

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 11

Briterotic

She performs at a sex orgy then dominates her lovers.

Mature

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Chapter Eleven: In the Public Gaze

Tamara's love life was as interesting and complicated as it had ever been. Way out there, at the top of the list, was Jack, her life partner: strong; supportive; passionate; lovable and sometimes very kinky Jack. Nowadays, her new lover, Orla was frequently in her thoughts, and her panties. Her mutual fondness with Alena sustained their long distance relationship, and her fondness for Sheryl was almost as great as Jack's. All around the same age as Tamara, these were the people that she considered to be her lovers, with whom her relationship went further than delightful sex.

She thought of Ben and Zelda as people that she expected to fuck regularly for the foreseeable future. She got an extra tingle of erotic excitement from her affair with the very sexy Zelda, the thirty year old married mother of two, who lived just around the corner. Ben, her friend's son, was also in her most erotic of thoughts, she fully intended to find a way to fuck him before his bride on his wedding night in four months time.

With the Lighting Shop Owner, she had developed a tacit understanding that she might treat him to a mutually rewarding visit whenever she felt the need. Then there were also a number of people, whom she had fucked in the past, and she considered to be 'available' if she so desired.

These included: Mark the chiropodist; former pupil Brendon, whom she'd seduced on a warm sunny day in town two summers ago; Annie and Veronica, the incestuous sisters in law; her friend Hilda's daughter, Josie, whom she'd fucked on her wedding night, and who had made a pass at her whenever their had paths crossed since; and, Olivia, the sophisticated, sexy doctor she'd left begging for more just over a year ago, and with whom she'd kept meaning to get in touch.

That left her bitch, Miriam. Miriam was like a drug, she couldn't stop using her. Miriam was a conduit for Tamara's deviant, perverse and most base desires. She fed her need to sexually dominate and humiliate an attractive, confident, strong minded woman. A need, she realised, that had been triggered by Davenport, fed by her domination of Danita and was now being satisfied by her control over Miriam.

Tamara didn't feel guilty, Miriam got just as much out of the relationship as she did. The highly successful, well connected, sophisticated and desirable Miriam yearned to submit and abase herself and her deepest, darkest needs had been met by her Mistress Tamara.

All of these thoughts were going through her mind as she got ready for work one morning in mid June 1999. As a consequence, she had to change into a dry pair of panties before she set off for work in a skirt suit, stockings and heels. As she drove to work, she tried to count how many people she'd brought to orgasm since she had fulfilled Jack's fantasies of fucking outside their relationship, two and a half years ago.

She kept losing count but thought it was in the mid thirties, split pretty evenly between men and women. A rueful smile crossed her lips as she pulled into the school car park and realised that she'd dampened another pair of panties.

That evening, Tamara was delighted to receive a phone call from Alena. Jack was out at a parish council meeting and a dirty long distance exchange with Alena, with one hand inside her panties, would have been very much to her liking. Alas, it wasn't good news, Tamara was dismayed to hear that Alena would be moving abroad with Jed at the end of July. Jed has secured a secondment to a university in Australia for three years and Alena had chosen to go with him.

"He broke it to me when we were in Paris, It wasn't an easy decision darling, I was torn between going with him and staying here with my most intimate friends, if you get my meaning."

"Oh I think I do Alena, being, I hope, one of your most intimate friends, I'm feeling a little jealous sitting here wondering just how many others there are."

"Don't be cross with me honey, you know you're my most special and intimate lover. Anyway, you can find out just how many more there are. I'm having a leaving party on Saturday the 10th of July and you're the guest of honour."

"You've got my attention, go on."

"Well, it's a rather special party because I'm only inviting people that I've fucked since we moved up here, one has to draw the line somewhere."

"So you've booked the National Exhibition Centre then?"

"Cheeky cow, there aren't that many. The other criteria is that I have to like them, so that narrows the field a bit; Jed won't be there, he doesn't qualify on either count."

"Then why are you going to Australia with him?"

"New opportunities darling, I won't have to work and I'm making it my mission to fuck as many of his colleagues and students as possible." said Alena with a dirty laugh.

"And how was Paris?"

"Lovely, the hotel was fabulous and Jed behaved himself. Double room but single beds."

"So you two have still not fucked each other for how long?"

"Eight months, and I don't think we ever will now."

"On a more cheerful note, who's going to be at this party?"

"There'll be about fifteen of us, men and women, you know me, but don't worry, none of them know you. It'll be here at my place so be prepared for anything."

"Sounds deliciously decadent, count me in. But you haven't explained why I'm the guest of honour."

"Because you're the only one I'm going to miss. Anyway, are you still buzzing from the fucking I gave you at half term?"

"My God yes."

Tamara chose to take the train up to the North West, she didn't relish the prospect of driving up the M6 on a Friday evening. Alena met her at the station, they embraced and kissed on the platform like long lost lovers.

"I'm so pleased you could come up tonight Tamara, you can help me prepare for the party tomorrow, your organisational skills and artistic touch are just what I need this weekend."

"Don't worry love, I know when I'm being used," laughed Tamara.

"No, no you're not, I love your company."

"I'm kidding you daft cow."

"Oh, sorry, everything's a bit tense at the moment; I'll need a good fuck when we get home. Jed's away for the weekend, no doubt shagging one or more of his students."

Alena took Tamara home to bed, where Tamara covered Alena's cunt with her mouth, and eased her tension with a glorious orgasm.

The next morning after being on the receiving end of a delightful fingering from Alena, Tamara set about organising the party food and table arrangements. The nibbles were accompanied by a bowl full of condoms and the table was scattered with small shiny metallic penis and vagina confetti. If she'd been in any doubt about what sort of party it was going to be, she was in no doubt whatsoever now.

The thrilling prospect of a sex orgy, with what she hoped would be enticing and agreeable strangers, kept flitting through her thoughts as she spent the afternoon baking tasty little hors d'oeuvres, without the slightest notion that Alena had made arrangements for her to be the main course.

Alena and Tamara got ready in Alena's bedroom. They put on their finest lingerie and paid careful attention to their make up. Alena put on her black jersey dress with black stilettos over a black bra, suspender belt and barely black stockings. Her lips and fingernails were scarlet and her bobbed dark hair showed off her little gold breast and torso earrings which amused Tamara greatly.

It was the dress that she'd worn on the night that she'd first seduced Tamara, on the training course, two years ago. Tamara's nipples and pussy tingled at the sight of her lover in the same outfit that had aroused her so greatly in the doorway of her hotel room, on that memorable night. She smiled to herself as she recalled how she'd been transfixed by Alena's firm, voluptuous body. Her breasts and arse were magnificently showcased by the tight low cut dress; she remembered that Alena had told her to close her mouth and open the door to her hotel room properly, to let her in.

Not to be outdone, Tamara wore her stunningly sexy, tight red dress over a red lacy bra, and suspender belt with seamed nude stockings. When she stepped into her six inch high stilettos, she was five feet ten inches tall, a feeling she loved, because it put her at eye level with lots of men, and made her taller than some. She too was beautifully made up with scarlet lips and fingernails. Her gorgeous hazel eyes shone and the glass of punch that Alena had given her had already made her feel elated and uninhibited.

Neither of them wore panties and Tamara hoped that her juices wouldn't flow too readily until the 'action' commenced.

The doorbell rang.

"Oh God, there's always someone that arrives early," said Alena.

"Be a darling and go and answer the door, I'll be down in a minute."

Tamara made her way down the large staircase as elegantly as she could in six inch stilettos. She clip clopped across the Victorian tiled floor and opened the door just as the doorbell sounded again. A group of three women and a man introduced themselves and, to her surprise they already knew her name. They were well dressed, attractive, forty somethings and Tamara thought this boded well for the success of the party.

Tamara took a liking to the group, particularly Neil with his twinkling good looks. Neil had followed her into the drawing room, his eyes fixed on the sway of her backside in the tight pencil cut dress that narrowed at the hem, just below her knees, so that she had to take small steps in her towering stilettos. By the time he had cast his gaze down to her seamed stockings and heels, his cock was already semi erect.

The three women kissed her cheek as they passed her in the doorway; one of them had allowed her hand to stray from the small of Tamara's back, to casually stroke her buttocks, as she made her way to the drawing room.

Alena joined them and graciously passed around glasses of her lethal punch to oil the already freely spinning wheels. They all laughed and joked and eyed one another with openly admiring glances. Before long, the rest of the guests arrived, to Tamara's delight and relief, she felt that she would go to bed with any and all of them without hesitation.

The five men and eleven women were between thirty and fifty and Tamara found them all attractive in one way and another.

She was delighted that they all seemed to know her name and a little bit about her. She whispered as much to Alena.

"Alena, what's going on? They all seem very attentive and they seem to know about me."

"I told you that you were the guest of honour."

"They're attractive people, you've got very good taste. Have you really fucked all of them?"

"Of course, individually or in group orgies but none of them can match you in bed darling."

Tamara felt a deep sense of satisfaction at this remark.

The punch and hors d'oeuvres were consumed with relish, the party goes mingled with one another and became more and more tactile. Tamara had lost count of how many times she'd had her buttocks fondled, or the back of a hand had 'accidentally' brushed her hard protruding nipples. She circulated freely and dazzled with her charm and wit as usual. One of the guests finally got her on her own.

"So you're Alena's special friend from the Midlands?" said a shapely, attractive woman in her late forties, as she put an arm around Tamara's waist. The woman was wearing an elegant white summer

dress with a gathered skirt that finished just below her knees.

"Yes, how do you know Alena?"

"She came to do some supply teaching at my school and before I knew it she was teaching me the arts of sapphic love making."

"Are you a Headteacher."

"Yes, of one of the largest comprehensive schools in Liverpool. I know that you met at work but how did you actually meet, if you know what I mean?" said the Headteacher.

"She seduced me on a residential training course, a couple of years ago. She was the first woman I had sex with, at least by consent."

The Headteacher raised her eyebrows quizzically.

"Oh that's another story," said Tamara as a memory of kneeling handcuffed in front of Davenport's wide open legs in the Guard House interview room, and being ordered eat her naked cunt, flashed through her mind.

"I consider Alena to be my first proper female lover," she continued, "the sexual tension between us had been building, then just as I thought I'd been mistaken, she teased and tantalised me before reeling me in."

Helen smiled alluringly at Tamara and shared her experience of being seduced by Alena.

"She's a deceptively seductive woman. I know from personal experience how she can get her hands inside the knickers of a 'straight' woman before she's aware of what's happening. Not that I'd describe her as a lesbian, nor me for that matter, I still fuck men, and so does she, but I was 'straight' when I met her and she's opened up a whole new world for me. I've been with a couple of the women in this room since and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

The Headteacher's right hand caressed Tamara's right buttock and she made no attempt to move away. Her hand wandered further as Tamara leaned into her.

"Mmmm, a six strap, very classy, I'd love to thoroughly enjoy myself with you Tamara."

"And I don't even know your name yet."

"It's Helen, now tell me about your 'hobbies and interests'."

Said Helen with a smirk.

"I've got a very understanding male partner who delights in my sexual conquests, sometimes he even joins in."

"Yes, I've heard from Alena that he's magnificent in bed, you're a very lucky woman."

"Are you married."

