

# TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 01

***Briterotic***

*Tamara teases but is 'taken' out of her depth.*

Mature

4.37

7.6k words

## Chapter One: A Teaser Gets Taken

Tamara studied her reflection and allowed herself a satisfied smile. Her life had been good over the last couple of years. She had divorced her miserable, joyless and controlling ex-husband. Her sons had left home, and were doing well at university, and at work. She lived with her new partner, a kind supportive man with whom she regularly had fulfilling, and sometimes imaginatively erotic sex. In short, she had blossomed and, with the help of her partner, had begun to realise that she was a desirable and attractive woman.

Of course, she always had been fanciable. But it was as if she had 'flicked a switch' and she'd found the confidence to be alluring and seductive, as well as appealing to the eye. In fact, she had to admit to herself that she had become a bit of a prick tease. It was November 1996, she would be 46 at the end of the month, and she'd never felt more alive.

She sat at her dressing table in a sexy black bra and panties, applying the finishing touches to her dark brown hair and makeup. Her eyes were a beautiful shade of hazel, and her lips and fingernails were painted bright red. She opened a drawer and took out a six strap suspender belt that matched her bra and panties, and a brand new pair of black stockings.

With the suspender belt in place, she took special care as she rolled a stocking up over the knee and thigh of her left leg. She had been a reluctant stockings wearer, but the expensive underwear that her partner, Jack, had bought for her had led to a change of heart. Now she wore them frequently, because the well made suspender belt was surprisingly comfortable, and stockings made her feel sexy and accessible.

"If he had his way," she thought, as she turned her attention to her right leg, "I'd be wearing heels, stockings and a skirt to dig the garden."

Having attached the metal clips, and adjusted the straps, she stood up and stepped into her four inch heels. She loved her new black court shoes, and she couldn't resist walking over to the full length mirror. "Wow," she thought, as she admired what she saw. She loved the way her classy c-cup bra lifted her breasts.

She slipped off her shoes and pulled on a stretchy black pencil skirt. At three inches above the knee it was short, but not too short, and was snug enough to emphasise the curves of her peachy arse, without showing an outline of suspender clips, well, not too obviously anyway. She finished off with a long sleeved, round necked, knitted cotton top in pale-blue. Over this she wore a heavy necklace that sat between, and drew attention to, her well supported breasts. The final touch was a pair of long dangly pale grey teardrop earrings.

She stepped back into her shoes, and sat down again at the dressing table to rearrange her hair. As she lifted her arms, she could see that the hem of her skirt had risen to mid thigh, about half an

inch of stocking top was visible. In the past this would have bothered her, and she would have changed into tights instead; not now though, now she was looking forward to being a tease, and stiffening a few cocks at the party.

Jack wasn't going with her to the party. He was a member of the local council, and on this Friday evening, had been summoned to an emergency meeting that was likely to run on until late into the night. It was almost 7.30 pm and he'd just got in from his day job. He knew that Tamara hadn't left yet, because her car was still on the driveway. One of his many pleasures was watching her carefully putting on stockings or hold ups, whilst getting ready for work or a night out. He climbed the stairs, his cock already half erect at the prospect of seeing Tamara in her sexy underwear. As he entered the bedroom, and laid eyes on her sitting at her dressing table, his pulse quickened and a full erection firmed up beneath his suit trousers.

Tamara greeted him, "Hello darling, I'm running late, must dash. Did you have a good day at work? Oh, poor you, you've got that awful meeting to go to whilst I'm having fun at Annie's party."

Jack feasted his eyes on her. The perfect red lips, the way the material of her top fell between the mounds of her breasts, the skirt stretched taut across her thighs revealing a trace of suspender clips, and the shapely legs set off by four inch heels.

He took a breath, "Wow, I'm almost speechless, you look spectacular, really sexy."

She looked like such a fuckable present that he wouldn't be able to open, and this only added to the erotic desire that he felt for her.

She stood up to go, he pulled her to him and pressed his hard erection against her.

"My my, have I been responsible for that? You only laid eyes on me 30 seconds ago."

