

FRIDAY FUN NIGHT

Briterotic

Can Helen and Joe turn fantasy into reality?

Mature

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Helen removed her reading glasses and rubbed her eyes. She needed a break from the pages full of figures that she had been staring at for the past two hours. A cup of tea, then another hour should be long enough to get finished. It was Friday afternoon, and as she sat at her desk taking a well earned break, her thoughts drifted to the regular Friday Fun Night that she and her husband indulged in every week, without fail. He first suggested it a year or so ago, they'd had good sex several times a week, but after three years of marriage, it had become something of a routine, so he suggested that they spice things up by making Friday night a little bit 'special.'

It had worked well, they had both got a considerable thrill out of the kinky arousal that it had generated, over the last twelve months, they had slowly become a little more adventurous. Nothing wild or depraved, but revealing enough for them to have learned more about each other's desires and fantasies. Helen felt a twinge in her pussy as she thought about the direction events might take tonight. It would depend who won control, she gave a shiver, and her pussy tingled as she thought about how badly she wanted to be in charge tonight. Joe had won their little games, and had dominated proceedings for the past four weeks; she wanted to feel a sense of power and domination tonight.

She finished her tea and pressed on with the financial report for the next Governing Body meeting. She'd promised Lynn, the Principal, that it would be finished before the end of the day. Helen shared the admin office with four more women members of the admin support staff team. At twenty eight, she was the youngest, and she was also the most attractive. Today she looked smart and sexy in a crisp white blouse, and a navy blue, knee length pencil skirt, with high heeled black court shoes. The skirt fitted closely to the contours of her buttocks and thighs and, if she stretched or bent slightly, it revealed the clips of her four strap suspender belt.

Her husband, Joe, had persuaded her to wear stockings and suspenders as often as possible. After an initial reluctance because of the 'inconvenience,' she had taken to the sexy ensemble in a big way. She realised that Joe was always aroused by them and would be ready to show his appreciation whenever the mood took her. It made her feel sexy and desirable, and they were as popular now, in 1989, as they had ever been; since before tights had been invented. In fact, she quite enjoyed teasing the male staff and students. She knew that all eyes were on her swaying hips and thighs as she walked along the college corridors, or along the footpath from the car park. The footpath ran between two wings of the building, and she loved to catch men ogling her through the windows as she made her way to and from the main entrance.

Joe was a year younger than Helen, he was tall with a closely shaved head, and blue eyes that sent some of his female colleagues at the bank weak at the knees. He loved Friday nights, and never tired of coming up with ideas and scenarios to enliven sex with Helen. She was five foot six with long wavy brown hair, attractive brown eyes, nice legs and beautifully firm, slightly larger than average, breasts that hung like perfectly shaped tear drops.

Five o'clock arrived, most of the lecturers and students had long gone as Helen put her report on Lynn's desk.

"There just got it done in time, I had a problem with the new extension costs but I worked it out in the end."

"Great, thanks Helen, have a relaxing weekend, are you doing anything special?"

"No, just the usual, you know, tying hubby to the bed, that sort of thing."

Lynn laughed but she had no idea that Helen was not joking.

"Mmm, I must try it with Nigel sometime, at least I'd know where he was."

Helen gave a wry smile as she left the Principal's office, she knew that Lynn was fucking Jeremy Ford, the Chair of Governors, and had been for several months now, so the whereabouts of her husband might be useful information for her. She was an attractive woman of around forty years of age, with a shapely figure and very nice legs; Helen could easily see what had been the attraction for Jeremy.

Helen made her way out to the car and eased herself daintily into the driver's seat; showing her shapely legs and nicely curved buttocks as she did so. Her skirt rode up as she changed gear, and she smiled to herself about how Joe would have loved watching her stocking clad knees and thighs as she drove home. After pulling up on her driveway, turning off the ignition, gathering her hand bag and briefcase, she opened the driver's door and swung her high heeled right leg onto the ground. Her skirt hem stretched across the middle of her thighs and revealed a couple of inches of stocking top; she was slightly startled to hear a female voice close by.

"Very nice legs Helen," drawled the voice.

"Oh it's you Annette, where did you spring up from?"

"I'm just doing a leaflet drop for a new business that I've started."

"Oh right, what's that then," said Helen taking a leaflet from her neighbour.

"Lingerie, very well made classy lingerie, Anyway, how are you? I haven't seen you for a couple of weeks."

"I'm good thanks Annette, more to the point, how are you? Has that bastard Jock left you alone now?"

"He has thank goodness, I think calling the Police did the trick. We're communicating through solicitors now. We'll have to sell the house but I'll be ok financially, I've got a few irons in the fire, if this lingerie sales project takes off, I could do really well."

"Well I'm so pleased to hear that things are working out for you. You've been through the mill, are you pressing charges?"

"Yes, I've decided that he'll never get the chance to abuse me again, the bastard."

"Good for you."

"Anyway, if you're interested in some well made sexy underwear, just let me know. And thank you for all of your's and Joe's support when things got really rough."

"Don't mention it, it was the least we could do. Look, why don't you pop round next week and I'll have a look at what you've got, said Helen, waving the leaflet."

"Okay, I'd like that, when are you free?"

"Come round on Wednesday at about seven, Joe's out so we can have some girl time. Joe would only get over excited if we talked about sexy lingerie while he was around."

"You're a wise woman Helen, I'll look forward to it, maybe I'll excite you."

As Helen put the key in the front door and let herself in, she wondered whether Annette had really meant to say that, or was she referring to the lingerie being exciting?

Annette lived just five doors away and had been through a very nasty marriage breakdown. Her husband had been violent off and on for a long time, but on one particularly bad night, after Annette had decided she could no longer take it, she took refuge with Helen and Joe. She'd previously opened up to Helen about her marital problems, and had felt sufficiently supported to take a stand against her husband. Jock had hammered on Helen and Joe's front door, and demanded that Annette should return home. Joe had confronted him and told him that Annette had called the police and if he didn't fuck off now, he'd need an ambulance.

Helen opened a bottle of wine and put the usual Friday night ready meal in the oven. She stayed in her business attire because she knew she looked sexy and, after all, that was a basic requirement for a Friday night. Joe arrived a few minutes later with a smile on his face, they both felt turned on, foreplay always started the minute they got together on a Friday night. It was late September and it would be getting dark in an hour or so. Helen loved the dark autumn evenings, she lit the lounge and bedroom with candles. They gave a sensuous glow to proceedings and, together with a glass of wine or two, put her even more in the mood for sexual fantasy.

They ate, drank and shared small talk whilst eyeing each other up. When the meal was finished, Helen got the scrabble board out of the cupboard. Tonight it was scrabble, sometimes it would be a card game or, as had happened a couple of times, when one of them had worked late, and they were particularly horny and desperate, a roll of the dice. Whatever the type of contest, the rule was that the winner took control of proceedings for the rest of the evening, and the loser had to do their bidding.

At first, being in control meant simply calling the shots in bed, where the winner decided who was on top, and who would be on the receiving end of oral sex. It progressed to more erotic domination by the 'master' or 'mistress,' and eventually into mild bondage. Latterly, steamy fantasies had emerged, whispered into submissive ears, and the loser had been required to masturbate to a description of any sex act, with any member of the opposite sex that the winner chose for them. The real eroticism was in the foreplay, and the moment when the winner led the submissive from the lounge by a his cock, or with her hands tied behind her back, up to the bedroom.

Joe's fantasies had become particularly dirty of late, and they both sensed that they were on the cusp of a new level of eroticism. They had explored fantasies of fucking friends, work colleagues and acquaintances. Family members were off limits but only just, Joe fancied the hell out of Helen's

younger sister, but wouldn't have dreamt of saying so. He also masturbated over fucking her fifty year old mother, she was a very sexy lady, and the thought of fucking her against a wall frequently gave him a hard on. But so far, when Joe had control for the evening, he hadn't quite been brave enough to introduce his long time favourite fantasy; Helen being fucked by another woman.

It was that image that filled his thoughts more often than any other when he came. He'd imagined her with scores of women that he, or they, were acquainted with, but he'd never had the nerve to broach the question with her. He was afraid that she might react badly and see him as perverted.

Joe won the game of scrabble by over eighty points. He made a big deal of the large winning margin, and asserted that it had put him in a very dominant position, where he felt able to push the boundaries of their fantasies to new extremes. Helen had been disappointed that she had lost so badly, but quickly accepted her submissive role, and became very aroused at Joe's intention to take their fantasies into uncharted territory. She felt a deep, depraved, lustful excitement as she wondered who she might be fucked by in Joe's fantasies tonight.

"How would my master like me to serve him?"

"Lean against the wall next to the sofa, lift the hem of your skirt, pull your panties down and put your fingers between your cunt lips, then stay absolutely still."

"Yes master."

Helen did as she was told in the most seductive yet submissive manner she could manage. Joe's cock became rock hard and bulged against the material of his suit trousers.

"Don't move your fingers, I will tell you if and when you can pleasure yourself."

With that, he picked up the daily newspaper and made a show of reading it for a good ten minutes. Helen's pussy was dripping, it was all she could do not to use her warm cunt juices as a lubricant for her fingers on her clitoris. She looked so fucking sexy in her stockings and heels with her skirt around her hips. Her breasts quivered and her nipples set hard. Eventually, Joe put down the newspaper and turned to look at her.

"Now you can masturbate slave."

Helen's craving cunt clenched as she started to fondle her vulva. She became so aroused so quickly, she thought Joe would let her come, but just as she reached the verge of an orgasm, Joe stood up and pulled her hands away from her pussy. Helen gave a groan of disappointment and looked crestfallen. Joe had her right where he wanted her.

Still wearing his business suit, he told Helen to move into the centre of the room and remove her blouse, skirt, bra and panties. She bowed her head as she did so, when she had finished, he lifted her chin with the fingers of his right hand and looked into her submissive eyes.

"I've never seen you surrender so quickly, you're broken and you're completely at my command, I can do whatever I want with you."

"Yes master."

Helen looked submissive, but magnificent in her stockings, suspenders and heels. Joe looked at her perfect breasts and almost surrendered to her; he regained his composure.

"Turn around while I bind your wrists together."

Joe secured her wrists with soft, bright red bondage rope, and tied a leather collar, with a chain attached, around her neck. He then led her out of the lounge and upstairs to the bedroom, and made her lie on her back on the bed. Helen, bound at the wrists, and being led upstairs by a collar and chain, was a very erotic sight, and a symbol of his crushing victory at the scrabble board.

He stripped completely, his large erect cock swaying with his movements. Then he lay on the bed on his left side, facing her, and demanded that she suck his cock. Helen inched her bound body down the bed, and expertly aroused him with her mouth. He wanted to prolong the foreplay, so he had to stop her before she managed to make him come. He repositioned her, and turned her so that she was lying half on top of him while he was on his back.

In this position, he opened her legs wide, and slid his hard cock into her wet cunt. Then he used his right hand to play with her pussy, while he prepared himself to whisper a fantasy into her right ear. She gave a loud sigh of arousal and turned her head so that he could plunge his tongue into her mouth. They kissed passionately as he slid his cock in and out of her with slow, measured strokes. She broke the kiss and murmured to him.

"Oh God Master, I'm so turned on, please make your fantasy the dirtiest, most depraved and erotic that has ever passed your lips."

They had shared a bottle of wine earlier with their meal, and had opened a second bottle, and drank at least half of it during the scrabble game. Joe suddenly knew, with a thrilling realisation, that his wife was feeling very uninhibited; it felt like an invitation to introduce something previously unthinkable, so he decided to fantasise about her being fucked by a woman.