"Was, divorced last year, it's a cliché but we'd grown apart. I was sniffing around for a new man to fuck when Alena took me by surprise. She gave me one of her flirtatious looks when I bumped into her in the corridor one day, I mean we literally bumped into each other. It was my fault, I wasn't

looking where I was going so I apologised and she said that I could bump into her anytime, she said it with such covert allure and sensuality. I got my best friend out in bed that night expecting to fantasise about, you know the sort of thing, my next door neighbour's husband, my macho head of PE, the father of a student I'd met that day, but I kept imagining Alena with her hand inside my knickers."

"Wow, had you imagined being with a woman before?"

"Only fleetingly now and then, we all do don't we? But never so graphically. I sought her out over the next few days to chat about any irrelevant nonsense, just so I could gaze into those seductive eyes, then I asked her to join me for a drink after school on some flimsy pretext that I can't even remember now, and the rest is history. I'd never expected to be groped in a car again at my age, but that's what we did. She got her fingers inside me and made me come. That night in bed my vibrator gave me the time of my life. The next night, Alena came round and gave me the time of my life."

Helen took a sip of punch and continued to fondle Tamara's buttocks. Tamara's pussy tingled as she fantasised about a threesome with Helen and Alena, but her reverie was interrupted when Alena came up and hugged Helen warmly.

"Come on you two, break it up, you're getting much too cosy, there'll be time for that later, but right now I need to whisk the guest of honour away."

"What's going on Alena? What are you up to?"

"It's my party and I'm going to fuck everyone in this room before the night is out. But you, my darling, are the guest of honour so my first orgasm will be at your hands and vice versa."

Before Tamara could press Alena for further details, Alena picked up a glass and tapped it with a spoon to gain everyone's attention.

"Friends and lovers, can I have your attention please. Thank you. You all know why you're here tonight, there are condoms available for those who insist on them and I hope you've remembered to bring your own sex toys. The table has been cleared for the main event and I hope you boys have sorted out who gets the honour," said Alena, cryptically.

"You're all consenting adults and the only rules are: no drugs, or Detective Inspector Marion will make sure you spend an uncomfortable night in one of her cells..."

"I should be so lucky," said one of the men.

"Okay wise guy, your card's been marked," said Marion to laughter all round.

"And the other rule is... 'No' most definitely means 'No.' Make yourselves comfortable and my darling Tamara and I will get you well and truly in the mood."

Tamara looked a little perplexed so Alena reassured her with a whisper, "Don't worry, if you say stop at any point to anyone, then we stop. Okay?"

"Okay," said Tamara in a quizzical tone.

Alena led her over to one of the sofas in the large drawing room. The other guests arranged themselves on several chairs and sofas, or stood, in the manner of an audience.

Tamara sat on Alena's right, they looked stunning together sunk back into the long sofa in their tight dresses with their very high heels raising their knees to almost as high as their breasts.

"Don't be nervous," said Alena in a whisper as her warm lips caressed Tamara's left ear.

Tamara was far from nervous now, the punch had left her light headed and uninhibited, so the prospect of fucking in front of an audience appealed to her immensely. She warmed to her task, Alena kissed her neck and she responded by taking her chin in her right hand and kissing her deeply and sensuously on the mouth. Tamara's right hand cupped Alena's left breast and she gently squeezed her nipple between her thumb and index finger.

Alena sighed with pleasure, felt a thrill in her pussy and placed her left hand behind Tamara's head and pushed her tongue into her mouth. There were murmurs of approval from the audience as their kissing became more intense. Tamara embraced Alena with her left arm and dropped her right hand onto her thigh. Her fingers circled a suspender clip then she ran her hand down to the hem of Alena's dress.

In their enthusiastic fondling, they soon became a tangle of sexy heeled legs, heaving bosoms and wandering hands. Their dresses were tight, but they had ridden up enough to reveal a hint of stocking top. The audience watched transfixed and enraptured, but neither Tamara nor Alena made eye contact with any of them. They were making love to each other as though they were the only people in the room. The feeling, for the audience, of being voyeurs at a private, sexually intimate affair, only served to raise the sexual tension even higher.

Alena embraced Tamara with her right arm and dropped her left hand to her lap. Tamara's pussy and nipples were tingling, she was desperate for Alena's touch. With her right hand on Alena's left knee, she made slow sensuous progress under her dress, until she clutched a suspender strap. Alena opened her legs as far as her dress would allow and returned the favour by reaching under Tamara's dress with her left hand.

She just managed to force her hand far enough to feel bare flesh beyond Tamara's stocking tops, but neither woman could make easy progress towards their intended prize. Alena broke their kiss and placed her soft warm lips on Tamara's throat. Tamara's head fell back as Alena's kisses traced a line from the notch at the base of her throat to just under her ear.

She whispered, "Let's remove each other's dresses slowly and sensuously."

"Mmmm."

Alena rose from the sofa and offered her hand to Tamara. Tamara took it and rose to stand directly in front of Alena so that their audience could see them both in profile. Alena on the right, Tamara on the left.

Alena stroked the thumb of her left hand over Tamara's lips then pushed it and several fingers into her mouth. Then she drew her close by placing her right hand on her left buttock and pulling her till their mounds pressed into each other. Tamara could feel the warmth of Alena's pussy against her thigh. Alena's withdrew her fingers, placed her left hand behind Tamara's head and pushed her tongue into her mouth; they kissed hungrily for a good thirty seconds, caressing each other's buttocks with smooth sensuous strokes of their deft, fondling hands.

Their audience was treated to the view of two beautiful, fit, shapely women swathed in stunning tight dresses and stilettos in the most sensuous embrace. If the two lovers had looked in the direction of their audience, they would have seen lascivious approval etched on every face. Helen subtly brushed her own nipples lightly with the back of one hand as she caressed her thighs longingly with the other hand. Neil had a woman on each knee, both stroking his erect cock through his trousers. One woman fondled the buttocks of the woman in front of her and kissed her on the back of the neck.

The atmosphere in the room was highly charged, every member of the voyeuristic audience had become keenly aroused, cocks were erect and moist pussies tingled. It was the most erotic foreplay, tantalising and alluring, drawing out and enhancing that captivating moment between lust and the consummation of desire.

Alena broke their kiss and slowly turned Tamara to face the audience, Tamara kept her eyes closed as Alena placed her left arm over Tamara's bust, cupping her right breast. Her right arm wrapped around Tamara's midriff and hip as she spooned her from behind, before pressing into her fingers into her mound, through the material of her dress. Tamara groaned with pleasure as Alena's fingers probed and pressed into her pussy slit. She could hear intakes of breath and, through barely open eyes, she could see excited arousal in the faces of the voyeurs.

Alena stepped back and slowly unzipped Tamara's dress. She placed both hands inside the dress from behind and massaged Tamara's breasts. Tamara lent back into her and groaned louder. She heard a woman's voice exclaim "oh fuck that's hot" and a man saying that he'd like to get his hands inside her dress. She became very highly aroused as she enjoyed the approval of the audience.

Alena let Tamara's dress fall dramatically off her shoulders to the ground, there were more gasps of approval, not least because it confirmed what many had suspected already, her naked pussy clenched and seeped juices down her left leg into the welt of her stocking. She yearned for Alena's lips and tongue to press against her sweet cunt lips.

Tamara stepped daintily out of her fallen dress, she surveyed her audience for the first time, she knew that she had them eating out of her hand. She turned Alena around and slowly unzipped and peeled off her dress. Another murmur of approval greeted Alena's naked pussy.

Everyone seemed to be suspended in an erotic tableau, stroking either their own sexual organs, or their neighbour's, but unable to take their eyes off the most erotic sight before their eyes. Tamara embraced Alena and whispered, "sixty nine," into her ear. Alena purred in agreement, they reached around and unclipped and removed each other's bras in perfect synchronisation. Their delightful breasts swayed together and their hard nipples brushed together as they stood looking into each other's eyes with sexual hunger. Their striptease had aroused their audience even more intensely, there were loud noises of approval.

Detective Inspector Marion muttered, "God I could fuck those two in a prison cell."

Tamara laid down on the long sofa. To the delight of the audience, Alena eased herself over Tamara's reclining figure and lowered her pussy close to Tamara's face, then she lowered her own face and lapped at Tamara's cunt lips with her tongue.

Tamara reached up and pulled Alena's cunt towards her mouth and started probing between her slit with her warm tongue. They gradually and expertly increased the pace, they had spent hours together in this position and they knew each other's needs intimately. At first, soft dulcet moans

reached the ears of the audience but, after several minutes of skilful, spine tingling tongue work, their loud, breathless, muffled groans and gasps filled the room.

Tamara expertly explored every inch of Alena's wet cunt, she squeezed her clit between her tongue and top lip and circled her labia with her tongue before pushing it into her hole. By now they'd been eating each other for a full ten minutes but Alena knew that their audience was waiting to see the main event, so she used the middle finger of her right hand to find Tamara's g-spot and brought her to a loud juddering orgasm in seconds.

Tamara had been taken by surprise but, as soon as her orgasm subsided, she used all of her strength to turn Alena onto her back and buried her face and fingers in her cunt. Now Alena came spectacularly, the audience exclaimed their pleasure and the room reverberated with deep murmurs and moans of satisfaction having seen two very desirable, alluring women orgasm, unselfconsciously, in quick succession.

They lay panting at their exertion before Alena recovered her composure, stood up and said, "I hope you all enjoyed that half as much as I did. Now I want you to see what this sexy, alluring woman is really capable of."

She turned to Tamara, still lying on the sofa, winked and smiled then turned back to the audience and said, "Okay boys she's all yours."

Immediately, the five men got up and stripped naked, their still cocks erect from the sight they had just witnessed. Tamara cast her eyes quickly over them and took in the range of sizes. Three of them moved over to the sofa where Tamara was still lying and picked her up carefully. They carried her at shoulder level over to a large table as if they were performing a ritual. They laid her on her back with her pussy just on the end of the table.

Tamara looked spectacular in her suspenders, seamed stockings and heels. She knew this must be something Alena had planned so she felt safe and excited at the same time.

"Take your positions boys, I'll personally fuck the last one of you standing," said Alena.

Two of the men bent over Tamara at either side of the table. They took her breasts in their mouths and started to tantalise her nipples. Then they took her hands and guided them to their hard cocks. Another climbed onto the table from the top end, placed himself over her on all fours, his knees either side of her head, and elbows beyond the heads of the first two men, and lowered his large erect cock into her mouth. A fourth stood at the bottom end of the table and eased his hard cock into her cunt. In her six inch stilettos, her feet touched the floor. The fifth man, Neil, had the largest cock, he bent over her and administered oral sex while her cunt was full of number four's cock.

Tamara found the closeness of this juxtaposition so erotic that she came quickly, but managed to hang on to her prizes. She established a steady rhythm of sucking one cock whilst masturbating two. A rhythm only interrupted by her second orgasm. Again, the thought of a cock inside her cunt, and another man's tongue between her cunt lips, drove her wild and she came imagining Neil taking the fourth man's cock in his mouth.

Now she started to gain control, she expertly massaged the cocks that she gripped in each hand, until they shot their loads over her simultaneously, in a cacophony of come noises. She reached up

and removed the thick cock from her mouth and wanked it off onto her breasts as its owner gasped with pleasure and delight.

