

# BELINDA'S EVENTFUL YEAR

***Briterotic***

*Friendship turns to lust, then love is lost and found.*

Mature

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As a group of friends, they were somewhat ill matched. Two married couples in their thirties with five children between them, all under the age of eleven. It was the children, all in the same school friendship groups, that had brought them together in the first place. The parents became more familiar with one another through fund raising events for the school and social events in the wider community.

At some point, someone had suggested a 'progressive' dinner party as a way of raising funds. It was a social event that was becoming popular in polite society. Each participating couple had to prepare a starter, main course or dessert; to be consumed at their house in the company of three other couples. The result was ever more inebriated groups of people, hastening around the village, carrying booze and looking for their next course of food. Now the adults were having fun too; rumours of drunken groping, and fondling underneath dining tables, began to enter local legend.

It was at one of these events that Belinda and Greg had begun to form a flirtatious association with Viv and Jeff. None of them would have claimed to be in a particularly happy place in their lives. Belinda and Greg had been married for thirteen years, toleration had begun to turn into dissatisfaction on both sides. Greg ran his own jewellery business, which kept him out of the house for as long as he could manage. He was thirty-nine years old and, with each passing year, seemed to become ever more miserable and angry with the world.

Belinda, by contrast, usually made an effort to be cheerful and often found herself apologising for her husband's unpredictable behaviour. The shapely brunette had a growing sense that the one big mistake of her life was marrying Greg, but she loved her three boys and threw herself into raising them whilst juggling a full time job as a teacher. At thirty-five, she was four years younger than her dark haired, reasonably good looking, but less than affectionate husband. Her hopes of being in a loving relationship with Greg had receded at roughly the same rate that her fantasies about other men had started to develop.

Viv and Jeff's fifteen year marriage had floundered frequently. She'd discovered his infidelities with four different women who, she suspected, were merely the tip of an iceberg. Had she herself ever dallied with anyone on the numerous dental profession conferences that she had attended over the years? Only Viv knew the answer to that question and the lithe, flaxen haired thirty-six year old's lips were sealed.

Jeff was an engineer and at thirty-seven years of age, he was fully aware that he was handsome and well built; God's gift to women, or so he thought. Like the alpha male of the herd, he was driven to possess as many women as he could. He'd got his eye on Belinda and she knew it.

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When the need arose, Belinda occasionally picked up Viv's children from the child minders, and vice versa. The two women had formed a friendship originally based on convenience, but increasingly out of mutual respect. It wasn't long before Belinda had invited Viv and her husband to dinner. It had been a highly flirtatious occasion, even Greg had joined in the banter and the jokey fondling that had been the theme of the evening. A return dinner evening at Viv and Jeff's, a few weeks later, had reinforced the unspoken agreement between them all that, provided it was done light heartedly, the two men could openly show their sexual attraction to each other's wives, and the wives could be coy about their 'availability.'

As the couples parted, with hugs and kisses that they pretended were flirtatious fun, but knew otherwise, Greg made a suggestion.

"How about you coming to us next time and I'll get a couple of naughty videos for us to watch?"

"Great idea Greg, make sure they're really filthy," said Jeff as he squeezed Belinda's buttocks.

"Okay lover boy, save it for next time. If you're good, I'll sit on your knee while we watch the porn films."

"Fuck yes Bel, that's a promise I won't mind 'holding' you to."

"You can sit on my knee Viv and we'll talk about the first thing that comes up," joked Greg.

"You should be so lucky," laughed Viv.

Belinda and Greg walked home in silence, she contemplated whether they might be on the brink of something serious with their increasingly amorous friends. They were soon in bed, wordlessly enjoying their separate fantasies of fucking Jeff and Viv. As she came for the first time in weeks, Belinda imagined Jeff's large, hard cock inside her. Greg had managed to last long enough between her legs for her to come this time, but he rolled over and switched off the bedside lamp as soon as he'd finished. She knew instinctively that, just as she'd fantasised about Jeff as she'd come, her husband had similarly been fantasising about Viv.

\*\*\*\*\* Early June \*\*\*\*\*

The next dinner date was arranged. Jeff's parents babysat their two children. Belinda and Greg's boys were sound asleep in bed when Viv knocked on their front door one Saturday night at the beginning of June. On their two previous get togethers, they had all dressed casually but smart. This time though, Belinda had been harbouring fantasies about dressing to turn Jeff on by making herself accessible. She knew that the evening was unlikely to result in anything more than kissing and fondling, but she wanted to make him as hard as possible, to dangle her availability before him and make him want her.

She urged Greg to wear smart light coloured chinos and a blue checked shirt, while she took her time preparing herself as a temptress. She wore a knee length, blue dress in fine jersey material, with cap sleeves and a pink belt. The dress flared and flowed around her buttocks and thighs; the material being fine enough to easily feel the suspender clips attached to the flesh coloured stockings that she was also wearing. Four inch high stilettos pushed her height up to five feet ten inches, giving her a tall, elegant and very sexy appearance.

She would normally have gone bare legged in such warm weather but, suspecting that Jeff would be hugely turned on by the feel of her sexy lingerie through her dress, she had chosen to wear

stockings; she would love to have been brave enough not to wear panties.

Then, suddenly, she felt foolish, what did she think was she doing trying to seduce another woman's husband in front of her own husband. She hurriedly removed the stockings and suspender belt and threw them onto the bed, as she stepped back into her stilettos, Greg shouted to her from downstairs.

"For fuck's sake Belinda, stop messing around and get your arse downstairs, they'll be here in a minute."

"Okay okay, I'm coming, and please try not to be so rude when they get here."

She walked towards the bedroom door feeling indignant about how her husband had just spoken to her, as she reached the threshold, she looked back over her shoulder at the discarded stockings and suspenders.

"Fuck it," she thought, "why shouldn't I."

In the hope, or perhaps even the expectation, that she would drive Jeff wild with desire at the same time as making her husband jealous, she quickly refitted her stockings and suspenders. When she got downstairs to the lounge and Greg laid eyes on her, she could see that he was aroused. She knew that it would make him angry rather than amorous, but she also knew that there was no time for him to send her back upstairs to get changed into something less provocative. He looked her up and down and licked his lips.

"Why are you wearing those shoes? You look a right fucking tart."

"No I don't, why do you hate it so much when I'm the same height as you?"

Greg was about to reply with another cutting comment when doorbell rang. He went out into the hallway to let their guests in. As he did so, she spoke calmly to him.

"Please don't humiliate me tonight, I've had enough of your bullying."

Greg looked daggers at her as he left the room, but any lingering sense of grievance that he held against his wife's fetching appearance was forgotten as soon as he set eyes on Viv. She stepped daintily through the front door in a flower patterned, knee length, sleeveless summer dress and high heeled sandals, and planned a kiss on his cheek. She shook her head and her wavy blonde hair danced on her shoulders; the dress revealed just enough of a hint of her small pert breasts. Greg didn't know whether to look at these or her sparkling blue eyes, he'd never seen her looking so desirable.

Jeff had clearly already had a couple of drinks at home and his loud bonhomie swept Greg into the lounge; the two women went into the kitchen.

"I hope you've remembered those videos kiddo, I've been looking forward to a naughty cuddle with your wife all week."

Greg laughed nervously as his thoughts strayed to how hot Viv looked, his cock agreed with him and urged him to introduce her to it.

"Well? Have you remembered?"

"What? Yes, of course, of course."

"Have you watched them yet you sneaky bastard?"

"I managed to get a look at one of them last night while she was out at a Tupperware party," said Greg, dropping his voice.

"And?"

"Very dirty, didn't leave much to the imagination."

"Get through a box of tissues did we?"

"Ha yeah, well let's say it had the desired effect."

"Dirty bastard. Anyway, who do I have to sleep with around here to get a drink?"

"That'll be Belinda, she's put some cans in the fridge for you."

Both men laughed over enthusiastically at their own crude humour. Greg felt slightly awkward that he now needed to demonstrate his authority over his wife in front of his alpha-male friend. He called to her to bring a couple of beers into the lounge for Jeff and himself.

Meanwhile, the two women had been talking in the kitchen.

"You look amazing Viv, Greg can't keep his eyes off you."

"You're not so shabby yourself Bel, I love the heels, are those tights or stockings?"

Belinda's cheeks flushed and she busied herself boiling a pan of water for the spaghetti.

"My God, they're stockings aren't they? Jeff'll be eating out of your hand. Does Greg like you in stockings?"

"Doesn't every man love stockings?"

"You're right, I wish I'd worn mine now," said Viv looking a little disconsolate, "if things get interesting later, Jeff's bound to make a big deal of you wearing them, I don't want Greg to think he's missing out."

"Don't worry, you can wear a pair of mine."

Viv looked uncertain.

"I've got a couple of spare suspender belts and an unused pair of nude stockings. Look, I'll leave them in the downstairs loo, in the vanity unit cupboard. Give me a minute then go to the toilet and put them on, Greg'll never suspect that you hadn't got them on when you arrived."

"Would you? Oh thanks Bel, I'll be eternally grateful," said Viv as she watched her friend hurry out of the kitchen toward the staircase. Half a minute later, as Belinda emerged from the downstairs toilet, having completed her mission, she heard Greg calling for her to fetch a couple of beers.

"Just give me a minute," she called out as she hurried back into the kitchen.

"Your lingerie awaits you madam," she said to Viv in a sultry tone.

"Oh thanks Bel, I won't be a moment."

Viv tiptoed to the downstairs toilet and locked the door. She found the stockings and suspender belt where Belinda had left them. Standing, looking into the mirror above the vanity unit, she hitched up her dress and fastened the suspender belt in place. Having admired her long slender legs, she sat on the toilet lid and unfurled the ten denier nude stockings. With great care and plenty of gentle tugging, she clipped the straps to the welt of the stockings, stood up, smoothed her dress over her thighs and felt very sexy.

Viv looked at herself in the mirror and tried to reconcile the kindness of her friend with her desire to seduce her husband, "What are you doing?" She said to herself.

As she made her way back to the kitchen, the men were still sizing each other up in the lounge with their loud banter and dirty jokes. Viv found Belinda tipping pasta into boiling water and giving the bolognaise sauce a stir.

"Well? Feeling as temptingly sexy as you look now?"

"Yes, definitely, thanks to you... Oops, I didn't mean it to come out like that," laughed Viv.

"Don't worry, I know what you meant," smiled Belinda as she felt the mildest tingle of arousal at the thought of actually turning Viv on.

"But it's odd though, I feel more comfortable and less comfortable at the same time."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean I feel dressed for the part now, but how far are we taking all of this? I mean we've just let things evolve so far, but the stakes are high tonight, you and me in stockings and our horny husbands expecting a snog and a grope. Or are they expecting more? How far do we let things go? I'm not sure I'll be able to stop myself if, after several glasses of wine, I let Greg get his hand up my dress while we watch dirty videos."

"That's just what I've been thinking."

"So what do we do about it?"

"Stay relatively sober and keep pussies and tits out of bounds."

"Easier said than done," chuckled Viv "Jeff'll take some stopping, you'll have to be firm with him."

"He'll be the firm one," said Belinda with a wry smile.

"Ha, he will too, but make sure you don't light the blue touch paper, we don't want him coming in his pants do we?"

Both women enjoyed a dirty laugh, then Belinda poured them each a glass of wine and asked Viv to carry the beers into the lounge.

"Right, we've agreed the ground rules, let's go and tease our horny husbands," said Belinda in a low seductive voice as she led the way.

There was nothing she wanted more than to open her stocking clad legs and let Jeff take her. She'd fantasised about it a lot lately, she hoped his erect cock was larger than her husband's

underwhelming effort. She watched Viv hand beers to the two men, and thought how sexy and attractive she looked; she hoped that she was in the same league. She thought again about Viv's husband, about leaning into him on the settee later, kissing him and pressing her buttocks into his erection, feeling his large hands and strong arms around her waist. She shivered with arousal as he took a mouthful of beer and eyed her up lasciviously.

"Is the grub ready yet Bel? What are we having?"

"Spaghetti bolognese Jeff, and if you behave yourself, me for dessert."

"Fuck me Greg, your missus is quite something, let me know if you ever want me to take her off your hands."

"You'd be out of your depth with a classy woman like Belinda, she's much too smart for you." chimed in Viv with a thin smile.

"You keep Greg happy and let me worry about our lovely hostess," snapped Jeff.

The meal was soon consumed, as was plenty of alcohol. The women tried not to drink too much, but Greg and Jeff kept filling their glasses. There was plenty of sexual innuendo, mostly from the men, but the women held their own. As soon as the table was cleared, Greg went to retrieve the porn videos from their hiding place. By now, they were all excited and wondering just how far things might be taken.

They'd fondled and groped during their last get together when Belinda had jokingly sat on Jeff's lap, only for him to embrace her and kiss her on the mouth. Greg had retaliated by pinning Viv down on a settee and kissing her; she'd responded favourably. As it started to get serious, they all began to realise that they were in danger of going too far and the mutual kissing and fondling ceased after five minutes or so.

This time though, they were all aware from the outset that they could be playing with fire. The women had dressed for sex and they were about to watch a porn film together, a sexual tension hung over the room as Greg slotted the film into the video player. The men's attempts to hide the tension with banter and bravado fell flat.

To make matters worse, as the opening credits played, they settled down together on the two settees in their marital partnerships and no one dare suggest that they swap over. It wasn't until the film had been running for a few minutes, and the plumber began fucking the housewife, over her kitchen table, that Jeff asked "so where's my dessert?"

His joke broke the ice and Belinda moved across and settled down on his lap. As Viv got up to join Greg, she gave Belinda a look that said, "remember what we agreed." The film progressed and by the time the busty blonde next door neighbour had joined the housewife and the plumber in a threesome on the kitchen floor, Belinda was happily pressing her left buttock into Jeff's erection and he was about to discover that she was wearing stockings.

He wrapped his arms around her waste and felt the weight of her breasts resting against them. Then he ran his right hand down over her flank and onto her hip, where he could feel a suspender strap.

"Fuck, you foxy creature, you're wearing stockings for me," he exclaimed.

"Well I'm wearing stockings anyway," she teased.

"Let's have a look," he said as he pulled her dress up her thighs. There was a flash of shapely legs and stocking tops as she braced her elbow against his groin, not too hard, but hard enough to stop him taking any more liberties.

"Be careful Lover Boy, you might get really hurt if you try that again."

Greg had been torn between the anger he felt because his wife was such a turn on, and so obviously out of his control, and his own lust for Viv. He was relieved then to see Belinda admonishing Jeff; he knew there was no way he could watch his wife enjoy being fucked by another man. On the other hand, Viv had just laid on her back along the settee and invited him to kiss her, while she played teasingly with her own suspender straps through her dress; she pulled one of them and let it snap back against her thigh. Greg's cock pulsed several times and set hard as he placed his lips over hers and pressed his thigh against her warm pussy.

Belinda watched Viv kissing her husband and felt a growing tingle in her pussy. She watched her flaxen haired friend slowly turn her husband onto his back as she continued kissing him and stroking his hair. Through the side of her dress, one of Viv's small pert breasts was visible against the translucent material of her bra; the hard dark nipple like a bullet. Her firm, beautifully curved buttocks rose up and down slowly as she slid her pussy along Greg's thigh; she rubbed her high heeled feet against his shins.

Belinda's arousal grew, she pressed herself back against Jeff's erect cock, then turned to face him and pushed her pussy mound into him as she kissed him passionately. She tried to loose herself in her desire for Jeff as she attempted to block out the obvious arousal that she'd felt while watching his lustful, seductive wife. She overcompensated by doing what she'd promised she wouldn't do, she slipped her hand between his thighs and squeezed his erect cock through his trousers.

Jeff responded with a sharp intake of breath and a squeeze of her breasts, then he slid his hand between her legs and pulled at the hem of her dress. She grabbed his forearm and prevented him from claiming her pussy as his prize. She wanted to let his fingers slip inside the waistband of her panties, she wanted it more than anything, but she couldn't let it happen, not here, not now.

"Jeff, please stop," she whispered, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that. I want you to fuck me but not here. Let's just kiss and cuddle for now, we can arrange to meet somewhere soon, I promise."

"Okay you dirty bitch, but just so you know, I want you more than I've ever wanted any woman in my life, and I'm going to have you."

She glanced over at Viv and Greg, they seemed oblivious to what had just happened. She could see Viv dry humping her husband and he looked very turned on. As she turned to kiss Jeff again, she could hear the pattern of her husband's breathing change, she knew the sound intimately, he was about to come; in his pants.

Greg hadn't intended to take things quite so far with Viv. He'd been prepared for kissing with tongues and a steamy clinch; a few minutes of what Americans referred to as 'making out.'

But he hadn't expected to feel her pubic mound coaxing come along the shaft of his erect cock as she lay between his legs gyrating her pelvis.

His orgasm took him by surprise, by the time he realised what was happening, his excitable penis was oozing its sticky fluid into his underwear. His desire for her had become so intense, from the moment she had dazzled him at the front door in her summer dress and heels, to the feel of her

hard little mound massaging his trapped cock, whilst her light blonde hair fell across his face, he had dreamed of fucking her.

Now she had fucked him without meaning to, "I-I'm sorry Greg," she whispered, "I didn't mean to..."

From her vantage point on the other settee Belinda heard Greg mutter something about changing the video as he got up quickly and left the room. The two women looked at each other knowingly, Viv's mouth beginning to form the words of an apology but Belinda spoke first.

"It's okay Viv, it often ends like this."

"What does?" asked a slow witted Jeff.

"Nothing, I'm going to put the kettle on, can you give me a hand Viv?"

"Oh, yes, yes of course."

They left a semi drunken Jeff watching the rest of the video and made their way into the kitchen. Belinda could hear a tap running in the en-suite directly above them. She filled the electric kettle and switched it on, the sound of it heating up provided cover for their quick verbal exchange.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to... he, I mean I think he came in his pants, I got a little carried away, made him over excited... I think maybe we've all had a little too much to drink."

"Look, don't worry about it, it happens a lot, he suffers from premature ejaculation, I usually have to will myself to come very quickly to stand any chance of an orgasm. That's if he even gets it inside me before it goes off in his hand. I've become very adept at pleasuring myself after he's fallen asleep."

"Oh thanks for being so understanding," said Viv as she pulled Belinda into a friendly embrace. They held onto each other for several seconds, but Belinda's pleasure at their unexpected sisterly affection quickly turned to guilt at the thought of her betrayal, she was contemplating allowing herself to be fucked by her new friend's husband, a feeling made worse by Viv's next words.

"Don't worry Bel, I'm not going to pursue your husband, this was a stupid idea, I think I just got wrapped up in the thought of getting revenge on Jeff, but it's futile really."

Belinda was puzzled by what she had said but, ever practical, she knew that she must stop thinking and act.

"Come on, Greg'll probably be back downstairs soon, let's go back into the lounge and pretend nothing happened," said Belinda.

They slipped back into the lounge in their heels and dresses and sat together looking very desirable on the settee vacated by Greg. Moments later, he reappeared in chinos of a different shade, looking sheepish, clutching the second video and saying he'd accidentally spilled wine on himself. The two women played along with his deceit; Jeff was completely oblivious.

"Shall we watch this one?" asked Greg nervously, "it's lesbian themed."

Belinda was relieved to hear Viv expressing the view that they should call it a night. The last time she'd watched a lesbian porn film with Greg, a few months ago, she'd become uncomfortably



aroused for reasons she didn't fully understand; reasons that had briefly resurfaced earlier when she'd watched Viv's sensual movements as she kissed Greg.

A bleary eyed Jeff had still been drinking whilst the others had been out of the room. He insisted on watching the second video and telling everyone how much he'd enjoy the two women putting on a show of their own for his and Greg's entertainment. An inebriated Greg agreed enthusiastically, then seemed to check himself as he remembered his little 'accident'. With Greg on the back foot and Jeff drunk, Viv assertively took charge of events, gave Jeff a look that could kill, and led him meekly and unsteadily to the front door.

Goodnight's were said all round and Belinda and Greg headed upstairs to bed. She was still highly aroused, he was feeling slightly ashamed. She knew there was no prospect of being fucked by him after his embarrassment with Viv. He turned his back and switched off the bedside light, so she fingered her clitoris gently until she could hear the sound of his snoring. As soon as she was sure that he was asleep, she plunged her fingers into her cunt and entertained herself.

She started with fantasies of Jeff fucking her and eating her out, then she imagined a threesome with Jeff and one of her male teaching colleagues. As she reached the beginning of her climax, she suddenly pictured Viv riding her husband's cock on the settee. Then, it came from nowhere, in her fantasy she was suddenly underneath a wild, energetic Viv who was dry humping her with her hot little mound; their silky panty gussets sliding together, their stocking clad legs entwined. She came hard, with her left hand clamped over her mouth. Stifling her urge to scream, she whimpered with jolting pleasure as her massive orgasm lingered then fused into a warm afterglow that lasted several minutes.

She tried not to think about the fantasy that had just taken her by surprise, "the mind plays tricks," she thought. She saw it as an accidental aberration, something to be forgotten as soon as possible, so she drifted off to sleep thinking of how she was going to get Jeff's cock inside her.

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The following Monday morning at work, just before the bell for lessons to begin, a colleague called to her.

"Belinda, phone! A Mr Cummings for you."

"Okay, thanks Liz."

Her heart skipped beat as she picked up the receiver.

"Jeff?"

"Hello sexy."

"Hi, I er, I haven't got long the bell's going to go any moment."

"Okay, I'll be quick, what are you doing on Wednesday evening?"

"Nothing but I'll have to invent something plausible."

She looked around nervously to check that no one was listening to her.

"Well get your thinking cap on. Do you know the Fox and Hounds on the A5 near Granton?"

"Yes..." the first lesson bell started to ring, "the bell's ringing, I've got to go."

"See you there in the car park at eight Mrs May, don't be late."

"Thank you Mr Cummings, goodbye."

"Make sure you're wearing stockings."

I will, goodbye."

She replaced the receiver and breathed in deeply, it was done, she'd arranged to meet with him for sex; she was going to start an affair with her friend's husband. Late in the afternoon, on her way home from work, she bumped into Viv in the local shop.

"Oh hi Bel, nice to see you again so soon," she said as she took hold of her arm and planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Hi Viv, I can't stay and chat I'm afraid, I've got to dash."

Belinda paid for the stamps that she'd come in to purchase, smiled at Viv again and made for the door.

"I'll catch up with you soon I promise."

"Okay, I hope all's well at your end."

"Yes, all good, bye."

Viv felt that she'd been brushed off slightly, she'd just wanted a reassuring word, from a woman that she'd really started to like, that there were no 'complications' after Saturday night's little mishap. She'd also wanted to apologise for Jeff being drunk at the end of the evening; though God knows why she thought to herself, she'd been apologising for him all of her married life and it was high time she stopped.

