Tamara found herself on playground duty with Evan. Tamara was wearing a long, warm camel coat over a short dark brown skirt, brown four inch heels and an orange top. The coat was unbuttoned and showed sexy glimpses of her legs and tight skirt when she moved. Evan was wearing just his suit without a coat. There was a chill wind so they sheltered in the alcove of the doorway to the changing rooms.

Tamara's phone pinged, it was a dirty message from Alena.

"Wearing my leather pants today, wish your hands were inside them xx"

"Likewise, phone sex tonight please? xx"

"Can't wait, I'll ring about 8 when J's gone out xx"

"Perfect, my J will be at the pub with his mate"

"Is that one of the new Nokia's?" asked Evan.

"Yes, Jack got us one each, I didn't realise how useful they could be."

"Have you got a mobile?"

"No, my wife's got it, we're separated."

Despite the cold wind Tamara felt a warm glow, the wind gusted again and Evan shivered.

"I'm sorry to hear that," she lied.

"No, it's okay, been coming a long time. At least it's amicable and we're putting our kids first."

"How old are they?"

"One's fifteen and the other is seventeen," said Evan, shivering again.

"Where's your coat you silly man? If we were somewhere more private I'd give you a cuddle to keep you warm."

Tamara wondered if she had gone too far, she needn't have been concerned.

"I'd let you."

The bell rang for the end of break time.

"Are you going to Emma's party next week?"

"Yes, are you?"

"Yes and I'm really looking forward to it now," said Tamara.

Emma was one of the younger members of staff in the English department, she was popular and had invited lots of friends and colleagues to her birthday party on a Friday evening at the end of November. The party was in the function room of a large city pub, Evan and Tamara were there, so was Sheryl and many more of the livelier members of staff.

Tamara was wearing a little black dress, it was short and low cut, her heels were black, five inches high, her seamed stockings were nearly black and her six strap suspender belt, panties and bra were brand new black silk and lace. Sheryl looked stunning too in a very classy, well cut, knee length red dress with matching bolero jacket, black high heels and natural coloured hosiery.

Great fun was had by all and the drink flowed, Tamara danced with lots of colleagues, a male colleague from the PE department was particularly interested in her, but he stood no chance, Tamara had got Evan in her sights. So had Sheryl but when it came to one of their colleagues attempting to take a large group photo, Tamara sat herself on Evan's lap.

Inevitably it took ages for the group to get organised and all in frame, then the camera flash wouldn't work, so another colleague tried to sort it out. By the time the photo was actually taken, Tamara had been on Evan's lap for a good three minutes. She gradually eased herself further back into his groin, she could feel his cock hardening as he pulled her in tighter.

He placed his right hand on her right thigh and was delighted and very aroused to find a suspender clip, his left hand caressed the outside of her left thigh where he found two more. His erect cock nestled between her buttocks, she could feel it large and hard; she felt faint with desire. The welts of her stocking tops were clearly visible as her short dress rode up her thighs.

The photo would eventually show suspender straps and a strip of bare silky flesh above her stocking top on her right leg. It would be the cause of much teasing by her close colleagues, and the source of prolonged masturbation for the colleague from the PE Department.

Tamara and Evan slow danced, closely and as sensually as they dared, hoping that colleagues would put it down to the booze. She could feel his erect cock pressing into her and she desperately wanted to fuck him, but she was being picked up by Jack. As the party came to a close, they all said their goodnights to one another and Tamara gave Evan a brief kiss on the lips as she squeezed his hand.

Tamara played with Jack's cock and put her fingers between her pussy lips all the way home. Jack kept glancing at her lovely calves in seamed stockings and five inch heels, then he took in her stocking clad thighs and her soft small hand buried between her thighs; he also occasionally looked at the road too. He was delighted, Evan had blown the tyres up, but he was going to ride the bike. He got the fucking of his life when they got home; on the hallway floor, on the stairs and in bed.

The next Monday morning, Tamara saw Evan in the staff room before assembly, he was standing reading something when she came up close; she eased her left breast into his right elbow. They stayed like this for several seconds whilst she feigned interest in what he was reading. The bell went and they moved off to assembly. Tamara and Evan were on crowd control at the back of the assembly hall.

They stood close enough to touch hands before Evan's right hand searched for signs of a suspender clip on her left thigh. She was wearing a knee length black skirt in a flimsy material that flared out slightly at the hem. Evan found what he was looking for without much trouble; his cock twitched, her pussy clenched. Not wanting to take any further risks, they stood further apart, but occasionally let their hands brush against each other.

On the way out of the hall, Evan said in a low tone.

"Do you always wear stockings?"

Tamara just smiled, before turning to chivvy students out of the hall.

Three days later and not having an opportunity to get close to each other, Tamara went looking for Evan in his classroom. He had a free period and the room was empty, he was sitting at his desk with his right arm along the arm of his chair. Tamara was wearing her flimsy black skirt, black heels and nude stockings, with a white six strap suspender belt.

She came into the room quietly and said hello. Evan greeted her, he was obviously pleased to see her.