The fourth man was the youngest of the group, about thirty years of age, he'd fucked Tamara manfully for several minutes, but his resistance was finally broken and he came loudly at the sight of the third man's semen covering her breasts. His warm juice covered her cunt walls and she came with him. This left Neil still eating her pussy, large cock erect and swaying with his movements. Tamara raised herself up onto her elbows and eased her hips further onto the table.

Then she planted her heeled feet on the table top, opened her legs and said, "Eat me again you gorgeous bastard."

Neil did as he was told and she came again twice more. Several women watching the spectacle were by now masturbating with hands up their dresses and between their stockinged legs which were spread wide open. Some of them had paired off and were fondling one another, but they were all transfixed by Tamara. She got off the table and pushed Neil onto it on his back, then she climbed on top of him, eased herself onto his long thick hard member, and fucked him with his hands pinned by the side of his head. She came twice more, the second time as his semen flooded her cunt as he grunted with pleasure.

Tamara climbed off Neil and stood triumphantly in front of her conquests. None of the men were left standing. She had made them all come loudly, and had come seven times herself, in the space of fifteen minutes. The female members of the audience marvelled at her sexual prowess and they all, without exception, wanted to get their hands on her.

"You were utterly spectacular darling, just as I had expected, look at them all, they've never witnessed anything like it," said Alena in a low tone, then in a louder voice she said, "I think you will all agree that Tamara won that contest by a mile, five men, and she still had them outnumbered."

The women laughed and the spent, flaccid cocked men got to their feet.

"Let's give her a minute to compose herself before the auction, then we'll send her off to bed with whichever of you lucky girls is the highest bidder and the rest of us can fuck one another to our hearts content."

"Auction?" said Tamara as she picked up her dress and made for the en-suite in her guest room.

"Yes, the women will bid for one of them to spend the rest of the night with you. All in a good cause, you'll see."

Back in her room, Tamara wiped the semen off her breasts and abdomen with a clean flannel, reapplied her lipstick and eased herself back into her dress. She grabbed her phone from her handbag and dashed off a text to Jack.

"Hi Sexy, just had to tell you A organised orgy with v sexy fiends, just fucked her and five men. Made them all come, was amazing. Now being auctioned off to highest woman bidder. All details tmorrw night. xxxxxx"

Jack replied immediately.

"Wow, can't wait, Sheryl says Hi, at least think that's what she said, her mouth is full of cock at moment."

"Yrs I hope?"

"Yes I'm plsd to say. Coming soon must go."

Tamara smiled at the thought of Jack being sucked off by Sheryl, she could picture him groaning with delight as her mouth and tongue teased him to an orgasm. When she arrived back in the drawing room, the other guests had arranged themselves facing Alena who was standing at the table. She had a small wooden gavel in her right hand.

"Okay, now this is for the women only. To keep myself busy in Sydney, I'm working for a charity that looks after children; it's a bit like our NSPCC. So, I'm hoping to raise a few pounds for them tonight by auctioning off my gorgeous, sexy Tamara to the highest bidder. Whichever of you lucky bitches wins her will get to spend the rest of the night with her, exclusively."

Tamara looked poised and perfect again, good enough to eat, in a room full of well heeled women who were dying to do just that.

The bidding was started at £50 by an elegant, slim woman in her early fifties. Alena chided her audience and said she wanted to see three figures or she'd buy Tamara for herself. The audience started to warm to their task. A very attractive blonde in her mid thirties bid £100 and a voluptuous forty something brunette upped the bid to £120. £150 was shouted out from an extremely pretty woman of south Asian origin and she was followed by Elegant Fifty Something who called out £180. Then Colette, a tall beautiful woman of Senegalese descent, upped the price to £200.

The room was buzzing and Tamara felt excited as her price rose rapidly. By the time the bidding had reached £350, all except one of the women had made a bid at some stage. That one woman was Helen, she sat calm and collected with her lustful eyes fixed on Tamara. Helen was the woman that Tamara was desperately hoping would win her. She found all of the bidders attractive, but Helen, tall, shapely, flirtatious, slinky Helen, was the one that she wanted.

Elegant Fifty Something had made the last bid and Alena was about to wrap things up.

"Going once, going twice at three hundred and fifty pounds, are we all finished?"

When a calm confident voice called out in measured tones, "Five hundred pounds."

All heads turned in the direction of Helen.

"Wow, we have a bid of five hundred pounds, any increase on five hundred?"

"Six hundred."

Heads swung back toward Elegant Fifty Something.

"Seven hundred," Called out Mid Thirties Blonde.

Exclamations of shock and excitement filled the room, Alena called for order. Mid Thirties Blonde looked pleased with herself, she gave Tamara a salacious look but it was soon wiped off her face.

"One thousand pounds."

The atmosphere was electric, expressions of amazement filled that air.

Alena raised her voice over the hubbub, "I'm staggered by your generosity ladies, is anyone going to top Helen's last bid? No? Then we're done, sold to Helen for one thousand pounds."

The room broke into applause, Helen rose elegantly from her seat walked over to Tamara, took her hand and kissed her cheek. When the applause subsided Alena encouraged the guests to get the orgy into full swing.

"Choose your partners friends and lovers, but remember, no means no and Tamara belongs to Helen until Helen says otherwise."

With that the guests helped themselves to more wine and punch, and fell into amorous couples or groups of three or four. Helen wanted to take Tamara to bed.

"Let's just stay and watch for a few minutes," said Tamara, "I've never been to a real orgy before and I'd like to see how it develops."

"Okay, the night's still young, Sit in that large arm chair and I'll bring you a drink. Wine or punch?"

The chair was large enough for Tamara and Helen to sit side by side, intimately squeezed together. They kissed and caressed each other lightly and spoke quietly while the orgy warmed up.

Alena was on one of the sofa's with Neil, kissing his face off. Mid Thirties Blonde and South Asian Beauty had already stripped to their hold up stockings and heels and were leaning against the arm of another sofa fingering each other with their hands inside each other's panties. The young thirty year old man was smooching with two women, one of them, Colette, had her hand inside his fly. A man was having his cock sucked by a woman on her knees and she was being fucked from behind by another man.

Tamara felt highly aroused as she watched and listened to the writhing and groaning in front of her. She sat on Helen's right and put her hand up her stylish, expensive, white summer dress. She ran her hand along her long thigh and hooked her finger under a suspender strap.

"So hot! You're wearing stockings," purred Tamara.

"Of course, what self respecting, horny woman wouldn't on a night like this?"

Tamara left her hand resting on the warm bare flesh at the top of Helen's thigh as she became more and more aroused watching Mid Thirties Blonde and South Asian Beauty approaching orgasm. With their rapidly moving hands inside each other's panties, it was not clear who might come first. It was South Asian Beauty, she gave a long guttural moan and came thrusting her pelvis forward in jerking movements. This set Mid Thirties Blonde off and she arched her back powerfully as she came.

By now, Young Man had his cock deep inside one woman and Colette had one of his balls in her mouth. Alena was underneath Neil with her stockinged thighs wrapped around his waist. Detective Inspector Marion, in black heels, stockings and suspenders had a black strap on cock buried inside a pretty, petite forty something woman in a white lacy slip, stockings, suspenders and pink heels; and handcuffs. The police officer made her come twice in succession as a submissive Pretty Petite repeatedly urged her to, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, oh fuck me."

Voluptuous Forty Something, still in a blue and white fitted summer dress that accentuated her her curvy figure, had Elegant Fifty Something pinned against a book case, with her expensive sleeveless

shift dress up around her hips, and Voluptuous' fingers inside her pussy, giving her a robust finger fucking. Tamara couldn't take her eyes off Elegant Fifty Something's perfect dancers' legs. Her stunning pins looked classy in lilac suspender straps, neutral stockings and pale-gold high heels. They were both being watched by one of the men, he was naked and masturbating on the floor next to them. Tamara's attention switched to him as she watched his come spurt onto the rug in long strands.

The final two women had one of the men on his back, one sat astride his cock and massaged the breasts of her athletic looking friend in front who sat astride his shoulders and covered his mouth with her pussy. The woman in front put her head back on her friend's shoulder and they kissed passionately as they came.

Tamara and Helen watched for a good thirty minutes as orgasm after steamy orgasm and groan after arousing groan filled the room.

"Tamara, please let's go to bed, I can't sit like this any longer with your fingers within reach of my pussy, you're teasing the fuck out of me and your dress is too tight for me to reciprocate."

"Okay, we'll use the room I'm staying in, the bed's a super king size and I took the precaution of bringing some toys with me."

"Oh good, I hope you brought a strap on."

"Yes, a two way vibrating one."

"Fuck, take me upstairs you dirty, sexy cow."

Tamara and Helen left the room and sauntered sexily arm in arm into the large hallway. As they left Tamara caught Alena's eye and blew her a kiss, a gesture that Alena was unable to reciprocate because her mouth was being fed with rock hard nipple and her hands were wrapped around a hard cock.

In the bedroom, Helen immediately slipped out of her slinky white summer dress as Tamara sat in an arm chair and watched her. She peeled off her panties, unclipped her bra and stood in just her heeled court shoes, nude stockings and white suspender belt. Tamara thought she looked very fit and well toned, her long face, luxurious long brown hair and long slender limbs gave her an aristocratic look. She was the same age as Tamara and, like her, could easily pass for ten years younger.

Tamara was still fully dressed as Helen sat on her lap in what was left of her lingerie and her heels. Tamara was turned on immensely to have such a scantily clad beauty on her knee, kissing her softly, while she was fully clothed. It felt very erotic, as though Helen was her sexy trophy, to be fucked in the bedroom and shown off on her arm outside the bedroom. Helen shifted her position and knelt either side of Tamara's hips. She held Tamara's face with both hands and kissed her again.

Tamara reached down between Helen's legs with her right hand and slipped two fingers between her wet cunt lips. Helen shivered, put her own right hand over Tamara's and slowly pushed Tamara's fingers inside her clenching hole. Tamara could feel Helen's cunt walls gripping her fingers as she slid them in up to the knuckles. Helen gasped let her head fall back a little, allowing Tamara to kiss her throat. Tamara swept her fingers around Helen's hole and noticed a heightened level of arousal on the top side. She suspected she'd found the elusive g-spot.

"Oh God! What are you doing to me? Fffuck, it's amazzzzing. Oh my, oh please don't stop, don't stop, oh God."

"Come you gorgeous woman, you paid a fortune for this, so come for the woman you bought to give you a good time."

This tipped Helen over the edge and she moaned long and loudly, clinging to Tamara's shoulders as her shuddering orgasm took over her body. Tamara wanted to take her dress off and really get down to business.

"Let's get onto the bed and you can strip me slowly."

"Oh Tamara what did you do to me?"

"I made you come darling and I'm going to do it again."

"You found my g-spot didn't you."

"I think so."

"I didn't know I'd got one, I'd given up hope."

"Well let's see if we can find it again."

"Oh God, yes please."

Helen unzipped Tamara's dress, took it off her shoulders and held it, while Tamara daintily and carefully stepped out of it in her very high heels. They climbed onto the bed together and lay side by side, kissing and fondling. Helen pushed her left hand into the waistband of Tamara's panties and rested her fingers on her mound. Tamara lay on her back and spread her legs invitingly, Helen slid her fingers into Tamara's pussy slit and massaged her clitoris. Tamara came quickly then slipped off her panties, pushed Helen's face down between her legs and came again.