"Just thinking of you getting ready got me half way there, and seeing you looking like this finished the job."

"I hope it's still this hard when I get home," she said with a leering smile.

"It will be if you tell me about the trail of the stiff cocks and wet pussies that you're going to leave in your wake at the party."

She had never 'been' with a woman, but Tamara found herself hugely turned on when Jack whispered his dirty fantasies into her ear, whilst using his agile fingers on her in bed. But that's what they were, fantasies, and she couldn't envisage fucking, or being fucked by a woman in reality. Oh sure, she had found a few of her female friends and acquaintances sexually attractive, and she'd wondered what it would be like to go to bed with them, but that was definitely as far as it went, at least she was fairly certain that it would never happen.

"You and your fantasies. There won't be any fucking going on tonight, but in the unlikely event that someone puts their hand on my knee, or I get pulled in close on the dance floor and my arse gets groped, I'll tell you about it later in graphic detail, you naughty man."

"Okay, it's a deal. It's a shame there isn't time for you to wank me off now," he said hopefully "It might help me concentrate on something other than you at that damn meeting."

He lowered his head to hers and fixed his eyes on her red lips hoping to cover them with his own. She eased him away, turned and swayed her hips out of the bedroom on her four inch heels.

"Not happening lover boy. I'm late. It'll have to be self service if you're that desperate."

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It was a cold foggy evening as she drove out of the village. Annie's 50th birthday party was in the town, five miles away. Tamara had known Annie for years, they had taught at the same school for at least 15 of them. Annie wasn't one of her very best friends, she liked her and admired her (and her husband truth be known) but, in her less than happy past, she had been a little envious of Annie's seemingly perfect life.

When she'd received the party invitation, she was immediately thrilled at the prospect of rubbing shoulders with Annie's glamorous family and friends, and she was determined to enjoy herself. She'd been disappointed that Jack couldn't make it, but also, secretly, a little pleased that she'd have plenty of time to flirt and toy with any men that got caught in her dazzling headlights.

The fog slowed her down a little, but as she turned right at the road leading past the barracks, she could still see the high chain-link fence, and the security lights shining through the mist. Half a mile further on she turned left on to the road into town. As she came into the outskirts the streetlights improved visibility, and she had no trouble finding the party venue. She was relieved that there were still a few parking spaces.

The car park was not well lit, but she was pleased with how she'd managed to reverse perfectly into a space facing the building. Ten minutes to eight, not too early, not too late. She opened the car door and swung her stocking clad legs around together, so that she could retain her dignity whilst getting out. Even in the poor light, she knew that any other party goers in the vicinity would have had a good view of the tops of her silky thighs and her panties, if she hadn't been careful to keep her knees together. Not that she intended to be too careful once inside the party. She knew the erotic power of a strategically exposed stocking top, and she intended to wield that power to full effect should the opportunity arise.

"Hi Tamara, well you look fab, are you on the pull tonight?" her friend Mary joked as she greeted her.

"Mary, if I get the chance to dangle one or two on the hook, before throwing them back into the cold water, I'll take it. Otherwise I'll be the perfect lady."

"Perfect lady my arse, you'll attract a lot of attention tonight in those shoes, how come Jack let you out looking this dangerous?"

"I left him in a bit of a state, if you get my meaning," Tamara grinned, "If I arrive home with tales of close encounters, it'll keep him ready and willing for weeks."

"You lucky bitch, I thought he was always ready and willing."

"Well he is, but he'll go to another level if I can fuel his fantasies about me fucking another man."

"My God Tamara you're such a tart. Are you sure it'll be a fantasy?"

"Of course, but if I leave room for a tiny bit of doubt, he'll find it tantalisingly erotic and I'll reap the benefits."

Annie spotted the two friends and came over to welcome them. After a few minutes chatting, Annie said that she needed to 'circulate,' so they grabbed their drinks, and made their way through the

other party guests, heading for a table at which their work colleagues were sitting. The bar area was packed, and they had to ease their way through the well dressed bodies. Tamara felt a hand squeeze and then pinch her right buttock. She turned quickly to see the leering face of an unattractive middle aged man, whom she knew to be a lecherous alcoholic.