"Imagine we've been invited to a house party, and the host has been eyeing you up all evening. You're dressed to kill, in a figure hugging red dress, and black stockings and heels. In the early hours, when most party goers are asleep, drunk or have gone home, he asks you if you'd like to see his billiard room. I'm in the half drunk and asleep category, and you've had just enough to feel uninhibited, flirtatious and turned on by his suggestion; because you know what he really wants, so you agree to go with him."

"You stroke his ego by making all the right noises about his billiard room as you lean seductively against the table. You know exactly what you're doing, with your backside up against the table and your hands placed either side of you, clutching the the edge in an open, available stance, you spread your legs slightly and your dress stretches taut across your thighs, revealing the outline of your suspender clips."

He notices, and murmurs approval as he approaches you, puts a warm palm on your thigh, presses it against your suspender fastener and kisses you. Then he lifts you onto the table and pushes you onto your back, while he reaches up your dress and removes your panties. You're on your back on the green baize, he pushes your dress up around your waist, and climbs on top of you, he almost comes at the glorious sight of your stocking tops and suspenders framing your pretty little pussy."

"He pulls out his cock and its not quite as hard as you'd like but you know he's also the worse for drink. He gets it inside you and starts to fuck you but you're feeling a little disappointed and your arousal starts to wane. Then the door opens and his gorgeous blonde wife walks into the room."

"Oh there you are," she says, "fucking the guests again I see."

"You're taken aback by her casual manner, then you're even more astonished when she calmly walks over to you both, pushes her left hand between your pelvises, and grips the base of his cock. You can feel her knuckles against your pussy lips."

This was the big risk, he'd never before even hinted at Helen enjoying the touch of another woman. He braced himself for her withdrawal from his erotic fantasy, but he needn't have worried. Not only did she not object, but she gave an unmistakable moan of lustful, arousal and appreciation, that signalled her intense pleasure at the direction that the scenario was taking; Joe knew that he had his wife on the sapphic hook of his dreams.

"She says that he's had a lot to drink, and will need all the help he can get. She cups his balls with her right hand and continues to squeeze and manipulate the base of his cock with her left hand; you can feel her knuckles pressing against your clitoris as she does so. You've never known such a deeply erotic surge of lust pulsing through your pussy."

"Oh fuck Joe, how did you know? please don't stop."

Joe registered the admission of her erotic interest in women, but continued without breaking stride.

"But he soon shoots his load into your cunt, and you're left high and dry. He gets up half drunk and half ashamed at his premature ejaculation, and he leaves the room, still doing up his trousers as he departs."

"You're still on your back, your dress is up around your waist, your legs are wide open and his sexy blonde wife looks you in the eye. You realise she hasn't removed her left hand, it's still resting on your pussy. There's a pause, the air filled with erotic possibilities as you each wonder what the other will do next."

"You've never felt so turned on by a woman, she's standing there, looking so fucking hot, in a tight dress and ferocious stilettos; with her fingers still touching your pussy. You give a slight nod of your head, she smiles seductively, and slowly strokes the middle finger of her left hand around your clit, then she pushes three fingers of her right hand inside you. She's masturbating you now, your back is beginning to arch, and your heels dig into the surface of the billiard table. She's still standing next to the table, slipping her fingers in and out of your cunt."

Joe became more and more aroused as Helen responded positively to his scenario of being masturbated by another woman. He was close to coming, so was she, in fact, she was more turned on than she could ever remember.

"Your eyes are still locked together as she finds your g-spot, and you come with a wild, juddering orgasm."

As he said this, Helen did exactly what he has just described. Joe's cock was still filling her cunt but, he also managed to squeeze a finger inside her, looking for her g-spot as he came hard. They lay together, breathless, and still highly aroused by Joe's fantasy. Joe knew that he must press her on what had just happened between them, he couldn't ignore it and let an opportunity for a new dimension to their sex lives slip away so easily. He gently massaged her still tingling pussy.

"So, you like the thought of being fucked by a woman?"

"Oh God yes, I always have, but I've never dared tell you in case you thought I was abnormal. Anyway, how did you know? You dirty bastard, you sneaked that one up on me didn't you."

"When you get so soundly thrashed at scrabble what do you expect? Anyway, it doesn't have to be just a fantasy."

"Whoa there, slow down, just because I enjoyed your fantasy it doesn't mean I'm going to shag every woman in sight. Anyway, just you wait until I get my turn to be in control; you'll be begging for mercy."

"Have you ever fantasised about having sex with a woman?"

There was a pause... "Yes."

Joe's pulse quickened, "How often?"

"That's for me to know and you to guess at."

"Have you masturbated to your own fantasies of being with a woman?"

"Yes."

Now he was deeply aroused, "Anyone we know?"

"My God, does a woman have no secrets?"

"Not now, darling, the cat's out of the bag. Well? tell me who you have a thing for."

"No, not now, I think I've said enough for one night. There'll be no surprises for you if I tell all now."

Joe's cock hardened again at the thought of his wife telling him which women she'd fantasised about. She was on her back with her wrists still bound, so he took advantage of the situation, spread her legs, and fucked her slowly and rhythmically. She loved being fucked again with her wrists bound and, she enjoyed her second delightful orgasm of the evening as his cock filled her hungry cunt.

Just as he was about to reach his climax, she whispered "Linda Clark" into his left ear, she heard him gasp "Fffuucckkkk" as he thrust into her with renewed vigour and came loudly. She smiled inwardly at the knowledge that she now had a hold over him. He would be desperate to know more.

"Untie me and I'll give you another name."

He did as she asked, his cock still hard and excited by the name she had just whispered.

"Sue Langford."

"Who are they?"

"Linda's a friend I had a crush on when we were both eighteen, I haven't seen her for years. She kissed me once in a dormitory on a college trip when all of the other girls were asleep. I think if we'd been alone, she would have done unspeakable things to me, and I think I would have let her."

"And Sue Langford?"

"She's an education psychologist with the local authority, she came to the college last month to give a talk about psychology. She's absolutely gorgeous, so sophisticated and sexy, the way she moves... I had a damp patch on my panties, and when she looked me in the eye and shook my hand

afterwards, I didn't want to let it go. She looks like she's in her late forties, my God if I looked like her at that age."

"Wow, this is a revelation but give me someone that we both know."

"No, you'll spoil the fun, isn't it more erotic if I drop names out gradually to keep you horny? One name a week perhaps?"

"God, how many are there?"

Helen gave him an enigmatic smile.

"Come on just one, I'm in control tonight don't forget."

"Ok, just one more to shut you up... Julie."

"Fuck me, not your cousin John's wife?"

"Yes."

"Jesus, that's so fucking hot, I had no idea that you fancied Julie."

"Well you certainly do, I've seen the way you look at her."

"God yes but I'll see her in a new light from now on... Have you ever had sex with a woman?" He was getting braver.

"No, Linda's kiss was my one and only brush with the sapphic side."

"Would you do it now though, actually go to bed with a woman?"

"No, I draw the line between fantasy and reality, and I wouldn't know where to start, I know it's starting to become more acceptable these days, but I'd have no idea how to proposition another woman."

"Why not give it a go, flirt with someone, use innuendo, see how she reacts."

"No, I'm not looking for actual sex with a woman, it's just an occasional fantasy, and that's where it will stay."

"Are you sure, what if Julie came on to you, you know, put her hand on your arse and pushed a nipple into your elbow, whispered "please fuck me" into your ear?"

"Easy Tiger, that's clearly your fantasy, maybe we'll explore it next Friday."

"I'll make sure we do."

"Shut up and go to sleep, and if you must have a sneaky wank, do it after I've dropped off."

Joe did exactly that, he played with his cock whilst running fantasies of Helen with other women through his mind, then, when he heard her gentle snoring, he treated himself to an orgasmic fantasy of them both in bed with Julie.

Joe spent the rest of the weekend trying to get more names out of Helen. On Sunday morning her patience snapped, and she told him to drop it, or she'd never utter another word to him about her fantasies of having sex with women. In reality, she was highly turned on to think that Joe now knew about her secret desires, but she wanted to stay in control of her fantasies for the time being. She realised, though, that revealing herself in this way to Joe had brought her sexuality into sharper focus within her own mind.

The one name that kept invading her thoughts more than ever before was Annette. She could see that Annette was very attractive. She was in her late forties, with short black hair and a handsome face. At five feet nine inches tall, she was elegant and athletic, and she moved her long limbs in a sexy unhurried way. She was always well dressed, Helen had seen her in tight leggings, jeans, tight skirts and business suits, and in very high heels that put her close the same height as Joe's six feet three inches.

Helen had admired her and looked up to her in more ways than one. She'd fantasised about her a few times, riding Joe on the sofa, while she watched her make him come, before being led up to the bedroom by her. She usually came when she got to the part about Joe coming, or being led up the stairs by the hand, watching Annette's sexy arse sway to and fro, so she hadn't as yet developed the fantasy into having sex with Annette, but she resolved to make it her next masturbation scenario.

Helen and Joe fucked on the Sunday night, she warned him beforehand that if he mentioned her having sex with other women, she would stop riding him, and he could see to his own needs. He kept quiet on that subject, so she rode him to his orgasm, then asked him to use her vibrator on her to finish her off. She loved her vibrator, it was a very simple five inch long slim smooth metal device with a circular dial at the bottom end. She'd had it for a couple of years and it had given her hours of enjoyment, mostly when Joe was out and she felt the need to satisfy an urge. It was on one such occasion that she had first started seriously to fantasise about other women.

She still remembered her first orgasm while thinking about a woman. She didn't count the times when she was eighteen and nineteen and had touched herself while thinking about Linda's kiss and what might have happened if they had been alone. Her real hardcore fantasies about women started after Joe had bought her the vibrator as a present for her twenty sixth birthday and told her to have some devious dirty fun with her imagination.

On one of the early occasions that she had used it she had turned up the dial to maximum. Joe was out playing cricket and she'd gone upstairs to lie on the bed. She'd been looking for inspiration, thinking vaguely about her friend's boyfriends and husbands, male work colleagues and good looking neighbours, her usual source of masturbation material, when she realised that she couldn't live with it for long at maximum power.

Then she wondered if there were any women that could take the full vibration for long enough to orgasm. Without thinking about it, Julie, her cousin's wife, appeared in her mind's eye. She imagined her on a bed in stockings, suspenders and heels, fucking herself hard, and coming with the vibrator at full power. It took her completely by surprise that it had turned her on so much. She turned up the dial as far as she could bear it, and imagined making Julie come hard with her fingers, while sucking her breasts. Afterwards, in the glow of her unexpected sapphic arousal, she lay thinking about other women she could make love to in her fantasies.

She did the same thing now. As Joe drifted off to sleep she started to list the women that she had fantasised about. Linda, Sue and Julie, the names she had mentioned to Joe, were on the list as was Lynn her boss. There had been several occasions when she had felt a thrill from Lynn standing close

enough for her to breathe in her musky female scent. She'd imagined that Lynn had locked her office door and make her eat her pussy.

She also fantasised about Joe's aunt's friend, Ruth. Ruth was in her mid thirties, attractive and slender with black hair cut into a bob. She had taken a keen interest in Helen one Christmas when they were both at a family get together. Helen was sure that Ruth had come on to her when she put her hand on her elbow and said very quietly, "We must go for a coffee together sometime." This had happened four and a half years ago, before Helen had married Joe, and before her imagination and her vibrator had opened the door to sapphic desire. Helen had been a little intimidated and confused and had made sure that she was not alone with Ruth for the rest of the day. Now she liked to imagine that she would accept Ruth's invitation, and end up in bed with her.