Tamara removed her bra and got her face between Helen's legs. For the next thirty minutes, Tamara tantalised Helen's cunt and clitoris with her lips, tongue and fingers. She made the most of the newly found g-spot and Helen came four times. Tamara then got up off the bed and took her strap on cock from her travel bag. She climbed back on top of an eager Helen, slid the large phallus into her wet cunt and switched on the vibrations.

Tamara spent another fifteen minutes fucking Helen in this position, she made her come three more times with the vibrations turned up to almost full power. She came twice more herself as the double ended vibrating cock swept her resistance aside. For the next fifteen minutes the two women ate each other's cunts in a sensuous sixty nine. Helen came twice more with the help of Tamara's fingers and Tamara had been counting. They rested for a while, arm in arm, still in their heels and stockings, an exquisite picture of two erotic, sexy women that would have graced the wall of any art gallery.

"You've come ten times in the last hour and a half, that's one hundred pounds per orgasm. I think you're beginning to get your money's worth. We'll have a rest then we'll get you even more value for your money if you like," laughed Tamara.

"Tamara you're amazing, I've honestly never come more than twice with anyone before tonight and that was with Alena. My g-spot is a complete revelation, I just thought it was a myth."

Helen was spent, she was tired, fulfilled and completely sated; for now.

"I really don't think I can go again just yet, let me sleep for a while and we'll see what happens. You go down to the drawing room if you like, there's sure to be some action down there."

"Okay, see you later, I might bring you a present back, who would you like to make up a threesome with us?"

But Helen had already drifted off to sleep.

Tamara had packed her sexy Chinese silk dressing gown. She put it on over her stockings and suspenders and sashayed back into the drawing room in her stilettos. Most of the guests were still there, a couple of the men had fallen asleep and Elegant Fifty Something had taken the masturbating man and Voluptuous Forty Something upstairs to Alena's bed. Elegant wanted to play with herself while she watch Voluptuous ride a hard cock.

Alena was treating Neil to another fucking, this time she had him pinned down underneath the table as she rode his thick cock. Colette was the first to notice Tamara and she caught hold of her hand and pulled her down onto a large sofa. Colette wasted no time opening Tamara's gown and fingering her pussy.

"You like this?" she said in her sexy French Senegalese accent.

Tamara gasped her approval, "Ahh, yesss."

"How about this," she said as she knelt between Tamara's legs and made her come with one of the longest tongues Tamara had ever seen.

Colette was able to force her tongue right inside Tamara, so far in fact that it almost felt like the liveliest most stimulating penis she ever had the pleasure of accommodating. Tamara was completely and utterly stunned by the sensations that Colette managed to arouse with her tongue. She came louder and harder than she had all night as several other women kissed her breasts and fondled her. The rest of the guests looked on lasciviously, several of the women knowing just how it felt to experience Colette's tongue inside them.

Tamara offered to repay the compliment but before she could move, Mid Thirties Blonde and South Asian Beauty had sat either side of her. South Asian Beauty massaged her clitoris and Mid Thirties Blonde fisted her, a new and very satisfying experience for Tamara. Tamara's head was spinning, if this was what happened at an orgy, she wanted more of it. She came again and before she knew it, she was pulled off the sofa and onto the floor by a very athletic amazon wearing nothing but a strap on.

"Pin her down," commanded Athletic Amazon.

Tamara's mind shot back to the fuckings she'd received from Davenport, she felt gloriously aroused at the prospect of being dominated and 'raped' by this woman. Colette pinned her arms to the floor and two other women held her ankles. Athletic Amazon lubricated what was one of the largest strap on cocks that Tamara had ever seen and then slowly pushed it up inside her cunt. The lubricant, and Tamara already being saturated, eased the progress of the thick false cock. Once she knew Tamara could take it, Athletic Amazon fucked her so fast and vigorously that it was just like being pounded by Jack at his most energetic except this cock was considerably larger.

Pretty Petite, an obsessed lover of bondage and 'rape' sex play, sat on an armchair, handcuffed again with her knees spread wide apart. She came wholeheartedly, at the hands of Marion and her vibrating truncheon, while watching Tamara take a severe fucking. The fucking went on for several minutes without a break and Tamara's senses were on the ceiling, she came three times but Athletic Amazon didn't let up, she just continued to pound into Tamara until Tamara begged her to stop.

"Oh God that was wonderful, you completely blew me away but I can't take any more of it."

Alena had come over to watch the spectacle of her Tamara being 'forcibly' fucked into oblivion.

"Knowing you're, er... fondness for a good fucking at the hands of an athletic woman, I set that up for you, but I should have warned you that Debbie is a fitness instructor and plays rugby for Manchester Ladies."

"She's awesome, but I couldn't take a fucking like that very often," said Tamara as she gave Debbie her best seductive, look but don't touch, look.

"She's got a couple of male fitness clients that pay extra for her to fuck them with that monster. Makes the eyes water doesn't it," said Mid Thirties Blonde as an aside to Tamara.

Tamara gave her a look of mock horror.

Debbie's dominant fucking of Tamara had been watched by all of the remaining guests and it was the last act of the orgy. Everyone had had their fill and Tamara looked forward to getting into bed with Helen in the hope that she would be receptive to more carnal delights in the morning.

Most of the guests left, a few stayed, sleeping on sofas and in a spare guest room. Alena's bed was still taken by the threesome that had commandeered it earlier so, after Tamara had helped her with a quick tidy up, Alena asked her if she minded her getting into bed with her and Helen.

"It's just that I agreed with Jed that his bed is completely out of bounds tonight... no, I'm lying, it's not out of bounds to me, but I just want to fuck you."

"Of course not darling, it's your house and the day I refuse you will be the day the earth freezes over."

The tired lovers climbed into bed together trying not to wake Helen.

"Did you enjoy the party Tam?" whispered Alena.

"It was the most erotic experience I've ever had. I can't describe how amazing it was, I was on a high all night. I loved being guest of honour, everyone was so good to me. My only regret is that I'd love to have pinned down and fucked that petite woman in her pretty lacy slip, she just looked so utterly submissive and fuckable."

"Oh, Sylvia, she always ends up on her back wearing Marion's 'bracelets,' you'd never believe that she's one of the leading prosecution barristers in the North West."

"Really!"

"Yes, apparently she's self assured and domineering in court."

"Wow! Have you ever had her?"

"God yes, Marion and I took turns on her at a party a couple of months ago. We got on so well that she made a private arrangement for me to bind her and fuck her in her gown and wig. God, that was so hot, she wore nothing but black heels, stockings and suspenders underneath."

"Mmmm, I'm getting all aroused now, where did this filthy little event take place?"

"That's the best bit, she got her hands on a key to the old disused Crown Court. I marched her up from the cells in handcuffs then fucked her with a strap on, on the floor of the dock. She kept urging me to punish her and fuck her, and call her a worthless lying criminal. She gave me a script, I had to say that she was going to jail for a long time and that she'd be raped every night by the other prisoners."

"But that's all in the past now, I'm looking forward to beginning recruitment in Sydney," said Alena with a low chuckle.

Just then, Helen stirred and awoke.

"Mmmm, even better than the dream I was just having. The two best fucks I've ever had in bed with me."

"Are you ready for more?" asked Tamara.

"You bet, I'm not passing up an opportunity like this."

Tamara eased Helen into the middle and went down on her pussy while Alena kissed her lips and her nipples.

"Ummm, you've found my new g-spot again you clever girl."

Helen's back began to arch as Tamara's fingers probed her cunt, Alena sucked one of her nipples and rolled the other between a finger and thumb. Helen came with a series of jolts, then she pulled Tamara up to kiss her on the lips, she loved the taste of her own cunt juices on her lover's lips.

Finally, they laid on their backs, Tamara on the left, Alena on the right and Helen in the middle. Tamara touched herself with her left hand and touched Helen with her right hand, Helen's right hand played with Alena's pussy and her left hand with Tamara's and Alena pleased herself with her right hand and Helen with her left. Their erotic enjoyment lasted a while, it was a gentle, gradual arousal that eventually resulted in simultaneous soft sleepy orgasms at 3am, then the trio of lovers fell into deep satisfying sleep.

So deep in fact that they didn't wake until just before 11am. There was no time for a morning fuck. Tamara needed to rush to get her train so Alena quickly made tea and toast, while Tamara got packed and they both got dressed. Tamara again admired the cool elegance of Helen in her expensive slinky white summer dress.

Helen offered to run Tamara to the railway station, this made things much easier for Alena, who had yet to clear the house of several late staying guests, but resulted in a tearful farewell on her doorstep and faithful promises to keep in touch.

Helen had been overwhelmed by what Tamara had helped her discover about herself in bed. She'd never had multiple orgasms before, and no one else had ever found a that special place in her

vagina that left her completely at the mercy of her lover's fingers. She wanted more, she was a pragmatic, unsentimental woman but she had become infatuated by Tamara.

"So with Alena leaving you'll have a 'gap' in your schedule?"

"Already filled Helen, There's a sexy red headed Irish lady that I can't keep my hands off. It's not very professional but she's the mother of one of my sixth formers."

"We only live once Tamara, if I'd always stuck to what was professional, life would have been very dull. So, Alena tells me that you're a well respected assistant head."

"It would be nice to think so."

"Talking of being unprofessional, one of my deputies retires next year and I'd be beyond delighted if you took the trouble to apply. I'll deny I ever said that if I have to."

"It won't happen, Jack works in Birmingham, he's doing really well and loves his job. And I'm determined to earn promotion on my ability in the work setting rather than in bed."

"And to think I thought I had a chance of prising you away from Jack and your integrity."

"No chance Helen, but if I'm ever up here alone for any reason, I'll get in touch."

"You must, I'd sell my soul for another night like last night. Will you give me your phone number so that I can get in touch if I'm ever in your area?"

Tamara didn't reply, she wondered whether she wanted to let Helen any further into her life.

"Look, I'm not going to stalk you, much as I'd like to, I just want to stay in touch."

The car approached the station.

"Ah, we're here, I'll have to hurry or I'll miss my train," lied Tamara.

"Oh for fuck's sake Tamara, don't make me beg, I want to go to bed with you again."

The car pulled up next the concourse at the front of the station. Tamara thanked Helen kindly for giving her a lift, squeezed her thigh for the last time, avoided the request for her number and got out of the car. Helen watched her skip across the concourse in her stilettos, arse swaying sexily in an above the knee tight pencil skirt as she made her way inside the station.

Helen thought of herself as a tough, assertive woman who knew how to get her own way, but as a tear of frustration ran down her cheek, she realised that she'd been beaten at her own game this time. Tamara smiled inwardly as she made her sexy progress across the concourse, she knew that a forlorn, frustrated Helen would be watching her, knowing that she'll never see her again.

On the train home Tamara amused herself by imagining a clash between Davenport and the Amazon. She had them both heel and stocking clad, with Davenport in her uniform and the Amazon in a tight skirt and blouse. They wrestled to remove each other's panties with the winner becoming the Mistress and the loser the bitch.

It was a contest that she would gladly have paid to watch, all the more so because she suspected that the glorious Amazon would have the edge. Her juices seeped out of her pussy as she pictured Davenport pinned down and exhausted, while the Amazon reached up under her military skirt to rip

her panties off with a victorious flourish. Then the Amazon would strap on her large cock and fuck the beaten and prostate Davenport into oblivion. Tamara got into such a state over her fantasy that she was compelled to visit the toilet at the end of the carriage, with her bullet vibrator in her handbag.