"Hi Tamara, I've missed you the past couple of days."

She sidled up to his chair and leant against the arm.

"Guess what I'm wearing," she said in low seductive tones.

Evan felt her thigh pressed against his arm, he placed his right hand on the inside of her left calf just below the hem of her skirt. She didn't pull away so he raised his hand up the inside of her thigh until it was on the welt of her stocking. She breathed slowly out through her nose in an attempt to stay in control of herself. Evan raised his thumb and stroked the bare flesh above her stocking. He was now just inches from her pussy, his cock began to harden.

"Always?"

"Always."

He raised his hand a little higher until it was trapped between the tops of her warm thighs, just inch short of her pussy. She gasped and pulled away, he straightened his erect cock and cleared his throat.

"Well thank you Tamara, that was illuminating, shall I see you at rehearsals later?"

"Definitely."

She turned and walked out into the corridor, her panty gusset was so wet, that she had to pay a quick visit to the ladies toilet, to mop up her juices. Her heart was pounding in the cubicle, she'd taken things as far as she dared, and she knew her pussy would have surrendered to his fingers if he touched her panty gusset.

The rehearsals were for the school's production of the 'Sound Of Music.' Evan was there because of his interest in drama, Tamara was wardrobe mistress. The performances would take place on three evenings in the next week, the first week of December. At the end of the following week, it was the staff Christmas meal at a hotel in the city. Tamara was counting on her seduction of Evan being complete by then.

Full dress rehearsal was well under way, Tamara stood in the wings in a rare moment of calm. She was usually organising frantic costume changes, but the Head of Drama was spending some time on getting a particular scene right. Evan came up behind her, it was dimly lit in the wings, and there was no one else close by. He pushed his semi erect cock into the slit between her buttocks, she pushed herself into his groin and gyrated very slowly and seductively. Her movement was barely perceptible, but it turned him on so much, that his cock soon became fully erect.

She moved her right hand behind her and grasped his hard member through the material of his suit trousers. Evan caught his breath, she started to fumble with his zip, but he thought it too risky; he grabbed her wrist with his right hand. Then he pushed the back of her hand against his erection, before caressing her left hip and thigh with his left hand. Tamara found it intensely arousing, but she had to move smartly away when she heard the director say "well done everyone, that's enough for tonight, go and get changed."

Evan had to rush off to see his teenage children, otherwise the temptation to fuck him in the ruined villa would have been too much for Tamara. She sat in her car resisting the urge to find a quiet spot to masturbate. It was only a fifteen to twenty minute drive home. Before she set off she texted Jack.

"He's left me as horny as fuck, do me from behind as soon as I get in xx"

The week of the production was typically hectic, Tamara was rushed off her feet and had little time to contemplate anything except costumes, and controlling excited students. The last night of the musical was on Thursday. Jack accompanied her, Evan knew he was coming and, after polite hellos, following Tamara's introductions, he kept his distance. Tamara also introduced Jack to Sheryl, she could tell when their eyes met that they were mutually attracted to each other.

Jack helped Tamara tidy up and store the costumes, the other staff had either gone home or adjourned to the pub. The caretaker wandered around jangling his keys saying he'd be back in fifteen minutes to lock up. Tamara was tired but still buzzing from the success of the production, she had received a large bouquet of flowers for her hard work as costume manager.

She was wearing her short black skirt with black heels, stockings and a blue long sleeved top. When she realised that she was alone with Jack for a few minutes, she quickly stripped off her skirt and top.

"What are you doing?" asked a surprised Jack.

"Pass me one of the nun's costumes will you. No, not that one, a larger one."

She slipped the costume over her head. Jack thought that she looked incredibly sexy dressed as a nun in heels and stockings. The costume fitted snugly and finished just above her stilettos. She gave Jack one of her 'follow me home and fuck me' looks and he took the hint. He lifted her onto a table, she spread her legs wide, he undid his trousers and buried his cock deep inside her cunt. Tamara came twice before Jack caught up, and shot his warm fluid into her.

They cleaned up just in time to see the caretaker wandering back into the hall. Tamara grabbed the nun's costume and flowers and said to Jack.

"This is coming home with us, I want you to defile me again later."

The final week of term arrived, Tamara took every opportunity to be around Evan in the hope that they'd get the chance of a quick fondle. They managed to touch hands again in assembly, and Evan surreptitiously brushed his hand across her suspender clips, whilst reaching for a mug from a cupboard in the staff room. They were alone in a quiet corridor for a few seconds, gazing into each other's eyes, and almost risking a kiss but thinking better of it.

They stood out of the wind again on playground duty, Tamara opened her long coat, Evan pressed the knuckle of the middle finger of his right hand into her mound through her flimsy black skirt. Then he squeezed her pussy before she hissed "stop" and moved away from him, just in time, when a group of girls came around the corner.

They stood together at the back of the library in a crowded staff meeting, Evan caressed her left buttock with his warm right hand. The erotic interplay between them was becoming intense and, almost reached a climax in the storeroom, next to Tamara's classroom, during morning break on the day before the staff Christmas meal.