In her own circle of friends were two more women that she had fantasied about, Cheryl, who had been her chief bridesmaid, and Joanne, a friend she used to play tennis with. With her vibrator inserted snugly in her pussy she sometimes thought back to her wedding day and imagined that Cheryl had been alone with her, before the ceremony, in the bridal chamber, when one of her rear suspender straps had come unclipped. In her fantasy, Cheryl lifted the hem of her white full length wedding dress, and reattached the suspender strap, then she'd slipped a finger inside her panties. This led to passionate kissing, and mutual finger fucking, with her bridesmaid in full wedding attire, on the marital bed.

Joanne was one of her most intense fantasies, she regretted that she hadn't seen her for several years. She'd fantasised about petit, sexy Joanne putting her hand up Helen's short, pleated little tennis skirt, and inside the top of her knickers, then fingering her to an orgasm against the wall behind the tennis club changing rooms. In her fantasy, Joanne gave her a seductive alluring look as she made her come, then she'd put her pussy soaked fingers in Helen's mouth.

Helen's hottest and most frequent female fantasy of the moment involved the next door neighbour's eighteen year old daughter, Elaine. Elaine had just gone off to university, and had spent the summer holidays sunbathing topless in the back garden, during the week, when her parents were at work. Helen worked two days a week on average in the holidays, so she spent lots of time at home, spying on Elaine from her bedroom window which overlooked the neighbour's garden.

Elaine was a very attractive young woman, with long brown hair and beautiful breasts; much like Helen's. She'd spent hours perfecting her tan in skimpy bikini bottoms. Helen's favourite pose was when Elaine was on her back, with her breasts spread apart and looking very inviting. The way the fabric of her bikini bottoms stretched between her hip bones, and left an inviting gap for access to her pubic hair and pussy, drove Helen wild with desire. Several times Helen had crouched low at the bedroom window sill, looking through a chink in the net curtains at Elaine's sexy body, fingering herself until she came hard, dribbling her pussy juice over her hand. She thought she may never tell Joe about her thing for Elaine, it was much too indecent and private to share.

Helen had only ever had sex with a woman in her head. She loved men too and had had several male sexual partners before Joe, but she had never seriously contemplated actually trying to seduce another woman. She loved the turn that Friday night sex had taken now that Joe had got her to confess her fantasies.

She wanted to be in control next Friday, because she planned to tie Joe to the bed and make him list all of the women that he would like her to have sex, with while she teased his cock. Sitting at her desk on Monday morning, this thought left a small damp patch on her panties that she hoped would not become visible on her skirt. During her coffee break, she delved into her handbag for her

lipstick, and came across Annett's lingerie leaflet. It looked very professional, and the garments looked as though they were of decent quality. She remembered that Annette would be calling round on Wednesday evening, and made a mental note to make sure that she'd got a couple of bottles of wine and some nibbles in.

Helen had to work later than she'd expected on Wednesday, so she didn't get home until ten minutes before Annette was due to arrive. She parked her car and carried her shopping into the house, and had a quick tidy around before taking a breath and waiting for the doorbell to ring. There was no time to change but she looked good anyway. She wore a grey, tight fitting skirt suit that finished just above her knees, with a plain white blouse. With her jacket off, the blouse was tucked into her perfectly proportioned waistline and rose around the mounds of her breasts. Her white bra, panties and suspender belt were a matching set, and with these she wore neutral stockings and four inch high black court shoes.

She opened a bottle of white wine and filled two glasses just as the doorbell rang. She swayed her hips along the hall to the front door expecting to find Annette casually dressed but as smart as ever. When she opened the door and set eyes on Annette, her pussy spasmed, a wave of arousal swept through her breasts and her nipples hardened. Annette looked gloriously alluring and formidable, she was wearing a black leather knee length pencil skirt, and a matching jacket unbuttoned to her cleavage, with a cream lacy camisole underneath. Her black seamed stockings, and black five inch high stilettos, showed off her long legs and took her height to six feet two inches. Her makeup was perfect with strawberry coloured lips and matching fingernails.

"Is there something the matter?"

"Oh! No, no. Sorry I didn't mean to be rude, you look fabulous, you've put me to shame."

"Not at all Helen, you look very smart and sexy as always. I always dress like this for my customers, in my line of business you need to look the part."

"Well you certainly look the part, come and make yourself at home, I've just poured you a glass."

Helen couldn't take her eyes off Annette's seamed stockings as she followed her into the lounge. Annette sat on the sofa under the window and crossed her left leg over her right, her leather skirt rode up to reveal the beginnings of stocking welt under her left thigh. Helen took the sofa against the wall, crossed her right leg over her left and sat prettily, showing a more modest amount of thigh. She forced herself to stop ogling Annette's legs, not an easy task, and start a conversation.

"How's the divorce going?"

"It's looking good, it should be quick, he's not contesting the grounds of unreasonable behaviour, and he's due in court soon over the assault."

The two women chatted about divorce, work, family and friends for half an hour. By then, they were well into a bottle of wine and Helen felt relaxed after a stressful day at work. She felt an air of anticipation, but she didn't exactly know why. Annette exuded sexuality and self control and this unsettled Helen a little. It was the way Annette moved on the sofa, occasionally adjusting her position, crossing and uncrossing her legs. It looked for all of the world like Annette was being deliberately seductive.

Helen hadn't realised that, in her discomfort, she was fidgeting about on her sofa, shifting her position and mirroring Annette's crossing and uncrossing of her legs. She noticed Annette looking several times at her legs and breasts, and felt self conscious, without realising that she had been doing the same to Annette.

"Well, I suppose we ought to get down to business Annette, you didn't come here just for a neighbourly chat did you?"

"It's been lovely catching up with you, we should get together more often," said Annette in such a way that it sounded to Helen like she was suggesting that they should start dating, "Anyway, come and sit by me and we'll have a look at some sexy lingerie."

"Well, if you put it like that Annette, how can I possibly resist," joked Helen, trying to disguise her unease and diffuse the sexual tension that had grown between them.

Helen moved over and sat on Annette's left. Annette opened her expensive leather case, it contained samples of lingerie, and a classy looking booklet with photographs of her merchandise.

"Now you don't have to commit to anything tonight, I'll leave the booklet with you for a few days and you can let me know later if you want anything... I deal in the sort of underwear that will turn Joe on. It's provocative and it's not the sort of thing your granny would wear."

"Turning Joe on is easy, I want something to turn me on, I like underwear that makes me feel sexy and available."

"You can only mean stockings and anything that they can be attached to?"

"Definitely."

"If you could only add a couple of things to your lingerie collection, what would they be?"

"I love the look of this red and black basque," said Helen looking through the booklet, "I've got a black one from M and S but it's not in the same league as this."

"Great choice, it's very comfortable, the suspender straps are removable, but I don't imagine that will be of much use to you," said Annette with a glint in her eye.

"You'll look good in that, you've got a lovely well proportioned figure, it will suit you."

"Okay Annette, I know sales talk when I hear it," laughed Helen.

"No, I'm not flattering you, I mean it, what I'd give for a body like yours."

Helen felt a glow of pleasure at Annette's compliment and she responded in kind.

"What do you mean? Look at you, you're gorgeous and sexy, if I were a man I'd have the hots for you."

Helen's face flushed bright pink as she wondered what had made her say what she had just said; she felt a little confused and hoped she'd not been too familiar. Annette raised her eyebrows in mock surprise then stood up and removed her jacket. Her camisole fell across, and in between her startlingly firm breasts, and showed off her toned arms and shoulders. Helen felt a rush of arousal at the sight of the woman next to her in her tight leather skirt, ferocious stilettos, very feminine silk and lace camisole, and with a toned physique.

"You don't mind do you," said Annette, "I was getting rather warm."

"No, of course not," said Helen, "it's just us girls after all."

"Yes, I thought that too," said Annette ambiguously.

Helen was discomforted again and said the first thing that came to her, "Have you been going to the gym?"

"Yes, I'm glad you can tell."

"Mmm, impressive," said Helen, then she wondered if she was being a little too familiar again as she imagined being pinned down by Annette's strong looking arms and shoulders.

Annette looked deeply into Helen's eyes and Helen felt her nipples harden. Again, the sexual tension was palpable; after an awkward pause, Annette struck a more business like tone.

"So the basque is a good choice, anything else?"

"Well I find my suspender belts are a bit uncomfortable at times, the clips can dig into you if you're not careful."

"I think I know what the problem is likely to be," said Annette, taking a sample of a six strap suspender belt out of her case, "you see how wide the straps are, they don't twist easily, the clips are smooth metal, and there's a padded backing so they're not in direct contact with your skin."

"Oh yes, they look much more comfortable."

Annette took Helen by surprise, "let me see what you're wearing."

Helen looked a little startled.

"Come on, let me see, you're almost showing your stocking tops now."

Helen's skirt had indeed ridden up to half way up her thighs. Almost as an involuntary action, she grasped the hem of her skirt and pulled it up until a suspender strap and clip was visible on each leg. She leaned back on the sofa, and couldn't help giving a glimpse of her silky white panty gusset as well, but she kept a tight hold of the hem of her skirt. Annette reached for the suspender clip on her left leg and took it between the thumb and fingers of her right hand; her knuckles rested on Helen's bare flesh above her stocking top, she tucked a couple of fingers underneath the welt."

"Yes, you see how flimsy these are in comparison to the six strap," Annette said this in a matter of fact tone while looking down at Helen's suspenders, then she raised her face and looked her sensuously in the eye.

"Would you like me to show you how comfortable I can make you?"

Helen's heart was pounding, did Annette mean her to try on the sample suspender belt or was she just blatantly seducing her? Despite the fact that Annette had a hand on her stocking clad thigh, Helen couldn't discern her meaning, it seemed that everything she had said, and every movement she had made, had been nuanced and full of double meaning, "W-well, I-er,"

"Are you nervous?" asked Annette in a soft seductive voice, "Don't be nervous, I'm not going to hurt you."

With this she released Helen's suspender clip and moved her warm hand up her thigh until the backs of her fingers rested against Helen's damp, silky panty gusset. Helen's breathing became ragged but she didn't speak. Her mind was in a whirl, she thought she ought to make an effort to stop Annette, but her pussy disagreed.

"No please don't Annette," she said weakly.

"Let go of yourself," said Annette as she pushed her fingers inside the panty gusset and probed Helen's swollen labia.

"No, Annette, don't, we mustn't," she said unconvincingly as she opened her legs fractionally wider.

Annette pressed her middle finger into Helen's cunt and ran her thumb over her clitoris, Helen still clung to the hem of her skirt.

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

"Oh Annette please."

"Oh please."

"Ohhhh!"

Annette had her now, she leaned towards her and pushed her down onto her back along the sofa. Helen had her high heeled left foot on the floor, and her right leg up on the sofa seat; her skirt hem stretched across the tops of her thighs. Annette lay along her left side, leaving room to play with her pussy, and did she play with her pussy? Annette's fingers had Helen aroused beyond her wildest fantasies.

"Is this your first time with a woman? Don't worry, I'll fuck you gently this time; in a while I'm going to make you come, then I'm going to show you how I like to be made to come by a woman."

Annette kissed her lavishly, when she broke the kiss, a strand of saliva still connected their lips. This was beyond what she could have imagined in her fantasies, Annette's expert gentle manipulation of her pussy, and the slow circular probing around her sweet spot, sent her endorphins into overdrive. The muscles in Helen's vagina clenched around Annette's fingers. She stared up at the white ceiling and saw colourful swirling patterns through her half closed eyes; whatever Annette was doing to her, she felt as though she was high on an erotic psychedelic drug.

"How does it feel Helen? Could you take to this do you think?" said Annette in a sultry whisper into her left ear.