He leaned in to her and said, "I bet you enjoyed that."

Tamara, flushed with anger and indignation, said in her classroom voice, "Touch me like that again and I'll break your fucking arm." The man looked embarrassed and admonished as he slunk away.

She pushed through the crowd, and approached the table where her friends were seated. She felt elated, but she smirked at the thought that having her arse groped by one of the more attractive men in the room, would not have elicited anything like the same deadly response that she'd just delivered.

She arrived at the table to a chorus of wolf whistles, and general approval from her colleagues. She felt flattered, but then saw the mischief in Mary's eyes.

"You set that up you cow."

"I told them that you're on the pull tonight, can I help it if they all think that you look the part?"

Tamara decided that despite Mary's sense of fun, she was still flattered at the reaction of her colleagues. She sat herself down next to Mary, on the end of a long curved leather covered bench seat, at a large round table. Her legs were not hidden by the tablecloth like most of her party, so she decided that this was an opportunity to solicit some interest. She crossed her left leg over her right, her skirt became seriously shorter in this position, and almost all of the stocking top on her left leg was visible.

She deliberately avoided looking to her left to the main body of people standing around the bar, and on the edge of the dance floor. She wanted to let any interested parties feel quite safe in ogling her, before springing her trap.

After a couple of minutes deep in conversation with Mary and another colleague, she turned quickly to her left. Immediately, at least three men turned away, and pretended that they had not been looking at her legs. One of them was bold enough to turn back again and smile at her. He was young, around 30, good looking and fit. He looked familiar, but she couldn't place him. She smiled back, and then turned her face away from his gaze. A shiver of excitement ran through her body. The night was still young, but it didn't look as though her new item of interest was attached to anyone else.

Tamara finished her wine, and reminded herself that it would have to be soft drinks from now on.

"Well," she thought, "if I'm not drinking, I'll have my fun on the dance floor."

The DJ knew what his audience wanted: sixties, seventies and eighties classic hits and dance music. Tamara dragged half a dozen of her female colleagues up onto the dance floor. She loved to dance, and as she glanced around, she could see that several of the men at party liked watching her. One of them plucked up the courage to ask her to dance. He was ok, a decent dancer, but he didn't 'light her fire.'

She danced with him for three numbers, he increasingly found opportunities to touch her, trying to draw her close. Tamara fended him off until, towards the end of the third number, she made the

mistake of making a slow turn and he seized his opportunity. Before she could react, he moved right in behind her with his arms around her waist, pulling her arse to his groin. She could feel his hard cock pressing between her buttocks.

She broke free from his grip, turned and hissed into his ear, "You need to go and take a cold shower."

He shot back straight away, "I'd take a hot shower with you any day." Then he walked away grinning to himself.

After sitting down for buffet food and another round of drinks, Tamara encouraged her colleagues back on to the dance floor. This time a couple of the male members of staff were persuaded to join in. Before long Tamara found herself dancing with Geoff, a long standing work colleague about the same age as her. She'd always liked Geoff for his honesty and sense of humour; although he wasn't bad looking, she hadn't really thought of him in a carnal sense. They laughed and joked as they danced then, out of the blue, Geoff asked her if she was wearing stockings.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," she quipped, instantly regretting what might have been construed as an invitation for him to familiarise himself with her nether regions.

"You wear them at work sometimes don't you?"

"I wear them at work all of the time," she grinned, "does that turn you on."

"I've always had a thing for you," admitted a slightly drunk Geoff.

He moved in close and pressed his erect cock against her hip whilst feeling her skirt for the tell tale sign of suspenders.

She let him have his moment, even though his cock felt unremarkable, and he was fondling her rather clumsily, and in public.

As the number came to an end she said, "It's a good job I know you Geoff," and very naughtily added, "think of me when you wank yourself off later."

Geoff looked suitably embarrassed, but two things were certain: he would definitely think of Tamara (as he often did) whilst masturbating later on; and, he was now even more in thrall to her than ever. He wanted to be dominated by her, to have her restrain him and bring him to the brink of an orgasm, never quite letting him come. A fitting symbol of how she was always tantalisingly out of his reach.