Belinda didn't want to run away from Viv, she liked her, but she'd arranged to fuck her husband, there was no way she could face her at the moment, the sense of guilt and betrayal was too acute. Why? she asked herself as she drove home, why was she so keen to get Jeff's cock inside her? The man was no prince, in fact she'd begun to notice that he didn't treat his wife very well at all; she wasn't even sure that she liked him that much. But she was flattered by his attention, he was good looking, a bit of a cad, but he'd shown his desire for her, which was more than she could say of her own husband, and she was counting on him being good in bed.

She told Greg that she was going out with some female colleagues from work on Wednesday evening. As she expected, he didn't question it or show any interest. It was half day closing on Wednesday so he'd be home in good time.

Late afternoon on Wednesday she sat at her dressing table applying her makeup, she had to think carefully about what she should wear. Jeff wanted her in stockings, fortunately the weather had turned cooler and rain was expected. Even if Greg looked at her, he'd never know that she wasn't wearing tights. Besides, she took the precaution of putting a pair of tights in her handbag, so that she could change into them before she came home. That way, he wouldn't know that she'd been wearing stockings even if he saw her undressing for bed.

She chose a cream coloured, just below knee length, sheath dress with padded shoulders and three inch high heels. The dress had a modest neckline and wasn't too tight and revealing; her nude coloured stockings were unobtrusive and her heels were conservative looking court shoes. She wore nothing to alert her husband to the fact that she was about to commit adultery. She wondered at the irony that Greg might have 'allowed' her to commit adultery with Jeff, providing it had been on his terms, that he'd been able to get his cock inside Viv during an arranged wife swap.

The car park was less than half full, it was still daylight, but at first she couldn't see Jeff's car. She checked her watch, ten past eight, she hoped he hadn't got fed up waiting, but no, there he was, just a few yards away, sitting in his car, beckoning her over. She opened her door, swivelled in her seat, placed a heeled shoe on the ground and raised the hem of her dress up above her knees to mid thigh level; showing plenty of sexy leg for Jeff's benefit.

As soon as she got into his car, he forced his hand up her dress, reaching for her pussy at the same time as he forced his tongue into her mouth. She grabbed his wrist with both hands and managed to turn her head sideways to free her mouth from the overzealous attention of his tongue.

"Wait, for God's sake! You're like a bull at a gate."

"That's because I've wanted to fuck you from the moment I set eyes on you."

"Well there are more tender ways of enticing a woman."

She could see from his blank expression that he hadn't quite understood.

"Never mind, what's the plan? Where are we going?"

"There's a quiet lane off the Ashby Road, just ten minutes away from here. It's very quiet and there's a secluded place to pull in by a small copse. No one will see us."

Belinda's heart sank, she'd assumed that he'd booked a motel room somewhere.

"Look, isn't there a motel just before you get to Ditchfield? It's only twenty minutes away but we won't be recognised there, I'd like some comfort and security, I'll pay if you like."

"Okay," he said resignedly, "I'll get my foot down and we'll do it in fifteen."

As they sped along a stretch of dual carriageway on the main road, he deftly slipped his left hand under the hem of her dress and slid it up over her stocking tops, until his fingertips touched her panty gusset. She opened her legs as far as she could and enjoyed the feel of his warm fingers sliding inside the leg of her panties. Her mood lifted as her arousal increased, she was pleased and relieved that he was so good with his fingers, good enough to take her halfway to an orgasm in just a few seconds.

"Easy tiger, you'll make me come at this rate," she said as she tried to pull his hand away from her pussy.

"Would that be a problem?"

"Well, at eighty miles an hour I'd rather you kept your eyes on the road,"

"I am keeping my eyes on the road, don't worry, just relax and enjoy yourself," he said, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Oh God," she exclaimed as he slipped his fingers back inside her wet panties.

"Let yourself come now Belinda and I'll make you come again when we get into bed."

"Oh fffuck, oh Jesus."

With his thumb on her clitoris and three fingers probing the roof of her vagina, her pelvis juddered and an intense orgasm exploded inside her. She was still enjoying the aftershocks as he pulled into the motel car park.

They undressed quickly and he soon had her on her back on top of the bed. He asked her to leave her stockings, suspenders and heels on and she duly obliged; it made her feel sexy and very desirable. A state of mind confirmed when she looked sideways at the long mirror on the wardrobe door and saw her shapely body in her erotic lingerie. Her pussy spasmed, she'd waited for this, she'd imagined a decent sized cock, after all, he was a well built man. She didn't expect the nine-inch cock of the porn stars that she'd salivated over while watching dirty videos, but she'd hoped for something that would fill her dripping cunt and maybe stretch her a little.

She'd got very well formed, slightly larger than average breasts; inviting breasts that cried out to be paid homage by a skilful tongue and mouth, but there was to be no foreplay. She knew he was intensely aroused, she could see it in his eyes as he eased himself between her legs. She reached down to guide him inside her and was surprised and disappointed that his fully engorged cock felt smaller than her husband's moderately sized erection. Surely it would get bigger she thought, but it didn't, that was it, that was the extent of what Jeff had to offer. As he pushed it in and started to fuck her, she was disappointed that it hardly touched the sides. She'd given birth to three large sons and she took some filling, but he came nowhere near to satisfying her.

He thrust up and down energetically and was grunting his orgasm into the pillow within no time at all. She'd tried to arouse herself by reliving the fingering that he had given her just a matter of minutes ago, and although she could usually bring herself several times in quick succession whenever she masturbated, she got nowhere near a second orgasm.

"Oh fuck, that was brilliant," he announced as he slid off her and lay by her side. You're some fuck Belinda, I wish I could have lasted longer inside you, but you enjoyed it didn't you?"

"Maybe we can try again later," she replied unenthusiastically.

They didn't try again later. Jeff dropped off to sleep next to her, she'd been able to taste alcohol on his breath so she wasn't surprised. She played with herself half heartedly as she tried to deal with her frustration. He'd been good with his fingers, but his cock had been a let down. She thought about Viv and immediately felt guilty, because she liked the woman, but she'd seduced her husband; then she wondered how frustrated she must be too. She laughed inwardly at the thought that Viv was probably as desperate for a good fucking as she was.

\*\*\*\*\* Mid June \*\*\*\*\*

Belinda's disappointment left her feeling a little downbeat, she had no contact with Jeff or Viv for the next ten days or so, then she had another phone call at school from Jeff.

"I'm a little surprised to hear from you, I thought after all this time that you'd written me off," she whispered into the phone.

"No, I've just been busy that's all. Listen, can you get home in your lunch break tomorrow?"

"I suppose I could, why?"

"Good, I'll meet you at your place then."

"Okay, what are you planning?"

"You'll see."

He rang off leaving her wondering whether he wanted sex, or just to talk to her about their previous less than successful assignation. When he turned up the next day, she could see that he was in no mood for talking. He kissed her passionately in the hallway; she let him. She also let him be the macho man and carry her upstairs to her bedroom where he dropped her on the bed and undid his trousers.

"I hope you're ready for a good fucking because that's what you're going to get slut."

"Jeff, for God's sake, don't try to talk dirty to me, just fuck me," she said, hoping that he might find another couple of inches to bolster his erection.

"You asked for it."

"Not really," she thought as she watched his mediocre sized offering spring out of his underpants.

She slipped off her panties and opened her bare legs, he lay between them and thrust into her pretty pussy enthusiastically. She could tell that he was close to coming, but she wasn't, so she reached down and masturbated herself while he fucked her. She was worried that he might feel emasculated but it seemed to turn him on even more and he burst inside her, coating her cunt walls with his warm fluid. She felt aroused that she could so easily turn him on, and that made her sufficiently aroused to follow his orgasm with one of her own.

"My God Bel, you're such a good fuck, I want to live with you, to set up home with you."

"What?"

"Leave Greg and come and live with me, we could rent a small place while we sort things out with Greg and Viv."

"Are you fucking mad?"

"No, I mean it, come on, come and live with me, I could keep you satisfied in bed."

"No you couldn't you fucking idiot, and I've seen the way you treat Viv, do you think I'd be stupid enough to sign up for that?"

Jeff looked crestfallen and immediately began sulking. He pulled on his trousers and left saying that she'd regret her decision.

"You'll regret this, I know your marriage is a train wreck and I'm offering you a way out you stupid cow."

"Fuck off Jeff, my marriage might be a disaster, but there's no way I'm jumping from the frying pan into the fire with you. God I feel sorry for your wife."

"Not so sorry that it would stop you from letting her husband fuck you."

"Trust me, it won't happen again, now fuck off and leave me alone you tosser," she said as she pushed him out of the bedroom door.

Belinda felt relieved to be free of him, not so long ago she'd fantasised about having a steamy affair with Jeff, now she felt sorry for Viv. She'd been avoiding her lately because she'd felt treacherous, but she liked her and wanted to befriend her again. She just couldn't get the image out of her mind of Viv dry humping Greg, and making him come in his pants. At the height of her pursuit of Jeff a couple of weeks ago, she'd even hoped that Viv would start an affair with Greg, but there was no way she wanted that now.

It wasn't that she felt jealous towards Greg, those days had long passed. He rarely came home smelling of perfume or with lipstick on his collar these days. She suspected, no, she knew that he occasionally fucked some of his wealthy customers. Sex starved middle aged women with more money than they knew what to do with were his speciality. They came to his shop looking for a beautifully designed piece of jewellery and a quick fuck in the back office, with the sign in the doorway switched from open to closed.

She knew because she'd seen it happen one day when she was in town, she'd watched him change the sign back to open as he let one of his conquests out onto the street. That was years ago, while she was pregnant with her eldest son.

The next evening though, he did manage to surprise her when he came back from having a weekly pint or two at the local pub with his acquaintances. He seemed a little more tipsy than usual and he asked her outright if she was having an affair. She had no idea what made him ask and he didn't say. She denied it and they argued a little before he apologised and persuaded her into bed so that he could fuck her for the first time in several weeks. She felt as though he was putting his mark on her.

The beer must have played its part in delaying his usually rapid orgasm, he lasted almost five minutes. She started to fantasise about him being made to come by Viv, she imagined her on top of him again, but this time it came as no surprise when she allowed herself to imagine lying beneath Viv as they dry humped each other.

Her vivid fantasy aroused her enormously, she pictured Viv and herself rubbing their panty gussets together as they kissed breathlessly. She started to come as she imagined Viv's hand slide underneath the waistband of her panties and take possession of her pussy. Her orgasm was seismic, she almost tipped Greg onto the floor. He responded with another dose of vitriol.

"That was the best sex you've ever had you fucking dirty little slag. You're a dirty bitch when you put your mind to it. But don't ever think that you can go around offering your filthy hole to anyone else, it belongs to me slut."

She knew that her husband could be a nasty bastard, but he'd gone further than usual this time. Although, she wasn't so shocked that she didn't retaliate immediately.

"Well before you take the credit for what was, as you so confidently claim, one of the better orgasms I've had with you inside me, you need to know that I was thinking of someone else. Now get your sorry arse out of this bed, you're not sleeping with me tonight you bastard."

Belinda couldn't go to sleep immediately, her mind was a whirl of thoughts. She was angry with Greg and she just wanted out of her marriage as soon as possible, but, as her anger began to dissipate, she wrestled with the realisation that she had, twice now, come intensely while fantasising

about having sex with Viv. She decided not to try to deny or fight the feeling this time as she relieved herself with two more stratospheric, self induced orgasms, each time she imagined them both sitting side by side kissing, with their hands up each other's skirts; taking advantage of the easy access afforded to their pussies by their stockings and suspenders.

\*\*\*\*\* Late June \*\*\*\*\*

Another week passed without Belinda bumping into Viv at the school gate or in the local shop. She almost phoned her but she backed out and put the receiver down before anyone answered. Then, the next day, she was driving past Viv's house, she saw her in heels and a smart business skirt suit, taking a suitcase out of the boot of her car. Belinda came to a stop and wound her window down.

"Hi Viv, long time no see, are you well?"

"Oh hello Bel, I've just got back from a two day conference but I've been thinking about you," said Viv enigmatically as she bent down so that she could be face to face with her.

Belinda flushed a little at Viv's admission that she'd been thinking of her, and the fact that she could see her pert breasts contained inside her pretty bra as gravity acted on her open necked blouse.

"Oh, right, how was the conference?"

"Look, I've driven a long way and the kids are excited to see me, so I can't talk now. Can you meet me after work tomorrow? I'll wait for you in the Hilton Hotel car park at about four-thirty."

"Yes, okay, is everything okay?"

"I'll explain tomorrow."

"Okay, see you then."

"Bye."

"Bye."

Belinda was intrigued. A small part of her hoped that Viv wanted to seduce her, but that was very unlikely, they hadn't spoken for several weeks, and anyway, just because she was becoming aware of her own crush on Viv, it didn't mean that her feelings were reciprocated in any way shape or form. Her next thought was that Jeff had said something about their short lived affair, she hoped not, she wanted the whole thing dead, buried and forgotten about as soon as possible. It would be a shame for it to spoil her friendship with Viv but, she knew full well that it would be her fault and she had no excuses.

Her only defence against a charge of adultery with Viv's husband was that, they had all been playing with fire on the night that they watched the dirty video, and Viv had, in fact, made Greg come, so she was hardly innocent herself. But she knew that wouldn't wash, she'd made a deal with Viv that they wouldn't let things get out of hand with each other's husbands and then she'd promptly started an affair with Jeff without a second thought.

When she arrived at the hotel car park the next afternoon, it was raining hard and she held her jacket over her head as she ran toward Viv's car. She sat down breathlessly in the passenger seat and awaited her fate. She'd put stockings on that morning, dark tan, she didn't know why but she had, and now with her skirt misbehaving and riding up her thighs as she raised her knees, so that

she could get her high heels into the passenger footwell, it was obvious to Viv that she was wearing stockings.

"My word, very sexy, is that how you seduced Jeff?"

Belinda was stunned, she stayed silent with her mouth agape.

"I know you let him fuck you."

"No, no I haven't, honestly," she said weakly.

"Belinda, please don't lie to me."

"Honestly, I really haven't, has he told you that we've had sex with each other?"

"Look Belinda, will it help you tell the truth if I tell you that I really don't mind, well I do mind a little, but I care less each time he has a fling with another woman. But the point is, I'm not here to get angry with you, or to tell you that I never want to see you again, I'm here because I like you and I want you to know what you're in danger of getting into."

"I, I, well okay, yes, we met up twice but I'm not getting into anything with him, I told him I wasn't interested."

"Thank goodness, I assume he asked you to live with him and told you that he could satisfy your needs?"

"Yes, he did, but I told him that he was a fucking idiot."

"Bravo, you're right there girl, he's selfish and inept in bed, I wish I'd never married him, but there we are, I'm just glad that you're not falling for his bullshit. The selfish bastard would break up your marriage and then ditch you within weeks."

"You're making it sound enticing Viv."

"Oh come on Bel, Greg can't be that bad?"

"He's in the same mould as Jeff I'm afraid. I know there are lots of good, kind, considerate men out there, I work with lots of decent blokes, but we both seem to have chosen badly."

"Too true, if I had a crystal ball I'd hazard a guess that we'll both be divorced within the next five years, but in the meantime, will you be my friend, no secrets from each other, someone I can talk to and trust absolutely? There's really no one else like that in my life and, well I don't know really, there's just something about you" said Viv as she took hold of Belinda's hands.

"Yes, yes of course, I really like you too Viv, I won't let you down again."

"You didn't let me down, don't think that."

The two women held hands and looked affectionately at each other for several seconds, Belinda had an urge to draw Viv in and kiss her on the mouth, but she resisted.

"How did you know about me and Jeff?"



"The clown used his own name and contact details when he booked the motel room that you used. The next day, the receptionist phoned to say that he'd left his phone pager in the room. I told her to ring his work number, I assume she did, that evening when he came home he'd got his pager. All I needed to do was work out who he'd been with this time. The most obvious candidate was you I'm afraid."

"So you didn't know for certain when you asked me just now?"

"Not for certain, but I was fairly sure."

"You clever cow, I can see that I'm out of my depth with you."

"I've had plenty of practice love. I just wanted to reassure you that I've got your best interests at heart, you're not like most the others that he's started an affair with, and I like you, I didn't want to see you get hurt. Anyway, we'd both better be getting home, kids to feed and look after."

"Look Viv, I'm going to an Ann Summers party next week, will you come with me? It should be good fun, sex toys and lingerie, ooh la la, It's on Thursday night."

"God yes, I'd love to, I could do with a bit of excitement in my life."

As Viv leaned across to give Belinda an affectionate peck on her cheek, her business skirt pulled taut across her thighs and the outline of her suspender clips showed through the material. Belinda couldn't resist teasing Viv about her sexy choice of hosiery.

"Oh, I see that you're a wearer too, who were you hoping to impress?"

"It's ever since you lent me a pair of stockings the other week. I was reminded of how sexy and available they made me feel, so I've ditched the tights now. You wouldn't believe how hot it is to examine a good looking male patient, lying helpless in front of you, while you're wearing stockings underneath your skirt."

"Well we all have to get our thrills where we can don't we?"

"Yes, well let's not go into where you've been getting yours lately, otherwise we'll be back to square one," said Viv with an expression of mock admonishment.

"Sorry, if it's any consolation, it wasn't really much of a thrill."

"You don't have to tell me."

Belinda followed Viv out of the car park and stayed behind her throughout the four mile journey back to the village where they both lived. She could see her friend's wavy flaxen hair glowing as it caught the sun following another heavy cloudburst. She felt so full of affection for her, she felt fit to burst.

She admired the calm, mature way that Viv had handled her philandering husband's advances toward her. She admired her honesty and wished that she too could be so open and truthful. She admired her blue eyes, her blonde hair, her perfect small breasts, her shapely buttocks and long legs. She admired lots of things about her but, she was certain that her desires were not reciprocated; it would just have to be friendship and no more, she would have to find sexual satisfaction elsewhere.

She convinced herself that her feelings towards Viv were just an infatuation, a crush. After all, she wasn't a lesbian, she'd never been aroused by a woman before, well not really. Okay, so her pussy had been known to tingle when she watched two women together in Greg's porn films, and she'd always felt a bit flushed and light headed whenever the blonde, statuesque deputy headteacher had been in her vicinity. Come to think of it, she spent a lot of time looking at other women, but didn't all women do the same? No, she wasn't a lesbian, and besides, she really liked sexy, good looking men.

Belinda pondered on how the sexual dynamics of the foursome had shifted. She believed that their husbands had been in the driving seat, they had made the early running with their insistence on swapping partners for a fondle and a kiss. They had introduced porn films in the hope, and probably the expectation, that they would eventually get to fuck each other's wives, on their own terms. They had even suggested that their wives should 'put on a show' for them. It had all come to nothing, Viv and Belinda had seized the initiative and were becoming firm friends with each other; they would be in control now, no more funny business with each other's husbands.

She had to admit to herself that she'd once harboured hopes of an affair with Jeff, and for Greg to be kept occupied by Viv, but not any more, that ship had sailed. On the other hand, she'd taken the plunge and committed adultery now, it would be easier next time, if ever she could find the right man.

\*\*\*\*\* Early July \*\*\*\*\*

The Ann Summers party was fun and very interesting. It was at the home of Jane, an acquaintance of Belinda, who also lived in the village. The woman making the presentation, Lena, was confident, slightly brash and straightforward. She had the knack of discussing sexual desires and bedroom antics without the least trace of embarrassment. She managed to get most of the dozen women present to open up a little about their most intimate thoughts; a couple of them opened up more than was strictly necessary but that was probably a result of the wine that had been consumed.

Great hilarity ensued when participants were encouraged to test vibrators against the tips of their noses. Belinda bought one, a six inch smooth metallic looking device with an adjustable dial at the base. Many of the women followed her example and someone joked that, by the end of the evening, she expected that most of them would be taking something home to hide under the bed.

Viv was caught in two minds, she soon decided that she wanted to possess a vibrator, or better still, for a vibrator to possess her, but she preferred to wait until she was next in Birmingham City Centre where she could call into the Ann Summers shop anonymously. Belinda tried to cajole her to take the plunge but she resisted.

"Go on Viv, you know you really want one, I could tell that you did I the moment you put it to your nose."

"I'm going to pass on it tonight," whispered Viv in response.

"Go on," encouraged Belinda also now whispering, "you deserve to treat yourself and your pussy to a little fun time don't you think? Jeff needn't know about it, you'll probably never want his tiddler inside you again... Oh, I'm sorry Viv," said Belinda as her face reddened, "I should watch my mouth, I didn't mean to say that."

"No look, it doesn't matter, we both know that he's got a small prick, and I'm honestly not bothered about how you found out."

"If it's any consolation, Greg is hardly any better endowed. I read in 'Cosmo' recently that most men are between five and five and a half inches long when erect. I caught Greg measuring his not long after we got married."

"No! You never did. How on earth...?"

"Yes, honestly, it was so bizarre, he was in his workshop as he calls it, or the shed as I call it. I was taking a mug of tea out to him and he didn't hear me approaching, ha, there he was with his erect cock in one hand, holding a ruler against it with the other. He was so stunned that he didn't move for a few seconds, I couldn't resist looking at how he measured up."

"My God, what could you see?"

"Just over four and a half inches, the image is still imprinted on my mind. He was so angry, he quickly put it away and berated me for sneaking up on him, then he pushed past me, making me drop the mug of tea, and he stormed into the house. Once he'd calmed down, I had to soothe his ego, tell him that he was big enough for me and let him fuck me. He was so aggressive it felt a bit rapey, then he cried and apologised to me. Now I look back, that was the first time I wished I hadn't married him."

"Oh God, that sounds so like Jeff, except for the crying, the man's made of stone."

"Well forget about him and get yourself a vibrator."

"I will Bel, but not here, I prefer to pick one up from the shop when I'm next in Birmingham. I've always wanted to go in there but I've never had the courage. This will spur me on."

"I'll come with you if you like, I haven't been in either, we could make a day of it together, I love shopping in Brum."

"Great idea, let's pencil in a Saturday after we've come back from our holidays."

"Okay, so what are you two ladies whispering about in the corner?" Teased Lena, "Is it something that might interest us all?"

Heads turned to look at them so Belinda saved their embarrassment with a joke.

"We were just discussing the possibility of fitting a battery into our husband's penises."

Great hilarity ensued all around, then Lena switched her attention to the next part of her presentation; role play outfits. Most of the women looked at the air hostess, nurse and bunny girl outfits with covetous eyes but none of them were brave enough to place an order.