"Oh fuck yes, I've had fantasies about women but this is beyond comparison."

Annette sat up long enough to unbutton Helen's blouse and release the clip on her front fastening bra.

"Just lie still and enjoy the moment," said Annette as she closed her lips over Helen's right breast and used her tongue to tease her hard nipple.

Helen gasped and then squeezed her own left nipple between the fingers and thumb of her left hand.

"Oh, Annette! Oh my God, oh fffuccckk, fffuccckkk."

Annette switched her attentions to Helen's left breast.

"Oh fffuck, I'm going to come."

Annette lifted her mouth away from Helen's breast, "No you're not darling, not yet anyway."

"Oh fffuuuucckk, please make me come."

"Sit upright and open your legs for me," said Annette as she knelt in front of her.

Helen knew what to expect, she sat back against the sofa and parted her legs.

"Wait, lets get these off,"

Helen raised her pelvis up so that Annette could slip her panties off.

"Now spread your legs again for me darling, that's it, nice and wide," said a sultry voiced Annette.

Annette leaned forward and snuggled her nose into Helen's pubic hair, she smelled wonderful, like damp musk and warm honey. Helen waited eagerly for the first contact from Annette's tongue on her clitoris and she wasn't disappointed. Annette spread her cunt lips apart and licked her from her perineum, past her vaginal entrance and up along the valley between her labia. Helen gave a throaty moan of delight, Annette repeated the move several times more before closing her mouth over her clit.

"Wwonnderfulll," drawled Helen."

"I'm going to bring you now."

Annette kissed and sucked her clit whilst slipping the fingers of her right hand inside her cunt. She found her g-spot again and Helen's pelvis started to thrust back and forth, but Annette's strong left arm clamped her hips in place, while her mouth and her right hand brought her to a climax.

"Ahhh! Ahh, Annnette, oh, ffucckk, oh yes, yes, yesssssss, I'm commmmminnnngggg."

The tingling arousal that had entered every cell in her body, suddenly flooded into the pit of Helen's stomach and, from there, rushed like a torrent into her cunt. Her nipples felt hot, her pupils rolled up under her eyelids, her head fell back, she clutched her breasts and raised her pelvis off the sofa, taking Annette with her.

Her orgasm was long, hard and exhilarating; when she finished, she pulled Annette on top of her and cried into her shoulder. Her tears expressed joy and fulfilment at being taken by a woman, and the knowledge that her sex life would never be the same again.

"Wow," said Annette eventually, "I've never seen anyone come like that, it's a huge compliment."

"Thank you, thank you so much, it was spectacular, the best orgasm I've ever had in my life."

"There's no need to thank me darling. It was a pleasure; for us both I think."

"What do you want me to do to you?"

"No, it's okay, just seeing you come like that was enough for me."

"No please Annette, I want to make you come, you don't know how often I've fantasised about making a woman come. I'd feel very selfish if I couldn't do something for you; what do you like?"

Annette laughed gently, "Well okay darling, you've convinced me, and I've a feeling I'm going to be glad that you did."

By now, they were laying facing each other on the sofa, Annette with her back to the cushions. Helen kissed her tenderly and felt for the hem of her skirt, she found the leather material unyielding, so she put her right hand under her camisole and played with Annette's breasts and nipples. Annette groaned with pleasure but she knew what she wanted most of all.

"Let me up and I'll take my skirt off."

They both got up off the sofa, Annette wriggled seductively out of her skirt and panties and then let Helen remove her camisole. She laid back down on the sofa while Helen removed her own blouse and bra.

"I know you haven't done what we're about to do before, but you'll never forget your first time. Slip your skirt off and get on top of me, but head to toe."

As she peeled her tight pencil skirt down to reveal her stocking tops, Helen knew exactly what Annette wanted. She felt a new surge of arousal at the anticipation of tasting her neighbour's cunt. She got on top of Annette and eased her labia apart before burying her face in her pussy. Helen spread her legs and positioned her knees so that she could lower her pussy onto Annette's mouth. She felt Annette's hands on her buttocks pulling her cunt down to meet her tongue.

With mouths full of cunt, the two women made muffled groans of pleasure. Annette played with Helen's clit expertly and soon had her contemplating another orgasm. She matched Annette's moves, and took effortlessly to having another woman's cunt in her mouth. They gradually teased each other into an even higher state of arousal; soft lips and supple tongues expertly explored the most sensitive areas of each other's vulvas. Tongues lingered around vaginal openings, and were forced inside to stifled squeals of delight. Teeth nibbled clitoral buds, and lips tenderly kissed cunt lips.

With her left hand, Annette took hold of the middle finger of Helen's right hand and pulled it between her legs. Helen knew instantly what she wanted, she pushed her finger into Annette's cunt feeling for her most sensitive spot. Annette's left hand guided Helen's finger to the prize. The impact was immediate, Annette bucked her hips and gripped Helen's buttocks tighter, then she shoved the fingers of her right hand into Helen's hole. Both women sucked and licked frantically; it was a glorious sight, two gorgeous women in heels, stockings and suspenders eating cunt until they made each other come.

Helen had learned quickly, she licked Annette furiously now and probed her cunt with a curled finger. Annette started to come first, this set Helen off again, both women shrieked and cried their orgasms into each other's pussies. Annette grunted and groaned into Helen and felt her legs turn to jelly as she came. Helen made little jolting staccato movements of her hips as she came for a second time. They licked each other's pussies in the afterglow, then Helen turned around and they embraced each other.

After a long while, they both got up and Annette got dressed. They said little to each other, Helen went up to her bedroom to put on a dressing gown, and came back downstairs to hug and kiss Annette in the hallway. They arranged to get together again at Annette's, in a week's time, then

Helen cleared up and went to bed. She hadn't yet fallen asleep when Joe, smelling of beer and Joe, laid between her legs and fucked her to her third orgasm of the evening.

He fell asleep straight afterwards and left Helen replaying the last few hours in her head. She felt ecstatic at having lived out her fantasy of fucking and being fucked by another woman. She wondered what she should say to Joe, she imagined him asking if she had a pleasant evening with Annette and replying, "Oh yes, wonderful, we fucked each other to a standstill."

She decided that she couldn't tell Joe about what she had done with Annette. She had really never expected to make love to another woman outside her and Joe's fantasies, so she was still coming to terms with what had just happened, and what it said about her.

What did it say about her? Was she a lesbian she wondered. No, of course not, she loved sex with Joe, but she was certain that, from now on, she'd fuck women with equal relish. Indeed, she'd meant it when she'd told Annette that she'd given her the best orgasm of her life.

She would be taken by Annette again, that much was definite; and now, for the first time, she could imagine herself actually seducing other women. But she couldn't tell Joe yet, she needed time for it to sink in, to make sense of it herself, to come to terms with being bi-sexual, yes, that was it, she'd moved on from bi-curious to bi-sexual, but she still needed to understand what that meant for her. Joe's vicarious pleasure could wait.

Helen was a little distracted at work on Thursday, she was glad that most of the morning was spent in an admin meeting, so she could day dream after her item on the agenda had been dealt with. She thought of nothing but Annette, she'd fixed up a date with her for the following Wednesday but she couldn't wait that long before seeing her again. Back in her office in mid afternoon the phone rang.

"Good Afternoon, Helen Silverdale speaking, how may I help you?"

"Mmmm, how long have you got sexy lady, I'm just phoning to check that you're okay after last night, it was some night wasn't it? Don't worry, I know you probably can't talk openly. Just say 'yes' if you're okay, and stay silent if you're not okay with what happened."

"Yes, it was a revelation, I need to make another appointment with you, do you have any free time before next Wednesday?"

"Can you get away from work at lunch time?"

"Yes, tomorrow would be good for me."

"Okay, what time can you get to my house?"

"I'll be there by twelve fifteen but I'll have to be back here for one o'clock, half past at a push."

"Okay look, you sound like you need to talk, so we're not going to have sex tomorrow, we're just going to talk."

"Right, thank you I'll look forward to it and I'll bring the plans with me."

"Clever girl, you're going to be fine, I'll see you tomorrow."

It was Friday, Helen had been rehearsing in her mind what she would do to Joe in the evening if she won the game of rummy that they had planned, to decide who would be in control. Her plan involved mild bondage, humiliation and a pink ribbon tied to Joe's cock. She would gag him and tease his erection, whilst telling him a fantasy about her having sex with another woman. She still wasn't ready to confess to being fucked by Annette, so she would invent a scenario where she would make love on the sofa to her cousin's wife, Julie, while Joe was tied to a chair and made to watch.

After a morning of memories of her evening with Annette, and fantasies with Joe, playing in her head, it was a relief to be able to see her again. Annette had just got back from the gym and looked superb in trainers, tight grey leggings and a short little pink vest that followed the contours of her large breasts, and revealed a couple of inches of toned midriff. Helen looked smart and sexy in her navy blue business suit with the usual stockings and high heels.

"Hi Helen, come in darling, I've just got back from the gym. I'll put the kettle on, are you hungry? I can make us a sandwich."

"Yes please, I'm famished. You look great by the way, how many hours a week do you do at the gym?"

"Usually two sessions of about ninety minutes."

"Well it certainly works for you."

"Thank you, you must come along sometime, I'm sure you'd enjoy keeping that firm body in trim and I'd enjoy watching you," said Annette with a cheeky grin.

"How are you really after the other night?"

"Oh, I'm fine, I just had to see you again to make sure it wasn't all a dream. I mean, it was probably the best sex I've ever had, and I've realised that I'm probably bi-sexual which is okay, I'm fine with it. I still love Joe dearly, and I want him to know, because I'm sure it'll turn him on and add a new erotic dimension to our relationship. I couldn't discuss any of this with anyone else, that's why I was so keen to see you."

Annette gave Helen reassurance about her sexuality, she told her about the first time she had been with a woman.

"I was a model, nothing special, you know, the lingerie section of Littlewoods catalogues, that sort of thing. It was a tough business though, I only lasted a couple of years in it, I was fucked by photographers, agents, lingerie designers and advertising executives. One of the designers was a woman. I was nineteen, she was in her early forties but she looked after me, and the sex was out of this world. I lost touch with her when I stopped modelling, but I've had girlfriends on and off since then.

I married Jock because he got me pregnant in my mid twenties, it was a big mistake, he was an abusive bully. Thankfully, he treated Paula well but she could see how he was with me and she didn't like it. She was glad to get off to uni a couple of years ago."

"How is she, what does she think to the divorce?"

"Oh she wonders why I put up with it and didn't leave him years ago."

"Why didn't you?"

"It's complicated, his emotional bullying and manipulation stopped me from seeing clearly."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to pry."

"No, it's okay, my only outlet was emotional and sexual support from a couple of my women friends, mind you, it didn't help matters when he caught me in bed with one of them last year."

"Oh my God, he wasn't violent was he?"

"No, and I was surprised, he looked defeated, but he made up for it later, I had to apply extra heavy makeup to disguise the bruises."

The conversation turned to Helen's marriage, she was open and frank about her relationship with Joe, her desires and fantasies, and her love of mild bdsm.

"I have a sideline to my lingerie business, it's what I like to think of as the more playful end of the market."

By now, it was almost one-fifteen, Annette opened up a case to show Helen her collection of sex aids and toys for sale.

"Would you like me to demonstrate some of this stuff for you," grinned Annette.

"Well yes but I've got to get back to work now."

"Not now love, on Wednesday. Are you up for a bit of bondage and whatever else takes your fancy?"

"God yes."

"Well wear something accessible, like I need to tell you that, and you never know what might happen."

Annette could see that Helen's eyes were glued to a strap on cock.

"Hmm, I can see where your mind is going, be ready for anything and you won't be disappointed."