"My God, Geoff couldn't keep his hands off you. I didn't think he had it in him," said Mary.

"He's definitely got too much beer in him," laughed Tamara.

Throughout the evening Tamara and the handsome young man made frequent eye contact. She was aware of his whereabouts all of the time as she tracked his movements out of the corner of her eye. He seemed to always know where she was too. She had seen him talking and laughing with members of Annie's family, and at other times he'd been with what she assumed were a couple of his friends.

Apart from him being 'dragged' onto the dance floor by a couple of Annie's bridge club friends, he hadn't been in the company of any woman in particular. The party was in it's final half an hour when

Annie, circulating as ever, came up to Tamara and asked if she was enjoying herself. Tamara said she was, complimented Annie on how she looked, and on her classy party, and asked who the young man was that she'd seen with her family group.

"Why that's Daniel, my nephew," said Annie, "you must recognise him, I think you taught him geography when he was about fifteen."

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Tamara, "I thought he was vaguely familiar, but he wore glasses and was such a skinny nerd when he was in my class. He's really developed since then"

"You're telling me, if I wasn't married, and he wasn't my nephew..." she didn't finish the sentence because she'd seen Tamara's face flush deep red.

"My God Tamara, you've got the hots for him. You dirty cow. I'll bring him over, I'm sure he'd love to say hello."

"Wait, Annie..." but she was gone.

Moments later Annie was back with Daniel in tow, "he says he's been waiting for a chance to speak to you," said Annie as she winked at Tamara, and went off to speak to some other guests.

"Hello Daniel," said Tamara trying to act casually, "what, it must be twelve years since you were in my class?"

"It is Mrs Miles, I have very fond memories of your lessons."

"Thank you Daniel, it's nice of you to say so even if you don't mean it. You can drop the formalities by the way, I'm divorced, my surname is Fox now, but please call me Tamara," she said, neglecting to mention her relationship with Jack.

Tamara had dropped her first husband's surname, and changed hers to the English version of her original Polish family name of 'Lis.' Daniel thought 'Fox' a highly appropriate description of the enticing and desirable woman standing in front of him.

"Anyway, what are you doing with yourself these days?"

"Well, Tamara, I'm a junior officer in the Royal Navy, on shore leave at the moment, but I'm due back on ship the day after tomorrow. But never mind that, this party has just gone up several notches," he teased.

She ignored the rather obvious compliment and countered with an obvious remark of her own, "a girl in every port eh?" as the words came out of her mouth, she realised how trite she sounded.

"Not every port, but I'm always on the lookout for new recruits."

There was an awkward silence as she tried to think of something clever to say that couldn't be deliberately misconstrued.

Daniel broke the silence, "Would you like a drink?"

"No thanks Daniel, I'm driving, and I've had enough iced tonic water to last a lifetime. How about a dance?"

She thought this might be a safe option, because she wouldn't be able to put her foot in her mouth quite so easily, and so often.

"Good idea," he said, "lead the way"

He put his hand in the small of her back and guided her onto the dance floor. It was a firm yet gentle touch, and it sent shivers down her spine all the way to her pussy.

They danced to an upbeat number and when it finished the DJ said "Okay people, time to slow things down a bit now." "Oh shit" thought Tamara, but she still felt safer on the dance floor than trying to stop herself behaving like an awkward teenager in one to one conversation with him. It was gone eleven o'clock and some of the guests had left. Mary and the work 'crowd' were still there. Mary lewdly wagging her tongue at Tamara when Daniel's back was turned.

Tamara had her left hand on his right shoulder, and was holding his right hand with her left. He had his right arm round her waist. Halfway through the first slow number, Daniel told her that he (and the rest of the boys in his class) had really fancied her, and that she had been, and still was, the subject of many a delightful self induced orgasm. Now, any pretence at keeping a respectable distance between their bodies had been abandoned.