Afterwards, Belinda and Viv walked home in the same direction for a couple of hundred yards. They were completely at ease with each other and the wine helped them giggle about the fun that they'd had at the party. When they reached Belinda's front door, Viv probed her about when, with a husband and a house full of kids, she was expecting to be able to use the vibrator.

"No problem, he sleeps like a log, nothing wakes him once he's off."

"You sneaky cow."

"And if I get really desperate, I'll go for a drive and park somewhere quiet."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, you're probably right, but there's always the bathroom, as long as I can keep quiet enough."

"Leave the shower running, the bathroom won't be the only thing that gets steamed up."

"Oh! I see you've been giving it serious thought then."

"Maybe, look, I'd better get myself home, have a lovely holiday and I'll see you in three weeks when we're back from ours."

With that, Viv leaned towards Belinda and kissed her on cheek. Belinda responded by embracing her tightly for several seconds. She could smell her heady perfume, she was intoxicated by her and wanted to kiss her on the mouth. They broke their embrace and Viv blew her a kiss as she began to make her way home.

Belinda put her key in the front door, opened it slowly, then turned and stood watching her friend stroll elegantly along the lamp lit street. Her flaxen hair shimmered in the glow of a street light as she passed underneath. Her below the knee, floaty, white summer dress and heeled white sandals gave her a luminous appearance. Belinda felt her crush on Viv deepen to the extent that she wondered if she was falling in love with her. After a while, she closed the door and went into the kitchen to make herself a coffee, Greg heard her and came in from lounge.

"I was just making myself a coffee, do you want one?"

"No thanks, I hope you didn't waste any money at that stupid party."

"No, I didn't buy anything," she lied, as she looked out of the corner of her eye at the plain white plastic bag that she'd left on the kitchen worktop. He hadn't noticed it so she picked up her coffee mug and moved over to stand in front of it, blocking it from his view.

"It was fun though," she said as she sipped her coffee, "we all had a good laugh."

"Yeah, I'll bet."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll bet that dirty bitch Viv had a good laugh too, what did she buy?"

"Nothing, and don't be so rude about her, she happens to be my friend."

He mumbled something incoherent then said the he was off to bed. Belinda waited until he was upstairs, then she took her coffee and vibrator into the lounge. She thought about what a mean, unpleasant man her husband could be. He was clearly still angry with Viv because she'd embarrassed him by making him come in his pants, then had shown no interest in getting intimate with him again.

After several minutes, she removed her high heels and tiptoed to the foot of the stairs. She listened intently but could hear nothing, he had either fallen asleep or he was about to do so. She crept back into the lounge and opened the box containing her vibrator. Just looking at its shiny gold bullet shape made her pussy tingle.

She put the batteries in and switched it on with the dial set low, then she touched the end of her nose with it and chuckled to herself. She lowered it to her left nipple and left it resting there, the

feeling was amazing, her nipple set rock hard and she felt a warm sensation in her vagina. With her left nipple being squeezed between her thumb and fingers, she played the toy against her right nipple; now she was more turned on than she could remember, a wave of arousal swept up from her pussy, over her stomach and abdomen, and into her breasts.

Her head fell back against the chair and she closed her eyes for a moment, the tantalising feelings swirled through her mind. She knew where her new toy was going to end up, but she basked in sensual anticipation for a few moments. Then she opened her eyes and leaned forward so that she could pull her colourful cotton dress up to her waist and open her legs wide. She was so wet that she was in danger of soaking the seat of the chair, so she got up and hurried into the downstairs toilet to get the hand towel; a trickle of pussy juice ran down the inside of her left thigh as she listened again at the bottom of the stairs.

All was quiet so she tiptoed back into the lounge and placed the towel on the chair. She hitched up her dress and sat back down with her legs spread wide apart. Turning the vibrator back on, she played it around her pubic bone, just above her clitoris; she didn't want to rush things. Gradually, she played the buzzing toy around the outside of her pussy until she could hold out no longer. The feelings of arousal were intense, she was wetter than she could ever remember.

She tentatively played the tip of the vibrator on her labia and circled it around until it slipped easily inside her pussy lips and into the entrance of her vagina. She shuddered with anticipation and her cunt clenched and spasmed uncontrollably. The feeling was amazing, she hadn't needed to evoke a fantasy yet, but as she realised this, an image of Viv using a vibrator came into her mind.

Slowly, inch by glorious inch, she slid the magic device into her wet, clenching hole. She was breathing rapidly by now and focusing her mind on not making a noise. She turned up the dial to halfway and immediately wanted to scream the house down. The feeling was sensational, she knew that she'd come very quickly unless she turned the vibrations down, but as she reached for the dial, something stopped her, the sensations were so powerful that she had lost all control, the device had got her completely in its grip, and it was about to make her come long and hard. She knew it was happening and that she just couldn't resist. Her orgasm crashed over her, it pummelled her, it made her pelvis thrust and hips judder, her toes curled, she felt as though she was being lifted off the floor.

It went on for ages, until the jolting gradually stopped and she felt a warm afterglow wash over her abdomen, pussy and the inside of her thighs. She sat still for a full ten minutes recovering, she knew that she was going to use it to make herself come again, she did so twice more before she went to bed with her pussy still buzzing and her dreams of Viv in her white summer dress. She wouldn't see her for three weeks, she couldn't wait to see her again, she wanted to tell her about her fabulous vibrator, and to go shopping with her to buy one for her.

She hid her toy at the back of the bottom drawer of her bedside table. The next opportunity she got to use it was on Saturday morning when Greg had gone into town to open his shop, and the boys were still asleep in bed. She treated herself to three orgasms in quick succession and thought about Viv jetting off with her family to Italy for their summer holidays. She imagined being on holiday in Italy with her and fucking her on a large bed, in an ornate room, with fine voile curtains billowing in a warm breeze. Her dreamy state of mind stayed with her throughout the day as she and the boys watched the Live Aid concert on television and she fantasised about telling Greg that she was leaving him for her vibrator.

\*\*\*\*\* Early August \*\*\*\*\*

On returning from her family holiday at a Eurocamp site in the south of France, Belinda wasted no time phoning Viv and inviting her round for coffee. Belinda was still on school holiday and Viv didn't work on a Wednesday afternoon. Their five children played together in the garden as coffee was replaced with a bottle of Chablis and the two friends talked freely. They discussed their holidays, their sun tans, their kids, and their husbands. Then the topic of conversation changed to the Ann Summers party, or more particularly, the goods purchased at the party.

"Yes, it was good fun, Lena did quite good business from what Jane has told me, apparently, several women got in touch with her afterwards to order role play clothing. Four of them had gone for the air hostess costume. Still, I shouldn't be surprised, should I? I'm speaking to someone who got cold feet at the party."

"Guilty as charged, but I didn't want everyone else to know my business, I didn't mind you knowing though, and I'm glad you offered to come with me to the shop. I'll feel much braver about it if you're with me."

Belinda felt her heart swell at hearing her friend's kind words, "No problem darling, I think we should make a day of it, we'll go in on the train, have lunch somewhere expensive, spend lots of money on new clothes and call in at Ann Summers."

"That sounds great, I've got a couple of free Saturdays at the end of the month, grab your diary and well sort out a date, I mean a day to go shopping together, not a date together," blushed Viv.

"Ooh you saucy mare, I'm up for it if you are."

"Stop it, you'll embarrass me."

"Oh yeah, right."

"Anyway, come on tell all, have you used it yet? Would you recommend it?"

"My God yes, and yes, yes, yes."

"What's it like?"

"Fucking unbelievable, you'll never want a man again. Honestly, I've fallen deeply in love with mine, I'm going to tell Greg that I'm leaving him for six shiny inches of orgasmic delight."

"Wow!"

"Wow indeed, I'd offer to let you use mine but I'd be too jealous, we're going to get married and set up home with together."

Viv sniggered, "I can just see you lying side by side in bed with your vibrator smoking a fag after sexual intercourse with you."

Belinda guffawed and their puzzled children wondered why their tipsy mothers were laughing so much. They met again in the street a few days later and Viv told Belinda that Jeff had suggested another get together between the four of them. The women agreed to tell their husbands that there would be no snogging and groping this time. The men promised to behave themselves and a date was set for a week on Saturday.

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The dinner party went badly. Greg and Jeff had treated them like sex objects throughout the meal. The women were smartly dressed in tight jeans and heels but they did nothing to suggest that they wanted to be the subjects of their husbands leering gazes. As soon as they had finished eating and settled down in Viv and Jeff's lounge, Jeff produced a porn video. It was lesbian porn and his drunken rationale was that if groping each other's wives was out of bounds, they could all watch the video and perhaps Viv and Belinda might feel like putting on a show for them.

"What?"

"Oh come on Bel, you've been up for a bit of very risqué fondling before, we practically had sex on your settee last time, if you don't want to swap partners tonight, perhaps you and Viv could get yourselves revved up watching the pretty girls in the video being very affectionate with each other, then when it's finished, we'll watch you two getting very friendly with each other."

"Unbelievable, and what about you, are you in on this too?" she said to Greg.

"I don't see any harm in it, Viv could get you warmed up then I could take you home and..."

"And what?"

"Or you could make each other come while we watch," leered Jeff.

"That's not happening," cut in Viv, "we told you no funny business and you've completely ignored us, why can't you show some respect?"

"Jeff saw red, "Oh come off it, respect for you two sluts, you practically let me and Greg fuck you both last time, you fucking prick teasers."

"I've a good mind to slap your face Jeff, you're being vile and you're drunk."

"Yeah, well I always thought that you were a slapper, you stuck up cow."

"That's it, we're going, come on Greg."

"Don't you fucking move Greg, this was your idea in the first place. Don't let a woman tell you what to do, show her who's boss. I'm going to the pub, are you coming?"

Greg couldn't look Belinda in the face as he got his jacket and followed Jeff out of the front door.

Viv and Belinda were left stunned, Belinda was clearly upset, she didn't want Viv to see her crying.

"I'm going to go home, Viv, I'm sorry, I can't stay here."

"Don't go," said Viv, catching her arm just as she started to open the front door, "Don't let them completely ruin the evening, stay with me and let's talk."

"It's already ruined, I..."

They stood face to face, Belinda with her back against the half open doorway. Viv looked calmly and steadily into Belinda's eyes where tears were beginning to form, they gazed at each other for a long time without speaking. Belinda looked longingly at Viv's lips, if she leaned forward slightly now, she'd be able to kiss her without any difficulty. It seemed that Viv was just waiting for it to happen, she looked at Belinda's mouth and their lips moved imperceptibly closer. Belinda trembled with desire for her friend, Viv lifted her eyes to look into Belinda's again.

"Please don't go Bel, stay with me. I don't want you to go home in this state."

"I'm sorry Viv, I can't," and with that, she was out of the door and on her way home.

\*\*\*\*\* Mid August \*\*\*\*\*

On the morning after the rude, bullying abuse of Belinda and his wife, a sober, contrite Jeff turned up at Belinda's front door to humble himself before her. He was full of profuse apologies and an offer to take her, his wife and Greg for a meal on the following Saturday to an expensive restaurant. Belinda accepted his apology but didn't invite him in. A couple of days later, when she had softened a little, she phoned him to say that she also accepted his offer of a meal.

Her husband fared less well, she considered his behaviour to have been unforgivable, the final nail in the coffin of their marriage. She did, however, feel that she owed Viv an apology, so she invited her for coffee again on Wednesday afternoon. This time though, it was raining and the children were restricted to playing indoors, so they were able only to have a brief conversation about the events of the previous Saturday night. Viv told her that she had no need whatsoever to apologise to her and she was only sorry that she couldn't have comforted her at the time. They both blushed as they remembered how close they came to kissing the other, but neither of them realised that the other felt the same way as they did.

In fact, Belinda was more convinced than ever that, as far as Viv was concerned, their friendship was merely platonic and Viv, for her part, wondered how on earth to tell the only woman that she'd ever found sexually arousing, well almost the only one, that she wanted to make love to her.

She'd come very close to getting herself fucked by another woman at a dental industry conference. The beautiful, athletic looking woman, with African and Chinese heritage, had pursued her at several conferences and had finally got her into bed after plying her with drink, but Viv had suddenly got cold feet and made her excuses and left. A decision that she had regretted the next day but the conference had finished and she hadn't seen the woman again.

Saturday night came around and Jeff had laid on a taxi for the foursome. Belinda thought the taxi might be a mixed blessing, considering that it meant Jeff would be able to drink his fill, and that was never a good thing. She sat at her dressing table contemplating what to wear. There would be one member of their party that it would be worth dressing up for, even if she would be oblivious to Belinda's feelings. She wanted to feel desirable, so she decided on stockings, heels and a sexy wrap over dress; if she couldn't dress for Viv, she'd dress for herself.

As she applied her make up and unfurled a new pair of ten denier tan coloured stockings; she thought about what Viv would be wearing. The restaurant was quite classy and upmarket so she expected that Viv would dress up. She became absorbed in the thought that Viv might also be pulling stockings over her knees and up her beautifully tanned, silky thighs at this very moment.

She stood up from her dressing table and put on her just below knee-length, wrap over dress. The material was warm dusky-pink with a black, stylised flower motif and a thin black belt. She stepped into pale-brown three inch heels and stood in front of the bedroom mirror, where she took hold of the wrap over material and pulled it open to expose a shapely stocking clad leg. Her pussy tingled at the thought of being so easily accessible.

The taxi had already picked Viv and Jeff up from their house when it pulled up outside Belinda and Greg's. As Belinda skipped across the driveway to the cab, a gust of wind caught her dress and one side of it flew open to expose her left leg. Jeff was already in the front seat so she got into the back



next to Viv, Greg followed her so she was sitting in the middle with Viv on her left and her husband on her right. As the men greeted each other with their usual loud bonhomie, Viv turned to her and said just one word.

"Stunning."

"Thank you darling, I've got to be careful though, my dress is prone to flying open at the slightest breath of wind."

"I know, it was a delightful sight?"

Thankfully, Jeff and the taxi driver were deep in conversation and hadn't noticed. Nor had Greg, who had turned to lock the front door of the house just at that moment.

They all said their hellos to one another and the taxi set off for the restaurant. Viv was in the knee-length, all white summer dress that she'd worn for the Ann Summers party. Belinda admired her taupe coloured high heeled shoes and noticed that she was wearing dark-tan coloured hosiery. She took hold of Viv's right hand with her left hand and squeezed it in a show of sisterly affection. As their hands dropped onto Viv's lap, Belinda felt surreptitiously for a suspender clip; she wasn't disappointed.

It was unusual, but not completely unknown, for them to wear stockings with a summer dress. There was a slight chill to the evening, so they each felt the benefit of the warmth provided by stockings and their tasteful pashmina shawls.

Belinda removed her hand and let it fall between their hips where she could feel another suspender clip. Viv let her hand fall on top of Belinda's and they hooked their little fingers together for the rest of the journey.

The restaurant was less than ten minutes away, they were soon there, clambering out of the taxi. Belinda followed Viv out of the left side rear passenger door, she had to slide across the seat then plant her feet on the ground. As she did so, Viv turned to help her, so she made a point of letting her wrap dress fall open. For a couple of seconds, Viv was treated to stocking tops and a silky soft pink panty gusset. Belinda smiled at Viv's obviously appreciative stare.

"Oops, I'm sorry I just flashed you," she said as she stood up straight.

"No you're not, and like I said, stunning, and quite delightful," Viv said softly into her ear.

"Mmm, are you teasing me or do you really think so?"

"No, you're teasing me, and yes, I really think so."

As they entered the restaurant, Belinda felt excited by their short flirtatious exchange; it had taken her by surprise. Viv had often spoken to her affectionately, but had never flirted with her before now; she wondered what it meant.

They climbed the stairs to the upper floor of the restaurant, Belinda followed Viv and couldn't keep eyes off her friend's shapely buttocks as they swayed up the steps ahead of her. When they arrived at their table, Viv took charge of where they would be sitting. The table was rectangular with a white tablecloth and two seats on each side; one side backed onto a wall.

"Okay, Bel and I are sitting on this side so that we can people watch and you two can face the wall."

The men didn't argue with her and, so far, they seemed to be on their best behaviour. Belinda sat on Viv's right with Greg immediately opposite and Jeff diagonally opposite. When they had settled, a young waiter took the drinks order, it was obvious that he fancied Viv and the two women chuckled about it when he had gone. The men were generally paying little attention to their wives, and even less so when an attractive young waitress arrived to take the food order.

As they were distracted by the uncomfortable looking young woman, at whom they aimed their leering gazes and inappropriate remarks, Viv rested her right hand on Belinda's left thigh. She slid a finger, together with a fold of dress material, underneath a suspender strap and tugged at it for several seconds. Belinda was taken by surprise, she felt a pulse of arousal in her pussy. She shot glance at Viv who smiled at her.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" asked Viv.

"Mmm, how could I not with you being so erm... 'friendly.'"

"Don't mention it, I just had to check that you were erm... properly dressed."

The waitress asked them if they were ready to order and they asked for a little more time. She seemed relieved to escape the attentions of Jeff and Greg. Viv removed her hand from Belinda's thigh and reached down for her handbag to get a tissue. Belinda straightened her dress but didn't notice that the left side of the wrap over had fallen away, exposing her stocking clad thigh just beyond the edge of the tablecloth. A more mature waitress came to take the order, she asked Viv and Belinda what they wanted first, then she fixed Jeff and Greg with a steely stare and took their orders.

The group conversed inanely, gone was the sexual tension between Jeff and Belinda, and Greg and Viv. It was obvious that the two men had given up their pursuit of each other's wives, and the women were completely disinterested in each other's husbands. The two women spoke mostly to each other, likewise the men.

After the main course, Jeff was in full flow, explaining a highly technical work problem to Greg. Viv spoke to Belinda about their children's school as she once more slipped her hand underneath the tablecloth. This time she was surprised, but pleased, to have laid her hand directly on top of her friend's stocking welt and suspender clip; Belinda's expression didn't change and Viv kept on talking without missing a beat. She squeezed the top of Belinda's thigh, then moved her hand just a little higher, until she could push it underneath her stocking top. At the same time she changed the topic of conversation.

"By the way Bel, I haven't told you yet that I really love your dress."

"Thank you, I bought it a few weeks ago from that little shop on the High Street, I just fell in love with the fabric and the way it 'drapes' sometimes when I sit down."

"Mmm, I like that too."

"Yes, I can tell."

"Is it so obvious?"

"Oh yes, it's definitely a feeling I'm getting from you tonight."

"And do you mind the way I'm feeling... about your dress?"

"Absolutely not, you can feel whatever you want."

"Mmm, I might just do that," said Viv as she pulled her hand free of Belinda's stocking top so that the tips of her fingers could travel into the cleft between her friend's upper thighs.

Just as she ran them up the inside of Belinda's thigh, and Belinda's damp pussy prepared to welcome them, Jeff suddenly spoke to them both.

"So, are you two enjoying yourselves? It's costing me an arm and a leg to keep you happy," he grinned at his own benevolence.

Viv froze, if she'd pulled her hand away quickly, it would have been fairly obvious where it had been. Belinda leaned forward and replied to Jeff, with both of her elbows on the table, enabling Viv to slowly remove her hand and place it on her own lap. It was a considerable effort for her to keep her voice steady when her unsteady pussy cried out in anguish at its missed opportunity.

"I hope you haven't forgotten why we ended up here Jeff?" asked Belinda.

"No, no, of course not, I was very rude to you and I wanted to say sorry in some style."

"It's the price he has to pay for his bad behaviour," said Viv with a straight face; Jeff grimaced.

"Well I need to go to the ladies room, did you notice where it was Viv?"

"Yes, I'll show you, follow me."

They got up and made their way to the toilets, turning heads in the process. Relieved to find the toilets empty, Belinda spoke earnestly to her friend.

"What's happening Viv, you're practically making love to me under the tablecloth, I'm a little shocked to be honest, you've never even so much as flirted with me before tonight."

"I'm so sorry Bel, I don't know what came over me, you're just so irresistible tonight and I thought that you... well, it doesn't matter, it was wrong of me to touch you like that, I promise I won't do it again."

"No no, you misunderstand me, I loved it, promise me that you will do it again."

"Oh God, really?"

Yes really," said Belinda as she stepped toward her friend until their faces were just inches apart.

They looked into each other's passion filled, yet hesitant eyes for several seconds. Then Belinda reached for her friend just as the door to the toilets opened. The spell was broken, Belinda had to pretend that she was attempting to remove something from her friend's eye.

"There, I think I've got it."

"Oh yes, that's much better," said Viv, playing along with the subterfuge.

After spending some time reapplying lipstick and rearranging their hair, they gave up on the possibility of having the toilets to themselves and returned to their table. They ordered their deserts and touched hands underneath the table from time to time as they ate.

Jeff had ordered another bottle of wine in their absence and he and Greg were already half way through it. He was clearly aiming to get drunk now, so the women avoided any suggestion that they should all adjourn to one of their houses afterwards. As she opened the rear door of the taxi, Belinda felt a lairy, drunken Jeff squeeze her buttocks. She stepped backwards deliberately and planted the high heel of her right shoe in the middle of his foot, howled with pain and limped into the front passenger seat; her fake apology doing nothing to assuage his discomfort. Viv gave her a knowing look and squeezed her hand in sisterly support as she settled beside her on the back seat.

Greg had also been downing more than his fair share of alcohol during the latter part of the meal, he was slightly unsteady on his feet as he climbed the stairs to bed. Belinda hoped that by the time she joined him in bed, he would already be securely in the land of nod. She took her time with her ablutions to ensure that he was. As soon as she slipped into bed beside him, she slid her right hand down to her pussy and pinched her left nipple with her left hand. She recalled the feeling of Viv's hand on her thigh and gave a little sigh of longing.

At the same time, a few streets away, Viv had eased herself into bed next to her comatose husband. She too reached for her pussy and traced her fingers around the outline of her labia as she conjured up an image of Belinda's stocking top, suspender clip and pretty little pussy straining against her panty gusset. She'd conducted most of her fondling of her friend's thigh without looking down and giving herself away, but she had stolen a couple of brief glimpses, and was now becoming increasingly wet at the memory of Belinda's swollen pussy lips, swathed in smooth white silk that followed the contour of the damp cleft between them.

Simultaneously, they stroked their wet pussies from perineum to clitoris and back as they imagined making love to each other. Neither could have known that, as their arousal grew, the subject of their fantasy was indulging in the build up to her own self induced orgasm.

Belinda felt her toes begin to tingle, she contemplated taking her vibrator from its hiding place, but decided that she was so turned on, she was going to have one of the orgasms of her life at the touch of her own fingers. Almost all of her best orgasms had been self induced, and this was going to be no exception. After the incredible eroticism of her encounter beneath the tablecloth with Viv's fingers, her pussy was on a hair trigger. Her breasts started to tingle, waves of arousal flowed over her, her pussy felt warm and alive. She slid one finger into her cunt and curled it upwards to find the spot that she was looking for. She found it and gave a gasp of intense pleasure as she imagined being alone at the restaurant table with her friend.