"Oh God my panties are damp now, and I've got to get back to work before I'm missed."

In the hallway, just as Helen was about to open the front door, Annette grabbed her, pushed her back against the bannister and kissed her hard, Helen responded and their tongues wrestled for half a minute before Helen broke free breathlessly.

"Next Wednesday! I can't wait."

"Me neither," said Annette in her sultry voice.

As Helen drove home at the end of the afternoon, she could hardly contain her excitement at what might lay in store for her on Friday Fun Night. She had a plan, but if Joe won, she would submit to his dominance. Either way, it promised to be highly erotic, given that they both wanted desperately

to explore their fantasies of Helen with other women. Helen had played down her own keen interest because it gave her a hold over Joe, but, in reality, she was as obsessed with the idea as he was.

She arrived home first, turned on the oven and put the wine in the fridge. Then she went upstairs to change out of her navy blue business suit, and into a short summer dress with a flared skirt and a pretty small yellow, orange and brown flower pattern. She switched from nude to tan stockings, but stayed in her white underwear, and stepped into six inch high gold stilettos with thin ankle straps. She checked herself out in the mirror and was more than happy with what she saw.

Joe arrived half an hour later, his cock sprung to attention at the sight of Helen. She knew the effect she had on him when she dressed for sex, and she could see the lustful longing in his eyes. It gave her a thrill to see him so obviously aroused by her. It was five-forty-five and he wanted to shower and change, so she put their ready meals in the oven and opened a bottle of Chardonnay. It was her turn to admire him when she saw him radiant from the shower, and looking so very masculine, with his wide shoulders and beautifully shaped buttocks, in a pale blue shirt and dark brown chinos.

By the time they had eaten and cleared up it was six thirty, still a little too early for candles to be lit, so Helen suggested that they should play the best of five rounds of rummy. The cards fell for Joe in the first two games, Helen had begun to think that he would extend his winning streak to six weeks. Then fortune intervened and turned the cards in her favour. She won the next two games and it went to the final hand. They were both desperate to win so that they could feel the erotic gratification of being in control, and dictate the pace and content of their dirty fantasies.

Helen felt nervous to the pit of her stomach, she was waiting for an ace of diamonds or a seven or jack of hearts to turn up. She knew that Joe needed one or maybe two cards to win. His face lit up as he picked up the four of clubs that she discarded, and she was convinced that he would lay his winning hand on the table. She couldn't believe her eyes, instead of declaring a winning hand, he placed the ace of diamonds on the pile. She slowly and seductively picked up the ace, discarded her unwanted card, and lay her winning hand under his nose.

Joe's heart sank, he'd lost, he clung to the hope that she would pick up where they left off on the previous Friday night, with fantasies of the women she'd masturbated about; but he had no control over what direction the evening would take. Helen left him contemplating defeat as she closed the curtains and lit the candles.

"You lost lover boy, now you're my slave, and I'm going to torment your poor unfortunate cock. Stand up. Now!"

As Joe got up and stood in the middle of the lounge, Helen strolled over and opened one of the drawers beneath the bookcase. She pulled out several lengths of soft red bondage rope, a black velvet blindfold, a ball gag on a leather strap and a length of pink ribbon. Joe's cock started to swell with anticipation; she stood about three feet in front of him.

"Take all of your clothes off, I want you completely naked and vulnerable; don't speak unless I tell you to."

Joe did as he was told and stood naked, with a semi erection.

"What's this? You're not showing me proper respect, get on your knees."

Helen walked slowly behind him, everything she did was done with slow, measured, provocative movements. She knelt on one knee and tied his hands behind his back then strapped on the ball

gag.

"Get up."

She moved around in front of him and stood sexily with her legs slightly apart, and her weight on her left leg. The pink ribbon was stretched taut between her hands which she held up in front of her breasts. She tied one end of the ribbon to the end of his cock in a tight bow, as she did so, he reached full hardness.

"That's better, but you will still be punished for your disrespect."

She poured herself another glass of wine and made him lie on his back on the long coffee table. She sat close by on the sofa, with her sexy legs crossed, showing the beginnings of her stocking tops; took hold of the the other end of the ribbon and tugged at it periodically as she drank her wine. It turned Joe on immensely, the ribbon was tied just under the glans of his penis and each tug felt exquisite but slightly painful; his large cock swayed to and fro as she enjoyed watching his arousal.

"How does that feel slave? I bet it's turning you on."

He gave a groan of pleasure.

"I might just sit here, and tug on this ribbon, until your come reaches the tip of your cock; it'll be excruciating for you, your warm spunk trapped in your balls and the shaft of your cock, with no means of release, just imagine the mix of pain and pleasure, mmmm what an enticing prospect."

Joe felt a mixture of trepidation and arousal, his wife's tone was beginning to shift from moderate teasing to outright sadism; it turned him on immensely. Even so, he wasn't prepared for what happened next.

"But no, I've got other plans for you. You must be severely punished, there's no getting away from it."

She stood up at the end of the table closest to his feet and pulled hard on the ribbon.

"Get up."

Where his cock went, he followed. He struggled to his feet, and she led him by his cock, to stand next to the sofa that backed onto the front window where, underneath one of the cushions, she'd hidden his old table tennis bat. His pulse quickened as he watched her calmly take hold of the bat and sit down on the sofa. She eased the hem of her dress upwards and pointed to her stocking clad thighs.

"Over my lap this minute, you disobedient slave."

She grabbed his left ear with her right hand, and bent him down over her knees, clamping his erect cock with its pink ribbon between her thighs. He felt the arousing sensation of her nylons squeezing against his trapped shaft.

They had an agreement that they wouldn't inflict pain on each other during sex play without permission. So far, they hadn't ventured down that road, so this was a first.

"Are you going to object to my method of punishment slave?"

She brandished the bat in front of his face, he shook his head to indicate that he would willingly submit to a spanking and waited for the painful smack across his buttocks.

"This is to teach you that you must always be fully erect in my presence."

He lay with his head to her left and his feet touching the floor to her right. She raised the bat and brought it down hard on his right buttock, the sound of the loud slap was followed by his cry of pain. She repeated the punishment on his left buttock, then slowly alternated right then left. It stung at first and his eyes watered but as she got to around the tenth stroke on each buttock, the pain was overtaken by a warm sensual glow.

She carried on for another ten strokes on each side, she loved the feel of his hard shaft, trapped and helpless between her thighs, as it rubbed against her stockings with each smack. Her pussy tingled with kinky arousal.

"Get up, we're not finished yet slave."

As she released his cock from between her thighs, and he rose to his feet, she noticed several small droplets of his come glistening on her stocking swathed calves. He'd had a muted orgasm, the tight ribbon had prevented a proper release of his come. She was thrilled at the thought of his powerlessness and her utter domination. His hands were tied behind his back, his erect cock had been fettered by her thighs and a pink ribbon, and she'd inflicted pain and arousal on him in equal measure.

A surge of depraved lust shot through her as she embraced her new role of dominatrix. She contemplated it's deliciously depraved and erotic future possibilities, with Joe as her obedient, submissive Friday night plaything. Her pussy clenched and oozed juice into her panties, she felt powerful and completely in control.

She got up and slinked toward the lounge door in her six inch stilettos, pulling him behind her, still bound and gagged, by the pink ribbon attached to his cock. She picked up the blindfold and led him out into the hallway, then up the stairs. He watched her beautiful buttocks and the flared skirt of her summer dress, sway enticingly from side to side as she climbed the stairs ahead of him. He could see the perfect profile of her breasts taut against the fitted bodice of the dress.

She led him into the bedroom, his buttocks still stinging and his cock like iron after the punishment exacted on him.

"Lie down on your back."

He laid down on the bed and she quickly tied his ankles and then his knees together. She slipped sexily out of her dress and let it fall to the floor. She unclipped her bra and let her breasts fall like perfect teardrops. She wriggled out of her panties, stepped out of the dress strewn around her ankles and laid on his right, next to him on the bed. The pink ribbon was still tied tightly to the end of his erect cock, it was slightly painful but highly erotic.

She tied the blindfold around his head and loosened the gag.

"Now I'm going to make you beg for what you can't have."

He emitted a soft grunt at the prospect of being teased mercilessly.

"We're going to play a game, I'm going to ask you which women you think I've fucked in my fantasies and, every time you get one right, I'm going to bring you close to an orgasm then leave you frustrated and begging for it. If you get it wrong, I'll pull the ribbon hard until it feels like your cock is being wrenched off, so you lose both ways. Let's start, I've told you about Linda, Sue and Julie so they don't count, who else do you think turns me on?"

After a pause, he blurted out the name of her bridesmaid, "Cheryl."

"Clever slave."

She kissed the purple tip of his fettered erect cock, then stroked her thumb and fingers up and down the shaft, until his head arched back and he began to groan, then she stopped abruptly. He gave an anguished cry as his emerging orgasm was stopped in its tracks.

She toyed with the ribbon whilst whispering into his right ear, "I've had her many times in my fantasies, me in my wedding dress and her touching my pussy after helping to reattach a suspender clip."

"Mmmhhh."

"Who else?"

"Mandy, the receptionist at the college."

"No slave."

She tugged hard on the ribbon, in a downwards direction, so that he felt like his cock would snap. He gave quick gasp of pain.

"Naughty slave, you obviously want to fuck her, but I'll punish you for that another time. Who else?"

He hesitated, fearing another jolt of discomfort, "Brenda, your hairdresser."

"Wrong again slave," she tugged on the ribbon again and he let out another breath of pain.

"I'm enjoying this, who else slave, who else do you think I'd like to share my fantasy bed?"

"Lynn."

"My boss Lynn?"

"Yes."

He braced himself for more pain but he'd got it right.

"Well done slave."

She sucked the head of his penis while masturbating the shaft rapidly, after a short while, his pelvis began to thrust upwards. She stopped immediately, he felt more aroused than he could remember at the exquisite combination of a stifled orgasm, a throbbing pain at the tip of his cock and a powerful sense of sexual submission to a dominant women.

"One more chance slave, who else?"

He thought for a moment, "That girl you used to play tennis with?"

"Sexy little Joanne?"

"Yes."

"Well done again slave, I'll spare you any more punishment for now because I'm really horny and I want you to eat my cunt."

Helen was relieved that he hadn't mentioned Annette, she would have denied it if he had. She also hoped she would never feel the need to reveal her lust for Elaine, her eighteen year old next door neighbour.

She helped Joe to the end of the bed, so that he could kneel between her legs, while she laid on her back with her six inch stilettos planted on the floor. He was still blindfolded and bound at his wrists, knees and ankles. She opened her pussy lips and guided his head between her legs, pressing his face into her cunt. He gave her a superb licking and sucking. She was intensely turned on, he paced it so that she didn't come too soon. The sounds she made gave voice to her increasing arousal, he gauged it perfectly as her pelvis shuddered and juddered to orgasm under the influence of his clever lips and tongue.

"Oh God! That was awesome, I want your cock now, get up and lie on the bed slave."

He did as he was told, and she untied the pink ribbon that she had used to control his cock, then she lowered her cunt onto his solid shaft. She knew he wouldn't last long but, fortunately, she was so turned on by having him trussed up and unable to move, that she knew she could come again quickly. She squeezed her left nipple between the thumb and fingers of her left hand, and reached down to touch her clitoris with her right hand.

She rode him energetically, thrusting her supple pelvis, so that her cunt sheathed his cock in a warm muscular massage that made him come almost instantly. He groaned a low guttural sound from deep inside his throat, she followed him with a thrashing orgasm that made her groin and the inside of her thighs tremble with pleasure. A gush of her come flooded over his balls. She moved further up his body and, with her knees on his shoulders, commanded him to lick her clean.