Tamara intrigued Jack for several nights, dripping out tantalising details of the orgy at Alena's. Eventually, she sat astride him and fucked him slowly, always keeping him just a cock stroke short of coming, while she described every delicious, deviant detail. Then she unleashed Jack's pent up ardour by letting him on top of her, while he gave her a fucking as forceful and energetic as she had received at the hands of Debbie the Athletic Amazon.

A few days later, looking to add further spice to a bedtime session with Jack, she sent a text to Miriam.

"Hello slut, it'll soon be the summer holidays and I'll have plenty of time to humiliate you. When you get this, phone me immediately and masturbate for me."

Within thirty seconds of pressing send, Tamara's phone rang.

"Hello Mistress, it's your dirty slut, I'm touching myself and thinking of you."

Tamara held her phone to Jack's ear.

"I want you take make my man's cock hard, don't disappoint me bitch. He'll have the phone to his ear so make him come for me."

"Yes Mistress... Sir, I want you to be my Master, I want it so much that I'm parting my cunt lips and playing with myself for your pleasure. Ohhh! I'm so aroused at the thought of you with your huge hard cock in your hand, stroking it up and down with one hand and cupping your balls with the other."

"Mmmnnn, yes... you are a filthy bitch aren't you."

"You will become my Master and I will live to please you, come for me sir, please come for your unworthy slave."

"Mmmm, God, your voice is so sultry and provocative."

"Ohhh, I'm pleasuring myself for you, ohhh, I'm going to come while I talk to you, mmmm, it's like your fingers are inside me making me come, ohh, please make me come, tell me to come Master."

"Come bitch, mmm, fuck yourself for me, let me hear you come."

"Ohhh Master, ohh my God, I just want your hard cock inside me. I worship your co... ohhh fuccckkk, I'm commmmingggg, oh, oh, oh, oh, yesssss."

Jack was surprised at how quickly he too had reached orgasm.

"Yesss, yess, oh fuck mmmm, ahh."

Miriam's fingers moved like a blur inside her cunt while Jack pumped his hard cock until it ejaculated spunk onto his chest. They both came together but it was Tamara who had gained the

greatest satisfaction from taking remote control of their orgasms while she quietly massaged herself to a climax.

"Are you still there slut?"

"Yes Mistress. Did I please you Mistress?"

"Yes and you pleased your master very much, clever bitch. Now, clear your diary next Wednesday between two and three o'clock, I'm going to watch you bring yourself in your office, then you're going to eat my pussy."

"Er, yes Mistress, I'll see what I can do."

"What! You'll do as you're told bitch."

"Y-yes Mistress, of course."

"Good see to it and no excuses."

The summer holidays arrived and Tamara fell easily into her usual pattern of a fantasy with her vibrator as soon as Jack left for work. Even if she needed to go into school, as she did a couple of days a week, she could still have a lie in so she enjoyed a good self induced orgasm or two most mornings. Since the orgy, her fantasies had started to take a new, exciting direction. She was becoming highly turned on at the thought of sex in front of strangers.

A couple of favourite scenarios sustained her throughout the summer break. In one she imagined that she'd gone to Birmingham Central Library with Jack. They'd found a quiet area in the old brutalist building where the shelves were in long rows of dusty, infrequently visited reference books. A pretty library assistant was the only person in the vicinity and she was moving between rows tidying books.

She was around thirty, slim and studious looking in her glasses and pony tail, but she was also trendily dressed in a short skirt, tight jumper and court shoes. Tamara wandered the rows of shelves with Jack, making sure she caught the librarian's eye as often as possible. The woman looked a little nervous at the attention she was getting, but she didn't attempt to move away and continued with her task.

In the middle of one of the rows, Tamara and Jack started kissing and caressing each other. Their soft groans of pleasure were audible to anyone within a few feet and they hoped that they would attract her attention. They could hear the librarian walking down the next row, then she stopped for a moment and listened, before walking on down to the end.

Tamara timed it perfectly, just as the woman came into view, about twenty feet away, at the end of the row, Tamara pulled Jack's hard cock out of his trousers and began to massage it. The librarian stopped in her tracks, she looked shocked but she was rooted to the spot. Tamara was wearing her black and white houndstooth mini skirt, opaque black stockings and heeled, knee length black boots and no panties. Jack raised her skirt up around her waist to reveal her black six strap suspender belt and the bare flesh above her contrasting black stocking tops.

The librarian still didn't move but she watched intently as Jack slid the fingers of his right hand inside Tamara's cunt. Tamara groaned with pleasure and started to wank Jack off vigorously, still

looking the woman seductively in the eyes. The librarian reached for the hem of her short skirt with her left hand and pulled it up to reveal lacy hold up tan stockings, and a delightful little pussy nestled in the silk gusset of her panties. She slid her hand down inside the waistband of her panties and began to masturbate.

At this point Tamara's fantasy, aided and abetted by her vibrator, always resulted in her coming to a delightful climax. After it had subsided, she always imagined pushing one of her cards, on which she'd previously written her phone number, nonchalantly, into the flushed and still pussy stroking librarian's stocking top, on her way past her to the exit.

Her other current favourite fantasy involved a wedding party in a hotel where Tamara and Jack were staying. They were not part of the wedding party, but they were in the hotel bar having a drink and admiring the well dressed wedding guests. Tamara was wearing a very short tight black skirt and opaque stockings, the welt of which was only just covered by the hem of her skirt. Her black stilettos were six inches high and her tight orange jumper showed off her well supported breasts. They amused themselves by pointing out to each other which of the guests they'd like to fuck. There were many, but to their surprise, they both fancied the mother of the bride most of all. She was in her fifties and still well toned, very attractive, with a lovely figure; she was confident, sexy and alluring, and she knew it.

Tamara and Jack worked themselves up to a point where they were desperate to fuck each other in front of her. They decided to see if they could get her into the lift on her own. The wedding reception was in full swing and Tamara and Jack began to mingle with the guests. The bride's mother smiled at Jack so, realising that her daughter was not in the room, he took a gamble. He approached her confidently and said that her daughter was having trouble with her dress and could she go and help.

Jack had assumed, rightly, that this would involve the bride's mother getting into the lift. As she did so, Tamara and Jack slipped in with her. She asked them if they were friends of the Groom. Jack pressed the 'stop lift' button as Tamara told her that they'd been turned on by the fantasy of fucking each other while she watched. The lift was about five feet by four feet, the bride's mother backed into a corner as Tamara got on her knees and unzipped Jack's fly. She took out his already hard cock, put the swollen head in her mouth and massaged the shaft with her right hand. With her left hand, she reached under her mini skirt and slipped her fingers inside the leg opening of her panties.

The bride's mother was wearing a smart shift dress and jacket with high heels. She looked startled, she let out shaky sigh and held on to her pearl necklace at her throat with her right hand. Her left hand fell to her left thigh, she crossed her thighs and clutched at her skirt, in an unconscious attempt to protect her pussy.

Tamara had Jack very aroused and he was breathing heavily as he approached orgasm. She was masturbating herself at the same time and had turned her head to give the woman a provocative sultry look while still pumping Jack's cock. The bride's mother's cheeks were flushed and her eyes began to show signs of arousal. She moved her hand from her pearls and lightly caressed her breasts, then she uncrossed her thighs as she watched Tamara, sucking Jack's cock again, and massaging the shaft while she masturbated herself.

This was the point at which the real Tamara usually came, but, if as was frequently the case, she had the time and inclination to have a second orgasm, she would imagine herself telling the bride's mother her room number as she and Jack stepped out of the lift.

The bride's mother would then join her and Jack in their room once the wedding reception had finished and Tamara would watch Jack inserting his hard cock into her pink cunt as she knelt face down over a coffee table, wearing just her heels, stockings and suspender belt. The bride's mother's breasts swayed in time to Jack's slow thrusting. Tamara would masturbate as she watched Jack's cock, coated in pussy juice, sliding in and out of the bride's mother's cunt as she urged him to make her come.

Tamara's holiday fantasies were almost tame in comparison to her actual exploits. She and Orla fucked at Tamara's house on three long steamy occasions. The green eyed Irish beauty shaved Tamara's pussy for her again each time, and took her to sexual heaven with oral sex on a par with the tongue fucking she'd received from Colette during the orgy.

Orla got inside Tamara's soul, she'd only ever felt so fulfilled and complete after sex with Jack in the past, but she laid with Orla, embracing in a post coital bliss, for what seemed like an age. Orla was special, and Tamara wouldn't be sharing her with Jack.

In the first week of the holiday, Tamara visited Miriam's office as arranged and watched her masturbate then had her eat her cunt. It was an incredibly erotic sight, no one could masturbate like Miriam, her come noises could normally stiffen pricks and dampen pussies at a hundred metres, but in her office, during the working day, it was almost as hot to hear her whispering her moans and stifling her groans as she surrendered to Tamara's vibrator.

Later on in bed that night while Jack slept, Tamara satisfied her own urge to masturbate with a fantasy of fucking Miriam with a strap on cock, on a desk, in the full view of all of her staff, including her attractive niece.

The lighting shop closed for lunch again as Tamara enjoyed a dirty fifteen minutes with the owner on his couch in the back office. This time, instead of wrestling him for dominance, Tamara, dressed in a vampish, clinging, low cut purple velvet dress, with hold up stockings, no panties and six inch stilettos, allowed him to lay between her legs and fuck her sumptuous pussy.

She also had the firm bodied Zelda round for coffee and a good fucking one afternoon. The image of Zelda, bent over the dining table in her short summer dress, stockings and high heels, while her buttocks quivered to the thrusting of the double ended strap on, provided Tamara with masturbating material for years to come.

In another development, to her great delight, Mark had resurrected his peripatetic chiropody career and he paid her a visit in the last week of the holiday. They enacted their by now carefully choreographed, tantalising ritual foreplay, involving the removal, and putting back on, of her heels and stockings, before he accepted her open legged invitation to sink his shaft into her willing wet cunt.

Together with regular sex with Jack, and a threesome with him and Sheryl, Tamara was having a very active and satisfying summer. It was all carefully planned and executed, but she wasn't averse to spontaneity. One sunny day in the middle of the holidays, she lay in bed having just masturbated to her librarian fantasy. She had nothing planned for the day and felt bored, at a loose end and horny. She thought about indulging in a fantasy about going into town and picking up a stranger to fuck. On the spur of the moment, she decided that she would actually do it in reality.

She'd had spontaneous episodes with several men before, but she'd never actually gone out with the intention of picking up a stranger and fucking him... or her.

She showered and washed her hair, sat at her dressing table and contemplated what to wear. It was a warm sunny day, but she was on the pull, so stockings, or at least hold up stockings, were a must. Also compulsory was the highest pair of summer heels that she owned. These happened to be a pair of pinkish-gold, five inch high, pointed toe stilettos that she'd recently bought from L K Bennett. She smiled inwardly because she knew that she would attract attention in these 'follow me home and fuck me' shoes.

She would love to have worn something very very short but, even though she was a well toned, fit forty eight year old with silky young skin, she was still forty eight, so she felt it unbecoming. The previous summer she had bought, and never worn, a fitted sleeveless warm pink shift dress that clung to her curves. It was four inches above the knee and would ride up nicely when she sat down, so she wore the outfit with pale pink panties, bra and neutral lacy hold ups.