In her imagination, the restaurant was completely empty, so she opened her legs and invited Viv's fingers inside her. She pictured them both kissing passionately and fingering each other, then Viv swept the dirty dishes off the table and told her to lie down on the tablecloth. She did so and Viv spread her legs wide open before burying her face between them and licking her to an intense orgasm. Being careful not to wake her sleeping husband, she came with a silent, crashing climax that, together with the aftershocks, lasted for over a minute. Her back was arched and her body was rigid as she savoured the thought of Viv's warm tongue on her wet pussy.

Several streets away, Viv's crescendo gathered pace just as her friend's had begun to subside. She too imagined Belinda's legs wide open underneath the tablecloth, but in her fantasy, she hadn't been interrupted by Jeff as she had in reality. Their husbands, the restaurant staff and the other diners were all oblivious to her inching her hand up along Belinda's inner thigh until her little finger rested against her damp panty gusset. Belinda whimpered, opened her legs further and Viv slid her fingers inside the leg of her panties.

She imagined a pool of warm, wet, viscous pussy fluid in the gusset of her friend's panties. She masturbated Belinda right there at the table. Her friend howled with pleasure and bit her lip as she came in front of everyone. Viv lifted her pussy coated fingers to Belinda's mouth and told her to lick them clean, prompting a nearby diner to ask, "I wonder if that's on the menu?"

With a final image imprinted on her memory, of Belinda's wrap over dress billowing open in the wind, exposing her stockings, suspenders and pretty panties, Viv came noisily, rocking the bed back and forth with her thrusting pelvis. As she had fully expected, her drink addled husband slept through the most erotic orgasm she'd ever had.

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Three months earlier, both women had, to varying degrees, played their parts in an emerging, unspoken wife swapping agreement with each other's husbands. Belinda had been fucked twice by Jeff, and Viv had made Greg come in his pants. The women could hardly claim that they were being exploited, they had been as turned on by the prospect of extra curricular sex as their husbands, but the grass had turned out to be just as pale and dull on the other side.

Jeff and Greg had originally hatched their wife swapping plans during a beer fuelled conversation in the local pub. It's likely that neither of them had been completely serious at the time, but a groping session during a dinner party had been triggered by lust brought about by too much alcohol, and the whole partner swapping idea gathered its own momentum.

They were both philanderers, Jeff habitually, and Greg occasionally, and their attention had now switched from each other's wives to other 'targets.' Jeff had been spending a lot of time chatting up a twenty one year old barmaid, and Greg had been flattering one of his wealthy lady customers, a woman of fifty years of age, with a view to enticing her to drop her knickers in the back room of his shop. Both would eventually be disappointed, but it was the thought that counted.

Belinda had come to terms with the knowledge that the person who most lit her sexual fire at the moment was a woman. The woman in question was an acquaintance who had fast become a good, trusted friend, and whom she now wanted to take as her lover. For Viv, the sapphic fire of sexual desire had smouldered for several weeks and had now become a burning flame. She'd known desire for a woman before, but her nerve had failed her. With her hand inside Belinda's stocking top at the restaurant, she'd made a promise to herself that, if it arose, she wouldn't pass up the opportunity this time.

Each woman felt passionately about the other and they were just beginning to explore their mutual attraction, but, as yet, neither was completely certain that their lustful feelings were reciprocated. At the restaurant table, they'd made plans to undertake their long awaited shopping trip to Birmingham on the following Saturday. The men would be expected to look after the children for the day so that Belinda and Viv could have their day out together.

\*\*\*\*\* Late August \*\*\*\*\*

On the Saturday morning, Viv picked Belinda up from home and they drove the short ten minute journey to the railway station. Belinda had gone into school on the previous Wednesday, to set up classroom displays with colleagues from her department, so they hadn't seen each other for a week.

Although they were excited to be in each other's company again, the intimate sexual tension between them was less evident than during their erotic, under the tablecloth, touching of a week earlier. They were soon on a busy train, on the way into the city, and, although their hands made

contact at every opportunity as they talked and laughed together, they were unable to show the extent of their lustful desire for each other.

It was a very warm late summer's day so they were both wearing thin summer dresses and low heeled shoes. The train carriage was stifling, so they were relieved to step out onto the relatively cool platform at New Street Station. They trawled the large department stores for the latest fashions. Belinda bought a close fitting, grey short skirt, a mulberry coloured cardigan with padded shoulders and a semi translucent white blouse. Viv took a liking to a sleeveless, fitted, little black dress with a sexy kick pleat at the back. They lunched in a classy restaurant; salads accompanied by a couple of glasses of wine each.

Their final destination was the Ann Summers shop, they stood outside nervously, plucking up the courage to enter the erotic emporium. They convinced each other that they wouldn't be seen by anyone they knew, so they steeled themselves and made their way into the shop. They were almost overwhelmed by the huge variety of merchandise; sex toys, clothing and lingerie filled the displays.

An assistant approached them, "Hello ladies, can I be of any help to you?"

"Oh, yes, well we're looking for, that is, my friend here is looking for one of those shiny vibrators with the power dial at the bottom. I mean it's not for both of us, it's just for her," stammered an increasingly red faced Belinda.

"Yes madam, I understand, they're over here, I'll leave you both to have a look, let me know if you have any questions."

Belinda looked at the large display and identified the model that she had purchased at the party. She stood just to the right side of Viv, slightly behind her, watching her examining the display model. She was so close to her that she could detect the combined aroma of her hair shampoo and her expensive perfume, she felt warmth radiating from her tanned upper arms, she noticed the way her wavy flaxen hair fell onto her light brown shoulders.

Her close fitting summer dress clung to her flat stomach and abdomen, it clung to her shapely hips and buttocks and swathed her long, lean thighs. She wanted desperately to unzip the dress and, from behind, place her hands over Viv's delightful small breasts, to squeeze her hard little nipples and feel the warmth of her friend's body as she spooned her lovingly.

Viv broke the spell by twisting the dial on the device and letting out a soft squeal as it buzzed quietly in her hands.

"Oh God Bel sorry, I didn't mean to make a noise like that but it took me by surprise, you can't take me anywhere can you?"

"Turn it right up... go on, do it."

"Jesus, that's amazing."

"I told you, imagine putting that where it belongs."

"Believe me I am, I can't wait."

At the till, the assistant, with an enigmatic half smile, set about dealing with the transaction.

"Would you like it gift wrapped," she asked with a heavy sense of irony.

Viv was taken by surprise, then she realised that the assistant was joking, "no, it's okay thanks, just as it comes."

"Erm, I think you've misunderstood something, it's not the vibrator that comes," chimed in Belinda, the three women chuckled at her remark.

The train home was as crowded as the journey into the city. Viv couldn't stop smiling about her new toy, she clutched her bag as though her life depended on it. As they got into Viv's car for the short drive home, Belinda was keen to take detour so that they could talk, and more.

"Viv, don't you think it's time we had a serious talk? Can we go home by the canal bridge, we could pull in to a gateway along that quiet lane, just for a few minutes."

"Oh Bel, you're right, we do need to talk, but I'm sorry, I must get back, I told Jeff I'd be back for four o'clock and it gone half past. He's going golfing with some mates and he'll already be angry at me for being late."

"Oh, okay, well term starts on Tuesday, it's going to be manic next week and obviously we won't be able to meet on Wednesday like we have been doing. I suppose the next chance we'll get to see each other is at the pub music night a week on Friday. You will be going won't you?"

"Yes, I'll make a point of it, I know that Jeff's sniffing around a young barmaid so he'll want to be there."

"Who's he got his eye on? Anyone we know?"

"No, thank God, at least not a village girl, I think she lives in Buddington, you might know her though, she would have gone to your school I would imagine."

"How do you know what he's up to?"

"Feminine intuition... and the fact that I saw him dropping her off at the pub as I drove past on Wednesday afternoon after work. He said it was a one-off, he'd been driving through Buddington and he saw her waiting at a bus stop, that part might be true, but I could tell he's very interested in her and he thinks that she'd give him a second look, it's laughable really."

Viv dropped Belinda off outside her house and they kissed each other's cheeks and squeezed hands.

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As Belinda predicted, the following week was mayhem, new classes, new timetable, her own kids needing to be ready each day for school with the right kit, cooking, ironing; it was just as well that she could afford a cleaner in school term time, otherwise, she'd be completely overwhelmed. The second week of term was just as busy with the added task of marking homework. Throughout it all, she longed for Viv, she just wanted to be with her and she wondered if her friend was giving her a second thought.

She needn't have worried, Viv thought of little else, her kids were back at school, her four and a half day week at the surgery afforded her little time for anything much other than family and domestic responsibilities. At least she had the Friday night pub disco to look forward to, she'd already arranged for the kids to sleepover at Jeff's parents and she couldn't wait to see her sexy friend again.

Belinda really couldn't wait, during morning break on the Monday before the disco, she'd phoned Viv's dental practice and made an appointment to see her for a dental check up. She was thrilled to be told that there had been a cancellation and that Mrs Cummings could see her at four-thirty that afternoon. With a spring in her step, she made her way from the history department office to the sixth form centre.

Wearing her new, above the knee, grey skirt and her padded shoulder mulberry cardigan over the semi translucent white blouse, she felt a suspender clip become detached at the front of her right thigh. The nearest ladies staff toilet was quite a distance away, so she slipped into one of the sixth form classrooms. The bell for the end of break wasn't going to sound for a few minutes so she thought it would be safe enough to hitch her skirt up and reattach her suspender strap; it would only take a few seconds. Just as she had raised the hem of her skirt to the top of her right thigh, Ben, a seventeen year old sixth former, blundered into the classroom looking for his jacket.

She looked very, very sexy with her skirt pulled up on one side and her stocking clad thigh fully exposed. Rather than pull it down quickly and pretend that nothing had happened, she continued with her lingerie adjustment, her fingers pulling on the welt of her stocking and slowly pushing the button at the end of her suspender strap through its clasp then tugging it tightly into its slot, thus treating the handsome Ben to several seconds worth of her delightful shapely leg and her stocking top.

Ben was a confident young man, he couldn't resist the chance to show his appreciation.

"Wow Miss, that was spectacular if you don't mind me saying so?"

"Yes I do mind Ben, but I realise it wasn't your fault, so just forget what you saw."

"Unlikely Miss."

"Don't get yourself into trouble by saying anything else that's inappropriate."

"Okay Miss, my lips are sealed," he grinned.

"Make sure they stay that way."

A smile continued to play across Ben's lips as he retrieved his jacket and made his exit from the classroom. Belinda had kept her composure well, but now she realised that her breathing and pulse had quickened slightly, the realisation was accompanied by a warmth seeping into her pussy. It seemed that she had thoroughly enjoyed the accidental exhibition that she had given for her tall, dark and handsome student.

The encounter was still in her mind as she arrived at the dentist's surgery at four-thirty. A very horny Belinda was eventually shown into Viv's room, leaving her friend lost for words. The trainee dental nurse introduced her to Viv as Mrs Easterby; she'd given a false name so as to surprise her friend. When Viv recovered her wits, she asked 'Mrs Easterby' to sit in the examination chair and sent her trainee nurse on an errand that would take her several minutes.

"So, what brings you here Mrs Easterby, or should I say Mrs May?"

"I'm sorry said Belinda, I just had to see you, just for a moment."

"Right, well we'd better make it look like I'm giving you a check up," said Viv with a knowing smile.



She flattened and lowered her new reclining dental chair, leaving an aroused and highly desirable Belinda lying prone in front of her in her short skirt. Viv sat beside her, their eyes met.

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm just going to pretend to examine your teeth while we talk, we've only got a few minutes before Deborah returns."

"She's very pretty."

"Yes, she is."

"Does she do anything for you?"

"A little, yes... what did you come here for?"

"Like I said, I've missed you, are you definitely going to the music night at the pub on Friday?" asked Belinda as she lifted her left knee and allowed her short skirt to fall far enough down her thigh to make her stocking top come into view.

Viv placed right hand on Belinda's right leg, just above her knee, "are you trying to seduce me?"

"Perhaps, would you like me to?"

"I might."

"Are you finding me irresistible again like you did in the restaurant."

"That would be telling."

"Well please do tell."

"Okay, I'm finding you irresistible, satisfied now?"

"Not yet, show me how irresistible you're finding me," said Belinda as she took hold of her friend's right wrist and moved her hand up underneath the hem of her skirt.

Viv allowed her fingers to rest on the bare flesh above Belinda's stocking top, then she resisted, "that's far enough Mrs 'Easterby,' I'll be sacked if I'm caught examining that particular orifice, I'm a dentist, not a gynaecologist; although I sometimes think I'm in the wrong profession, gynaecology might be more fun," she said with a broad smile.

"Perhaps I could have a private consultation sometime?"

"Yes, that could be arranged," said Viv as she tugged at her friend's suspender strap.

"God I love flirting with you, will you be getting dressed up on Friday night?"

"Will I have a reason to get dressed up?"

"I don't know, will you be trying to entice anyone?"

"I might, had you anyone in mind?"

"Yes, I think I have, she'll be dressed up too."

"How dressed up? Will she be wearing stockings for me?"

"Oh God yes, she wouldn't be seen dead in anything else."

"Then I'll definitely be dressed up for her."

"Good, she'll be hoping that you wear the new little black dress that you bought recently."

"Oh I'm sure that can be arranged."

"She'll be very pleased to hear that, I'm sure she'll want to dance with you in your little black dress."

"Will she want to walk me home as well?"

"She'll insist on it."

"What will she be wearing?"

"Seamed stockings, high heels and a sexy, tight, knee length, red dress."

Viv's pussy twitched, "Mmmm Bel, I can't wait to see her on Fr..."

The door opened and Deborah the trainee nurse came back earlier than expected, Belinda dropped her knee and Viv quickly removed her hand from under her friend's skirt and straightened it.

Belinda made her escape, "Oh dear! Please let me up, I've just remembered that I've got a pathological fear of dental surgeries."

Viv raised the chair and Belinda left in a hurry, showing plenty of shapely leg and stocking top as she slid off the chair. Deborah had a look of surprise on her face, but Viv was sure that she hadn't seen her hand up her 'patient's' skirt.

"Well that was odd, better tell Rebecca not to waste time putting her on our books."

Belinda had been on the point of asking Viv whether she'd had chance to use her new toy. If she had asked, Viv would have told her that she had been called in to carry out emergency treatment on the previous Wednesday afternoon; the only time during the week when she had the house to herself. As a result, she was waiting impatiently for the "coming Wednesday," her own humorous play on words, in two days time.

Their flirtation had been enjoyable and arousing. For the rest of the afternoon and evening they both fantasised about a husbandless, permissive world where they could dance closely and then walk each other home to bed.

Viv finished work a little earlier than usual on the Wednesday morning. She was home by eleven-forty-five and didn't need to pick her children up from school until three o'clock. She removed her suit jacket, poured herself a glass of wine and sat in the lounge in an armchair, savouring her time alone and the anticipation of what she was going to do with her new toy. She began to feel highly aroused and, despite telling herself not to rush things, she finished her wine in two gulps, then got up to pour herself another.

She took the second glassful upstairs with her into her bedroom. Placing the wine on her bedside table, she opened her wardrobe door and dug out the black shoebox that had been carefully placed right at the back of the bottom shelf. Soon the gleaming toy was in her hand and the

batteries were installed, she placed two pillows against the bed headboard and settled herself in position. She took another mouthful of wine and, still wearing her tight, grey, knee-length business skirt, white blouse and high heels, she kissed the tip of the vibrator lovingly. In the past, she'd often liked to masturbate fully dressed, she'd thought that it would be highly erotic to do so now with her vibrator, while watching herself in the bedroom mirror.

Raising her knees, she pulled the hem of her skirt up over her thighs until her suspenders were showing. She'd always felt sexy in stockings and this time was no exception, she turned on the dial to about a quarter of its full power and played it against her already damp panty gusset. A rush of intense arousal spread down her legs and up into her torso. She pressed the device into the crevice between her labia and gasped at the depth of her arousal.

Turning the dial up halfway, she squealed with delight and pressed it even harder onto her pussy. The sensation was unbelievable, before she knew what was happening, she'd pulled her panty gusset to one side and the vibrator was inside her, sending waves of wonderful erotic stimulation into her throbbing cunt. She slid the buzzing device in and out repeatedly, lubricated by the wettest pussy she'd ever known, she fucked herself effortlessly. She was gasping and groaning loudly, completely and utterly possessed by the device; she couldn't have stopped now if she'd wanted to, and she definitely didn't want to.

She needed no fantasy or erotic imagery, she just submitted to her all-powerful vibrator and came explosively, writhing and juddering on the bed; her back arched, her leg muscles tensed, her toes curled, her nipples erect. It was the most stimulating, erotic, mind blowing sensation she'd ever known. She felt as though she'd floated up into the air on a tide of sexual fulfilment.

After several minutes of tingling afterglow, she stripped to her stockings, suspenders and heels then imagined sliding her fingers into Belinda while she kissed her. She called her friend's name as the vibrator took her for a second time. Over the next two hours, she orgasmed for a third, fourth, fifth and sixth time; Belinda featured in all of them. After recovering her senses, she walked slowly to school to pick up her children, with an aching lower back, tired pelvic floor muscles and a worn out pussy; still on an erotic high.

\*\*\*\*\* Mid September \*\*\*\*\*

The two couples had agreed to meet at the pub at eight o'clock on Friday night. So much had changed over the previous four months. The sexual tension between them, that had been based on the unspoken prospect of a swapping of partners, had diminished. The focus had shifted to the growing passion between Belinda and Viv.

Not that Jeff and Greg were remotely aware of their wives' burgeoning intimate friendship as it threatened to move into the realms of a love affair. Nor had it been immediately obvious to the two women that they were sexually attached to each other, at first it felt like a close friendship, then a deep affection that had grown into a mutual crush, and even now, despite their recent obvious flirting and fondling, they were both unsure about how the other really felt about them.

Belinda sat at her dressing table in her sleek fitting, above the knee, red dress. The dress was sleeveless but with shoulder pads and it had a v-neck that allowed a pleasing view of her delightful cleavage. She put on her earrings and stood in front of the mirror to admire herself in her black seamed stockings and four inch high, heeled shoes. She picked up her black shawl and clutch bag and made her way downstairs. Greg was waiting for her impatiently in the hallway, when he laid eyes on her, he couldn't resist one of his put downs.

"What do you think you look like? It's just a pub music night, you're overdressed."

"Just for once, you might have said something nice. You might also have made more of an effort."

Greg had put on a shapeless jumper over a shirt, with ill fitting trousers and shoes that needed cleaning.

"Besides, I'm sure that most people there will be dressed up. I'm just going to check everything's okay with Judith."

Belinda went through into the lounge to speak to the babysitter, one of her sixth form girls from school.

"Wow, you look amazing Mrs May."

"Thank you Judith, it's nice of you to say so, now are you happy with everything? Dom and John are asleep, Stuart's reading in bed, but he knows to switch off his light at nine, if you get any trouble, you know where we are, the phone number's here on this message pad."

"Okay, don't worry I'm sure they'll be fine."

"I have every confidence in you. We'll be back by eleven-thirty at the latest, probably a few minutes earlier."

"Okay."

"Will your mum and dad be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Good, I'll tell them how competent and reliable you are."

"Ah thanks Miss."

"Judith, you'll be eighteen in a few months time, I think you can call me Belinda out of school now."

"Okay... Belinda."

"Great, well you know how the telly works, there's a snack in the fridge for you and I've left a packet of crisps and some cans of lemonade out as well. See you later."

"Bye, have a good time."

"I'll try."

Belinda walked the hundred or so yards to the pub in her four inch heels, she looked graceful and stunning in her red dress. Greg shambled along beside her, no one would ever have put them together as a couple. She made a mental note not to let Greg go home on his own without her. She didn't like the way he'd been eyeing up their attractive babysitter. In reality, the seventeen year old Judith was mature and worldly wise for her age, if Greg had attempted any nonsense with her, she'd have given him short shrift.

Making their way to the pub from the opposite direction was Viv and Jeff. He had put on a smart jacket and slacks, and he'd bathed himself in aftershave; he fancied his chances with Mandy, the

twenty-one year old barmaid that he'd been offering lifts to, and generally trying to sweet talk, for the last month or so. Viv knew that he was on the scent of the barmaid, she didn't really care, if he was being kept occupied by his pursuit of the young woman, then she'd be able to resume her indecent flirting with Belinda without hinderance.

As they made their way along the Buddington Road in the gathering dusk, a loud wolf whistle sounded from a passing car containing three young men.

"Cheeky bastards." Grumbled Jeff before glancing at his very sexy and highly desirable wife.

"Still, if you're going to dress like a tart, what do you expect?"

"You're just a sad little misogynist, you go running after girls in short skirts but if your classily dressed, thirty-six year old wife, attracts attention from a young man, you call her a tart. Just stay away from me tonight, I'll find my own amusement."

Viv wasn't wrong about being classily dressed. She was wearing her new sleeveless little black dress, that hugged her hips and narrowed at the hem with a nine inch slit at the back. It created a sophisticated silhouette, which was accentuated by her black heels and stockings. Her wavy, flaxen hair was up in a loose bun and a soft cream coloured pashmina kept her shoulders warm; her cream and black clutch bag was held in her right hand as she walked confidently and with poise along the street.

She spotted Belinda across the village square, her heart skipped a beat as she waved to her. Belinda made her way daintily across the road in her heels and fell into a warm embrace with her friend. The two husbands said a cursory hello to them, then they slapped each other on the back and walked ahead talking and laughing loudly for the last few yards to the pub doorway.

"My God Bel you look incredible."

"So do you darling."

"I love it when you call me that."

"Well you are a darling, why wouldn't I?"

"It's so good to see you, I've missed you so much."

"Me too darling."

"You were very naughty on Monday afternoon though, pretending to be a new patient."

"I just had to see you, you loved it really."

"Yes, I did, that's the trouble."

As they made their way into the pub, Belinda spotted a vacant table so she went to sit down while Viv got the drinks from the bar. Greg and Jeff had already joined a group of drinking buddies; they paid no attention to their wives. In both relationships, thinly disguised dislike was turning into open hostility.

The pub was lively and buzzing. Most people had made an effort to get dressed up. There were plenty of women in dresses and heels, some dressed more casually in tight jeans and heels, others in skirts short and long.