When he had done so, she untied his knees and ankles and removed the blindfold, but left his hands tied behind his back, because she wanted to stay in control, as she pressed him on how he would really feel about her taking an actual woman as a lover. She'd already decided that she didn't need his permission, indeed, she'd already made love to Annette, but she'd rather have his agreement than not.

"Jesus Helen, that was unbelievable, where did you get those gloriously filthy ideas from?"

"My imagination lover boy, I'll have to give you a guided tour more often."

"I feel as though we've gone to a whole new level in the past two weeks."

"Well, if that's the case, are you prepared to take it even further? How would you feel if I actually had sex with a woman?"

"What you mean a threesome?"

"Well perhaps, eventually but no, I mean me taking a woman as a lover? You've been extremely turned on in the last two weeks by fantasies of me being with a woman, how would you feel if I actually did it in reality?"

"Fuck, I'd love it, is that what you want to do?"

She could see his cock hardening at the thought of it.

"I was going to say give me an honest answer, but your penis has already spoken for you."

"God, the thought of it, it's a huge turn on."

"Just imagine, I could tell you all about what we get up to in bed while I watch you masturbate."

"Mmmm, yes, and you might let me watch you with her sometimes?"

"Would you like that?"

"Fuck yes, I'd be in heaven."

"Maybe we could tie you up and make you watch your wife being taken by another woman."

"God I hope you're serious about this and not just winding me up."

"I'm deadly serious."

Joe's cock was now rock hard and standing proud of his abdomen at a forty five degree angle.

"Untie me, I want to fuck you now."

"Not yet, lover boy, I want you so desperate that you can't think straight," she smiled.

"Prick tease."

"I know."

"How will you go about it, I mean who will you... you know, proposition?"

"Well let's not rush into it, I'd need to be absolutely sure, I'm not going to proposition a woman unless I'm sure she wants to be seduced. This could take some time, can you suggest anyone? What about one of those vixens that works with you? Wendy seems the adventurous type, and she's hot."

"I'd rather it wasn't one of my work colleagues, especially Wendy, she couldn't keep a secret to save her life."

"Don't worry, I'll find someone discreet for you to watch making love to me. Anyway, I'm in charge tonight and I've decided that you can fuck me now."

She untied his wrists and he shafted her until they both came again. This time, she told him her fantasy of him being tied up, and made to watch her and her cousin's wife Julie, kissing and fondling on a sofa. When she suggested that it would be the nearest thing to incest that he would ever see, he came loud and hard, switching the fantasy in his mind to him fucking her sister; not something to which he would ever dare confess.

As she lay drifting off to sleep, she felt slightly uneasy that she hadn't been entirely honest with Joe. But any sense of guilt was soon dissipated by the delicious prospect of indulging her new passion by fucking other women. She also needed to speak to Annette to see whether she would agree to revealing their relationship to him.

It was Saturday morning, and Joe had gone to get a slow puncture in one of his car tyres dealt with. Helen couldn't wait until Wednesday to speak to Annette, however convinced she was that Joe would be completely delighted and aroused by their recent intimacy, and she was convinced, she needed to make him aware of it as soon as possible.

Wearing tight jeans, trainers and a tight fitting jumper, she looked highly desirable as she made her way to Annette's house five doors away. Annette was about to set off for the gym and also looked very desirable in her fitness attire.

"Oh Annette, I'm glad I've caught you, have you got a minute?"

"Yes, what's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing's wrong as such but, I need to talk to you about Joe."

Annette listened to Helen as she told her about her agreement with Joe, that she could take a woman as a lover, and how she felt deceitful, because she more or less already had. She needed to be honest with him and tell him as soon as possible, and she felt that it would make it difficult to have a relationship with her, if she wouldn't agree to Helen being open with him about their emerging affair. When she had finished, Annette spoke to her calmly and thoughtfully.

"I agree that it would be best to avoid having secrets from your husband, and I want very much to take you as a lover. Opportunities like this don't come along for me very often at my age, I'm nearly twenty years older than you, so it can't last forever, but I want to make the most of it while I can."

"No, God look at you Annette, you're in your prime, you could have anyone you want."

"It's kind of you to say so darling. Look, if Joe really is turned on by the prospect of you being taken by a woman, why don't we give him a treat? How about planning a very special 'reveal' for him next Friday? It's your fun night and from what you said, he'll be pumped up and ready to enjoy your girl on girl fantasies. Let's make it real for him. Give me some time to think it through, and we'll make plans when you come round to see me on Wednesday."

"God, I love the sound of that, fuck yes."

"You haven't forgotten that I'm going to demonstrate some of my toys on Wednesday?"

"Mmmm, I can't wait, I'll be your toy if you like."

"That was my intention," said Annette with a lascivious smile.

Joe was so aroused by what had happened between him and Helen on the previous Friday night, and by the prospect of Helen actually having sex with a woman, that he masturbated on Monday evening when Helen was late home from work, after dropping in to see her mother on the way home. He also masturbated on Thursday evening, while Helen was at her aqua aerobics class, and he fucked her in bed every night, including on Wednesday after, unbeknown to him, she had been 'ravaged' by Annette.

Joe had gone out for a drink with his mates as usual on Wednesday, he left the house at seven fifteen, and Helen went straight up to their bedroom to change for Annette. She picked out a tight white mini skirt, that finished six inches above her knees, and a pale yellow short sleeved fitted top

with a plunging neckline. Underneath the skirt, and visible in outline, she wore a white four strap suspender belt with nude stockings. She decided to forgo both bra and panties, her breasts were firm and perfectly shaped, and her erect nipples pushed against the material of her top, leaving two beautiful points protruding from her lovely firm breasts.

She stepped into her gold strapped, six inch stilettos and waited a few minutes until it had got a little darker outside, then she put on her long coat and, with only her feet and ankles on show, walked the fifty yards up the road to Annette's house. She was sure that Annette would be impressed but as the front door opened, Helen's heart missed a beat.

Standing in front of her, dressed in skin tight black leather trousers, a matching jacket, black leather heeled ankle boots, and black leather fingerless gloves was Annette. She looked very sexy but very severe with her hair gelled and combed back flat to her head. Helen, feeling completely overwhelmed, noticed the black riding crop in her right hand and started to tremble, but that was nothing, compared to the jolt of arousal, and the trickle of pussy fluid, that ran down her leg and into her stocking tops when she noticed the bulge beneath Annette's tight leather trousers.

She stood mesmerised and rooted to the spot, until Annette took hold of her lapels, pulled her into the hallway, and shut the front behind her. Her long coat was unbuttoned and fell open to reveal her mini skirted thighs, with their suspender bumps. Her nipples were harder and even more prominent; Annette was very impressed. The contrast between a short skirted, high heeled legs and a long coat always had her aroused and this time was no exception.

Annette pushed her up against the door with the riding crop in the middle of her chest. Then she pinned her wrists over her head with her strong left hand, with her right hand she held the riding crop under Helen's chin, and told her that she was going to fuck her. She discarded the riding crop, raised the hem of Helen's mini skirt and grabbed her pussy. Before Helen could react, two fingers were inside her wet hole.

"I see you're ready for me," said Annette's before pushing her tongue into Helen's mouth.

Helen came up for air, "Oh! Oh! Annnnnettte, fuuckk."

She could feel the strap on cock pressing into her right thigh as Annette continued to finger her.

"No, no stop please, I'll come too soon."

"You'll come when I decide, and you'll keep on coming as long as I want you to. Take your coat off."

Annette pulled her over to the bannister where Helen noticed bondage rope already prepared. Annette lifted her arms high above her head and tied her wrists to the bannister. She was almost on tip toes, even in her six inch stilettos. Annette's ankle boot heels were three inches high so the difference in height between the two pairs of heels put Helen's pussy was at just the right height. Annette unzipped her fly and let her strap on cock spring out, erect and ready for business. It looked longer and thicker to Helen than it had when she'd seen it previously.

"This is a new cock, I bought it just for you, we're going to find out if you can take eight inches"

"Oh God. Fuck me, fuck me with it, I want it."

"It's going to stretch you but you'll never want me to take it out."

Annette smeared lubricant onto the cock in a salacious manner as though she was slowly masturbating it then she opened Helen's cunt hole with the fingers of her left hand and guided the cock in with her right hand. The huge false cock penetrated Helen stretching her cunt walls until it reached her cervix.

Once inside and sure that Helen could take it, Annette thrust into her bound and defenceless girlfriend, and fucked her hard against the bannister. She lifted Helen's top, and squeezed and massaged her breasts and nipples as she did so. She pushed her tongue into her mouth, and Helen opened her legs as wide as she could to accommodate the large cock, it had a protrusion on the top of the base that rubbed against her clitoris.

Helen glanced at the full length mirror on the wall opposite and saw the hugely arousing sight of Annette's leather clad shapely buttocks thrusting the cock into her, it tipped her over the edge, and she came with a powerful orgasm; she managed to stay upright only because she was tethered to the bannister.

Annette untied her, "We're not finished yet, come with me."

With the huge strap on cock still protruding from her fly, she pulled Helen into the lounge by her hair, and pushed her, face down onto the sofa. She tied her hands behind her back, then she lifted her buttocks up so that she was on her knees, and entered her from behind.

Helen was taken completely by surprise as her body rocked back and forth to Annette's thrusting movements. With her right hand, Annette reached around Helen's hips and rubbed her clitoris. Helen's face was pressed sideways into a cushion, she was on her knees and her cunt was fully exposed and being pounded by Annette. She felt a second orgasm building in and radiating throughout her body, she came again with a loud squeal followed by breathless grunts.

Annette sat Helen up on the sofa and left her hands tied behind her back then she pushed her top up and went to work on her breasts with her mouth and tongue. She circled her erect nipples with her tongue then sucked on them alternately. Helen felt arousing sensations travelling all the way down her abdomen into her pussy. It tingled and craved more attention, she didn't have to wait long, Annette had the fingers of her right hand inside her again. Helen opened her legs wider and Annette reached for a large vibrator from the coffee table.

"This is new as well, it's my best seller, it'll take you to places you can only imagine," said Annette as she pushed it slowly into Helen's cunt.

It was much larger than her own vibrator and it filled her up completely.

"No, no please Annette, don't switch it on please, I can't come again, please don't try to make me."

Annette pressed the on switch and the vibrator hummed into life.

"No please don't, I can't, I can't."

The large beast was working well within itself, and already seemed more comfortable and stimulating than Helen's old device. Annette turned up the power to half way.

"Oh no Annette, please don't, it'll be ages before I can come aggggaainn, oh Goddd, it's heaven, fffuccckkk, please don't, please don't, stop, please don't stop."

Annette turned it up a little further, it was still below full power, but it had Helen in its orgasmic grip, she'd never felt such sensations before, it amazed her that she was building towards her third orgasm in fifteen minutes. In Annette's expert hands, the vibrator took Helen to another delightful climax.

Annette was so turned on by now that she badly needed to come, so she removed her clothes and the strap on cock, then untied Helen's hands and told her to strip naked. Annette sat on the sofa, opened her legs wide and watched the gorgeous Helen take her clothes off, then Helen knelt down in front of her and buried her face in her pussy.

The feel of Helen's warm wet tongue sweeping around her labia was divine, she'd waited for this, she loved being eaten by women; and this woman was proving to be very very good at it. Helen's tongue slipped inside the entrance to her hole, she moaned with arousal; Helen licked her perineum several times and Annette gave a loud guttural groan.