At first there was slight contact, her left nipple brushed his arm and immediately set rock hard, but as the number wore on Daniel pressed his right thigh into Tamara's pussy. She responded by pushing her right thigh into his groin. There it was again, another erect cock, she seemed to be collecting them, this was the fourth one that she'd had pressed against her this evening, only this one was bigger than the rest, and like a rod of steel. She'd rarely felt so turned on, her pussy juices started flowing, she knew that her panties would get wet but she didn't care.

Three slow dance numbers later, with her heart racing, and realising that the party was about to end, she was aware of being watched by her colleagues and Annie's family. She suddenly remembered that she was in a relationship, and twenty years older than Daniel, she needed an exit strategy. As the DJ announced the last number she reluctantly broke away from Daniel, thanked him for his company, said it had been a pleasure to meet him again, but she must go and say her goodbyes to Annie and her friends and colleagues. Daniel looked disappointed and picked up the signal that he had no hope of detaining her.

As she turned to walk away he said, "Can I see you again?"

"Yes, I'm sure we'll bump into each other again," she replied, deliberately misunderstanding his direct request.

She could feel the dampness between her legs as she rejoined her amused colleagues.

"God I almost came myself watching you two dance," said Mary with a grin.

"Oh Mary I'm so aroused, but this is not the time and place. In fact there is no time and place, in all conscience, for me to fuck a man twenty years younger than me."

"Well you look 36, and he's mature for his age, so what's the problem?"

"Stop it Mary, you're supposed to keep me on the straight and narrow at a time like this."

They said their goodbyes to Annie and their colleagues, found their coats and stepped out into the cold foggy night air. After hugs and kisses from Mary, and politely turning down her generous offer

to stay at her place overnight because of the bad driving conditions, Tamara made her way round to the side of the building where she was parked. She opened a rear car door and threw her large coat and her handbag onto the back seat. Then she opened the driver's door and got inside. She was still aroused, and trying to work out which parts of her adventures she would reveal to Jack, in order to keep him hard all night long.

She was about to turn the key in the ignition, when the front passenger door opened, and Daniel got into the seat beside her. She felt a another tingle in her pussy, he looked so attractive in the half light. Without a word Daniel placed his left hand on her left knee. Her skirt was halfway up her thighs again with her stocking tops on display. He looked down at her sexy stocking clad legs, smiled and leaned in to kiss her red lips.

His tongue probed her lips, but at first she kissed him back without opening her mouth. Her knees were clamped together too, but, as his warm lips and tongue took possession of her mouth, she parted them ever so slightly. At this 'invitation' he moved his hand up her thigh to just under the hem of her skirt, His palm rested on her suspender strap, and his warm fingers caressed the silky bare flesh above her stocking top. He was just inches away from the wet panty gusset that formed the last line of defence for her swollen clit and cunt lips.

Tamara clamped her right hand on Daniel's left wrist. She felt two wildly conflicting emotions, her head said "push his hand away and tell him to get out," her pussy said "pull his hand further up under your skirt, and press his fingers against my wet mound."

As she was wrestling with these choices, head slowly losing out to pussy, there was the sound of laughter, and two couples came around the corner. Tamara froze, and gripped his wrist even harder. She was relieved that she didn't know the partygoers. After a final round of banter, they said their cheerios and made for their vehicles. With mounting horror, Tamara realised that one of the couples was getting into the car directly opposite. She knew that the inside of her car would be brightly illuminated at any moment. She panicked and pushed Daniel's hand away.

"For fuck's sake get out Daniel, now, quickly," she pleaded, "go go go"

"Relax, I'm going," he said as he stepped out of the car.

As soon as he shut the door, she started the engine. Just as the headlights of the car opposite burst into life, she panicked and hit the accelerator too hard. Her car kangarooed forward and stalled. She managed to start the engine again, and drove out of the car park, gears crashing.