Pink lipstick and fingernails and two pairs of gold earrings, one a stud, the other dangling, completed her classy, sexy look. She wondered, as she put together these finishing touches, who she might seduce into bed with her today. She wanted someone younger, Perhaps another former student, or a pretty little shop assistant. Maybe one of the market stall lads or a waitress in a tight skirt.

As she opened the front door, she mused on how satisfying it would have been to have given her next door neighbour's son an erection that he would have had to have dealt with in his mother's downstairs toilet.

Tamara felt cool and confident as she drove into town. So confident in fact that she drove first to the motel on the other side of town and booked a room. It was only eleven-thirty so she had no need to hurry. She parked in the multi storey car park and thought about how Davenport would have drooled over her today.

The town was busy with shoppers and school kids on holiday. Tamara sauntered sexily through the streets to the town centre, turning heads along the whole of her route. She browsed the market stalls just to stiffen a few pricks. Every now and again she would hear a soft wolf whistle or an expression of approval. She heard one earthy remark clearly as she moved between the stalls.

"I could fuck that, no problem."

She turned to see a wiry, weather beaten man of about her age with a leering grin. She pretended not to hear him and made for the Court House Cafe Bar, just a little way from the market. The cafe had tables and chairs on the wide pavement, just at the entrance to a small shopping mall. She ordered a coffee and slice of cake inside at the bar, and found an empty table outside where she could sit in the sun with her legs crossed, showing a small triangle of lacy stocking top just underneath her right thigh.

As she waited for her order, she passed the time people watching. She wore sunglasses so that she could look without being seen to look. There were lots of people walking to and fro. A very well dressed young woman walked by in a pencil skirt and expensive, almost translucent blouse and Tamara imagined her in stockings and suspenders, sitting astride her while she sucked on her pert breasts.

Then a tanned, attractive woman with long dark hair slowly walked past, she stopped to look at the cafe menu and glided off again in her flowing summer dress. Tamara would have sat with her on a river bank and slipped her fingers inside her pussy so that she could hear her coming softly into her ear. From the other direction, a good looking young man in a shirt, tie and suit trousers approached, Tamara looked at his groin to see if she could assess the size of his cock. She day dreamed about taking him to the back row of seats in a darkened cinema and sucking his erection until he came.

Her waitress arrived with her order, she was about seventeen but a young seventeen in the way that some girls are. Tamara knew from her teaching experience that some seventeen year olds looked like sexually active twenty somethings but Emily, that was the name on her badge, was not one of them.

Leyla, the confident Turkish Cypriot waitress in her early thirties, that had taken her order at the bar, might have been worth a try though. Tamara had been aroused by her whenever she visited the cafe. She had a firm body and looked experienced. She may not be into women, or she may not be able to leave work, but Tamara thought she might strike lucky.

As she weighed up the possibilities, who should come walking out of the Mall but Andrea the Solicitor. Tamara removed her sun glasses so that Andrea could be sure that she was looking at her. She knew that she had seen her, but Andrea didn't dare make eye contact with her nemesis.

She walked by quickly, looking attractive, but a little frazzled, in her pin striped skirt suit and court shoes. Tamara could tell that she was completely intimidated by her and considered going after her and forcing her to go with her to the hotel room. But the idea bored her really, she wanted a new adventure.

In the meantime, a slightly overweight, sweating man in his forties, who had been sitting at a table a few yards away, walked up to Tamara's table and asked if she was alone and would she like some company.

"Yes and no thank you," was her polite but brief reply, so he slunk off toward the market with his tail between his legs.

Tamara had finished her coffee and went inside to pay the bill and, hopefully, seduce the Turkish waitress. She was a little put out to find Emily at the till.

As Emily gave her her change, she said, "Thank you madam, please come again."

Then she flushed bright red and told Tamara that she looked fabulous. Tamara smiled at her, reaffirmed her view that she was only a tiddler, and threw her back into the water.

Back outside in the warm sunshine, Tamara decided to try Debenhams. The men's department might be worth cruising, she might pull a male customer or one of the sales assistants. She had decided by now that she probably wanted to ride a hard cock today, although, if she managed to get hit on by a sexy young woman, she wouldn't spurn the opportunity.

Her thoughts turned to her former student Brendon whom she had seduced in similar circumstances a couple of years ago, what she wouldn't give to bump into the big, slow witted hunk now. As she walked past the bank on the way back to the Square, dangling her expensive Radley handbag from her right hand, she saw a very good looking young man of about twenty five at the

cash point. He was about five feet nine, of slim build and had short brown hair and was wearing a business suit, shirt and tie.

Tamara, who was not at all in need of cash, acted quickly and started queueing behind him, admiring his expensive suit and what it contained. She waited for him to finish and as he started to move away she removed her sunglasses.

"I'm sorry to be such a nuisance, but would you mind just watching over me while I get some cash out? I always worry about being robbed at one of these things."

Her five inch stilettos put her at eye level with her prey and she fixed him with pleading look.

"Oh, yes, of course, no problem," he said; he felt flattered and pleased to be asked to be a 'hero.'

Tamara took out her cash and turned to the good looking young man.

"Thank you so much, that was really kind of you."

Her bright hazel eyes locked their beams onto his eyes.

"It was no trouble honestly, I was glad to be of assistance."

"That's so kind of you. Could I just ask you one more small favour, do you mind?"

"No, of course not, how can I help?"

Tamara's gracious expression changed to seductive allure in flash.

"Will you fuck me?"

"Pardon"?

"I want you to fuck me."

The man was stunned and before he could get a word out Tamara pressed home her advantage.

"Do you know the motel on the A5"

"Er, yes."

"I've got a room there. Where are you parked?"

"Erm, Just across the road in the office car park, but..."

"No, no buts, you either find me attractive and want to fuck me, or you don't."

"God yes, I find you attractive, you're beautiful, who wouldn't, but you've taken me..."

"I said no buts, I'm parked in the multi storey near the bus station, so give me fifteen minutes then follow me to the motel. It's room twenty four on the second floor."

Tamara turned and made her way back to her car. He watched her saunter sexily away in her 'follow me home and fuck me' shoes, until she turned a corner into the Square. He was a little dazed by the exchange with Tamara. How had it happened, he was just playing the protective minder with a vulnerable, but very desirable, woman and now she had taken control of him.

Tamara loved the irony that she had been allocated the room in which she had fucked Daniel a little over two years ago. She sat in an easy chair showing a mile of leg, awaiting her latest conquest. She was delighted to have seduced such a good looking young man, her panties were moist at the thought of the soft red bondage rope in the bottom of her handbag.

Eventually, there was a soft tap on the door.

"Come in," called Tamara.

The young man entered and she told him to lock the door. He stood looking a little uncomfortable while she sat and ogled him from head to toe.

"Hmm. Not bad, not bad at all. Are you married?"

"No," he lied.

"So where's the wedding ring you were wearing twenty minutes ago?"

"Okay, yes, I'm married, and now I know the answer to the question about whether a faithful married man like me would turn it down if it was offered to him on a plate by a stunning woman."

"Well look on the bright side, tonight you'll be so pumped up, after I've done with you, that you'll give your wife such a fucking, she won't know what day of the week it is."

Tamara stood up, slowly approached him with her eyes fixed on his lips, eased his jacket lapels over his shoulders and asked him if he found her desirable. Before he could answer, she'd backed him against a wall, unable to move his arms freely, with her tongue in his mouth. She pushed her left hip into his groin and felt his erection pressed hard against her.

"Let's find out how much you want me," said Tamara as she moved away from him and stood in front of a full length mirror.

"Take your clothes off and come here."

She beckoned with her right hand index finger.

He did as he was told. Tamara bit her bottom lip as he removed his shirt to reveal a beautifully toned torso. When he removed his trousers, she almost came at the sight of his large cock, poking up like a tent pole, inside his boxers.

"And those," she breathed, looking at his shorts.

As he pulled them down, his huge cock sprang back upright and swayed a little.

"Now can you see how sexy you are?" he said with a smile.

It wasn't much longer than most, but it was easily the thickest cock she had ever set eyes on.

"My my, that's impressive, I like a man who shows me respect. Come here."

He stood next to Tamara, she told him to face the mirror then walked around behind him. She pulled the bondage rope out of her handbag and walked up to him again. He could feel her warm breath on his neck.

"Put your hands behind your back, otherwise don't move unless I tell you to."

He did as he was told without the slightest sign of resistance. Tamara thrilled to the thought of being in control, her pussy clenched as she bound his wrists tight.

"You've taken to this very willingly, why do I suspect that you've done this before?"

"My wife ties me up a lot, she says it makes her orgasms deeper and more intense"

"I bet she does. Look in the mirror and watch yourself come."

With that, Tamara moved to his right, facing him and sideways on to the mirror, her shapely breasts and buttocks in glorious profile, she took hold of his cock. She stood very close, her warm breath on his neck, but touched no part of him except for his cock. With his hands bound behind his back, she stroked his cock rapidly.

His breathing gradually increased until it was rapid and shallow. Through half open eyelids, he watched himself being masturbated by the gorgeous sexy woman that had taken him captive, until he shot his come onto the mirror in thick strands.

With globules of come still slowly oozing out of his erect cock, she stripped to her heels and held up, led him to the bed, pushed him onto his back, eased herself onto his still hard member, while his wrists were still bound, and rode him vigorously. Watching Tamara fucking him in the come streaked mirror, in her hold up stockings and stilettos, kept him hard enough for her to take her pleasure.

After a break for him to recover, she untied him and fondled him until he became very hard. Then she let him get on top and sink his thick shaft into her hole. She could tell he was harder than earlier on when she'd sat astride him, because he stretched her cunt walls wider than she could remember since she'd last given birth. When he came a second time, and there was no prospect of getting him hard again, she had him eat her pussy as she came several times more.

Tamara had a very satisfactory, horny afternoon with her stranger. She didn't ask him his name and knew nothing about him, except that he was married; they just fucked until they were both spent. After he'd showered her with compliments, she let him go, took a literal shower, then set off for home feeling weary but satiated and elated.

Tamara had found her summer holidays very satisfying as always and Jack benefitted from the retelling of the various liaisons, but she found herself thinking more and more about fucking in front of strangers. She also had another fantasy that needed feeding.

The summer holidays were coming to an end and Tamara's mind turned towards getting Jack into sexy women's clothes again. It was three months since he'd dressed as a waitress for her and she'd 'made' him promise to indulge her new found predilection at least four times per year.

He'd agreed to her lustful, salacious proposal with feigned indifference but, in reality, had been wanking at every opportunity, at the thought of getting into a tight skirt, heels and stockings again. For her part, Tamara could think of nothing else. By now, every morning as soon as Jack left for work, she was masturbating to a delicious hot fantasy of him playing air hostess to her pilot. Little did she realise that Jack was regularly shooting his semen into a tissue with a similar scenario in mind.

It wasn't that he was desperate to wear women's clothes, far from it in fact, but he did find the sight of his and Tamara's hips, buttocks and thighs, swathed in tight black skirts, suspenders and stockings, extremely erotic; it was guaranteed to make him shoot his load in no time at all. Watching them both, in the large bedroom mirror, with their hands up each other's skirts, stocking tops exposed, Tamara's hand masturbating his hard shaft, that she had pulled free of the lace panties that had barely constrained it, was one of the hottest things he'd ever seen.