The extensive bar faced the main door and there were tables and chairs against the front wall in both directions. To the right, the space opened out to an area comprising a small dance floor surrounded by more tables and chairs. The toilets were beyond the dance floor, as was the rear entrance that allowed access from the car park.

To the left of the bar the space opened out to a raised dining area. In one corner was an angle nook fireplace that, within a couple of weeks, would be in use but it wasn't lit tonight. Along the far wall were four small dining booths with bench seats, the booths seated four people. The vacated table that Belinda had spotted was the furthest of these cosy booths, situated in the far corner. It wasn't completely secluded but there was a measure of privacy.

The music was provided by a live band, alternating with a disco. When Viv arrived at their table with the drinks, she expressed the hope that Belinda would accompany her to the dance floor later on.

"Oh fabulous, they've playing some great stuff already Bel, I hope you're up for a dance later?"

"Try and stop me, I love a good bop."

"Me too, anyway, you did well to find this table, it's a bit quieter here, we can hear ourselves think."

"Yes, I wanted to find somewhere where we could talk without having to shout at each other."

"Oh really, what did you want to talk about?"

"Don't tease, you must know what I'm referring to."

"Well perhaps I do."

"Have you had chance to use your vibrator?"

"Is that it? I thought you had something more profound on your mind."

"I did, but I'm being a coward."

"Well let me tell you about my vibrator anyway."

"Okay, go on, I'm all ears."

"No you're not, this part of you is a sexy knee," said Viv, surreptitiously placing her right hand on Belinda's left knee, then removing it quickly before anyone noticed.

"Did the earth move for you?"

"Yes, and the moon, and the stars, it was spectacular, I had the best six orgasms of my life and I could hardly walk in a straight line afterwards."

"I knew you'd like it."

"Like it! I love it, I'm going to divorce Jeff and ask it to marry me."

"If it wasn't for lack of opportunity, I'm sure I'd be using mine every day: morning and night."

"I'm with you on that, doesn't it just take complete possession of you? It's a revelation."

"My God yes, it gets so deep into the root of your orgasm, it just blows you away, once you start, you can't stop."

"Viv, I hate to say this but it's better than the real thing, that is if you could describe either of our husbands as the real thing."

"Ha, yeah, Jeff doesn't even touch the sides," lamented Viv."

"Aha, I can't believe I'm speaking from experience when I tell you that I agree with you, I hope you don't think you're missing out though, Greg's not the biggest tool in the box, well not in the penis department anyway."

"To think that I would once have let him fuck me."

"I think he was very keen for you to do just that, until you threatened his masculinity by making him come in his pants."

"Oh God yes, I had no idea that he was so far gone."

"Well I watched you in action don't forget, I almost came myself."

"Mmm, I would love to have seen that." Viv murmured seductively as she let her hand stray onto her friend's knee again.

"We could do with a tablecloth, if you know what I mean."

"I know exactly what you mean, we'll have to be patient."

"Why? What have you got planned?" asked Belinda."

"To flirt outrageously with you whenever I get the chance."

"Oh good, that's the least I'd expect."

"You know that I had to use every ounce of self control, not to take advantage of you, when you were lying on my examination chair the other day."

"I'd hoped that was the case."

"You were very naughty when you pushed my hand up underneath your hot little miniskirt."

"Don't act so surprised, it was familiar territory for you."

"Perhaps, but if I hadn't resisted, who knows what my assistant Deborah would have witnessed when she came back into the room?"

"Yes, I'm sure you wouldn't have been able to pass it off as part of her training."

A peel of raucous laughter rang out from the bar where Jeff and Greg were well into their second pints with the rest of their chums.

"They seem to be having fun," observed Viv.

"Yes, they've only come here to get pissed and feel up the barmaid, I'm keeping an eye on Greg in case he tries to slink off home to interfere with our babysitter."

"I wouldn't advise it, Judith's mum told me yesterday that she's just got her brown belt in judo, apparently it's only one grade down from a black belt."

"Not that I wish him on the girl, but it would be nice to see him get his comeuppance."

"God yes, I can just see him flat on his back with her forearm across his throat."

"Anyway darling, enough of those two, tell me what you think about when your new toy's getting you all excited."

"You don't beat about the bush do you Bel."

"Come on Viv, I want to know," said Belinda as she looked around the room to see if anyone was watching, then lightly ran her fingernails along the nape of her friend's neck.

"Oh fuck, Bel, where did you learn that?" said Viv as an erogenous tingle travelled down her spine into her pussy, making it clench wildly.

"Did you like it?"

"Oh fuck yes, but please don't do it again just yet, it wouldn't look good if I came in public."

"Then tell me what you think about when you do come."

"Well... and this may not surprise you, given our recent intimacies, but I often think about making love with a woman."

"Fuck!" Belinda breathed softly through her teeth.

"You're not disgusted with me are you?"

"God no, I'm incredibly turned on at the thought of it."

"Thank God." The mood had changed from light hearted flirting to a deeply erotic sexual tension, Bel could feel herself trembling, she knew that she was on the verge of confessing her lust for her friend. "Well what about you? What do you think about when you come?"

"It was always men for me: colleagues at work; other women's husbands; visiting tradesmen; good looking waiters; my list of come fantasies is endless, even one or two of my sixth formers."

"No, you dirty cow."

"Yes, a girl can't help herself I'm afraid," said Belinda as she thought of Ben and the stocking adjustment incident in a classroom a few days earlier, "but, more and more, over these past few months it's been you."

"Oh God, Belinda."

"What? Tell me please, is that what you wanted to hear, or am I barking up the wrong tree?"

"Belinda, if only you knew," said Viv, her hand was on her friend's knee again.

Belinda was about to tell Viv that she wanted her to fuck her when a couple of their friends approached their booth.



"Hi you two, you look nice and cosy in here, mind if we join you?" asked June who lived around the corner from Viv.

"Yes, by all means, make yourselves at home, Bel was just about to get a round in."

"Oh goody, I'll have a vodka and tonic," said Helen, a next door neighbour of Belinda.

The interruption couldn't have come at a more inconvenient moment, but Belinda and Viv made the most of it and enjoyed drinking and chatting with their friends. Half an hour later the disco started, 'Brown Sugar' by the Rolling Stones belted out of the speakers. The four women took to the dance floor and had a great time.

June and Helen's husbands were popular, fun loving men, Belinda had fantasised about fucking them many times and, after a while, they joined their wives on the dance floor. Belinda and Viv took the opportunity to go to the toilet, which was busy and afforded no privacy, then they set off back to their booth again, turning heads on the way. Greg and Jeff were still knocking back pints at the bar. Viv got into the booth first and Belinda squeezed up to her so that their bodies were in close contact.

"Where were we?" said Viv, resurrecting their seductive conversation. They spoke slowly to each other now in low, sultry voices.

"Well your hand was on my knee," said Belinda, picking up her friend's hand and placing it on her left knee, "and I was about to tell you that I wanted you to fuck me."

"Mmmm, I consider it my duty to comply with your request, it's a shame that you're not wearing that sexy wrap over dress of yours."

"I'll wear it for you again as soon as I get the chance."

"I'd love that but you still look gorgeous in what you're wearing now, I love you in red."

"Thank you, I hoped it might do something for you."

"It does, and well, I knew that you wanted me in this dress tonight, I hope you're not disappointed."

"God no, you look spectacular, I'd only be disappointed if you weren't wearing stockings for me."

"I was thinking of you when I put them on, but you've outdone me tonight, I almost came on the spot when I saw your seams, if ever you need them straightening, just let me know and I'll be happy to oblige."

Viv's right hand was still on Belinda's left knee and Belinda had rested her left hand on top of Viv's right thigh; she found a suspender strap and gave it a tug. Their sultry, teasing words had got each other highly aroused, but they were acutely aware of their surroundings.

"Bel, I want to touch you, but we can't do it here, what are we going to do? How on earth are we ever going to find time to...'play' with each other?"

"We'll manage, I can feel another 'shopping' trip to Birmingham coming on."

"But what about now, I want you so much, I'm almost prepared to drag you out of the back door so that I can have you up against a wall."

"Don't let me stop you darling."

"No but seriously, what are we going to do?" asked Viv, feeling frustrated.

"Well you see those two losers at the bar, drinking themselves into oblivion?"

"I take it you mean our loving husbands?"

"How did you guess? By the end of the night, they're going to be plastered and good for nothing, except falling into a coma, from which not even an earthquake would wake them."

"Ah yes, you're right, that's very likely to happen, and if it does, you might ask me to walk you home, figuratively speaking."

"You catch on very quickly don't you."

"I like to think so."

"Greg will go out like a light the moment his head hits the pillow, your kids are at Jeff's parents for the night, so, once you've tucked him up in bed, you could stroll back to my house in your sexy stilettos. I'll leave the back door unlocked, you could sneak in, find me alone and defenceless, and give me a good seeing to."

"Mmm, I like the sound of that, but I'd want you to resist just a little, just enough so that I would be forced to pin you down and make you submit to me."

"Mmm, kinky, you're really turning me on now darling, my pussy's tingling."

Viv's hand had moved away from Belinda's knee and was slowly travelling along the inside of her thigh.

"I'd like to feel just how much it's tingling, but I think we've reached the limit of how far I can raise your hemline without a tablecloth."

"Yes, we'd better be careful, I don't think the natives would understand."

"Do you mind if I ask you a personal question Bel?"

"I think we're beyond that point now darling, ask away."

"Have you ever had sex with a woman?"

"I didn't see that coming."

"Well, have you?"

"No, sadly I haven't, I've often felt 'curious' I think they call it, I've wondered what it would be like and, actually I wasn't completely honest a little while ago, I have imagined being in bed with other women when Greg... well you probably know what I'm going to say."

"Yes, I do, it's usually the only way I can come with Jeff."

"But if you'd asked me the same question six months ago, I think I'd have to have pretended that I was repulsed at the thought, or at least disapproving. Anyway, what about you?"

"Nearly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, there was this woman that attended some of the same conferences as me. She seemed very friendly, we hung around together at a couple of the conferences, then, at the next one, she made it clear that she was a lesbian and seduced me into bed with her."

"Wow."

"She was beautiful and very sexy, she had African and Chinese heritage, she looked like a model."

"So if you got into bed with her, what went wrong?"

"It started in the bar on the last evening, I'd had a bit too much to drink; she made sure my glass was topped up, but she didn't drink much from hers. She flattered me, told me how desirable I was, kept touching my arm and thigh. Then she said it was her bed time, I really fancied her, I'd already masturbated about making love to her on previous occasions, and suddenly, there I was in the lift with her and she was looking at me very seductively."

"God, this is turning me on."

"She pressed the stop button on the lift, then she pressed me against the wall and kissed me. I also let her press her fingers into my pussy through my skirt."

"Fuck!"

"She started the lift again and when the doors opened, she took my hand and walked me to her room. She undressed me slowly, it was so erotic, she kissed my pussy while she was on her knees pulling my panties down. I got into bed and started playing with myself while I watched her get undressed, then the phone in her room rang, it was her girlfriend, I think she was checking up on her because Millie, that was her name, seemed to be trying to convince her that she was alone and in bed."

"Anyway, the call with the jealous girlfriend went on for several minutes, she had every reason to be jealous though, I'd been about to let Millie fuck me, but listening to her lying, I started to feel uncomfortable and had second thoughts, so by the time she'd finished speaking to her girlfriend, I was dressed and practically out of the door. She begged me to stay but the moment had passed. I've regretted it ever since. That was three years ago, I haven't seen her since that night."

"That was so hot, you've made me even hornier than I was already."

"I know, I've made myself wet just thinking about it."

"What time is it?"

"Nine-thirty, there's an hour and a half left yet, let's go and have another dance."

Viv let Belinda lead the way so that she could surreptitiously caress her buttocks as they eased themselves through the crowded bar area and on to the dance floor. They danced, laughed and talked for the next half hour, then went back to their booth, calling in at the bar on the way.

A couple of their husbands' drinking buddies tried to ingratiate themselves by making it clear that they thought they both looked hot. One of them, Ted, even joked that they were wasted on Greg

and Jeff, and if they ever felt like they needed a real man, he'd make sure they were properly looked after. With the exception of their husbands, there was much mirth and jeering at Ted's remark.

Viv bit her tongue to avoid telling Ted that, if he'd looked after his own wife properly, she wouldn't have opened her legs for Jeff; Ted wasn't aware of that little nugget of information.

Back in the booth, sexual tension between the two friends continued to run high. Their friends June and Helen joined them with their husbands, it was a squeeze, but Viv didn't object to having Belinda practically sitting on her knee. She was balancing on her friend's right thigh, Viv held her hip so that she didn't fall off; it wasn't pure coincidence that Viv's hand rested on a suspender clasp. She tweaked it now and then when no one was looking in her direction.

To say that Belinda was aroused would be an enormous understatement, she felt her pussy leaking, a dilemma not helped by the fact that Viv was periodically tugging on a suspender strap and making the welt of her stocking tighten on her inner thigh. She imagined that her seams were crooked by now, she felt a tingle in her pussy as she remembered Viv's offer to straighten them for her.

Belinda was fast losing control, the alcohol, Viv's teasing of her suspender strap and the warmth of her hand on her hip had her aroused but worried, given that they were amongst company. She'd just decided that she would have to get up off her friend's lap, before it became obvious to everyone that she was becoming very turned on by her, when Helen and her husband announced that they'd had their fun for the night and they were ready for going home. June and her husband agreed and they all said their goodnights leaving a relieved Belinda and Viv to themselves.

A grateful Belinda settled back into the booth seat with Viv, they touched hands discreetly and wished away the next three quarters of an hour minutes.

"You know I was just thinking that if our husbands had been half as charming and considerate as Helen and June's, we probably wouldn't be sitting here lusting after each other like this."

"They are very nice men but, without trying to sound too dramatic, I think that in any circumstances that we'd met, fucking each other would eventually have been our destiny," replied Viv.

Belinda squeezed her friend's hand and started to lean towards her lips, then she remembered where she was, "Oh God, I'm not sure if I can keep my hands off you much longer, what's the time now?"

"Ten-fifteen, be patient, we've waited months for this, we can manage another forty-five minutes."

They needn't have worried, a minor altercation at the bar came to their rescue. Jeff was looking shame faced and drunk as he picked himself up off the floor, it transpired that he had given up resisting the impulse to get his hands on the perfectly shaped backside of the barmaid, whom he had been trying, without success, to impress for the past few weeks.

According to his self absorbed reasoning, as he staggered out of the pub doorway with an equally unsteady Greg, the tight skirted barmaid with the irresistible arse had bent over behind the bar once to often. She'd left the bar access flap open after collecting glasses and he'd reached behind it and groped her.

He discovered to his cost that, as well as an irresistible arse, she also had a stinging slap that had caught him square on the jaw and put him down in a heap on the floor. The landlord ejected him

from the pub in double quick time, Viv was left with the task of escorting him home to ensure that he didn't fall down and spend the night asleep in a gutter. She spoke softly to Belinda as she left with her drunken charge.

"I need to put this idiot to bed."

"You will still call on me afterwards won't you?"

"Try stopping me, give me twenty minutes and leave the back door unlocked like you said."

"My idiot will be sleeping like a baby by then"

The necessity of putting their drunken husbands to bed occupied their minds, they said no more to each other as they set off from the pub in different directions. Once Belinda had got Greg upstairs, she helped him undress and get into bed. She'd already paid and said goodnight to the babysitter, so she went back downstairs, poured herself a small glass of brandy, unlocked the back door, and waited in the lounge. The light of a full moon streamed in through the window, so she turned off all of the lights and waited in silent anticipation.

Viv had further to go and a staggering Jeff was not so easy to control, but she eventually got him into the spare bedroom, removed his jacket and shoes and left him on the bed snoring. It wasn't unduly cold, but she needed her pashmina around her shoulders as she made her way back in the direction she had just come from. She was thankful that she didn't see anyone she knew as she made her way to Belinda's house, thinking of the prize that lay in wait for her.

When she arrived, she noticed that there were no lights on inside the house, the nearest streetlight was some way off; the full moon gave the place something of a ghostly appearance. She opened the side gate carefully and made her way round to the back of the house towards the back door. Still, there was no sign of life inside the house. She tried the handle with some trepidation, it opened and she stepped into the back porch. Her heels click-clacked loudly on the hard red quarry tiles so she went on tiptoe to the carpeted corridor that led to the front of the house.

There was no sign of Belinda and not a sound could be heard. She began to feel a little nervous.

"Belinda, are you there?" she called out in a soft whisper, there was no reply.

She tiptoed a little further, past the kitchen and into the front hall. Still there was no sign of her friend, she began to feel like an intruder so she called out softly again.

"Belinda, can you hear me?"

The door to the lounge stood slightly ajar and she noticed a gleam of light from inside. She crept up to it and pushed it open very slowly, it made a soft, sinister creaking sound. Her eyes had adjusted to the darkness by now and as she looked across the room, she saw Belinda, looking out of the window with her back to her. She was holding a glass of something, the moonlight streamed through the window and fell across her shapely figure in her red dress.

Her skin looked luminous in the moonlight, Viv drank her in, black heels, black seamed stockings and dark bobbed hair contrasted with her flesh and her tight, bright red dress. Viv's pussy spasmed; the silence and the half light leant a Gothic air to proceedings; still Belinda didn't move or speak.

Viv stood still in the doorway for a moment, she knew that Belinda was aware of her presence but there was no sign of acknowledgment. The atmosphere between them was electric, without

speaking, Viv slowly made her way across the room and stopped almost within touching distance of the object of her desire. Nothing moved or stirred in the room for several seconds, Belinda trembled with excitement at the thought of being approached in the darkness by the woman she had lusted after for months. With her moist pussy tingling Viv took a step forward and spoke to Belinda in a calm, measured voice.

"Turn around, let me kiss you."

Belinda put her brandy glass on the windowsill and turned slowly to face her. She lifted her beautiful, gleaming light-brown eyes and set Viv's heart racing. Now it was Belinda's turn to be full of admiration: the wavy, flaxen hair up in a bun and shimmering in the moonlight, the intelligent blue eyes, the lithe, shapely body in a figure hugging black dress, the barely black stockings, the black stilettos; a devastatingly sexy woman.

Belinda's breasts were heaving underneath her red dress. The two women stared lustfully into each other's eyes for a long moment. Neither of them spoke as Viv placed one hand on Belinda's waist, the other in the small of her back, and drew her close. Belinda responded by lifting her arms up over her friend's shoulders and tracing a long fingernail along the nape of her neck. Viv let out a long sigh, her spine tingled and her pussy felt a warm surge of arousal before seeping fluid into her panties.

Pressed together, thigh to thigh, pussy to pussy, breast to breast, they looked longingly at each other's lips before melding them together in a soft, warm kiss. Tentative at first, with their eyes closed, they moved their heads slowly, allowing their lips to dance together. It was a long sensual, feminine kiss that left them both elated at the sheer pleasure of their first proper intimate encounter.

The kiss evolved into a nibbling and teasing of lips, then Viv opened hers just enough for her tongue to slip between them and graze her new lover's mouth. Belinda's timid tongue was tempted out from behind the soft cushions of her lips, the tips of their tongues met and their mouths opened wider. Viv slid her tongue over her friend's and into her mouth, Belinda pushed back and their tongues fought a slippery contest.

They kissed assertively now and Viv pressed her pussy against Belinda's, forcing her back against the windowsill. At the same time she reached for her breasts and massaged them tenderly while they kissed. Belinda was overwhelmed with desire, breathlessly she pulled her lips away and murmured into her lover's ear.

"Fuck me Vivian."

Viv took her by the hand and led her over to the nearest of the two large settees. She turned her around and unzipped her dress. Belinda stepped out of it and threw it onto the other settee, neither woman spoke in the erotic mood of silence that had filled the room. Viv turned her back and Belinda pulled down the zip on her black dress. She wiggled out of it in such a sensual manner, it made Belinda touch herself through her wet panty gusset.

Viv still had her back to her girlfriend, Belinda understood and she unclipped Viv's bra and let it fall to the floor, then she reached around her lover and took a small, perfectly formed breast in each hand. Viv's beautiful long nipples were as hard as rock, Belinda pinched them lightly and made her breathe a long sigh of pleasure. She pressed herself into Viv and kissed her neck while she massaged her breasts. Viv reached down and slipped her right hand inside the waistband of her own skimpy little panties, her thick blonde bush gave way to a warm, wet gash of a cunt, she

masturbated herself slowly, then reached behind with her left hand and pushed it down inside Belinda's panties.

Belinda's cunt was dripping with warm, viscous fluid that coated Viv's fingers as she stroked them around the entrance to her hole. Her thumb soon found Belinda's clitoris and that made her gasp again. Viv took control of both of their pussies while Belinda treated her pert little breasts to a gentle massage. Turning around to her left, whilst still keeping her hands inside their panties, Viv stood face to face with the woman whose pussy she held gently in her left hand.

"Take your bra off, I want to see them."

Belinda obliged her friend by unhooking her bra and peeling it away from her breasts.

"Wow, they're glorious."

Belinda put one hand behind Viv's head and drew her in for a succulent kiss, with her other hand she squeezed her nipples. Viv let out a muffled groan and pushed three fingers inside her increasingly aroused girlfriend, at the same time, she thrust two fingers into her own vagina. The rhythm of her finger fucking increased and she used her thumbs to sweep skilfully around their clits. Soon, without intending to do so, she had herself and Belinda on the edge of orgasm. There they stood, facing each other in their stockings, suspenders, heels and panties, unable to stop their headlong dash to a climax. With small steps, Viv slowly backed Belinda against a wall for support.

Up against the wall, her legs slightly apart and with her friend's fingers inside her, Belinda felt a wave of ecstasy sweep over her body; her knees trembled and she oozed pussy fluid onto Viv's hand. Viv, also with her legs slightly spread, thrust her agile fingers vigorously into Belinda's cunt as she dextrously fingered herself to an orgasm. She felt it rising from her toes and taking possession of her clenching vagina. They both came shrieking their muffled orgasmic sounds into each other's mouths, whilst slowly sinking down to the floor.

After a few moments of breathing heavily as their magnificent orgasms started to subside, Viv slowly began to remove her fingers from her girlfriend's warm, wet hole. Belinda grabbed her wrist and held her fingers in place.

"No, don't take it away, I'm ready to come again, make me come again, please."

"Let's get onto the settee."

Viv helped Belinda to her feet and led her back to the settee where she eased her onto her back and knelt between her legs.

"Kiss me Vivian, kiss me, fuck me."

Viv pressed her pussy onto Belinda's pussy and dry humped her for several minutes; they fucked each other furiously, the friction between the material of their panty gussets made their pussies hot. Eventually, a frantically aroused Belinda grabbed Viv's right hand and unceremoniously thrust it back inside her panties, then she pushed her hand inside the waistband of Viv's panties.