She got out onto the street and made her way to the junction for the road out of town. Her heart rate had come back to somewhere near normal. Visibility had worsened, but the streetlights helped guide her slow progress. Now she was kicking herself, and regretting that she had panicked so much. After all, she didn't know the people in the car opposite. They probably couldn't have known exactly what was going on. If she'd just stayed calm, and waited for them to leave, she could have had Daniel's long fingers inside her cunt. She could have been in utter ecstasy; she knew she would probably have come within seconds. Then, she imagined, she could have driven to a more secluded spot, and sucked Daniel's cock until he shot his warm semen into her mouth.

Jack had not figured in her thoughts for a while but she wondered what she could have told him about her escapades if she had let Daniel fuck her with his fingers and she had sucked his cock. She wondered whether Jack's fantasy about her being fucked by other men was actually something that he really wanted to happen. But mostly Tamara felt incredibly frustrated with herself and with the



fog. She now wanted to get home, straddle Jack, lower herself onto his cock, and fuck his brains out whilst thinking of Daniel.

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As she left the built up area and its helpful streetlights behind she became anxious. The fog was very dense, the grass verge was hardly visible, and she was now crawling along at less than ten miles per hour. She felt the road rise and fall over the hump of the canal bridge, so she knew she was about a quarter of a mile from a right turn she needed to take at the barracks. It seemed to take ages to get there and she realised too late that she had overshot the junction. Now she was panicking again, she needed to reverse ten yards or so but she was frightened that she might drive into a ditch.

At last, a piece of good fortune. Another vehicle approached the junction from the road that she needed to take. This gave her an idea of where she needed to aim for. The other vehicle moved off slowly and she managed to find her way onto the road running past the barracks.

It was still slow going, she couldn't see the perimeter fence, but she spotted the two street lamps outside the main entrance to the barracks, and was relieved that she was still on the right track. But a couple more minutes of crawling along, without any familiar landmarks, left her utterly lost again. She had no idea where she was positioned in the road. She wound down her window and poked her head out to get a better view. She thought she could see the way ahead so she set off again, very slowly.

After about 50 yards she came up against a large double chain-link gate. She could make out the words "Ministry of Defence - Strictly No Unauthorised Admittance," in large white letters, her heart sank. Again she was too scared, to reverse or attempt to turn around, because she was convinced she'd end up in a ditch.

She got out of her car and walked up to the gate. With no idea what to do she just stood there for a moment fighting back tears. To her right she saw a path leading to what looked like a pedestrian gate. It was very cold and she was beginning to shiver so she grabbed her coat from the car, and teetered slowly toward the pedestrian gate. The gate was chain-link like the perimeter fence and it was locked. In her anger and frustration she rattled the gate and called out, "Shit!" She shook and rattled the gate again vigorously, she felt quite hopeless.

Almost instantly she heard an assertive male voice call out, "Who goes there?"

Before she could answer the gate was unlocked and a soldier took hold of her arm and guided her through it. She realised there were two soldiers as one said to the other, "Should we cuff her?"

"Wait, wait," she cried, "I'm lost, the fog, it's too thick, I..."

The assertive voice cut across her and said, "Come with us and we'll see what we can do."

"Why? Can't you just turn my car around for me?"

"If you refuse to co-operate, you will be detained for attempting to illegally enter Ministry of Defence property. You will be taken into custody and, pending an investigation, further appropriate action will be taken."

"But I was just trying to..."

Again the voice cut across her words, "Please come with us, you will be interviewed by a senior officer where you will have an opportunity to explain yourself."

The soldiers marched her along a path for about 200 yards, her four inch heels making what she would normally have considered to be an alluring, sexy tapping sound, but in the circumstances, it just reminded her of her vulnerability. Her mind was racing and she was scared, but she felt she could explain herself to the senior officer, and then be released from custody.

Buildings loomed out of the fog on either side of the path. She could see a light over the front doors of the building directly ahead. As she was walked up the steps to toward the doors, she saw the words 'Guard House' on the wall.

Inside the Guard House reception area, behind a desk, sat the Duty Sergeant. The soldiers reported that the person in their custody had been attempting to break into the site. The Duty Sergeant ordered them back out on patrol, then he picked up the phone on his desk.

"Good evening ma'am, we've got an intruder that I think you'll want to deal with personally. Yes ma'am."