Evan knew that Tamara would be alone in her classroom and came looking for her. He found her in the storeroom sorting out text books. There were only a few minutes left before the bell for the end of break. Tamara was in her short black and white houndstooth patterned skirt, ankle boots and opaque black hold ups. They embraced and Evan slipped his hand under the hem, and up over the lacy stocking tops. He waited for a signal, Tamara closed her eyes and parted her lips for a kiss. At that moment, a girl student came into the classroom sobbing. Tamara quickly straightened her skirt and whispered.

"I'll go and deal with that, you slip out without being seen."

Tamara went out into the classroom to console the girl, she embraced her and pressed her head into her bosom, so that she couldn't see Evan tiptoe out of the storeroom, through the classroom and into the corridor. Tamara gave him a rueful smile, and as he left he mouthed "tomorrow" at her. She understood perfectly.

Tomorrow duly arrived and Tamara sat at her dressing table getting ready for work. It would be an easy day, a personal development assessment with Sheryl first thing, then some free periods followed by some easy lessons in the afternoon. Finally, she would come home to dress for sex, then get Jack to give her a lift to and from the meal so that she could have a drink. She planned to

complete her seduction of Evan, and thought that there would probably be a quiet corner of the hotel, where she could fuck him at the end of the evening. She'd even told Jack to pick her up an hour after it finished so that she would have plenty of time.

She wore one of her usual ensembles for work, brown short skirt, heels and stockings with a white suspender belt, panties and bra and a yellow jumper. She walked into Sheryl's office feeling happy and not in the least nervous. She knew that she was good at her job and had met her targets. Sheryl was particularly complimentary about the Ofsted inspection feedback earlier in the term. After the formal part of the session, Sheryl asked her about her previous experience of staff development.

"I see you were originally down to be assessed by John Cooper, but I can't find any record of a meeting."

"No, you won't."

"Why is that?"

"He er, he gave me the opportunity to enhance my assessment score by allowing him to insert his penis in my vagina."

"Oh Good God Tamara! So you reported him?"

"Long story, I subdued him, wanked him off and took his come stained trousers as a trophy. I threatened to make a present of them to his wife if he ever tried it on again, with me or anyone else. I hope that's why he left last summer."

"Wow, I'd heard he wasn't well liked."

"You heard right."

"Changing the subject entirely and speaking to you in confidence as a friend, I concede defeat with Evan, I'm no match for your powers of seduction. I don't know how you do it."

"Stockings," smiled Tamara mischievously, "You should give them a try, it can become a way of life with a partner like Jack."

"How do you know that I don't wear stockings?"

"I'm sure you might, on special occasions, but if you become a wearer every day at work, you start to feel alluring and constantly available, it gives you confidence to flirt and tease to your heart's content. On your own terms of course," said Tamara with a sly grin.

"I might just take your advice Tamara. Look, I hope you don't mind me being nosy, but you seem very happy with Jack."

"It's okay Sheryl, he knows about my encounters, and he gets a thrill from them."

"You lucky cow."

"He loves you Sheryl, You made an impression on him when you met briefly at the school production, I could fix you up with him if you like."

"Tamara you're terrible."

"Maybe, but you didn't say no did you?"

Sheryl was tiring of her boyfriend Martin. She had hoped that after her divorce a couple of years ago, at the age of forty five, life might become more fulfilling and exciting, but he was dull and stuck in his ways. She knew it was a wise decision not to move in with him, because she was now even more certain that she would end the relationship in the New Year.

She was surprised at how much Tamara's offer to fix her up with Jack appealed to her. A no strings relationship with a handsome fit, alive man could be just the change she needed. She was also a little disconcerted that she found Tamara increasingly enticing. The two women exchanged knowing smiles and silently pondered their growing interest in each other.

Tamara breezed through the rest of the day, once catching sight of Evan and, after checking that she couldn't be seen, sensuously running her tongue over her lips to mimic licking his cock.

She got away from school at 4.30pm, negotiated the rush hour traffic, and arrived home by five o'clock. After a sit down with a cup of tea she texted Jack to remind him not to be late home, stripped off and got into the shower.

As she got ready, she day dreamed about Evan and what she hoped to do with him. It had been a slow, erotic seduction and tonight was going to be the pinnacle. She slipped into pale pink panties and put on a matching bra that enhanced her already pert breasts. Next, she fitted a pale pink suspender belt, to which she clipped expensive, seven denier, natural stockings that she had pulled slowly and carefully over her legs to avoid laddering.

Her dark hair was cut into her neck tucked behind her right ear, with the left side longer, and hanging close to her eye. Dark red lipstick and nail varnish complimented her long jet and amber earrings. She pulled on an expensive skirt, cut on the bias, it was just below knee length and followed the contours of her buttocks and thighs, then flared slightly at the hem. The heavy but fine material sat well on her, it was black with very small spots of dark red, pink and lilac. Her suspender clips were not visible but could be easily found under the fine material.