It was a sight only outdone by the feeling of their stockings, suspender clips, and displaced lace panties, rubbing together as they gyrated with his shaft sunk deeply inside her willing cunt.

Tamara wanted him in full uniform, but knew that his broad shoulders would make wearing an air hostess jacket all but impossible. She opted instead for a white short sleeved blouse from an outfitter for the larger lady, and she found a Russian AeroFlot uniform neck scarf at a theatrical costumier in the City. The scarf was bright red so she matched it with a tight but stretchy red, knee length, pencil cut skirt and, to her immense delight, she found a pair of matching high heeled red court shoes in size eleven to complete Jack's outfit.

She had little difficulty in finding a pilot's costume in her size. It was a blue grey British Airways tailored skirt suit, with white braiding around the cuffs and a smart peaked cap with white braiding around the leading edge of the peak. The skirt was of a straight cut so she chose a size smaller than normal to ensure that it was as tight as possible around her buttocks and thighs.

Tamara wanted to spice things up a little this time by combining her urgent desire for sex in public with her urgent desire to get Jack into a tight skirt and heels. She persuaded him to 'play' with her on the final Saturday evening of the holidays. Jack was at first unaware of her plan to take their role play out of the house and into the public domain.

It was a warm, late August evening and it wouldn't begin to get dark until around eight o'clock. In the circumstances, Tamara thought it best not to venture out until then. In the meantime, she plied Jack with a couple of beers, then added a dash of eyeliner and some ruby red lipstick to his face and bright red varnish to his nails. A smart bobbed blonde wig helped him look a little less masculine; her moistening pussy thought that the overall effect was deliciously sexy.

She watched enraptured, her pussy clenching eagerly, as Jack donned a red four strap suspender belt, to which he clipped tan stockings. He stepped into his red high heels and Tamara almost wept with intense lecherous desire as his half swollen cock swayed to and fro.

He nestled his semi erect cock inside his skimpy lacy red panties like an arm in a sling, then he buttoned up his white blouse, before pulling on the tight red pencil skirt which was tight enough to show his suspender clips through the material. Tamara arranged the smart red neck scarf around his throat and somehow managed to resist pushing him onto the bed on his back, raising his skirt up to his hips, pulling his panties to his knees and fucking him senseless.

Now Tamara stepped out of her dressing gown. She was already wearing a black, six strap suspender belt with nude stockings. She had also put on a pair of skimpy black panties and a beautiful lacy black bra. She squeezed into the knee length uniform skirt and put on her white blouse and British Airways cravat.

Her black heels were six inch stilettos, and when she finished buttoning up her braided jacket and putting on her cap, it was Jack's turn to feel a surge of erotic desire. It flowed through his cock and stiffened it enough to bulge even more beneath the material of his skirt.

Tamara suggested that he rearrange his cock inside his panties so that he didn't spoil the line of his skirt. He couldn't completely conceal the bulge but she thought he looked amazing with the tight material clinging to his shapely buttocks, and high heels setting off his long legs.

As she led him down to the garage, Tamara set the rules for the role play.

"Right, just so there is no room for doubt. I'm your Captain and you're my very own Air Hostess, your job is to obey my commands and meet my needs, understood?"

"Yes."

"Yes what."

"Yes Captain."

There is no need to be alarmed, we're going out for a short flight in our 'plane' but in a very covert way, so you won't be recognised. Jack looked relieved at hearing her words.

Tamara opened the driver's door of Jack's large saloon car and lowered her lovely bottom and stocking swathed legs onto the black leather seat. Jack got into the passenger side with some difficulty, his tight skirt restricting his movement more than a little.

Tamara clicked the electronic opening device to open the garage door. She'd remarked previously about how, illuminated in the dark, the dashboard and control display in the car reminded her of an aeroplane flight deck in miniature. Now, as she 'taxied' out onto the driveway and then into the road, she really felt like her fantasy was about to take off.

"Where are we going?" asked Jack.

"You'll see."

The local airport was just within ten miles of their house. On the way there Tamara told her air hostess that she was an attractive girl and asked her if she had much experience. what she was called.

"No Captain, this is my first time, I used to be a waitress."

"Really! Well you can serve me anytime, "said Tamara as she caressed Jack's right thigh with her left hand, feeling a suspender clip through the taut material.

"You really are such a distraction to me Jacqueline. How am I supposed to keep everything under control with you sitting next to me and looking so fuckable?"

The couple stayed in their role play throughout the fifteen minute journey; Tamara teasing Jack's swollen cock by running her fingernails along its length, and over the glans, through his skirt. The light, teasing touch made him rock hard, a small wet stain appeared on the skirt as his cock leaked droplets of pre orgasmic semen.

Tamara pulled into a lay-by just outside the airport perimeter fence. It was a favourite gathering place for local plane spotters, several of them were still there despite the darkness. She felt a frisson of excitement, sitting with Jack in his tight skirt, heels and stockings, in the midst of these strangers. It was too dark for anyone to see clearly into the car, but one of the enthusiasts gave her a nod and a wave which just served to increase her illicit sense of sexual thrill.

They sat watching planes taking off for fifteen minutes or so. The sound of their jet engines accelerating, and their lights flashing as they flew overhead, took Tamara even deeper into her role play character and dampened the gusset of her panties. She caressed Jack's thigh and stroked his erect cock with her knuckles.

"My word Jacqueline, what have you got under your skirt you naughty girl? I'm going to have to put my hand up there to find out what you're hiding, but not here, I'm in the mood for a more public exhibition tonight."

Jack looked nervous as she turned on the ignition, waved cheerily to a couple of the plane spotters and set off for a place that would provide the opportunity, that she craved, for her air hostess to eat her pussy in public. She tantalised Jack's cock through his skirt with her fingernails again as she drove along the bypass to their next destination. Jack's extreme arousal began to overcome his worries about his part in a public sex act.

"Mmmm, Jacqueline, you really turn me on in that tight skirt and high heels, if we crash land it'll be your fault."

"You can land on my lap any time you like Ma'am."

"Oh! Jacqueline, you're such a dirty little slut, I'm going to have to fuck you as soon as I get the chance."

As they pulled onto the large car park at the multiplex cinema, Jack shaded his face with his hands to ensure that he was not recognised. He needn't have worried, the large well lit car park was almost full, but it was quiet at that moment. Tamara drove to the far side and parked on the end of a row of cars.

She turned off the ignition, turned to Jack and covered his lips with hers whilst pushing her right hand up under his skirt. She found his bulging penis tangled in his lacy panties, so she pushed the hem of his skirt up over his stocking tops and released his fettered cock. It sprang free of the lace panties and stood erect in her grasp.

"My goodness Jacqueline, what's this? You've got beautiful big hard cock, you are full of surprises you naughty girl."

Tamara grabbed Jack's right hand with hers and pressed it against the wet gusset of her panties, her skirt having ridden up over her stocking tops.

"God, I'm as wet as fuck and it's all your fault. You're going to have to pleasure me right now you dirty slut."

It was a warm August night, Tamara opened the driver's side door and got out of the car, commanding Jack to do likewise. A couple of cars entered the car park but they found spaces well away from where Tamara and Jack were parked.

"Get out of the car, you're going to eat my cunt on the bonnet before everyone comes piling out of the cinema. Here, help me up Jacqueline," smirked Tamara, aware that with seven screens, one of the films on show could finish at any moment.

She slipped off her panties and lay on her back on the bonnet of the car, warmth from the engine radiated through her clothes as she opened her legs invitingly wide. Jack gazed in awe at the spectacle in front of him, his enticing sexy partner on her back, stocking clad legs spreadeagled and

her gorgeous wet pink labia on display. He turned and looked nervously at the cinema doorway which was about forty metres in the distance. There was no sign of anyone yet, but he too felt sure that one of the films would be finishing soon, and the audience would come swarming out into the car park.

By now an impatient Tamara was fingering herself and moaning softly. Jack bent over her in his high heels and tight skirt and ran his tongue gently and smoothly around her vulva. She moaned loudly as he first kissed then nibbled her clitoris. He slipped a finger up inside her and massaged her g-spot.

Tamara let out a squeal of delight and pulled his face firmly into her cunt. She raised her head slightly and saw the erotic sight of the curve of Jack's left buttock and thigh in his tight red pencil skirt as he bent over her. The lighting in the car park was bright enough for her to make out the outline of one of his suspender clips through the material.

This made Tamara even more highly aroused, Jack brought her quickly to the edge of an orgasm with his agile tongue and probing finger, but, suddenly, he was disturbed to hear doors swinging back and forth accompanied by the distant sound of voices. He looked up momentarily to see that his worst fears were confirmed.

"Fuck, they're coming," breathed Jack.

"No, no, I'm coming, finish me Jaqueline finish me, don't you dare stop until I've come you slut."

Jack returned to his duties.

"Ahh! Ahhhh, yesss that'sss it, fffuckkk, I'm comingggg, ohhh God! Ohhh!"

Tamara's hips bucked, her back arched and she thrust her cunt skywards just as a passenger jet flew low over the car park on its trajectory to the runway four miles away. She loved the symbolism, but without even a moment to bask in the afterglow, she rolled off the bonnet as quickly as she could and reached for the driver's door handle, dropping her panties on the ground.

Jack was already in his seat, she looked in vain for her panties but gave them up as couples and small groups of cinema goers approached their vehicles. As she hurriedly got into the car and closed the door, she inadvertently pressed the button that opened the window, a couple of women were just metres away; she heard their voices clearly.

"My God, did you see what was going on on the bonnet of that car? It looked like one woman was eating another's pussy."

"I know! I couldn't believe my eyes, the dirty bitches."

"Lucky bitches more like, it's more than I ever get from my Darren."

Tamara turned on the ignition and drove off through the departing cinema goers. She felt elated, not only had she had the thrill of orgasming in public, but Jack had also passed for a woman eating her pussy. Jack was a little less thrilled as he covered his face again to avoid recognition. He relaxed only after they had left the car park and headed for home.

"You've pleased your captain Jaqueline, now I'm going to take you home and reward you with the firm fucking that you deserve."

As the garage door lowered to a close, Tamara turned to Jack and reached her hand up under his skirt again. She kissed her air hostess forcefully whilst making sure that his cock was as hard as iron. Then she got out of the driver's seat, walked slowly and seductively around the front of the car, swaying her hips in the process, and opened the passenger side door.

"Get out Jacqueline, get into the back seat, lie down and open your legs."

Jack did as he was told, his pulse was racing and he felt hugely turned on as he arranged himself on his back along the plush leather seat. The tight skirt restricted his leg movement so he had to wiggle his hips to move along the seat, giving glimpses of his stocking tops and suspender straps in the process. This did nothing to quell Tamara's rapidly increasing sexual ardour.

He shivered at the thought of the dominant fucking he was about to get. Tamara drank in the sight in front of her, Jack, her air hostess, lying submissively, his lovely long legs and his cock inside his tight skirt. She pushed the skirt further up over his stocking tops and almost came on the spot at the sight of his hard cock and his pretty panties and suspender straps. She pulled his lace panties slowly down to his knees, then she pulled his hard cock upright and closed her mouth over it.