Then Helen's tongue swept up through the valley between her labia before moving up to circle her clitoris. Annette arched her back and pushed her cunt into Helen's face. Helen responded by slipping the long middle finger of her right hand up inside Annette's vagina and finding her sweet spot, Annette gasped and reached down for her clitoris with her right hand but Helen pushed her hand away, and covered her clitoris with her lips.

Annette suddenly bucked her hips twice and started to come. Helen wrapped her left arm around the small of Annette's back and locked her mouth over her clitoris, sucking hard. She kept probing her g-spot with her finger, and Annette arched her back so far that they slipped off the sofa onto the carpet. Helen was still locked onto Annette's cunt, and had her left arm around her hips as Annette writhed and wriggled.

Annette twisted so that she lay sideways with Helen's head still between her legs as she continued to come, then she rotated even further and ended up face down on the floor with Helen beneath her; her face still in her pussy. Annette had come hard before they slid to the floor together and now she was coming again, her juices seeping onto Helen's chin. After a second deep orgasm, Annette pulled Helen's face up to hers, and licked her own come fluid from Helen's mouth and chin.

In an erotic tangle of limbs, the two naked women savoured Annette's second orgasm then they lay together for several minutes kissing and fondling each other tenderly.

As they both got dressed again, Annette described her plan for their performance in front of Joe in two days time. Helen loved it, Annette had given it a great deal of thought and explained it in detail; right down to what they would both be wearing.

"Whatever happen's, you must play a game where you can easily cheat to make sure you win."

"Don't worry that's all in hand, it'll be a card game and I'll fix the deck. I'll be his Mistress this Friday night, no problem."

"You're absolutely sure that Joe will be aroused by watching me take you? It's going to look to him like I'm forcing you, raping you even, he won't be upset or angry?"

"He's practically begged me to have sex with a woman, he's desperate for me to do it. Whenever we've swapped fantasies just lately, he seems to get incredibly aroused if I'm being forced into sex by another woman. The best bit though is that he won't be expecting it, you're a genius, it'll rock his world don't you worry."

"It's making me horny again just thinking about it."

"Are you still into men? He'll be gagging for a threesome with us when he knows that we're lovers."

"I do still fancy some men yes."

"And could Joe be one of them?"

"Absolutely, as long as you don't have a fit of jealousy."

"That won't be a problem, I've often masturbated to fantasies of you riding his cock."

Joe watched Helen get ready for work on Friday morning. He couldn't take his eyes off her as she fitted a black suspender belt, and clipped it to a pair of barely black stockings. She fastened her black bra, pulled on black lacy panties, then she wriggled into a tight red wiggle dress with a kick pleat at the back, and stepped into black high heeled court shoes. The dress draped the beautiful mounds of her breasts, clung to her waistline, pulled taut across her flat stomach, and followed the sensual curve of her buttocks. The pencil cut finished at her knees left two beautifully shaped calves and ankles in classy heeled shoes. She finished her look with dangly black earrings. Joe even considered being late for work by masturbating after she had left the house.

"My God Helen, you're going to stiffen a few pricks today."

"And maybe moisten a pussy or two," added Helen.

Helen wasn't wrong, even her boss Lynn had eyes like saucers when Helen walked into her office to give her her post.

"Wow Helen, you look more fabulous than ever today. I love you in that dress."

"I love wearing it for you."

"No, I didn't mean... oh ha ha, very funny, you had me going then."

"Well let me know if you ever want me to get you going again boss," grinned Helen as she left the office.

Not for the first time, where Helen was concerned, Lynn felt a slight tingle in her pussy. She assumed that Helen was joking, but couldn't stop a fantasy, of being seduced into a kiss with Helen, flashing through her mind.

Helen attracted more looks and stares than usual from students and staff, she dealt with it easily enough, in fact, it turned her on a little. The biggest surprise of her day at work was when she went into the women's toilet to reattach a suspender clip. The toilets were empty as she stood in front of the wash basins, and raised the hem of her dress up above her right stocking top. Just as she was making the adjustment, the door opened and Amanda, an attractive mid-thirties, lesbian, fashion design tutor, walked in.

"Oh, excuse me Amanda, I'm just making running repairs."

"No, don't mind me Helen, I could watch you doing that all day long," she said as she gave Helen a long, lingering, lustful stare, "in fact, If you come for a drink with me sometime, I'd be delighted to

check your suspender straps for you."

"Thanks Amanda, but no thanks all the same, I'm spoken for."

"Hmm, that's curious, most straight women I try it on with say that they're not for the ladies... you didn't."

Helen's face flushed pink and she straightened her dress and made for the door, Amanda detained her by gently taking hold of her forearm.

"If ever you change your mind, you know where to find me."

"I'll bear that in mind."

Amanda rarely tried to seduce straight women, but she'd had the hots for Helen for a long time, and she now she also had hope.

Throughout the rest of the day, Helen became more excited at the thought of her plans for Friday Fun Night. She couldn't wait to finish work and get home. As soon as she walked through the front door, and before taking her coat off, she picked up the phone to check with Annette that all was well with her. Then she put the ready meal and wine in the fridge.

She stayed in her dress and heels because she knew it would turn Joe on to see her looking so hot. He arrived home earlier than usual too, she was prepared for this.

"Hi gorgeous, have you had a good day?"

"I've been hard all day thinking about you, and what could happen tonight."

"Well it is Friday Fun Night so our destiny lies in the cards tonight. It's early though so let's have a drink and I'll put the meal in the oven, and we can take our time allowing the anticipation to build, I know how you like that."

"God yes I love the suspense, it's so erotic and it's all part of the foreplay for me. Anyway, how was your day?"

"Not bad, I was asked out by Amanda, the fashion design tutor. She's out as a lesbian and I know she's always had the hots for me, she's usually very proper but she caught me in the toilets adjusting a suspender clip and she came on to me."

"Did you make a date?"

"No, I don't think she'd want to play the kind of games that we're looking for, she'd probably get no thrill from your involvement. We need to find a woman that swings both ways, like me in my fantasies."

After a leisurely meal and a bottle of wine, they went upstairs to change. Joe quickly put on a clean shirt and a pair of chinos, then laid on the bed watching Helen.

"Do you really need to change out of that dress? You look so fucking hot."

"Easy tiger, I'm going for a sexy librarian look tonight, so just be patient."

Joe watched Helen wriggle out of her red wiggle dress and step out of her black heels. She left her black underwear on but changed her barely black stockings for a neutral shade. She disposed of her dangly earrings and replaced them with austere slate grey studs, then put on a shiny grey blouse with black pinstripes, that buttoned up to her neck and was tied at the throat with a bow in the same material. Her breasts looked magnificent in the demure satin blouse.

She picked up a knee length, grey, pencil skirt that buttoned up the left side. She fastened the waist button, then slowly and sensuously fastened the rest of the buttons from the top downwards. She did this in such a sensuously feminine manner that Joe's cock strained at the front of his chinos. Finally, she stepped into her four inch high black court shoes again, smoothed her skirt down along her thighs, and looked alluringly at Joe.

"What do you think?"

"You look fucking gorgeous, and I know what you're wearing underneath that sexy librarian outfit."

"Come on, it's getting dark, I'll light the candles and you get the cards out."

They both went downstairs, Joe took the pack of cards out of the drawer, opened it and put the cards on the coffee table. Helen spotted what he was doing, and quickly asked him to go back upstairs to look for a butterfly clip for her earrings, that she pretended had come detached. She checked that the deck of cards were still in the sequence that she had left them in; she didn't want him to disturb the cards under any circumstances. She lit the candles and settled onto the sofa under the window.

"I can't see it in the bedroom."

"It's okay, it was here on the carpet all along, come on, let's start."

Joe sat at the sofa along the wall, he would have been quite happy to lose, if only Helen would repeat her spanking punishment, and the tying of a pink ribbon to his cock like the previous Friday.

"I'm horny as hell," said Helen, "Let's just play one hand of whist."

"Yes let's, the sooner I get to dominate you the better," he said with a grin.

"Steady on lover boy, you'll be my slave tonight."

"Let's see," said Joe as he picked up the deck of cards.

"Hey, it's my deal tonight, you dealt first last week."

Helen's bluff paid off, in the confusion she'd contrived over who's deal it was, Joe didn't notice that she didn't cut and shuffle the pack. She won the game in short time and with ease.

"Well well, it looks like I'm your Mistress again this week. Get up and take off all of your clothes, then stand here and wait for me."

"Yes mistress."

As Joe undressed, Helen walked through into the conservatory, which was attached to the rear of the house. She moved one of the solid wooden dining chairs right up to the glass panel adjacent to the connecting doors. In front of the glass panels and doors were thick voile curtains. With the lights on in the lounge, and off in the conservatory, it was possible to see from the conservatory

into the lounge, but not the other way around. Helen went back into the lounge and took several lengths of bondage rope out of the drawers beneath the bookcase. Joe had undressed and was facing away from her.

"I told you last week that you would be severely punished if you failed to show me proper respect, turn around and let me see."

Joe turned and she could see that his cock was proud and erect. So she quickly thought of another reason to punish him.

"That's better but I'm not pleased with your attitude tonight, you had the temerity to argue with me about who should deal the cards, so you will be punished, come with me."

Helen led him through to the conservatory by his erect cock. Knowing what was about to happen, she felt more aroused than she had ever been in her life. Joe was also excited at what lay in store for him, after the pain and pleasure she inflicted on him last week, he longed for her to impose her will on him again, against a backdrop of fantasies about her being fucked by other women. He was longing for the day that she came home from bedding her first female conquest; little did he know.

"Sit here, now, and keep still while I bind you to the chair."

Helen tied his hands to the backrest and his knees and ankles to the front legs. Then she fastened the ball gag to his mouth and pulled it tight. She'd bound him well, he couldn't move an inch.

"I have some business to attend to, but you won't be going anywhere," said Helen as she made her way back into the lounge and then into the hallway. She picked up the phone and dialled Annette's number.

"Hello."

"Five minutes," said Helen in a barely audible whisper.

Helen replaced the receiver and walked back into the conservatory. Joe's cock was still hard and pointing up at her as she lowered herself onto his lap. She sat for a moment with the middle finger of her right hand under his chin.

"You lucky slave, tonight will be the night of your life, and you won't have to lift a finger."

She undid the buttons on her skirt to just above her stocking tops, then sat astride him, face to face. The end of his cock left a wet patch on her panty gusset as she slowly caressed the shaft. She kissed him sensuously and stroked his cock. He wasn't expecting this, he had braced himself for punishment, and now he had no idea how she was going to press home her advantage. His most fervent hope was that, whatever she did to him, she would whisper her fantasies of being fucked by a woman in his ear.

"You're going to be teased like you've never been teased before, and you won't be able to do a thing about it."

The doorbell rang.

"Oh no, who could that be, I'll have to answer it. I'll get rid of them and be back soon, don't go away," she said sarcastically.

Helen stood up and buttoned up her skirt then, she closed the door between the dark conservatory and the softly lit lounge, so that he couldn't be seen from the lounge, but he could see into the lounge. Then she made her way to the front door. The conservatory also connected to the house through the kitchen which also led into the hallway so Joe could hear clearly as Helen opened the front door and said, "You look stunning, come in."

He could also hear Annette's reply, "I was just about to say the same thing about you. Your lingerie order arrived today so I thought I should bring it round, I hope it's not inconvenient?"

"No, not at all, come into the lounge and I'll pour you a glass if you like."

"Lovely."

"Red or white?"

"Red please."

From his bound position in the conservatory, Joe could see Annette walk into the lounge in her tight leather outfit. Her legs looked stunning in her tight leather trousers and ankle boots, but his view wasn't clear enough to see the bulge of her false cock. She sat down on the sofa underneath the window, Helen arrived with a glass of red wine for Annette and a white wine for herself.