"Oh Jesus, Bel, you're such a hot little fuck."

"Come, Viv, come for me."

"Oh God yes, yes, I'm going to come for you, yes."

"Oh fuck Vivian, I'm coming, oh Christ it's wonderful, don't stop, don't stop, make me come."

They fucked each other lustily, voiced their appreciation loudly then held each other tenderly, basking in a warm afterglow. Eventually, Viv spoke, "I hoped you'd be good but Christ, I had no idea how good."

"I'm glad to have exceeded your expectations darling, you most certainly have exceeded mine, but this is no time for talking, unless of course we want speak to each other's pussies."

"Now that should be a language we can both understand."

They removed their panties and arranged their bodies so that they were lying on their sides in a 'sixty-nine' position and buried their mouths in each other's cunts. Their third orgasms took some time to arrive, but when they did, they were the most exquisite yet, followed by pussy fluid coated lips and tongues kissing enthusiastically.

They laid together on the settee for almost half an hour, stroking each other's hair, faces and breasts; kissing softly and occasionally touching each other's swollen labia with the gentlest of caresses. Now and again they spoke of their newly found lust for each other and committed to fucking each other wherever and whenever they could manage it.

"I love everything about you darling, but your breasts are to die for."

"I've always been disappointed that they're so small, but I love it that you love them so much. It makes me feel much better about myself."

"They might be small, but they're perfectly formed and so very, very sexy," said Belinda as she ran her fingers over Viv's breasts, "they're beautiful, so perfectly shaped, like teardrops, and your lovely long nipples are the nicest I've ever seen. You should be proud of them, it makes me wet just to think about them."

"So it does," said Viv, reaching down between her girlfriend's legs, "but your breasts really are magnificent, look at them, they're a lovely size, a nice big handful, so soft and yielding."

"Mmm, Vivian, you've made me all horny again, what's the time?"

Viv looked at her watch, "almost one o'clock."

"Can you stay a little longer? There's something I want us to do together."

"That sounds intriguing."

"Wait there."

Belinda got up and tiptoed out of the room in her heels, stockings and suspenders. She disappeared for less than a minute and returned carrying a box that was now familiar to Viv.

"Oh God Bel, you dirty cow, fuck, look what you've done to me, I'm leaking onto your settee."

"Let me get a towel for you to sit on." Belinda came back quickly with a hand towel and asked her lover to sit on in the middle of the settee. Then she sat down at her feet, rested herself against her knees and handed her vibrator to Viv.



"I want to watch you come, then I want you to watch me come, but there's something else, I want us to talk dirty to each other as well."

"Okay, I'll start with this beast and you start with the dirty talk."

Belinda watched her friend turn on the device and play it around her clitoris. She moaned her approval and kissed her nylon covered knees, then she spoke to her in low seductive tones.

"With the obvious exception of me, I want you to think about all of the people that we saw in the pub tonight and tell me, honestly, who you would have most liked to fuck."

"Oh God, that's hot. Mmmm, let me see."

"Stop playing for time."

"Mmmm, this thing is fucking incredible, Jesus, I darnest turn it up any higher just yet, I wont be able to resist it."

"Who would you have wanted to fuck most of all tonight, if no one ever found out about it?"

"You'll never guess."

"I think you've always had a soft spot for Helen's husband."

"No, a long way off."

"Not Helen then?"

"Mmmm, no, fuck, I'm on the verge of surrender here, hurry up."

"You'll have to tell me."

"Oh fuckkk, Mmmm, Mandy, the twenty-one year old barmaid that, ffuckkk, Jeff was chasing until she put him on the floor, oh dear God I need to turn this down or I'll come too soon."

"She is very sexy I have to admit, I couldn't keep my eyes off her perfect backside in her tight little skirt. I'll bet she's got a sweet little peach of a pussy just waiting to be eaten."

"My God Bel, you're dirty bitch, I love it. I saw her watching us quite a lot, do you think we could have seduced her?"

"I think you could have done, definitely."

"So who would you have opened your legs for? Apart from me that is."

"Ruth."

"Wow, it hadn't occurred to me, but yes, I can see why, she must be fifty something but she very stylish and sexy, I could easily imagine you going down on her."

"Or her daughter Lindsay."

"Wow, you horny bitch, but she wasn't there tonight."

"Minor detail, now turn that up and imagine me fucking Ruth on that settee while Mandy eats you out on this one."

"Oh fffuckk, yes, oh God, I wont last a minute, ffuck, oh yes, yes, Oh Belinda, you fucking dirty, kinky little cow, Oh I can see you're hand up Ruth's dress and she's coming like a howling banshee. Ahhhhhh."

Viv let loose her fourth orgasm of the night, she'd lost herself to a vibrator again, Belinda almost had to prise it out of her hands to get it off her. She sat on the settee next to Viv and wasted no time inserting the device, she didn't even need to switch it on. It was still buzzing and covered with Viv's pussy juices.

"Oh, oh my, it never fails does it. Can you still see me in your fantasy, I've made Ruth come and she's lying disheveled on that settee with her skirt around her hips and her panties pulled down to her knees; I'm pulling Mandy's skirt down now. Oh God... she's still got her head between your legs and, fuck, she wearing stockings. Ahhh, I put my face between her legs from behind and I'm licking her perineum, Jesus, she's going wild, she's forcing her lovely wet tongue right up inside your cunt. She goes even wilder when I push my tongue inside her hole, oh dear God I'm coming, Jeeesussss."

The two lovers had pleased themselves, and each other, for the past three hours. They almost fell asleep in each other's arms. By the time they kissed and said their farewells at the back garden gate, it was gone two o'clock in the morning. Belinda leant Viv a long coat so that she didn't feel so conspicuous, sashaying home in her tight black dress and stilettos in the early hours.

Their steamy love affair lasted six weeks, it would have lasted longer but for Greg uncharacteristically feeling unwell. They saw each other as often as they could and had sex almost every time they met: There were several 'shopping' trips to Birmingham that ended up in a hotel bedroom, a couple of Saturday morning encounters in the reclining chair at Viv's surgery when no one else was around, an afternoon in a motel at half term, a couple of sessions in Belinda's car along a quiet country lane, and, three quick lunch time fucks on Belinda's bed.

They were both besotted and couldn't keep their hands off each other. They thought about each other all day long, every day. They had fallen deeply in love with each other and were having the best sex of their lives.

\*\*\*\*\* Late October \*\*\*\*\*

It was during their last lunchtime encounter on Belinda's bed, that they were discovered by an ailing Greg who had unexpectedly come home from work feeling unwell. His condition wasn't helped when he caught his wife's lover finger fucking her to a noisy orgasm on the marital bed. All hell broke loose, Greg told Jeff the same evening and two badly functioning marriages hit the buffers.

Greg called Belinda a fucking lesbian whore, a slag, a tart and an unfaithful bitch. She pointed out to him that a few months earlier he was gagging for her to 'put on a show' for him and Jeff by having sex with Viv. She also reminded him that he'd been so ready to fuck her himself that she'd made him come in his pants. This just made him even angrier. Anyway, what she had done with Viv was different, she knew it was, but she couldn't take his hypocrisy without hitting back. He threatened her that if she ever saw Viv again, he would make sure that she wouldn't be able to see the boys, he claimed that he could easily divorce her and get custody of the children.

Their marriage barely limped on for a couple more months until just after Christmas, Belinda saw a solicitor and called Greg's bluff. It turned out he didn't want custody of the boys after all and he

agreed to go quietly from the marital home. She agreed to buy out his share of the house and he saw the boys one night a week and every alternate Sunday.

By this time, both Viv and Jeff had long gone from the village. Jeff had made similar threats to Viv as those made by Greg to his wife. Scared of losing her children, Viv moved out almost immediately and was living in rented accommodation in a town fifteen miles away until the house could be sold.

She took his threats seriously and stayed well away from the woman that she loved, it was heartbreaking for her. Ironically, Jeff almost immediately took up with a divorcee from a neighbouring village and was living with her at her house just a mile and a half or so from his old marital home. He still insisted he would ensure that she lost custody of the children if she resurrected her relationship with Belinda.

Belinda and Viv were heart broken, they'd lived in the moment and hadn't tempted fate by telling each other how they felt, but they were clearly very much in love and were both devastated by the ending of their relationship. They both tried to put it behind them, their biggest fear was losing their children, social attitudes were changing, but not fast enough for them to try to stay together.

Belinda tried to push all thoughts of Viv from her mind and spent the winter months raising her boys, working hard at school and dealing with the legal and financial problems caused by the separation and divorce. She didn't go out anywhere or see anyone much outside her job. Her only family, parents with health problems and an estranged brother, lived over two hundred miles away. Her mood was as grey and subdued as the weather. Then, at the end of the spring term, one of her colleagues was retiring, and she was invited to attend his leaving do. She thought about saying that she couldn't make it, but something told her that it was time for her to come out of hibernation, so she ended up agreeing to attend and set about looking for a babysitter for the boys.

\*\*\*\*\* Late March 1986 \*\*\*\*\*

There were three members of staff leaving in all and a party was held for them on the last Friday in March. Judith, her former regular babysitter, wasn't available and she asked her if she could recommend anyone reliable and trustworthy. To Belinda's surprise, Judith recommended Ben, the sixth former who had caught her adjusting her stocking strap several months earlier. When she found him and asked him, Ben agreed readily, she was pleased that she'd be able to go to the party.

"It's two weeks on Friday Ben, am I right in thinking that you've got a car now?"

"Yes Miss, my mother bought it for my eighteenth birthday a couple of weeks ago."

"Oh good, that means I won't have to book a taxi for you."

"Does that mean a higher fee for me Miss?"

"I'd forgotten how cheeky you are young man," said Belinda as she remembered the suspender strap incident.

He seemed to be remembering it too, "I've never told anyone Miss."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said as she gave him a flirtatious look and left the room.

She couldn't help being secretly very pleased that the tall, good looking young man would be in her house when she returned from the party. Then she pushed the thought out of her mind and went off to her next lesson.

That night in bed, she needed no encouragement to get her vibrator out of its box. She hadn't used it since her relationship with Viv had ended, but now it called to her; she somehow felt that her life was on the up. She had come home to a letter from her solicitor, it said that Greg had agreed to almost all of her demands. Also, she'd been told at school that she would be needed to act up as head of department after Easter, because the successful candidate for the job had pulled out for personal reasons, this would mean a considerable pay rise.

As she teased her clitoris with the tip of the device, on a very low setting, she let her mind drift to several people that she would like to have shared a bed with. Viv wasn't included, Viv was too real and too raw, it was still too painful to dwell on her in any way. She'd seen her once, at a distance, in town, a month or so ago, and she'd had a mild panic attack. She'd fled from the scene immediately and had cried in the car all of the way home.

She forced Viv from her mind and tried to get a fantasy going. She was at a loss until Ben came into her head; she didn't fight it. She imagined him closing the classroom door, when she'd been adjusting her suspender strap, walking over to her and lifting her onto a table, opening her legs, pulling out a large hard cock and fucking her with it as she clung to his neck and wrapped her legs around his waist. Her orgasm exploded from her frustrated, underused pussy, she kept the vibrator going and came again immediately, this time to imagined images of riding Ben's cock in a hotel bedroom.

She liked this fantasy, it emphasised their age gap, he was just eighteen and she had turned thirty-six the previous November. She absolutely loved the idea of a man half her age lusting after her. She imagined that she'd seduced him and persuaded him to book a room, in the room, she had sat on the bed, pulled her skirt up and removed her stockings while he watched. She loved the thought of being his 'Mrs Robinson' and meeting him regularly for sex. It was a thought that made her come very hard; she resolved to make it happen, she knew that she was playing with fire but, at that moment, she didn't care.

The leaving party for the three staff members had an early start. She needed to be at the sports club venue in town for seven o'clock, there was to be a disco and a buffet, the venue was booked until eleven. There would also be the inevitable presentations and speeches, something that most colleagues were prepared to tolerate as long as they didn't go on for too long. People got dressed up for the occasion and Belinda was no exception. She was driving herself to the venue so she would restrict herself to a couple of small glasses of wine.

She decided to put on her dusky-pink wrap over dress with the stylised black flower motif. She wore it with black sandals with stiletto heels and black seamed stockings. Her bra, suspender belt and panties were black lace, and she'd painted her lips and nails bright pink. She looked irresistible, just as she had intended, but she began to think that her plan to seduce Ben was a mistake, who was she kidding? She was twice his age and it would be highly embarrassing if he rejected her advances, as he surely would.

She answered the door to him and nonchalantly invited him in, noting his obvious arousal as he looked at every inch of her sexily dressed, shapely form before reaching her eyes. She knew right then that she had a chance of pulling it off, he was obviously very attracted to her.

He'd driven himself from home in his new car, a journey of just two and a half miles. He was six feet tall and was dressed casually but smart in spotless, well fitting, tight, pale-blue jeans and a white t-shirt. With narrow hips and wide shoulders, he had everything that Belinda was looking for in a man, including the hint of a decent sized package in the front of his jeans.

In her heels, Belinda was only two inches shorter than him; he usually towered over her at school so she was pleased to be almost at eye level with him. She introduced him to her boys and left strict instructions about bedtimes. The boys took to Ben straight away but she took the precaution of giving him a phone number for the venue in case there were any problems. He told her not to worry and hoped that she would enjoy herself.

"I've left a snack and some soft drinks for you in the fridge. Don't stand any nonsense from the boys, the telly remote control is on the coffee table, and I'll be home by eleven-thirty at the latest, I might be much earlier if I get bored," she said with an alluring look of wide-eyed innocence.

"Are you seeing anyone special there Miss?"

"Pardon?"

"Sorry, what I mean is that you look so incredible that I thought that you might have a date."

"I see, so the only reason for me to tart myself up would be for a man?"

"No, no I'm sorry, it came out all wrong."

"Well, as it happens, I might have a date tonight, I haven't decided yet, I'll let you know when I get home," she said teasingly.

"Right," said Ben, hesitantly.

"Don't look so worried Ben, I won't eat you, not yet anyway," she smiled enigmatically, "look, I don't want to be too early at the club, show me your new car while it's still light outside."

"Yes Miss."

"And Ben."

"Yes Miss."

"I think we can dispense with the 'Miss,' you've seen enough of me to be a little more familiar in our private moments."

Belinda's seductive innuendo was beginning to make its mark on Ben's growing sense that his hot teacher might be flirting with him. They both went out onto the driveway followed by the boys.

"Right you three, go back inside, Ben's just going to show me his new car, you can have a look later when I've gone," she said as she ushered her sons back into the house.

"Very nice Ben, can I get in?"

"Yes of course Mi... Belinda."

Ben unlocked the car and she swung herself elegantly into the front passenger seat, showing just the right amount of tantalising leg; he walked around the front of the car and got into the driver's

seat. She made all of the right admiring noises, then she turned in her seat and looked into the back seat. As she did so, the wrap of her dress fell open on the right side and exposed her stocking top and suspender strap; it had been quite deliberate on her part, but she pretended not to notice.

"Mmm, plenty of room in the back, has it been put to any use yet?" she asked teasingly.

He didn't answer immediately, she followed the direction of his gaze and pretended that she'd just realised that her dress had fallen open.

"Oh dear, we've been here before haven't we?"

"We have, but I never get tired of it, he replied cheekily."

"Well it all looks properly attached this time, perhaps I'll need to check again when I get back tonight, you can help me if you like," she said as she slowly pulled the dress panel over her exposed thigh.

"I'd like that very much."

She looked at his groin and noticed the beginnings of an erection, he shifted his position to accommodate his expanding penis.

She put a hand on the top of his thigh, mere inches from the bulge that was beginning to appear, "Well, I'd better get going, like I said, don't stand any nonsense from the boys and make sure they go to bed on time."

"No problem, don't forget to let me know later if there's anything you want me to do for you," he said with a confident grin.

"Mmm, I might ask you to tuck me in as well."

The leaving party went more or less as expected, Belinda enjoyed the first two hours or so, then the long presentation speeches, and the fact that she wasn't drinking, left her feeling bored and yearning for what was waiting for her at home.

It was clear that the fit young physical education teacher and one of her history department colleagues were both smitten by her sexy appearance. They competed for her attention and both asked her out on a date; she was flattered but she declined. The thought of what might be waiting for her was pulling her homeward. She delayed her departure for as long as was polite then made her excuses and left at ten-fifteen. She was home just before ten-thirty, feeling aroused and hoping that Ben hadn't got 'cold feet.'

He heard her key in the front door and politely got up to greet her and ask her if she'd enjoyed herself. She was impressed by his social skills and his lack of awkwardness.

"It was a little tedious, that's why I'm home early, or at least that's one of the reasons why I'm home early; you don't have to leave yet by the way."

She sat seductively on the settee nearest the window and remembered the last time she'd made passionate love on it. She quickly pushed thoughts of Viv from her mind, that episode of her life was over, she'd never loved anyone like she loved Viv and deep down, she still yearned for her, but it wasn't to be. Her thoughts came back to the present and she looked at the handsome young man standing in front of her.

"Benjamin, be a darling and pour me a brandy, it's in the cupboard just there. Have a small one yourself if you like."

"This one?"

"Yes, then come and sit next to me please."

He poured the drinks and sat on the settee to her right, leaving a polite gap between them. They sipped their drinks and she smiled at him then put her glass down on the coffee table.

"Benjamin, will you help me with something?"

"Yes, anything."

"Please have a look and see whether my suspender straps are still properly attached to my stockings," she swept the panel of her dress open and exposed a beautiful stocking clad leg."

For the first time, he looks nervous and unsure.

"Don't be shy," she said as she pressed her body into his left flank and took hold of his right hand; she smiled at him again.

"Benjamin, have you been with a woman before? It's okay if you haven't, we all need to learn sometime."

"I have, but I haven't actually gone the whole way."

"Well don't worry, you can fuck me now if you like, I'll take the lead but don't be afraid to ask me anything. Would you like to fuck me?"

"God yes Mi... Belinda, I'd love to, very much."

She smiled at him again, kissed his hand, guided it to her open legs and pressed it against her wet panty gusset.

"Don't worry, the wetness is quite normal, it's just a sign of how much I'm aroused by you. There, move it slowly, like a massage, if you do a good job, I'll take my panties off and you can feel my wet pussy. Oh yes, that's nice, clever boy, oh don't stop, just a little firmer, oh yes, that's good."

She enjoyed the feel of his strong fingers pressing into her soft pussy through her silky panty gusset. She looked at him with eyes full of arousal, "Now pull my panties down please."

He did as he was asked and she opened her legs wide so that he could see her pretty pink vulva.

"This is my clitoris, it's very sensitive and you could easily make me come just by touching it in the right way. In a while, I'll let you put your cock inside my vagina, it's just here," she took hold of his hand again and guided his fingers into the entrance to her hole, "for now, just put your fingers inside me and move them around slowly, then thrust them in and out as though you were fucking me with your cock. That's it, oh yes, oh God you're good."

"Don't think I haven't noticed what's been going on inside your lovely tight jeans, but we'll get to that in a moment. First of all, I want you to taste me, take your fingers out and lick them, go on, it'll really turn me on to watch you. Mmmm, oh yes, you look as though you're enjoying that."

"I am, very much, you taste nice."

"Good, now I want you to make me come with your fingers, start with my clit and when you think I'm ready for it, put your fingers in my cunt and fuck me. Ohhh yes, yes, that's incredible, oh God, use your thumb on the bud, that's the hard bit, can you feel it?"

"Yes."

Her head fell back against the settee as she whimpered and moaned with intense pleasure.

After a while she had obviously become very aroused and was letting him know that he was the cause of her enjoyment.

"Oh fuck, Benjamin, you're very good at this, fuck, oh yes, your fingering is divine, oh my."

"Do you want me to fuck you with my fingers now?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you do."

"So do it, I'll try to make it memorable for you. Oh Jesus, your fingers are magnificent, oh yes, God, I can only imagine how hard your prick is now, it must be bursting, go on, fuck me, fuck my cunt you clever boy. Oh God, yes, yes, fffuuuckkkk."

Belinda raced headlong toward a towering orgasm, she was so wildly aroused at the prospect of teaching the gorgeous young eighteen year old to fuck her that she came thunderously. Ben was astounded, he felt a huge sense of pride at having made such a sexy, mature woman scream like a girl when she came. His cock ached to be released from the confines of his jeans.

"That was wonderful Benjamin, but we haven't finished yet, I'm going to make you come now, I'm going to masturbate you so that when you put it inside me a little later, you'll last longer before you come again. I want to see your cock, it looks very promising. Get it out and let me see it."

Ben undid his belt and unbuttoned his fly, then he peeled his underpants down to his balls and released the largest cock Belinda had ever seen. It sprang free of its confines and swayed to and fro, before standing rigid in all its glory.

"My God, Benjamin, that's fucking enormous, oh you gorgeous man, do you know how big it is? Have you ever measured it?"

"No, it's nothing special when it's flaccid."

"That's irrelevant, all that matters is how big it is when it's erect and what you do with it. Wait there, I'm going to measure it."

Belinda got up and retrieved her dressmaking tape measure from a drawer, then she sat down next to him again. With a sense of reverence, she took hold of his erect penis, held the tape in position at the root and measured its length along the top as though she were conducting a sacred ritual.

"Jesus fucking Christ Benjamin, that's almost seven and three quarter inches, and it's as hard as iron. Oh you beautiful man with a huge cock. Sit back and enjoy what I'm going to do to you now."



Belinda had intended to masturbate him with her hand and watch his ejaculate shoot onto the carpet, but now the urge to put his glorious cock into her mouth was overwhelming. She removed her wrap over dress with a slow sexy flourish and knelt between his knees. At first she stimulated him with her hand, he closed his eyes and groaned with pleasure, then, when she thought he was nicely aroused, she took him in her mouth, an inch at a time, and treated him to the orgasm of his short life.

She could only accommodate just over half his length but she sucked, licked and tantalised him expertly. She toyed with him, taking him to the verge of an orgasm several times, then she allowed him to release his pent up lust and shoot strands of warm, salty come into the back of her throat.

"This is what you taste like," she said as she pushed her come coated tongue into his mouth and kissed him, "there, now you know what we both taste like."

"Umm, it's different but it's not unpleasant."

"Okay, now listen carefully, some fortunate women, and I'm one of them, in the right circumstances, and with the right partner, can come several times during love making; multiple times in fact. Men are not usually so lucky, they need a period of rest before they're ready to come again. Unless you know otherwise, we'll give you twenty minutes to half an hour then I want your big, hard cock inside me. I'm not going to let you go home until you've fucked me with it."

"That's fine with me."

"Your mother won't be anxious about where you are?"

"No, she's out with her girlfriend, they'll be sleeping at her place."