On top she wore a dark red cashmere, close fitting, buttoned up cardigan with a scoop neck. It showed off her decollate and her breasts were like hidden treasures underneath the soft cashmere. The neckline showed off her collar bones and the sleeves were three quarter length. Her shoes were black, square toed, four inch high heels, with a sexy thin ankle strap. She stood at the full length mirror in her bedroom very satisfied with what she saw.

Jack arrived home in time and took her straight back into the City, to the venue for the staff Christmas meal. She gave him instructions to pick her up at midnight and not to fall asleep.

"Well you're not coming home unless you've been fucked, and I get to hear all about it," he replied.

Colleagues were in a good mood, the Christmas spirit flowed and Tamara was witty and vibrant as always. Sheryl arrived before Evan, she was alone, Martin had decided that he wouldn't enjoy the party.

"Wow, are you on the pull tonight?" said Tamara.

"Not likely, unless you throw me any scraps."

"You look fabulous, I might forget all about Evan tonight," she grinned mischievously.

Sheryl wore a sexy boat neck blue party dress that hugged her torso, waist and hips and finished in a tight pencil cut, three inches above the knee. Her stilettos were silver and five inches high.

She leaned into Tamara and whispered, "And it's a special occasion. In fact, I'm taking your advice, every day is going to be a special occasion for me in future."

"Hold ups I presume, suspender clips would show through that lovely body con fit."

"Yes, it's a start. I asked Martin how I looked and he said 'Yeah, fine.'"

"Oh God Sheryl, if he didn't have an instant erection and try to fuck you on the spot, you should give him the heave ho. The man's got no appreciation of what he's got, you deserve much better."

"Thanks Tamara, you've given me a real boost. I won't try to cramp your style with Evan tonight. Maybe you'll come lingerie shopping with me in the sales after Christmas?"

"Hell yes, I'll bring Jack too, I'm not saying lingerie shopping excites him, but he'll be able to carry us both around on his cock, no trouble."

"Ha! Tamara, you're dreadful. Here's to sex and stockings," said Sheryl raising her glass.

"Bottoms up," smirked Tamara and they both laughed.

Evan arrived in a smart suit and white open neck shirt. The seating arrangement was cabaret style with large round tables. Tamara took Evan over to a table in one corner, so that they could sit together with no one behind them. The crisp white linen cloth almost reached the floor, and provided perfect cover for illicit fondling under the table.

Tamara was sitting on Evan's left, it was a lively table and plenty of fun was had by all. Wine flowed with each course, and Tamara and Evan intermittently stroked each other's thighs. During the wait between main course and dessert, Evan took it to the next level, he reached under the tablecloth and pulled the hem of Tamara's skirt up over her suspender straps. From where he was sitting, he could just see the beginning of the panty gusset that covered her sweet mound. Tamara looked flushed, she wasn't sure she could handle it if he slipped his fingers inside her. She reached for a bottle and poured herself another large glass of wine.

For the moment, Evan just placed his left hand on her right thigh and hooked his fingers under a suspender strap. Tamara felt wickedly erotic and for once, was at a loss about what to do next. She reached for his left thigh and gave it a squeeze with her right hand. Dare she reach over and feel for his erect cock? Not yet, she enjoyed the feel of his warm hands playing with the suspender strap, and pushing under the welt of her stocking. The sight of his black hand under her natural stocking top almost made her moan out loud with unbridled lust.

The dessert course was being served on some of the other tables, so Evan had to act fast to accomplish what he wanted to do next. He removed his left hand from underneath her stocking top, tugged her skirt hem up to her hip, hooked his fingers around the side of her panties and pulled them down to mid thigh. Tamara had to shift her weight slightly to allow her panties to be pulled down in this way. He looked her in the eye, she seemed vulnerable and uncertain but highly aroused.

He slowly pulled her panties down over her knees and let them fall around her ankles. Now Tamara seemed to fully understand what he was doing and she lifted first her left leg, then her right, to leave her panties on the floor at her feet. Evan dropped his napkin and reached down to retrieve it skilfully picking up and pocketing Tamara's panties at the same time.

"You're mine now Tamara, your panties are in my possession and so are you." He muttered under his breath.

Tamara quivered with excitement and anticipation. None of their colleagues had any idea what had just happened, and Tamara felt a huge thrill at participating in such a deviant act in public.

After dessert, coffee and liqueurs Tamara and Evan joined the crowded dance floor. They danced close together, it didn't matter whether the music was fast or slow. During a break between numbers, Sheryl came up and put her arm around Tamara's waist and gave her an affectionate hug.

"You lucky cow, Think of me in bed with my horlicks later."

"You should be on the end of someone's cock tonight sweetie. We'll see what we can do about that after Christmas."

"What did she say to you." Asked Evan after Sheryl had moved on.

"Oh just girly talk. Don't you think she looks hot and fuckable tonight?"

"Yes, almost as desirable as you. Listen Tamara, I've booked a room tonight. I couldn't get one here but the Central Hotel had one double room left."