Jacqueline groaned with delight whilst her Captain performed delicious oral sex on her. Just as she was close to coming, the Captain removed Jacqueline's cock from her mouth, hitched up her own skirt, and, engulfed Jacqueline's cock with her warm, slick wet cunt.

Captain Tamara fucked Air Hostess Jacqueline rhythmically, building up gradually to a faster pace; stocking tops and suspender clips rubbed and clashed against each other, high heeled legs poked out of the open rear door, the car bobbed up and down on it's suspension springs in time with Tamara's thrusting.

"Now, be a good little air hostess and come for your Captain," said a breathless Tamara.

Jack's felt the thrilling sensations of an approaching orgasm, his breathing became ragged, he was moments from his semen surging along his shaft and coating the walls of Tamara's cunt. Eating Tamara's pussy on the car bonnet, in a public place, flashed through his mind again and made his approaching climax feel even more intense. He felt deviant and gloriously sexy in his tight little skirt, heels, stockings and suspenders whilst being fucked by his Captain.

"Come Jacqueline you dirty bitch, come you slut, come. Come or I'll spank your arse, tie you up and wank you off in just your heels and stockings in the cinema foyer."

At this Jack let out throaty cry and shot his come into Tamara, coating her cunt walls with his warm fluid. She came long and hard then came again in a series of orgasms lasting several minutes.

As her orgasm subsided she let her mind drift towards her next role play with Jack. She contemplated nuns in stockings, secretaries in tight skirts, nurses in very short uniforms, she even considered a school girl outfit with a very short skirt, blouse and tie like the sixth form girls at the private school up the road from her school. Jack had no idea what he was in for and that's how she liked it.

Four days later, Tamara was still buzzing from her sky high, debauched role play with her air hostess. But all good things come to an end, or perhaps not. Tamara's first day of the new autumn

term was a training day which included governors as well as staff. Miriam would be present and Tamara had warned her that she would be taken advantage of at some point during the day.

Tamara wore a grey skirt suit that clung to her shapely buttocks, black three inch high court shoes and natural stockings. The morning was spent listening to presentations and working in groups to address specific issues. The Headteacher and Chair of Governors made the opening addresses.

Tamara was reminded just how professional, intelligent and charismatic Miriam was when she wasn't being her sex slave. She oozed gravitas and authority, Tamara felt very self satisfied at how she had so completely brought to heel, and dominated, her obedient bitch.

In the afternoon, Tamara took Miriam by the arm as she crossed paths with her at the door to the toilets.

"My office now slut."

"But I've got to facilitate a governors group now."

"Get your Vice Chair to kick it off and then go straight to my office, remove your panties and wait for me. Don't fucking defy me bitch."

"I'm sorry Mistress."

Another member of staff came out of the toilets so the two women pretended to talk about the business in hand.

"It's going well today don't you think?" asked Miriam.

"Yes, it's always exciting when people collaborate with each other," said Tamara with a meaningful look.

"Yes, I'm looking forward to the debrief."

"So am I, it should be quite stimulating, it's always best if you're are open and accessible..."

By now the staff member was out of earshot but Tamara was enjoying her analogies so she continued.

"If I could put my finger on it, I think the penetration we can achieve today will help thrust our relationship to a rewarding climax."

Tamara smirked as Miriam floundered for a reply, she'd put the posh bitch in her place and would, in a few moments, watch her degrade herself by masturbating for her in her office. Tamara took her time in the toilet so that she could tease Miriam by keeping her waiting.

When she swept into her office and locked the door, Miriam looked suitably subdued. She held her dark-pink panties in her lap, which was swathed in her well tailored, above the knee, pale-pink pencil skirt. Her expensive cream shirt front sat perfectly across her lovely firm breasts. Cream four inch high heeled court shoes and nude stockings made it difficult for Tamara to take her eyes off her fabulous legs.

"Please Mistress, I don't have long."

"Stand up bitch and show some respect."

"Yes Mistress."

Tamara stood very close by Miriam's side, her lips almost touching her cheek.

"Bring yourself bitch. Do it."

Miriam lifted her skirt and began to massage her bare pussy. Tamara's panties were wet with her juice as she watched her bitch become more and more aroused. Miriam turned to look at Tamara.

"Don't look at me bitch, look straight ahead and finish yourself off. Miriam moved her fingers rapidly and started to make the dulcet pre-come noises that turned Tamara on so much.

As her self stimulation gathered pace, she pushed the fingers of her left hand up inside her cunt and tried to stifle the sounds of her gratification.

"Come you dirty bitch," commanded Tamara.

Miriam couldn't contain herself and struggled to come quietly. Her whole body shook in a majestic orgasm, her eyes rolled upwards and her mouth hung open in a sensuous oval shape; Tamara would love to have felt it covering her pussy. There wasn't time, despite Tamara's panties being wet, and the temptation to force Miriam's face between her legs and make her eat her, she had to play safe.

"You can go now bitch, leave your panties here, but meet me in the car park fifteen minutes after the last session ends."

"Yes Mistress," breathed Miriam, still recovering from the most intense orgasm she'd had in weeks.

Five minutes later, Tamara was amazed at the ease and confidence with which a pantyless Miriam led group discussion. No one would have believed that she'd just struggled to stay on her feet whilst masturbating in front of one of the assistant heads. Miriam's closing address was a triumph, she received a genuine round of applause; not just because her rock hard nipples poked through the her shirt. None of her audience could possibly know that her pussy juice had trickled into her stocking top.

Tamara was worried that she would leave a wet patch on her seat, she was highly aroused and couldn't wait to make Miriam eat her out, before fucking her silly with her two way strap on. She deliberately kept Miriam waiting. She eventually sauntered out to the car park, her hips swaying sexily, accentuated by her heels. Miriam looked nervous but sublimely sexy. She was now wearing the buttoned up fitted jacket to her very expensive pale-pink skirt suit; she cut a stunning figure as she paced elegantly to and fro. Tamara stayed in dominatrix mode and concealed her acute desire for her sex slave, but her pussy was palpitating and her thighs and abdomen were bathed in a tingling warmth.

"Mistress, I have a meeting booked at six, please can I serve you some other time?"

"What meeting?"

"It's the local Conservative women's group."

"Absolutely not, get into my car, text someone and tell them you'll be late if you get there at all."

Miriam looked so relieved that Tamara suspected that she found her political meetings onerous.

Tamara drove to the far end of the industrial estate where she had previously been fucked by a male and female police officer. It was daylight and wouldn't get dark for over three hours, so she drove into the disused dead end lane for thirty metres or so, to where tall trees provided shaded cover, making it much less likely that her car would attract unwanted attention.

She got into the back seat longways and rested her back against the inside of the door, opened her legs, removed her panties and told Miriam to satisfy her. Miriam hitched up her skirt and knelt at the other end of the seat with her heels poking provocatively out of the door, then lowered her face between Tamara's legs.

Tamara was wet and highly aroused, normally in this state she could come in seconds but Miriam skilfully kept her on the edge of orgasm for several minutes. She drank in Tamara's wetness and breathed her warm breath onto her cunt. Then she slowly sucked her clitoris before sweeping her tongue around her vulva. When Tamara did come it was with enormous intensity and Miriam's mouth struggled to stay attached to her pussy.

"Clever slut, clever, clever slut, you pleased your mistress immensely, as a reward I'm going to fuck you from behind with my special strap on."

Tamara had been turned on by watching Miriam's backside, moving rhythmically in time to her cunt licking, for the past few minutes. She suddenly felt that if she could only do one more thing more before she died, it would be to take possession of that sweet arse and fuck Miriam from behind.

They rearranged themselves so that Miriam knelt along the back seat with her skirt around her waist; her panties were still in Tamara's handbag from their encounter a couple of hours earlier. Tamara couldn't take her eyes off Miriam's beautiful pink labia as it nestled invitingly between her shapely buttocks and thighs.

Both women had removed their suit jackets. Tamara knelt behind Miriam and penetrated her from behind with her strap on, her skirt up around her waist. She also reached around, unbuttoned Miriam's shirt, pulled her bra straps off her shoulders and released her lovely breasts, allowing them to sway to the motion of the thrusting false cock.

They stayed on their knees for several minutes, Miriam taking Tamara's weight and Tamara cupping her breasts and squeezing her nipples. Eventually, Miriam couldn't hold her up any longer and she collapsed along the full length of the seat with Tamara's strap on cock still inside her. In this position, with Miriam effectively pinned down beneath her, Tamara felt a depraved arousal; she suddenly felt as though she was raping her.

She pressed Miriam's face down onto the seat, bent her right arm behind her back and held her down. Miriam's buttocks were raised slightly to accommodate Tamara's false cock. She was unable to move and utterly vulnerable and powerless to stop Tamara fucking her to oblivion. Tamara felt a powerful surge of sexual dominance.

Still with Miriam's arm in a vice like grip, she pulled her head back by her hair and fucked her hard, pounding into her cunt and grunting with effort. She had a long intense orgasm as her depraved rape fantasy, and the double ended strap-on's vibrations, overwhelmed her. As Tamara's orgasm subsided, Miriam screamed hers into the car, she'd also felt an intense illicit thrill at the thought that her mistress was taking her by force.

They were both completely spent, they lay where they were for several moments, Tamara still on top of Miriam, breathing hard and coming to terms with the fact that their shared deviance had just

been taken to another level.

Eventually, Tamara spoke.

"I think... I think I've just... more or less raped you Miriam, and the worst thing is... I have to tell you... I fucking loved it. Is this going to be the end of our relationship.?"

There was a pause, Tamara braced herself for Miriam's response. She needn't have worried, Miriam stayed in role.

"I've never felt so desperately depraved and abused in all my life Mistress, it was deeply wrong but so right and satisfying. I want that feeling again, I want you to pin me down and force yourself on me. I know I'm safe with you but I want that 'feeling' of being raped... being taken by physical force, by you... if that doesn't sound like a contradiction."

"No it doesn't, I know exactly what you mean... those exquisite, forbidden feelings that we've both just experienced... well they're, they're not wrong are they? We're both consenting adults... My lust for sexual power over you, your need for utter sexual submission and helplessness... It's okay if no one comes to any real harm."

"That's it exactly, you've dominated me by coercion so far but just now, you satisfied your carnal lust by overpowering me physically... I found it so very erotic, being unable to fight back, being held down and raped by you, being so feeble and unable to stop you taking me at will..."

Miriam paused as another wave of arousal swept over her. Then she continued, feeling brave enough to express thoughts that she'd harboured for some time:

"We could enact some really perverted role plays, some really deviant things."

"Like what?" asked Tamara feeling aroused again.

"Well you could wear your black leather outfit, kidnap me, put me in the boot of your car and take me somewhere and rape me. You could even do it when I wasn't expecting it."

"Go on."

"And maybe, rape me in the toilets of a sleazy pub with your hand over my mouth to stop me screaming. Or you could pounce on me and drag me into a city centre alley and rape me there."

"My God! How long have you been working on these fantasies slut."

"Don't you like them Mistress?"

"I love them, I'll gladly make you suffer while I indulge my most base tendencies. But right now, I'm going to fuck you again, turn over, I want to see your face when you come this time."

"Yes my Mistress."

As she drove home, her pussy glowing, feeling elated, Tamara's thoughts turned to the black leather tight trousers that she would buy, to accommodate a bulging strap on cock, to make Miriam's depraved but hugely arousing dreams come true.