"I'd better draw the curtains."

"I love the candles, they're so subtle, you can't see much from outside through your net curtains," said Annette as she admired Helen's buttocks in her tight skirt, bending over the back of the sofa to reach the curtains.

Joe watched her watching Helen and his cock stiffened again. He had no idea what was going on and why Helen hadn't asked Annette to come back another time, but his cock was bursting at the thought of two very desirable women in his lounge, while he was bound naked to a chair only feet away in the conservatory.

They sat down side by side and Annette took the red and black basque, and the two six strap suspender belts, one black and one white, out of her her bag.

"You'll look so sexy in these," said Annette.

"Joe will love them," replied Helen.

"Do you often light candles or am I intruding on an intimate moment that you've got planned for later?"

Joe hoped that Helen would say yes, and then turn her attention to whatever she was going to do to him.

"Oh no, I just love candles on autumn and winter weekends."

The two women drank their wine and laughed and chatted for several minutes. Joe wondered how Friday Fun Night could be rescued now, he was still aroused and erect at the thought of being naked and just feet away from two very desirable women, talking to each other about lingerie.

He'd noticed that they were quite familiar with each other, he knew Helen had provided emotional support through the break up of Annette's marriage, but they seemed very tactile, touching each

other's arms and knees. Annette was on Helen's right, and as far as he could make out, she had put her hand on Helen's thigh and left it there, Helen didn't attempt to move away.

"Mmm, I see you're wearing stockings tonight, they're so sexy aren't they?" said Annette as she blatantly felt Helen's suspender clip through her skirt, "I love feeling sexy and accessible when I'm wearing a dress or skirt don't you?"

"Oh God yes, it's such a turn on when you're standing next to a woman who's hand you'd love to have up your skirt, it's just knowing how accessible your pussy is, and how easy it would be for her to touch you."

Joe could hardly believe his ears, his cock set rock hard, his wife had just spoken explicitly about having a woman's hand up her skirt to the woman who was sitting next to her, and feeling her suspender clip. Just as suddenly as he thought Helen had opened herself up to the possibility of seduction, Annette stood up to go.

"Well, I'd better leave you to it. If I'd know that you were alone tonight, I'd have come round much sooner and I could have fitted your new suspender belt for you."

A small drop of come formed at the tip of joe's quivering cock.

"Oh, while you're here, I'll find that novel that I said you could borrow. It's on the top shelf," said Helen gesturing toward the bookcase, there's a pair of small step ladders in the conservatory, I'll just be a moment."

As Helen left the room, she deliberately bumped into Annette and made a point of placing her right hand on Annette's buttocks as she squeezed between her and the sofa. Then she made her way through the kitchen into the conservatory to get the steps. While she was in the darkened conservatory, she took the opportunity to stroke Joe's hard cock and whisper to him that her cunt was soaking wet at the prospect of humiliating him later. He had no way of knowing what form his humiliation might take, or that it had already started.

Along the right hand end of the lounge was a bookcase, and opposite on the left, right in front of the glass panel where Joe sat bound on the other side, was a long low chaise longue. Back in the lounge, Helen set up the steps and put her high heeled left foot on the bottom rung, her skirt pulled taut across her thighs and buttocks. She lifted her right foot to the next rung and her skirt tightened in the opposite direction. Her left foot moved up to the large flat top step, and the buttons down the left side of her skirt strained against their button holes. Now she had both feet on the top step, from this position, she could reach the book, that she had ensured would be on the top shelf, when she'd moved it there the before she left for work that morning.

"Here it is, 'Desert of the Heart' it's an arousing read, and they've made a film of it with really erotic passages of hot lesbian sex.

Joe cock twitched again, his wife was recommending a book featuring lesbian sex to another woman. Helen stood in her alluring pose on the steps as she handed the book to the leather clad Annette. Her perfect breasts strained against her silky blouse. She managed to move her left foot down to the next step then stopped.

"Oh dear, I'm stuck, my skirt's too tight, I can't get down."

"Here, let me help you."

Annette put the book down and placed her hands on Helen's hips from behind to guide her down.

"No, it's no good Annette, you'll have to undo some of the buttons on my skirt."

"As long as you know where that might lead," said Annette as she placed her right hand on Helen's right buttock and, with her left hand, undid the first button close to the hem of Helen's tight grey skirt.

"I'm not sure what you mean," said an innocent sounding Helen.

Joe looked on in disbelief, he was still tightly bound to the chair, and completely unable to move. His cock spasmed several times and a small droplet of come oozed out of the tip.

Annette reached slowly for the second button and unfastened it.

"Is that helping?"

"No, you'll have to undo some more I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of, you can only fall into my arms" said a sultry Annette as she undid the third button; there were four more buttons to go.

Joe watched helpless as Annette undid the fourth button, then the fifth, and slipped her hand inside Helen's skirt and caressed her pussy.

"Oh Annette, don't, you've got me at a disadvantage, please don't."

Joe was beside himself with kinky lust and arousal. Annette clutched Helen to her with her left hand on her pussy, and her right arm wrapped around her waist; she brought her slowly down the steps. Then she pushed her against the bookcase and kissed her forcefully whilst undoing her blouse. She had her hands all over Helen's breasts then moved her right hand behind her right buttock and pulled Helen's hip against the hard strap on cock.

"Oh my God, what's that."

"You're about to find out."

"Oh no Annette, if it's what I think it is. Oh, please don't, what will I say to Joe, he'll be home any minute, oh God no, don't please."

Annette undid the last two buttons of Helen's skirt and removed her blouse. Then she told Helen to remove her bra and panties. Helen pretended to protest as she did so.

"No please don't make me, what are you going to do to me? You're taking advantage of me, please don't make me do this."

Joe felt so close to coming, he couldn't move, he couldn't speak, but his cock was ready to act without stimulation. Helen stood in her stockings, suspenders and heels. Annette paused for a moment to look at her with wild arousal in her eyes. Then she grabbed Helen and dragged her over to the low backless armless chaise lounges opposite the bookcase.

"Get on your back and open your legs for me," commanded Annette.

"No please, Joe will be home soon, please don't make me."

Annette pushed Helen down onto the sofa. Her head was at the end nearest to Joe's bound body. She was three feet away from him, separated by a glass panel and a voile curtain. He could see her clearly, she couldn't see him but she knew where he was. Annette pulled off her tight leather jacket and threw it on the floor. Helen looked at her in her lacy cream camisole, showing off her gym toned biceps and shoulders and felt her pussy slick with wetness.

Annette unzipped her tight leather trousers and pulled out her eight inch strap on cock.

"Oh God no, no, please no, please don't, please don't take me with that, it's too big."

Joe felt a surge of come leaving his balls, it gathered at the base of his shaft.

"Annette, I'm begging you, please don't force me to do this, please don't fuck me."

Annette lowered herself onto Helen and eased the huge cock into her wet willing cunt. She started to move up and down inside her, slowly at first.

"Oh God, Annette, no, this is wrong, oh God, please don't fuck me, you mustn't fuck me like this. Oh fuuucckkk Annnnette please.

Annette quickened the pace and started to suck Helen's breasts and nipples. Joe watched Annette's toned shoulders and arms pinning his wife down, while her leather clad buttocks drove the false cock into his wife's cunt.

"Ohhh fffucckk, stttopppp, pleasssse stttopppp. Oh Annette, you're fucking me, oh pleasssse. Oh don't fuck me, oh dohhhhn't, ohhhh ffffucckkk me, ffucck me, oh Goddd fuckkk me, ohhhh I love it, fuckkk me hardddd, make me commme, please make me commme, fuck me, fuck me."

Annette was so turned on now that she wanted Helen to come, so that she could make Annette come by eating her cunt; she could hear a faint stifled grunt from the conservatory and guessed Joe was having an unassisted orgasm. She thrust into Helen with full force and made her come spectacularly. Helen arched her head back and looked at the spot where she knew Joe's eyes would be. She gave him a sultry half smile before the intensity of her orgasm contorted her facial features.

Joe's come seeped out of his untouched cock in pulses as he watched his wife, at first being taken by force (at least that's what he thought), and then welcoming the fucking that she was getting from another woman. As soon as Helen had come, Annette made her suck her own juices off the strap on cock. Then they both stripped naked and they performed oral sex on each other, with Helen on top, for several minutes. Annette's sweet salty cunt filled Helen's mouth as she shoved her tongue inside Helen's hole. They came together, grunting and writhing then lay spent in each other's arms.

Joe had ejaculated a pool of semen onto the wooden chair seat in front of him, but he was desperate now for the touch of Helen's hand on his cock. He was elated at what he had just witnessed, and was even more aroused later when Helen told him, as she fucked him in bed, that she had already fucked Annette twice before.

Annette had dressed and disappeared quickly after oral sex with Helen. She thought it best to leave Helen to confess her most welcome infidelity to Joe. After she had seen Annette out, Helen went straight into the conservatory to see Joe. She didn't untie him immediately, instead, she straddled his thighs, scooped up his come from the seat, and masturbated him to another orgasm using his slick semen as a lubricant. Then she teased him even more by reminding him that she was in

charge. She untied the bondage ropes first and finally removed the ball gag, pushed her sticky semen drenched fingers into his mouth, and kissed him whilst caressing his cock again.

"Well, why didn't you come to my rescue?" she asked with an ironic grin.

"What makes you think I would have rescued you if I hadn't been tied up."

"Touché, come on, go and get into bed and wait for me, don't forget I'm still your mistress, and you'd better be hard or I'll punish you, it's not too late for a spanking."

Joe's almost floated up to bed, he felt light headed, exhilarated. He'd watched his wife being taken by another woman and it was intense, better than any fantasy.

Helen had a moment to herself, she finished her glass of wine and caressed her pussy at the thought of Annette's eight inch strap on. She wondered about other women that she might seduce and she considered making a play for her boss Lynn, she even started to think about seducing Elaine, her next door neighbour's eighteen year old daughter, who would be home from university periodically over the next three years. Lynn or Elaine, or perhaps both; she drained her glass and went upstairs to tie Joe up and fuck him again, and whisper in his ear that she was going to seduce her boss. She kept her lust for Elaine to herself for the time being.

Friday Fun Night would continue but sometimes new participants would join in. Over the next nine months Helen would seduce her boss Lynn, her cousin's wife, Julie, and her old tennis friend Joanne. She would continue her weekly affair with Annette, and would eventually agree to Amanda inspecting her suspender straps. When they were alone on a Friday, Helen and Joe would still indulge in mild bdsm, teasing, spanking and kinky fantasy.

Helen would also make a conquest of Madeline Ford, the attractive forty eight year old wife of the College's Chair of Governors. Helen had given her a lift home from a Christmas meal when her husband and some others had gone on to a city centre bar. Madeline had drunk enough to feel uninhibited, and had become turned on watching Helen's skirt ride halfway up her thighs while driving. Her friendly kiss on Helen's cheek, as she was about to get out of the car, turned into full lips and tongues. Helen put her hand up Madeline's dress and was delighted to discover that she was wearing stockings. She fingered her in the front passenger seat and made her come before Madeline invited her indoors to give Helen's pussy a Christmas kiss.

Then, during the middle of the next summer, on a warm sunny day, nineteen year old Elaine would be invited to Helen's garden for an iced gin and tonic and a spot of sunbathing. As both of them lay topless on a rug in a secluded corner of the garden, she would tell Helen that she had often seen her watching her from her bedroom window, then Helen would kiss her softly, and slide her right hand into the inviting gap between Elaine's firm flat abdomen, and the fabric of her bikini bottoms, as it stretched taut between her hip bones.