"Clever boy, the answer is yes. I'll just have to text Jack not to pick me up until the morning."

"Are you sure he won't mind, he seems a decent bloke and I don't want to upset him."

"Mind? He'd be here cheering me on if he could."

They embraced again and danced to a slow number as the night was coming to an end. Evan's erect cock pressed into where Tamara's panty gusset would have been had she been wearing them.

The evening ended and everyone said their cheery goodbyes, the only complaints being that there was still one week of term left before Christmas. Tamara put on her big grey coat with the fur collar, and texted Jack.

"Spending night with Evan - pick me up from Central Hotel at 10.30 tomorrow am pls."

Tamara hung around the hotel lobby saying goodbye to stragglers, pretending she was waiting for Jack. Evan waited outside in the cold pretending he was waiting for a taxi. When the coast was clear they embraced then walked arm in arm through the dark, wet city centre towards the hotel. In the old historic centre, close to the cathedral, they passed a dark narrow covered alleyway. Evan stopped, took Tamara by the arm and guided her into the alley. It was dry and out of the wind. He opened her coat and knelt on one knee, then he lifted her skirt up to her hips and kissed her pussy with warm agile lips.

Tamara gasped and widened her stance to allow better access to her pussy. Evan swept his tongue around her vulva then inside her pussy lips before kissing her clitoris with the lightest of touches.

Then he covered her with his mouth and sucked whilst probing her hole with his tongue. Tamara was almost delirious with pleasure, she could hear the sound of late night revellers in the distance. Evan's tongue was now searching out every corner of her cunt.

She was close to coming but she could hear laughter, and the clip clop of high heels, outside in the cobbled street. A party of very merry girls passed the entrance to the alleyway, she hoped to God that she hadn't taught any of them. They didn't notice the lovers, and their laughter and loud banter gradually faded into the distance. Tamara pulled Evan up and kissed him, she could taste her musky sweetness on him. Lips and tongues performed an erotic dance, she finally broke the kiss, removed Evan's right hand from her left buttock and said.

"Take me to your room."

They made their way arm in arm to the hotel and walked confidently through the lobby. Evan pressed the lift button for the fourth floor, the lobby was empty, so they embraced and kissed again. Evan was a good six inches taller so, Tamara was grateful for her four inch heels. The lift door opened and they managed to get into it without losing lip contact.

Tamara shoved Evan against the lift wall, she rubbed his hard cock through his trousers whilst forcing her tongue into his mouth. He responded by turning her around and pushing her against the wall, reaching under her skirt and shoving two fingers into her wet cunt. Tamara moaned loudly as the lift doors opened. Evan released her cunt, grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the lift, along the corridor to the door to their room. Now Tamara took charge again and thudded him against the door, unzipped his fly and pulled out his hard cock.

Evan groaned, it took all of his resolve to fight her off and get the door open. They almost fell into the room, the door slammed shut and Evan pinned Tamara against it, his cock still jutting out of his fly.

"Wait, wait... I want to get your clothes off."

Evan released her and started to strip, Tamara let her coat fall from her shoulders and watched him undress. When he was completely naked, cock rigid and pointing upwards, she led him by it to the chair in front of the dressing table, sat him down and straddled him. Still fully clothed, except for her panties, she impaled herself on his hardness.

"Mmmm, oh that's nice."

"God yes, your dick's as hard as rock."

"You might have had something to do with that."

"Mmmm, do you like this?"

She asked as she began to roll her pelvis in slow, sensuous waves.

"Mphh, you've done this before you naughty girl."

Tamara, high heels planted either side of the chair, lifted her hips slightly and began to thrust at Evan's cock. He held on to her buttocks as she increased the pace until, holding tightly on to the chair back, she was slamming her cunt onto his solid steel rod. She felt his orgasm approaching, knew instinctively when the first swell of semen was gathering at the base of his penis, and timed

her orgasm to match his. Half a dozen more driving thrusts and they came together in a crescendo of moans and wails.

Ahhh fuck Evannn, fuck, that was spectacular."

"Mmphh, I've never been fucked like that, Jesus! You're some amazing woman, you know that don't you."

"Quick, get on to the bed while you're still hard." She said as she stripped to her suspenders, stockings and heels.

Evan lay on his back, cock still erect, Tamara climbed on top of him and pleased herself twice more. Evan expressed his delight at staying hard so long, she told him that keeping men hard was her special talent.

"Let's get into bed, I want to hold your lovely body until you're ready to get on top and fuck me."

They grabbed a couple of small bottles from the mini bar and relaxed in bed together. Tamara texted Jack.

"You still awake love? I've just fucked Evan on a chair."

One minute later came the reply.

"God, I wish I had been there to see it."

"You can listen if you like, I'll ring you in a while when we get started again."

"God yes, do."

"Checking in with Jack?"

"Yes, I hope you don't mind."

"No, of course not, you've got an amazing relationship."

"All built on trust, that's why it works, that and our mutual appetite for lots of naughty sex. Speaking of which, do you mind if he listens in on the phone when we get going again? It'll be hot as fuck."