"Girlfriend, as in lover?"

"Yes, well sort of, she's a lesbian dominatrix, she doesn't know that I know though, about the dominatrix bit I mean, she's told me that she's a lesbian."

"And you're okay with that?"

"Yes, I don't mind, she a very strong minded person and she doesn't give a damn what anyone else thinks about her sexuality."

"Wow, I'm impressed."

"I can stay as long as you want me to."

"That's what I like to hear. I want you in my bed now, let's go upstairs. I'll have to kick you out by two 'o'clock, I've got three hungry boys to feed in the morning and I'll need some sleep beforehand. Did they behave themselves?"

"Yes, they were great, I can babysit for you anytime, if you know what I mean."

"I think I do, before you leave tonight, we'll arrange for you to visit me again after dark."

Belinda kissed him and played with his cock, she was pleased to feel it hardening again in her hand. She got up off the settee and beckoned him to get up too. She unclipped her bra and he looked impressed and aroused as her breasts, with their erect nipples, swayed in front of him.

Still in her high heels, stockings and suspenders, she led him upstairs by his rapidly hardening cock. The sight of her firm, shapely buttocks, framed by her suspender belt, straps and stocking tops as they swayed alluringly up the stairs in front of him, had him fully erect and ready for her by the time he got to the top step.

"You know how to show your teacher proper respect, well done, you'll be rewarded later, but first, get into bed, you're going to learn how to worship my breasts and pussy with your mouth. If you please me, I'll let you put your lovely big cock inside me."

"Yes Mistress," grinned Ben, playing along with Belinda's gentle dominance.

She stripped off her lingerie and got into bed next to him, "start slowly with your tongue, lick around my nipples then suck on them before squeezing them quite hard with your fingers and thumbs."

He did as she had instructed and soon she was showing her appreciation by stroking his large cock. After pleasuring her breasts for several minutes, she put her hand on the top of his head and pushed him down until his face was between her thighs.

"Run your tongue around my labia, that's these two folds of flesh, yes, that's it, oh God, that's lovely, mmmm, oh, now lick and suck my clit, ohh, you're so good at this, just the right amount of pressure and, oh Jesus, easy tiger, don't make me come yet, oh Benjamin, stop, stop, I want to come with you inside me.

"God you're good at this, will you kiss my cunt please? Kiss it then push your tongue up inside me as far as it will go. Oh fuck, oh God Benjamin that's amazing, ohhhh."

His agile energetic tongue swept around her the walls of her vagina and she arched her back in readiness to come hard, but she just managed to regain control of her orgasm at the last moment by pulling his head away from her pussy. Gripping a handful of his hair, she pulled him up and then pushed him onto his back, straddled him and covered his huge hard cock with her grateful wet hole.

The walls of her vagina stretched open as she slowly took in his full length, she could feel the end of his cock pushing against her cervix. She fucked him slowly at first, he moaned and groaned with delight as she gradually increased the pace of her thrusting. She gyrated her hips and pinned his arms either side of his head. She was in ecstasy, she loved being in charge and fucking a big handsome man half her age.

"Oh, you're some fuck Benjamin, really, really good, oh yes, really good. You're cock is huge and now it belongs to me."

"Yes, God yes, this is fucking awesome, I can't thank you enough," he gasped.

"Don't thank me, fuck me."

Ben instinctively knew what she wanted, he flipped her onto her back with ease, still with his cock inside her, and proceeded to fuck her. He was a strong young man and he fucked her hard, thrusting vigorously, she let out a crescendo of come noises as she came once, twice then three times in the space of a minute. In response to her wild, juddering ecstasy, his arousal peaked, his body tensed, his massive cock throbbed and his balls released strands of come, pumping along his shaft and exploding to coat her cunt walls as he thrust into her.

She clung to his shoulders and wrapped her legs around his muscular torso, she felt filled and fulfilled; completely sated. After an hour's slumbering, they fucked again until the early hours and, with great reluctance, she finally let him get out of her bed and go home.

It was the start of a month long affair with the eighteen year old student. Belinda knew that she was taking a big risk but she trusted him, she felt that he had integrity. He visited her 'after dark,' two or three nights a week. He'd turn up at eleven o'clock when her boys were sleeping and he'd stay until two in the morning. They fucked with the intensity of two people who loved having sex with each other as often as possible. They didn't talk about the future or the past, they just lived for the moment, and what a moment it was.

He loved to see her in skirts, dresses and stockings with high heels. He loved her femininity and her assertiveness. She was a woman, so much more mature, experienced and sophisticated than girls of his age. The sexual tension between them was electric, she was glad that he wasn't in any of her teaching groups at school because she just wanted to be fucked by him at every opportunity.

She'd stressed to him that they must avoid each other at school, but had become so aroused when she'd followed him along the corridor to the sixth form centre, that she'd invited him into the storage room behind the classroom where he'd caught her adjusting her suspenders. She caught up with him as he reached the swing doors. He opened the door and held it politely for her to pass through. With no one else within earshot, she spoke to him as she passed by.

"Storage room, five minutes."

Waiting silently in the storage room, knowing that it and its adjacent classroom would not be in use during the afternoon break, she heard footsteps approaching the door. He looked tentatively into the storage room, she'd left the light off, so it was dimly lit by just one small window at ceiling height, he could just make out a figure in the far corner.

"Come in and close the door," she instructed him.

"I thought that we were meant to be avoiding each other at school at all costs, much too risky you said."

"Shut up and come and fuck me."

"You're the boss Miss, you don't mind if I call you Miss at school do you Miss?"

"Anymore wisecracks and I'll put you in detention, and it'll be a very long punishment."

He looked at her in her heels, miniskirt and pretty blouse, he hoped she was wearing stockings. She moved toward him and kissed him forcefully, at the same time clutching his already half erect cock through his trousers. By the time she'd released it from the confines of his underpants, it was at full stretch.

"Oh God, fuck me Benjamin, fuck me now."

He lifted her onto a creaky old table and she opened her legs wide. She was already soaking wet at the prospect of feeling his cock slide into her. He plunged it into her cunt and she held tight onto the solid wooden shelves behind her as the table swayed with his thrusting.

They fucked in the storage room once more, two weeks later. Twice, in between, they both drove off campus at lunch time to meet up in a country lane and fuck in the back of his car. She was taking

risks, she hadn't exactly lost her head over him, they both knew that their intense erotic fling wouldn't last forever, but the danger was that she'd be caught with him sooner or later. When she was found out, it was in a manner that she least expected.

\*\*\*\*\* Late April \*\*\*\*\*

One Sunday night, at the end of the fourth week of their affair, she sat at home, the boys were in bed. She waited for the clock to tick around to eleven. She was filled with anticipation and arousal. She'd changed into a short little skirt that showed the first inch of her stocking tops even when she was standing up. It was a suede miniskirt that she'd bought for her sixteenth birthday, in the late sixties. Her heels were four inches high and she wore a tight little ribbed short sleeved top that emphasised her fulsome breasts.

She heard a car door close outside and she skipped to the front door with a wet little pussy, adjusting her cleavage for maximum effect, expecting to make her tall, handsome young man's cock go hard at the sight of her. When she opened the door, she was surprised to find a statuesque, well proportioned woman in her late forties. The woman was wearing an expensive tailored dress, heels and a full length raincoat with padded shoulders. She looked magnificent with her blonde hair piled up on her head, bright red lipstick and long dangling earrings.

Belinda was speechless, "Mrs May, I'm Benjamin's mother, we need to talk. Well... are you going to let me in or do you want me to discuss Benjamin with you out here in the street?"

"Oh, no, no, come in, I'm sorry."

"Yes, I'm sure you are."

They stood facing each other in the hallway, "come into the lounge please, won't you sit down." Belinda's heart was racing but she tried to stay calm.

"No thank you, I won't be here long, you ha..."

"I'm so sorry, I didn't plan to..."

"Don't interrupt me, and to save time and embarrassment, don't try lying to me, Benjamin has told me that you have been having sex with him in your bed, and at school, frequently over the past month."

"How did you..."

"I said don't interrupt me."

"I'm sorry."

"He's my only child, he lives alone with me, his father left a very long time ago. I feel very protective and responsible for him. I thought his behaviour had been odd lately, so I confronted him as he was getting ready to come and see you just now. I realise that he's eighteen now, and is legally an adult, but you are a teacher at his school, and therefore, you are in a position of trust. You have also committed a sex act on school premises, if I were to tell your employer, it would be instant dismissal for you."

"Now I don't want to cause any unnecessary difficulty for either of you. I am prepared to stay silent on the matter as long as you give me your firm commitment that you will never see him again. As

you know, from next month, he need only attend school to sit his exams before he goes to university in September."

"I..."

"I haven't finished."

"Sorry."

You are twice his age, and you have three young children. I want many things for my son but a relationship with a thirty-six year old woman and her children is not one of them. You have been stupid and selfish and I do not want you anywhere near Benjamin in future, is that clear?"

"Yes, may I speak now please?"

"Go ahead,"

"First of all I'm sorry, I'm sure you've realised that we're not in love, and we're not planning to run away and start a life together. I always knew it was time limited, but I like Benjamin and he likes me. It was pure lust, he's a very well brought up, handsome young man and I couldn't resist him. I've got three sons of my own and I will of course agree to your ultimatum. I'm very grateful to you for not taking this any further because losing my job would be devastating."

"Good, we understand each other, but I warn you, if you try to see him again at any time in the future, I will ensure that you are sacked."

"I understand, I promise that I won't go against your wishes."

Belinda felt strangely calm, she found herself very attracted to the impressive woman towering over her. The woman was wearing heels that looked at least four inches high and it looked as though they had taken her height to over six feet. She couldn't help remembering that Benjamin had said that his mother was a lesbian dominatrix. She felt a little silly in her very short little skirt with her stocking tops showing, but she noticed how Benjamin's mother's tone had softened a little and that she kept looking at her legs in her miniskirt.

"I was worried that you'd be a flighty, foolish woman and that this could all have got so messy, but you don't seem all that bad to me, maybe just a little lost that's all. Goodnight Mrs May, if we ever speak again, I hope very much for your sake that it won't be about Benjamin."

"Thank you Mrs Ford, I can assure you it won't, let's hope that if we meet again, it will be in friendlier circumstances. I'm sorry to have caused you so much trouble, goodnight."

Belinda closed the front door and gave a long sigh of relief. She was upset at having been found out by Benjamin's mother, and at the dressing down she'd just received from the formidable woman. She'd hoped to continue her affair with her son until he left for university in September but now she realised what a huge risk she'd been taking and was grateful that Ben's mother was firm, but reasonable.

Mrs Ford's words kept coming back to her "just a little lost that's all," she suddenly thought of Viv and how much she'd like to feel her arms around her at that moment.

Belinda spent the rest of the week ensuring that she stayed well away from Ben, she needed to go less frequently to the sixth form centre and he would soon be on study leave. She didn't regret

seducing him, she'd had by far the best sex she'd ever had with a man, she wondered which lucky women would be on the end of his glorious cock in time to come.

She took stock of her life, the last year had been momentous, she managed to escape a toxic marriage and she'd kept her boys together and ensured that any emotional damage to them had been minimised. Greg, their father and her soon to be ex-husband, had them one night per week and on a Sunday. What had hastened the end of her marriage was falling deeply in love with a woman with whom she'd also had magnificent sex. It was a bitter sweet experience, Viv felt lost to her now, but she'd started asking herself why she found it so difficult to countenance getting in touch with her again.

Their separation had been enforced and traumatic for both of them. Their husbands had threatened to separate them from their children if they continued their relationship. To the courts, it could have looked as though a lesbian couple wanted to have their cake and eat it; to keep custody of their children whilst tearing their marriages apart. Neither of them could face living without their children so they had reluctantly become strangers to each other.

Viv had moved to another village fifteen miles away, Belinda didn't know her address or phone number, her children no longer attended the same schools as Belinda's boys. Her dental practice was five miles away in a neighbouring town so they were no longer in each other's sphere of activity. For all Belinda knew, Viv may well be in a new relationship by now, with a man or a woman. If so, she hoped it was a man, she didn't like the idea of another woman being special to the woman who had been, and still was, the love of her life.

Above all though, Belinda's healthy sexual appetite had returned, Ben had brought her out of her dark winter of sexual hibernation. She'd kept her vibrator in her bedside table and she made a mental note to buy new batteries now that Ben would no longer be satisfying her yearnings. She tried to stop thinking about Viv, what was uppermost on her mind now was where she might look for her next conquest.

Five days earlier, she had been firmly reprimanded and put in her place by Ben's imposing mother. There was no doubt that the woman meant what she had said and Belinda had no intention of going near him again, and yet, she was sure that there had been an undercurrent of sexual tension between them. Mrs Ford had been intimidating at first, but when she had finished looking Belinda in the eye while she delivered her threat, and was sure that she would comply with her command, she seemed to spend a lot of time looking her over with just a trace of lasciviousness in her demeanour.

Belinda was sure that she hadn't imagined it, under the influence of her vibrator, she'd already fantasised about the woman forcing her into sex. Apparently she was a professional dominatrix who provided services exclusively to lesbians. A world of which Belinda had no knowledge whatsoever, but she felt drawn to her like a moth to a flame. She knew that Ben was away for the weekend at his father's house in the south of the country.

On the spur of the moment, she decided to pay Mrs Ford a visit on Sunday. Greg would have the boys so she had plenty of time. She knew Ben's address but she had no idea whether his mother would be at home. Her plan was to call round at about ten o'clock in the morning, and if she wasn't in, to call round again in the afternoon.

She thought about which of her outfits would give her the best chance of seducing the woman, she decided to follow an instinct and dress in something very feminine. She chose a knee length, navy

floral print summer dress with shoulder pads and a sweetheart neckline. The dress flowed with her movements and didn't look out of place with tan stockings and four inch high black stiletto heeled sandals. It fitted nicely over her breasts and waistline before swathing her hips and thighs.

She looked at herself in the mirror and knew instantly that she'd achieved just the right level of enticing femininity. It was obvious to her that if anything sexuality intimate took place between her and Ben's mother, it would involve her complete submission and surrender to the commanding woman.

She was full of trepidation and anticipation on the short drive over to Mrs Ford's house. When she got there at just gone ten o'clock, there was no sign of life. The doorbell went unanswered and there was no car on the drive. The imposing four bedroomed modern house was completely silent. On the journey home, she was kicking herself when she realised that she could simply have looked in the local telephone directory for her phone number. As soon as she got home, she found the number and made a note of it for use later on.

She was becoming nervous and impatient, she couldn't settle to the newspaper or the television. It was a warm day so she sat in the garden for fifteen minutes, then she went back indoors and made herself a cup of tea. She pondered to herself that the annual updated phone directory would be out in a few weeks and would, most likely, have Viv's phone number in it; although she wasn't sure of her circumstances, so she didn't know if she'd be registered in her own name.

Eventually, it was almost two o'clock, she picked up the slip of paper, on which she'd written Mrs Ford's phone number, and dialled. Her pulse quickened, she heard the ringing tone repeat six times and was just beginning to think that she wasn't in when a voice said, "Hello, 221495?"

Belinda pressed the end call button on the cradle and stood for a moment steeling herself for her mission. Then she picked up her handbag and car keys and skipped out to her car. She tried not to drive too fast and was at her destination in just under ten minutes. This time, there was a car parked outside the house. She took a deep breath and stepped daintily out of her car and sashayed across the driveway. She rang the doorbell and told herself to be confident.

The door opened and there stood Ben's statuesque mother in a tight v-necked jumper, tight pale-blue jeans and trainers. Even without high heels, she looked tall and imposing. She was five feet eleven inches in her bare feet, her athletic curvaceous body made her appear even taller.

Belinda smiled flirtatiously and waited for her to speak, for a split second, she didn't appear to recognise her in her grown up, feminine, summer dress; then the penny dropped.

"What are you doing here?" she said with a challenging tone to her voice.

"Please don't close the door, I know that Ben's away with his father for the weekend, I haven't come to see him, I've come to see you."

"Me! Why, was I not clear enough about where we stood last weekend?"

"Yes, yes you were, perfectly clear and I have no intention of breaking my promise to you."

"So what do you want?" said Mrs Ford, her tone softening a little and her eyes beginning to look with great interest at the beautifully dressed alluring woman standing in front of her.

"Well, we only spoke for a very short time last week, and while you were very clear where we stood with each other, I can't help thinking that we've got some unfinished business."

"I'm listening."

"Well, I saw the way you looked at me, like you're looking at me now, would I be right in thinking that you'd be interested?"

"Interested in what exactly?" Mrs Ford seemed to be enjoying teasing her visitor.

"Interested in us getting to know each other better."

"Mmm, as it happens, I've got a couple of hours free at the moment, come in and we'll see just how friendly you're prepared to be."

"Oh, I can be very friendly when I put my mind to it."

"Well go through into the lounge and just give me ten minutes to change into something more suitable."

"I'll count the seconds," said a coquettish Belinda, "I don't know your first name, perhaps I should if we're going to be good friends."

"As far as you're concerned, my first name is 'Mistress.'"

"Oh, I see."

"No, I don't think you do, I have no intention of starting a relationship with a woman that I have told my son is out of bounds. This will be a one-off, I don't want to see you again afterwards, is that clear?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Sit down in the lounge and wait for me."

Belinda did as she was told, she felt her excitement rising. Eventually she heard footsteps coming down the wooden staircase, there was no mistaking the sound of high heels. She fixed her eyes on the doorway to the lounge and was spellbound when she set eyes on Mrs Ford. She looked utterly amazing, formidable and arousing in long spiky heels and a tight black leather jacket and very tight black leather trousers. Belinda trembled when she noticed a bulge protruding from front of the trousers, it looked frighteningly large and she was immediately under no illusions about what Mrs Ford was going to do with it.

"My God, you look incredible, Jesus! Is that what you're going to fuck me with?"

"Don't speak to me again unless I tell you to, stand up and come over here. Mmm, you're a pretty thing aren't you, I can see why my Benjamin was so besotted. I like a girly girl, you'll do nicely. Get on your knees, that's it, now kiss my cock, worship it".

Belinda sank to her knees in front of the imposing woman, tentatively at first, she kissed the false phallus near the top of the tell tale bulge, then she started at the bottom and kissed it all the way up. For good measure, she started at the bottom again and licked the tight leather all the way up to the tip of the bulging strap-on.



"Very good, in different circumstances, I would really enjoy making a slave out of you. Look at me. Mmmm, you really are a seductive woman, I'll bet you could have more or less whoever you wanted."

"I would normally charge for giving a woman a service like you're going to get, but this afternoon, as it's a one-off, and as compensation for forbidding you to see my son, it's free."

"Get up off your knees, come over here and lie face down across my lap," said Mrs Ford as she sat in the middle of her her settee, "You've been a very naughty girl, I'm going to discipline you."

Belinda hesitated, she was both turned on and fearful at the prospect of being spanked.

"Do as I say girl."

"Please don't hurt me Mistress."

"Bend over now or I will bind your wrists and ankles and take you by force."

Belinda's pussy spasmed wildly at the thought of her mistress carrying out her threat, she wanted it, she wanted to be forced so she didn't move. An artificially impatient Mrs Ford got up and left the room only to return moments later with two lengths of soft red bondage rope.

"You're a very disobedient girl and you've asked for this," she said as she swung Belinda around and tried her wrists tightly behind her back.

Mrs Ford led her over to the settee and bent down to bind her ankles together. By now, Belinda's pussy was beginning to moisten. Mrs Ford reached up under her dress and pulled her panties down to her bound ankles. Then she put Belinda across her knee without ceremony, lifted the skirt of her floral summer dress and exposed her shapely but vulnerable buttocks, framed by a pretty, white lace, suspender belt with it's taut straps and her tan stocking tops.

"What a delightful sight, it's a shame that I'm going to have to leave a few red marks on that lovely bottom, but you've brought this on yourself haven't you girl?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Now lie still while I punish you, it'll be worse if you struggle and try to resist."

Mrs Ford picked up the large hairbrush that she'd brought down with the bondage rope, she raised it into the air and brought it down hard on Belinda's right buttock. Belinda cried out in pain, a few seconds later she felt pain again as the hard, flat back of the hairbrush slapped into her left buttock. She bit her lip and tried not to cry; after five more smacks on each buttock, she was whimpering with pain and had started to regret her boldness in paying a visit to such a formidable woman. After ten smacks on each buttock, the pain began to turn to pleasure as her tingling backside felt hot, after fifteen, her pussy was oozing it's juices onto Mrs Ford's leather trousers.

"I know that you're trying to be a brave little girl, you've taken your punishment very well, I think that's perhaps because you actually enjoyed it. Shall we see just how much you enjoyed it?" she asked as she reached between the top of her thighs and slid three fingers into Belinda's cunt, "oh, goodness me, you naughty girl, you obviously enjoyed it very much, you're soaking wet."

Still bent over Mrs Ford's knee, Belinda gasped and then let out a long sigh of intense pleasure as her mistress worked her wet pussy expertly with her fingers. She took her to within a hair's breadth

of an orgasm then stopped.

"Mistress please make me come, I want to come."

"Not yet my girl," said Mrs Ford as she reached down and untied the bondage rope around Belinda's ankles, "you're going to give pleasure to your mistress first."

Mrs Ford sat Belinda on her knee, she could feel the strap-on cock pressing into her hip. Her mistress unbuttoned her leather jacket and released her naked breasts.

"Now be a good girl, sit on my knee and suck my nipples."

With her wrists still tied behind her back, Belinda obeyed. Her mistress's breasts were large with dark-pink areole and long erect nipples. With skilful use of her tongue and teeth, Belinda pleased her mistress enormously, she could hear her breathing become increasing rapid and shallow as she delighted her with her prowess.

"Oh! Oh you naughty little girl, you've almost made your mistress come. Get up now, I'm going to bend you over the dining table."

Mrs Ford led Belinda out of the lounge by her hair, with her wrists tied behind her back, and into the dining room where a large polished mahogany table awaited her. She forced her face down on at one end of the table; her stiletto heeled feet still on the floor and her panties still around her right ankle. With a strong hand gripping her hair and forcing her head down on the table, Belinda heard her unzip her tight leather trousers, she held her breath in anticipation. This was what she had waited for since she noticed the bulging false cock straining at the leather material.

Mrs Ford lifted her floral dress until it was around her waist, "I'm going to enjoy this girl, you're such a tempting little damsel, I'm going to enjoy ruining your pretty little pussy."

She squeezed lubricant onto the cock and pushed it between Belinda's beautiful, swollen pink labia. As it slid into her, stretching her cunt walls wide open, Belinda gave a loud cry of pain and pleasure.

"Aaaaahhhh, yesss, fuck me, fuck me, I want it, yes, fuck me, oh God yes."