"Wow, yes, I mean no I don't mind at all, I'm getting hard again at the thought of it."

"Well just lie back a while longer and let me play with your cock then, when I think you're ready I'll ring him and you can fuck me."

They laid together, Tamara gently stroking Evans cock whilst he played with her nipples. After a while, when Tamara judged that Evan's cock was set like concrete, and his breathing became slightly shallow, she reached for her mobile and phoned Jack. She placed the phone next to the pillow, encouraged Evan on top and guided his cock into her grateful wet cunt.

Evan started slowly moving his shaft in and out.

"Are you there Jack?"

"Yes."

Evan was good, he gyrated just enough to make his cock ripple against the walls of her cunt. She was highly aroused by now and beginning to breathe more rapidly. Evan stroked his cock in and out of her hole, warmth radiated from her groin, across her torso and chest, down her arms and legs. Her whole body started to tingle with an erotic charge.

"Jack, oh Jack, he's inside me... Jack he's filling me with his cock, it's wonderful... Oh Jack he's fucking me and he's going to make me come... Jack."

Tamara's moans, gasps and breathless honeyed tones had Jack in rapture, he stroked his hard cock and was ready to come with her.

"Oh Jack I can't stop him, he's going to make me come... Jack he's taking me, he's fucking me, he's filling my cunt... He's fucking your woman Jack, he's fucking me and I love it... I can't help it Jack, I'm going to let him take me... Oh Jack."

Evan was in a state of high arousal by now, listening to Tamara's steamy, provocative words uttered in breathless sultry tones brought him close to ejaculation.

"Oh God Jack I'm going to come... I can't stop myself... Mmmm he's taking me... Ohh he's making me come... Ohh fuck me, fuck me, yes, yes, that's it fuck me, take me... Oh yes, I'm commingggg, fuuucck I'm comminggggg, oh yes, yes, yes. Jack, I'm commingggg ahhhhh."

Her whole body danced to the tune of a powerful feral orgasm, she juddered and shook as her juices flowed out of her cunt. She held on to Evan's muscular shoulders, then wrapped her arms around his neck and clung on tight. It was a magnificent sight, she wrapped her stocking clad legs around his waist and covered his mouth with her hungry lips.

Evan shot strands of come against her cervix, arched his back and let out a deep long moan. Jack's cock shot globules of spunk onto his chest and chin as he came with a fervour that made his toes curl and sent erotic sensations breaking over him in waves.

"Goodnight Jack, sweet dreams."

Jack slept well and awoke in the morning to memories of the previous night. It felt like the best erotic dream he'd ever had but it was even better, it was real. He treated himself to another delicious wank as he replayed in his head the sounds of Tamara being taken.

Tamara and Evan missed breakfast at the hotel, they fucked several times, then showered and Evan called a taxi for himself. The taxi was fifteen minutes away so they pulled each other to the carpet and fucked again.

Evan had gone when Jack pulled up outside the hotel, Tamara opened the passenger door and got into the car wearing her clothes from the previous night and smelling of sex. Jack's cock set hard again.

Sheryl sought out Tamara on the Monday morning break at work.

"Last week of term, I think we all deserve a holiday. So, how did it go on Friday?"

"It was epic, and after Jack had finished with me on Saturday I could hardly walk," Tamara chuckled.

"And, Evan?"

"Magnificent, It'll be hard to keep my hands off him if he stays next term."

"Ah, okay, he's been to see me first thing this morning, I'll let him tell you his news. Are we still on for shopping in the sales in January?"

"Yes, I love the idea, Jack's agreed to come with us," said Tamara with a meaningful smirk.

"Are you sure he won't mind?"

"Sheryl, like I said on Friday night, when Jack thinks about lingerie, all of the blood leaves his brain and flows to his cock. Normally it's just me he lusts after, but with you there too he'll be in heaven."

"Thanks Tamara, you're a pal. Give my love to Jack," she said with a salacious grin.

"Oh I'm sure you'll be able to do that yourself before long."

Tamara was in a relaxed, happy mood. Christmas with the family was all planned and she was looking forward to it immensely. She thought back to twelve months ago when she had been anxious about what plans Davenport might have had for her over and above submissive sex.

She wondered where the captain was now, and which poor unfortunate cow trembled in her presence, yet masturbated at the thought of being taken by her. Tamara pictured a pretty young officer's wife, church on Sundays, impeccably behaved on formal occasions in the officers' mess, all prim and proper on the outside but, underneath the facade, longing for Davenport to fuck her with a strap-on.

At lunch time she managed to see Evan and arranged to meet with him after work. They met in the pub where she used to meet with Alena. He told her that he had taken a job in Cambridge in the new term. He would be covering for a maternity leave in an English department, it would give him the fresh start that he wanted following his separation from his wife.

They drove on to the ruined villa and he fucked her against a wall. Tamara, as always accessible in her stockings and heels, skirt up around her hips, Evan, trousers and pants around his ankles, bare arsed, thrusting his cock into her cunt. They fucked there again the following evening, and on Thursday, after which they said their fond farewells. He had been granted permission to visit his new school on Friday, so they didn't see each other again. But they would think of each other regularly whenever they found an opportunity to masturbate.

After Christmas, on the first Sunday in January, Just before the new term started, Tamara and Jack decided to spend the day in Birmingham. They travelled in by train, browsed a few shops, had an agreeable lunch and headed for the Ferris wheel in Centenary Square. They watched the wheel go around a few times, and noticed how long the cars took to complete a circuit when loading and unloading passengers.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" asked Jack.

"I might be," was Tamara's reply.

She was wearing a black mini skirt with opaque black stockings. The skirt was so short that she couldn't avoid showing an inch of lacy stocking top when she sat down. Her sexy ankle boots had three inch Cuban heels. Over a warm long red jumper she wore a fawn coat jacket and a black and fawn scarf. Underneath the jumper was a sexy black basque, with black suspender straps and a pair of skimpy black panties.

They got into a car and the wheel went round several times, they kissed and fondled each other as it went round. The couple in the car behind watched them intently. Then the wheel made its slow progress, stopping to let passengers on and off each individual car. When they were high enough not to be seen from street level, Tamara hitched up her skirt, Jack opened his fly and she sat on his cock, both of them facing forwards.

At the top of the circuit, Tamara came with her head back on Jack's shoulder and his fingers massaging her clitoris. She quickly slipped off his lap, turned and sucked him off before they reached halfway to the ground. They disembarked less than a minute later, red faced and elated.

On the way back to the station they called in at Rackhams where Tamara bought another pair of 'follow me home and fuck me shoes.' After a quick walk to the station they got onto a late Sunday afternoon train that they hoped would be empty enough to enable them to achieve their original ambition of fucking on public transport.

It was as they had hoped, they sat together at the end of a carriage that contained only six other passengers, the nearest ones facing away from them. Tamara was next to the window which was on her left. After a few minutes, the conductor came along checking tickets. She was late thirties, tall, large boned but well proportioned, her hair was taken back in a pony tail. She wore little make up and was neither good nor bad looking, but her eyes were not unattractive.

Her uniform didn't help her appearance, mid blue trousers and waistcoat with a white shirt, but her breasts were larger than average. She had a quietly efficient air about her. Despite knowing of her approach for several seconds, Jack couldn't find the tickets at first.

"Sorry, they're here somewhere, I'll be with you in a sec," he said as he searched his pockets.

Tamara gave her a rueful smile, and nonchalantly crossed her legs to reveal two suspender straps and a narrow strip of silky thigh on her right leg. She looked down at the sexy display she had deliberately put on for the conductor, then looked up at her to find her eyes fixed on her thighs. When they made eye contact, Tamara seductively batted her eyelashes, the conductor cleared her throat and flushed bright red. Tamara smiled a knowing smile.

She could tell that the conductor liked women, whether she realised it or not, but she thought that she probably led a fairly sheltered life, and hadn't had many if any girlfriends. She'd certainly never had one as glamorous and feminine as Tamara.

'Ah! Here we are, sorry about that said Jack."

"It's okay, thank you," said the conductor as she turned to go back down the carriage.

"Did you do that?"

"What?"

"Set the poor woman's pulse racing, it certainly wasn't my doing."

Tamara just smiled.

The coast was clear. Behind where they sat, across the space between the carriage doors, was a first class compartment with sixteen seats; it was empty.

"Right, in here," said Jack.

He undid his trousers and Tamara pumped his half erect cock to get him hard; it didn't take long. Then she slipped off her panties and sat on the edge of a table facing into the centre of the compartment. Jack slid his cock inside her, they were highly aroused at the thought of fucking in public and they knew they would come very quickly. They did, but what they didn't realise was that for the last ten seconds or so, standing outside the glass door to the compartment, watching them both come to orgasm, was the conductor.

She stepped forward and the compartment door swooshed open. She looked horrified at Jack's hard, glistening seven inch cock like it was a small alien. She watched Tamara casually straighten her mini skirt, still holding her panties in her right hand,

"I'll have to report this," said the conductor in her best, but shaky, assertive voice.

"Outraging public decency is a criminal offence. You will probably have to go to court."

"Oh dear, that's not very friendly Melissa," said Tamara having spotted her name badge.

The conductor tried and failed to hide her attraction for Tamara.

"It's okay, I like girls too," said Tamara.

"What? No!"

"Yes."

Jack returned to his original seat and left the mistress of seduction to do her work. Tamara moved close to the conductor, their faces about six inches apart. The conductor was dumbstruck, trapped by Tamara's sultry gaze. She had picked up her handbag off the seat and pulled out her small gold coloured metal vibrator.

"You can kiss me if you like, I know you want to."

"No, look, I'll overlook what happened but..."

Tamara slipped her left hand inside the conductor's waistcoat and lightly circled her right nipple with her fingers. With her right hand, she turned up the dial and played the vibrator against her mound through her trousers. The conductor gave a sharp intake of breath and caught hold of Tamara's right wrist with her left hand. Tamara responded by using her left hand to deftly flip open the button on the conductor's waistband and unzip her trousers.