Mrs Ford thrust the cock into Belinda and fucked her hard. With her hair in vice-like grip and her face pushed into the polished wooden table top, her mistress teased her as she fucked her pretty little cunt.

"You won't forget this in a hurry young lady, you've been very naughty and now I'm going to show you who's in charge. I'm very tempted to take you for my slave, would you like that?"

"Oh yes, yes please, oh fuck, oh God make me come, I'll be your slave, I'll worship you, I'll let you do anything you like to me."

"I know you would, you'd be my little toy to tease and fuck whenever I wanted, I'm going to make you eat my cunt when I've finished splitting you in half with my cock."

Belinda felt a surge of intense arousal at her mistress's words, the crest of her first orgasm hit her like a breaking wave. She came twice more in the next five minutes, then her rigid body fell limp and Mrs Ford withdrew the strap-on and removed it. Having dragged her back into the lounge by her hair, Mrs Ford sat on the settee and commanded Belinda to eat her pussy. She spread her legs wide and watched the wrist-bound, helpless and utterly fucked submissive do her bidding.

"Oh that's good, it's a shame I won't see you again, oh yes, oh lick me girl, suck my clit, oh fuck yes."

Belinda, still feeling the effects of the vigorous fucking that she'd just received, gave Mrs Ford one of the better mouth induced orgasms she'd ever had; even with her hands behind her back. She did so well that the dominatrix rewarded her with another good fucking, this time on her back with Mrs Ford on top of her thrusting her false cock into her.

"You're such a delightfully obedient little girl and one of the best fucks I've ever had, but don't ever try to make contact with me or Benjamin again," these were Mrs Ford's parting words to her as she showed her the door.

Belinda had been fucked to a standstill by Ben's mother. She'd been taken and dominated, bent to the will of her assailant, completely and utterly subjugated. She masturbated at the thought of her humiliation for days afterwards. After a week of reliving and yearning to repeat the experience, her thoughts had turned more and more to Viv, the love of her life.

It was almost seven months since she had seen her last; Greg discovering them in bed together had been their last moments with each other. The fear of losing custody of their children had kept them apart and, although their husbands had left and started new lives, neither of them had felt able to resurrect their relationship.

\*\*\*\*\* Mid May \*\*\*\*\*

One sunny Sunday morning, Belinda strolled to the village shop with her youngest son, leaving the eleven year old and the nine year old at home for a few minutes. She bumped into Helen, her next door neighbour.

"Hello Bel, I haven't seen you for ages, you'd never think that we live next door to each other, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Hi Hels, nice to see you, not a lot really."

"I've seen Greg picking up the kids from time to time, is all of that working out okay?"

"Yes, I'll give him his due, he sees them one evening a week and on Sundays, it's good because it gives me a break."

"Rod saw him in town the other day, you must know already that he's got a wealthy widow living with him now?"

"Yes, the boys seem to like her so that's good."

"It's a shame he can't be more magnanimous, Rod said he still seems bitter about it all."

"That's Greg for you, if anyone can bear a grudge, he can."

"How're things going with the divorce, have you both reached agreement yet?"

"Yes, the 'decree absolute' should be in place a week on Friday, that'll be something to celebrate."

"It certainly will. Why don't you do just that? There's a music night at the pub that evening. We haven't seen you at one of those since last year, come with us and we'll help you celebrate. June

and Pete will be there and you needn't worry about Jeff, he was barred from the pub last Christmas."

"Oh, what happened?"

"Up to his usual tricks, getting blind drunk and being abusive to the bar staff."

"Why am I not surprised."

"Go on, Bel, come with us, you never know, you might enjoy yourself; you might meet someone you like."

"I don't know, there's a babysitter to sort out and I'm usually a bit wiped out on Friday night these days."

"Come on, it'll put a smile on your face, I'll ask our Lucy to babysit for you, she's sixteen now."

"Well okay, I'll think about it, but I'm not making any promises."

"Great, we'll see you there then."

"Okay, you win, I'll come. Look sorry to dash off but I've left the eldest two at home and I said I'd only be five minutes."

"Okay, lovely to catch up with you, see you soon, bye."

Belinda liked Helen, she'd helped her out with the boys from time to time since Greg had left. She hadn't told anyone the full details of the reason behind the separation, so she'd avoided using Helen as a shoulder to cry on in the early days. It was something she regretted now but, at the same time, she didn't want the local community, and the school community, to know that she had been caught in bed with a woman.

Helen was a perceptive woman, she'd heard rumours and she knew that Viv and Jeff had separated at the same time as Belinda and Greg. Most of the rumours had it that Viv and Belinda had slept with each other's husbands, but Helen was sceptical, she had picked up a very strong sense that the two women disliked each other's husbands, and their own for that matter.

She'd also seen how affectionate Viv and Belinda had been with each other, she'd thought that it might have been platonic, but her intuition said otherwise, a feeling that was reinforced when she'd visited the dentist for a check up three days earlier. Without prying too much, she had learned from Viv that there was no significant other in her life. She'd also deduced that Viv was pining for something or someone.

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It was all arranged, Belinda was committed to going to the music night at the pub, Helen's daughter would be babysitting and although she felt a little weary from a tough week at school, she knew that it would do her good to get out and meet people.

As the final week before half term progressed, Belinda thought about what to do with the boys, during the week long holiday, to keep them amused and herself sane. She was delighted, then, when she picked the boys up from the child minder's on Thursday afternoon, to be told by her eldest that Greg and his wealthy partner wanted to take them away for the forthcoming bank

holiday weekend. Sure enough, when she got home, there was a telephone message from Greg asking to do just that.

She phoned him back immediately hoping that he hadn't changed his mind. Margaret, his partner answered the phone, she was friendly and pleasant, and she clearly adored Belinda's boys. The boys were excited about going away to the coast for a few days, Belinda had no hesitation in agreeing to the request. They were to be picked up on Friday night and returned to her on Tuesday. She replaced the phone receiver in its cradle with a broad grin and a feeling of lightness in her chest. She immediately gave Helen the good news that she no longer needed a babysitter, then set about ensuring that everything was made ready for their departure the following afternoon.

Late afternoon on the follow day, having waved her boys off with their father and his partner, Belinda thought about what to wear at the pub music night. Dressing up had previously seemed like too much of an effort and she'd decided that perhaps her smart jeans and a tight jumper would show off her figure sufficiently well. That was before she knew that she would have four whole days to herself. She now felt energised and ready for anything.

After showering, she dried her hair and thought idly about her sexual encounters over the past twelve months. Her erotic love affair with Viv had lasted six weeks and had ended seven months ago, her steamy fling with Ben had lasted four weeks and his mother had put a stop to it a month ago, her subjugation at the hands of Mrs Ford had been three weeks ago and her faithful vibrator had been in use morning and night ever since; she made a mental note to buy new batteries.

She opened her lingerie drawer and reached for her white bra and panties but the sight of her sexy black lace underwear stopped her in her tracks. "Why not?" she thought. She put the white underwear back in the drawer. Her mind was made up, black lingerie with her dusky-pink wrap over dress with the stylised black flower motif, black stiletto heeled sandals and barely black seamed stockings. She had no plans to seduce anyone in particular, but she wanted feel sexy and feminine, to tantalise and give the impression that she might be available.

It was still daylight when Helen and Rod called for her and walked with her to the pub.

"You look gorgeous Bel, very classy indeed."

"Thanks Hels, you look very nice too, is that a new dress?"

"Yes, I bought it last week, I hoped it suited me," said the attractive forty-five year old.

"Well it certainly does, doesn't it Rod?"

"I'll say, my wife will be the prettiest girl at the ball tonight, you'll be a very close second mind you."

"Oh you flatterer," replied a clearly delighted Helen.

"Smooth talker," chimed in Belinda who had always been a stranger to compliments from her now-ex husband.

"So did the divorce get finalised today Bel?" asked Helen as they approached the pub door.

"Yes thank goodness."

"Great, let's celebrate, we'll find a table Rod and you get the champagne and five glasses, June and Pete will be joining us."

The group of five friends toasted Belinda's momentous day and settled into humorous banter and conversation, ready to enjoy the evening. As eight-thirty approached and they'd been there for half an hour, Belinda noticed that Helen seemed a little distracted, she kept looking in the direction of the rear entrance door. Helen was facing the door and Belinda had her back to it.

Belinda leaned over to her and asked her what she was looking at.

"Have you got your eyes on someone you naughty lady?"

"What! Oh gosh no, I'm not in the market for a new model."

"I'm not surprised, if I was married to your Rod, I wouldn't be either, but there's no harm in window shopping is there?"

"True, but there's not much to look at in here just yet."

"Sadly you're right, I was hoping to be swept off my feet but alas," laughed Belinda.

"Well you never know, the night is young."

As she said this, Helen's eyes stared past Belinda's left shoulder and a smile began to spread across her face.

"Look, you can tell me off for meddling, but I invited someone else to join us tonight. Don't blame her, she didn't know about this any more than you did."

"What do you mean?"

Helen ignored her question and beckoned encouragingly to the person she was looking at. Belinda turned in her seat to see Viv making her way anxiously across the dance floor toward their table. She looked like a vision with the disco lights catching her long wavy flaxen locks, and emphasising her high cheekbones. She was in a tight, green and gold, just above the knee dress with shoulder pads. Her gold sandals with stiletto heels and nude stockings showcased her long shapely legs.

The two women locked eyes for several seconds, time seemed to stand still, Belinda's heart was thudding so hard in her chest she thought it might burst. Viv came to a stop a few feet away, her face at first full of trepidation, transformed into look of longing as she fixed her gaze on Belinda.

"Hi Viv, come and join us. Rod, get the lady a glass, sit down here my love, it good to see you."

Helen sat Viv down next to Belinda, no words passed between them, they looked at each other as though they wanted simultaneously to hug affectionately and to run away from each other.

"Haven't seen you for ages Viv," said Pete.

"I hope that doesn't mean you've missed a check up Pete," joked Viv.

"No no, I'm not due to see you until September."

"How do you like where you're living now?" Asked Rod, rather too clumsily for Helen's liking. She sensed Viv and Belinda's discomfort.

"Oh I love this one," said Helen suddenly, let's go for a dance.

"But the floor's empty," protested Rod.

"Well it won't be if we get up there will it?"

"Yes come on you two, said June," ushering the men away, having realised what Helen was up to.

As she turned to follow June and the two men onto the dance floor, Helen spoke to Belinda and Viv, "You two must have a lot to talk about, I don't expect to see you sitting here when we get back from the dance floor." With that she smiled encouragement and winked at her two friends.

Belinda and Viv both spoke at the same time, then both paused waiting for the other to speak, before speaking at the same time again.

"You go first," said Belinda eventually.

"Bel, I'm so sorry," said Viv with watery eyes.

"No, don't be, it's not your fault, I could have got in touch with you," Belinda said sorrowfully.

"I wanted to see you more than anything, but I was scared, and then, well..."

"I know, I know darling, it's okay, I was scared too, let's not look for blame, I'm absolutely thrilled, overwhelmed to see you, if you knew how much I've been thinking of you."

"Me too, never a day passed without thinking about you... and how much I'm still in love with you."

"Oh Vivian, darling, I feel it too."

Still sitting side by side, the two women embraced tearfully.

"Helen's a sly one; to have arranged this without either of us catching on," said Belinda.

"I'm glad she did."

"Will you come home with me? Or we could go somewhere else that's a bit quieter?"

"Let's go to the coffee lounge at the Hilton, it's only five minutes down the road, my car's outside, we can talk there without any distractions, if I go home with you we might not get much talking done."

"Yes, absolutely, it's early yet and we do need to talk."

Viv led Belinda around the dance floor and out of the rear doorway into the car park. They smiled at Helen on their way past, she blew them both a kiss. On their way to the coffee lounge, Belinda had an urge for physical contact with her friend, she reached across and rested her hand lightly on Viv's thigh. A warmth radiated from her and the feel of a telltale suspender strap and clip underneath her dress produced a warmth in Belinda's pussy.

"Still prioritising accessibility over convenience I see?"

"It's your doing, you got me into stockings this time last year remember?"

"I do, how could I forget."

"And don't think I haven't noticed your seams, and you're wearing my favourite dress."

They fell back into their easy flirtation without any difficulty. They were acutely aware that they had much more important things to discuss, but neither of them wanted to get into a serious conversation until they were sitting comfortably in the hotel lounge. When they arrived, they looked very much as though they belonged. There was a classy event going on in one of the function rooms and hotel guests were making use of the restaurant and bar but the lounge was almost empty. Everyone was well dressed, but Belinda and Viv still managed to turn heads as their high heels click-clacked through the foyer into the lounge.

They sat down on a comfortable leather sofa with a modern coffee table in front, and ordered their beverages. The waiter was back with their coffees in the blink of an eye and they shifted nervously on the settee when he left. There were two other couples in the large lounge, Belinda and Viv chose to sit in a corner, a little way off from other guests and not directly in anyone's eye-line.

"Viv I'm so nervous, I'm beside myself with joy at seeing you but I don't know what this means yet, or what you're really thinking. To tell you the truth, I'm frightened of getting hurt again.

"I know what you mean, it was so traumatic after Greg found us together, but we chose to have an affair with each other, and even though they'd both often been with other women in the past, our self righteous ex-husbands obviously felt wronged."

"That's very charitable of you, they were bastards before we started a relationship and they were absolute bastards afterwards. I imagine Jeff made the same threats to you that Greg made to me about not getting custody of the children?"

"Yes, I believed him unfortunately."

"I believed Greg too, it scared me, that's what pushed us apart isn't it? The fear of losing our children."

"Yes, I was terrified, I just had to get away."

"You know, when he left after Christmas, I got in touch with a solicitor and she called his bluff, turned out he'd no intention of taking custody of the kids. There was no way he wanted them full time, one evening a week and Sundays is what we eventually agreed on. I can't forgive him for the threats he made when he knew damn well that he didn't want to be lumbered with the boys full time."

"Did you know that Jeff took up with another woman within a week of my leaving?"

"Yes, Greg delighted in telling me 'serves the lesbian bitch right' were his exact words. That incensed me, so I told him that I wished he'd leave too, he didn't like that. For him, it wasn't about what was best for the boys, it was about control, he used them as a weapon."

"Jeff just disappeared out of my life for months, not that I was complaining, but I felt for the kids, it was hard trying to make excuses for why he wasn't seeing them. He's re-established contact with them now thank goodness, it's irregular but it's better than nothing."

"To be fair to Greg, he's been consistently reliable and his new partner is lovely. They've taken the boys away to Norfolk until Tuesday so I'm delighted. What's more, my solicitor said that the courts are beginning to look more favourably on two women in a relationship parenting together."

Belinda suddenly realised how Viv might think that she was suggesting that they should live together and her face flushed a shade of pink. Viv took the remark in her stride, as though it was a



perfectly normal thing to say.

"So, you're footloose and fancy free for the next three days?"

"Yes, I suppose I am."

"Jeff's parents are still very helpful, they've got my little darlings for the weekend."

"Really?"

"Yes."

The two women avoided eye contact and blushed slightly. To avoid further discomfort, Belinda changed the subject.

"Oh, I haven't told you, my divorce came through today."

"Congratulations, that explains the champagne in the pub."

"Yes, it was a nice gesture, have you started divorce proceedings?" asked Belinda.

"Started and finished, mine came through last week."

"Then we've both got something to celebrate."

Belinda looked at Viv sitting cross legged in her stylish green and gold dress, her long shapely legs in sexy gold coloured stilettos, showing a very nice bit of thigh; her stocking tops just concealed by the hem. Viv seemed to read her mind, she inched closer until they could each feel the warmth of the other's bodies and she rested her hand on her thigh where she played with a suspender strap.

"Do you remember wearing this dress in the restaurant?"

"God yes."

"It's a shame there's no tablecloth here."

"I've got plenty of tablecloths at home."

"Have you really?"

"Yes, did you mean what you said earlier about still being in love with me?"

"Very much, do you still have feelings for me?"

"Yes darling I never stopped loving you."

They squeezed each other's thighs and Viv managed to slip her fingers under the wrap over panel of Belinda's dress, her fingertips made contact with the soft, silky flesh above her stocking top. Belinda casually placed her shawl over her lap to conceal Viv's intimate fondling. They both felt elated but Belinda wanted to get something off her chest.

"There is something we need to talk about before we think about doing anything else."

"What's that?"

"Well, and please bear in mind that I thought I'd never see you again, but I had a couple of flings recently."

"Go on."

"I don't know how to tell you this, I don't regret it, but it might seem a little perverted."

"Mmm, you're beginning to intrigue me, I hope it's titillating."

Belinda was relieved at Viv's initial reaction, she sighed deeply as she felt her friend's fingertips slide underneath her suspender strap.

"I had an affair with an eighteen year old student, he wasn't in my tutor group, but it was still very risky. It started when he babysat one night and he was soon visiting me two or three times a week. He'd turn up at eleven o'clock and leave at two in the morning, we couldn't get enough of each other. We fucked at lunch times and we even fucked in the history storeroom a couple of times; his cock was huge and he knew how to use it."

"My God Bel, that's so hot," said Viv as she stroked her fingers between the suspender strap and her friend's thigh, "but it must have been an enormous risk, it's a good job no one found out."

"Someone did find out, his mother, she came to my house at eleven one night when I was expecting him. She was so formidable, she absolutely eviscerated me, told me that if I tried to see him again, she'd report me to the school."

"So that was the end of that?"

"Almost," said Belinda sheepishly, "he'd already told me that his mother was a lesbian dominatrix."

"Wow!"

"I'm afraid I was like a moth to a flame, she bound me, spanked me and fucked me with a strap-on, she made it clear that it was just a one-off but my God, what a one-off."

"Jesus, I can't compete with that."

"Wait, does that mean, that you've got something to confess as well?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Go on, I'm all ears."

"You remember last year after the music night, you asked me who would I most like to have fucked, apart from you?"

"Yes, I do, you said Mandy the barmaid... no, you didn't?"

"I did, it was incredible to have a twenty one year old's head between my legs. She made a pass at me in my surgery when Deborah was out of the room. I was standing next to the reclining chair that she was lying on and she put her hand up my skirt, as bold as anything. I was stunned and rooted to the spot, she stroked my pussy through my panties, it was incredibly erotic, I was soaked in no time."

"It only lasted a few seconds, Deborah eventually came back into the room so I had to continue treating Mandy as though nothing had happened, but I could feel pussy juice trickling down my leg into my stocking top."

"Fuck Viv, you're right, that's so erotic."

"She looked so young and full of sexual energy lying there on my recliner, I couldn't resist her. I managed to slip her my phone number as she left the surgery. We fucked half a dozen times over a seven week period. She used to leave me exhausted, we both used to love coming to the memory of her putting Jeff on the floor that night."

"Wednesday afternoons?"

"Yes, I lived for Wednesdays, while it lasted, God I can still feel her tongue on my pussy, she was almost as good as you," grinned Viv.

"Flattery will get you everywhere darling, but I didn't see her in the pub tonight."

"No, she got a placement on a cruise ship, she said it was her ambition to fuck as many female passengers as she could. With her seductive powers and her shapely little bottom, she's sure to be very successful."

"Viv darling, I'm so fucking turned on now and you stroking my thigh doesn't make it any easier, let's go back to my place."

"I thought you'd never ask."

The reunited lovers walked out to the car park in the growing darkness. As soon as they were inside the car, they kissed vigorously, their tongues taking possession of each other's mouths. Viv reached inside Belinda's wrap over dress and felt her damp panty gusset, a loud moan of pleasure escaped Belinda's mouth. Just as Viv started to ease her fingers inside the leg of her panties, they were caught in the headlights of a car parked opposite.

"Shit, we'll be seen, come on, let's go," said Viv.

They drove the short distance back to the village, dreamily fondling each other's pussies as they went. The moment Belinda's front door closed, Viv had her pressed against it with her tongue in her mouth and her fingers in her cunt. Belinda cried out with pleasure, then she spun around and forced Viv against the door, so that she was facing it, and unzipped her dress. The garment fell to the floor around her feet, Belinda unclipped her bra and let it fall too.

With Viv's face and breasts pushed up against the door, Belinda ripped off her skimpy little panties, admired her shapely buttocks and shoved two fingers inside her while her thumb stroked her perineum. Viv breathed rapidly, her breath steaming up the small window in the door. Belinda sucked and nibbled her left ear, then she kissed the nape of her neck, it drove Viv wild. Belinda's left hand slid around Viv's chest and grasped her small breast with its long hard nipple. Viv was half way to coming, she was completely overwhelmed.

Just as Viv could feel the first surges of the orgasmic wave that promised to wash her away, Belinda released her and led her by the hand into the lounge. She pushed her unceremoniously onto a settee on her back and removed her own dress, bra and panties; there was a look of arousal and anticipation on Viv's face.

"I'm going to kiss your pussy darling."

Belinda placed her knees either side of Viv's head and lowered her mound onto her lover's face. Then she put her head between Viv's legs and sniffed her pussy. Slowly, they started to lick the dark-pink flesh inside each other's labia and let their tongue's drift down to the entrance to their vaginas. As their pussies flooded with juice, they ran their tongues around the edge of their holes then licked their fleshy mounds all of the way back up to their clits. It was a well rehearsed set of harmonised erotic movements that they'd practiced together in the past.

With mouths full of pussy, no words were exchanged, just muffled groans that grew louder and more enthusiastic, until they both came in a crescendo of erotic throaty grunts and groans. In the afterglow, they laid together, lips still lightly kissing pussy lips, tongues lapping up pussy juice and fingers pushed inside each other's wet cunts. They stayed like that for a while until they both felt the urge to come again. Belinda turned so that they were face to face, allowing them to swap pussy fluids as they kissed and fingered each other. Their second orgasms were serene and drawn out, like a soft gentle flow of warm water washing over their bodies.

"Come to bed with me Vivian, stay the night with me, I've missed you so much."

"I'll stay with you tonight and every night if you want me to, I never want to let you go."

They held hands as they climbed the stairs together, when they got to the bedroom, they removed each other's lingerie, got into bed and made tender love to each other for several hours. They declared their undying love for each other and promised that nothing would ever divide them again. Before dropping off to sleep, they made tentative plans to sell their houses and buy a large place together.

"If we pool our resources, we'll be quite well off. Our kids get along really well together, we can support and help each other, and best of all, we can have great sex whenever we want."

"Sounds like the perfect solution Bel, let's sort out the details over the weekend, I'll ask Jeff's parents to keep the kids for one more night."

"Wonderful, let's go away together for a couple of days."

"Great idea, where to?"

"Dublin, Paris, Amsterdam, it doesn't matter, wherever we go from here, it'll be our very own paradise."