The conductor's resistance evaporated as Tamara pulled her panty gusset to one side and sunk the vibrator into her wet cunt. The conductor groaned with pleasure.

"That's it Melissa, relax, you're in safe hands. I know you want to come for me."

Tamara worked the vibrator in and out of the hapless conductor's vagina.

"Where do you live Melissa?"

"Ummm, Came-Cambridge," she managed to whisper as she breathed out heavily.

Tamara turned up the dial and heightened the conductor's arousal.

"Would you like me to come to Cambridge to visit you Melissa?"

"Mmm, yesss."

"Oh good, We could go out on a date, you could wear stockings and heels and a nice skirt mmmm, I bet you'd look really sexy. Then we'd go back to your place and I could put my hand up your skirt and inside your panties."

"I might even let you fuck me with a strap-on. You'd like that wouldn't you? You'd love it, I know you would. I could be your girlfriend, I'd let you lick my pussy, mmm, that would be lovely Melissa."

Tamara teased the conductor by almost withdrawing the vibrator, just leaving the tip in the entrance to her hole.

"Oh no, please don't stop, please."

"Do you want this in your cunt Melissa?"

"Yes, please yes."

"Do you want to come now? I want you to come now, come Melissa, come for me. Would you like to kiss me and touch my pussy? Will that help you to come?"

"Yes, oh yes, ohh."

The conductor moved her right hand under Tamara's skirt and felt her wetness, she gasped loudly. Tamara pushed her back against the side of a seat, turned the dial up to maximum and murmured, "I'm yours Melissa. Come for me now to show me how much you want me."

The train approached a tunnel, the conductor came long and loudly, her squeals and screams drowned out by the noise of the tunnel. Thirty seconds later the train emerged from the tunnel with Melissa recovering from the orgasm of her life.

"I take it this is just between us Melissa? No more silly talk of courts?"

"Yes please don't tell anyone, I'd lose my job."

"Think of me when you masturbate, you do masturbate don't you?"

"Yes." She said meekly and with no little embarrassment.

The conductor hurriedly did up her trousers and rushed back to her post at the other end of the train. The train pulled into the station and Tamara and Jack disembarked, Tamara looked back down the platform and waved to an embarrassed Melissa. As the train pulled off again Tamara waited on the platform, blew a kiss to Melissa and mouthed "Cambridge" as she passed by.

"My God Tamara, is there anyone you can't seduce?"

"I'll let you know if it ever happens," she grinned.

The following day was Monday, the last day of the Christmas holidays. Tamara had arranged to have lunch with her old friend and ex colleague Mary. They met at the tapas restaurant, both bursting to share their gossip.

"So come on Mary, spill the beans, what exciting news were you alluding to on the phone."

"Well Tamara, ha, you'll never believe this, Annie left John, her job, and everything else just before the end of last term."

"Really?"

"Yes, you remember her nephew Daniel? Well, she ran away with him and no one knows where they've gone. Turns out she'd been having an affair with her own nephew for the last five years. The only saving grace is that he's not related by blood but, my God, we're all stunned... You don't seem so surprised."

"Er yes, I er, I knew she was very fond of him but, wow, I hadn't expected that."

A relieved Tamara got away without telling an outright lie. She quickly changed the subject by regaling Mary with her watered down tale of Evan. Then they moved on to family news.

The next day was the first day of term and Tamara was given to expect more exciting news. Sheryl found her during morning break and asked if she'd got time for a quick drink after work so that she could share her news with her.

The two women adjourned to the usual local pub. Sheryl came back from the bar with two tonic waters.

"Thanks Tamara, I needed to talk to someone and I like to think we've become trusted mates. I'm always impressed with your integrity."

"We're cool Sheryl, and I like you. Fire away."

"I've told Martin that we're finished."

"I'm sorry Sheryl."

"No you're not."

"Okay, I've never met the man, so I'm not sorry."

"I couldn't get him out anywhere special on New Years Eve. We ended up at the Local pub and the miserable sod went home at ten thirty. What's worse, he expected me to go with him. I was livid and refused to leave, so off he went, the bastard. I stayed to see the New Year in and ended up snogging a neighbours friend, we carried it on behind the pub but his hands started wandering too far, so I left him and walked home."

"If you looked anything like you did at the staff do, I can fully understand why he tried it on with you. Tell me, we're you wearing stockings?"

"Yes, and I am today, you're absolutely right, I feel sexy and available, but that might be because I dumped Martin."

They chatted and laughed and got to like each other even more.

"So what about that shopping trip we talked about." Said Sheryl. "I've got to prepare for a leadership and management course this weekend but I'm okay for a week on Saturday."

"A week on Saturday it is then Sheryl, I'll let Jack know. He's going to love you."

"I love him already and I've hardly made his acquaintance."

They finished their drinks, walked out to their cars, hugged, kissed each other on the cheek, and both went home with a spring in their step and a glow in their pussies.