He took her to an interview room, it was windowless, and it contained a large sturdy wooden table about six feet long, and a chair each side of the table. He removed her coat and told her to sit down. Then he left, she was alone, she heard a latch click as the door closed and she realised that she was locked in.

It seemed like an age, but it was probably only ten minutes, before the door opened again. Whilst she had been waiting Tamara rehearsed her explanation and convinced herself that she would be dealing with an perceptive, reasonable senior officer who would recognise the absurdity of the situation, and release her immediately.

She was taken aback when, through the door, stepped a tall, attractive, but serious faced female officer.

"Oh, am I relived to see another woman," said Tamara

"Don't speak unless I tell you to," snapped the officer.

She was wearing a spotless brown shirt, her ample breasts strained a little at the material, and a surprisingly well cut light-brown knee length skirt, with low heeled shoes. The officer also carried a pen and note pad which she set down on the table.

She sat down, picked up the pen, looked down at her pad and said, "I am Lieutenant Davenport and I will be investigating your attempt to enter a restricted military base without authorisation. Once the investigation is concluded, a decision on further action will be taken and, if necessary, you will be informed of your rights."

"Name?"

Trying to keep the growing alarm out of her voice Tamara answered, "Tamara Fox."

"Address?"

"69 Siren Drive, Stockington"

"Date of birth?"

"30th November 1950"

With that the Lieutenant got up and strode briskly out of the room. Tamara wondered when her nightmare would end. After a short time the Lieutenant re-entered the interview room. She looked slightly more relaxed now, and asked Tamara to give her version of events. Tamara, pleased to be given the opportunity, was tense however and felt she might not be coherent enough. She pleaded with the officer that it was all a misunderstanding, and her partner would be wondering where she was, and could she please phone him?

Lieutenant Davenport was as perceptive as Tamara had hoped. She rightly deduced that Tamara was anxious, disorientated and vulnerable. This was just what she'd been hoping when she received the phone call from the Duty Sergeant fifteen minutes earlier. She walked slowly around the table, like a cat stalking its prey, and stood behind Tamara's chair.

She placed her hands on Tamara's shoulders and said, "If you co-operate fully and completely, I might look favourably on your explanation."

Tamara was thrown by this and didn't answer straight away. The officer looked down over Tamara's shoulders and admired the rise and fall of her breasts. Next she fixed her eyes on Tamara's taut skirt and thighs. Her hands crept slowly toward Tamara's breasts.

Tamara tried to lower her hem line by shifting in her seat, but she achieved the opposite effect and now her stocking tops, suspender straps and the mound of her panty clad pussy were all on display. The Lieutenant gave a murmur of approval and cupped her hands over Tamara's breasts. Lieutenant Davenport's pussy twitched and her juices started to flow.

"Do you understand what I mean by full co-operation? It means that you will do exactly as I say, is that clear?"

Tamara's nipples started to go hard as she breathed a soft, "Yes."

The officer removed her hands from Tamara's breasts. She bent provocatively over the table and pressed a button on the edge nearest the door. As she bent over, Tamara could see the clear outline of her panties and suspender belt. Within seconds the Duty Sergeant entered the room. Tamara could see him properly now, he was at least six foot two, strongly built and ruggedly handsome.

"How can I help ma'am?"

"Cuff her and lift her onto the table on her back"

"yes ma'am"

The sergeant did as he was ordered to do and Tamara felt herself being picked up as though she weighed nothing at all. She felt very vulnerable but also just a little aroused. The handcuffs were uncomfortable in the small of her back, but she thought it best not to complain. She felt sure now that she knew what was going on, she fully expected that she would at the very least be sexually interfered with, and probably fucked, as the price for her release. Whilst not an entirely willing participant at this point, she could think of worse fates.

Now the Lieutenant stood at the end of the table next to Tamara's head, and the Sergeant stood at her feet. The Lieutenant ran her hands over Tamara's covered breasts, pulled up her top, pushed down her bra cups and shoulder straps, and started to manipulate her nipples between her forefingers and thumbs. Tamara sighed, she felt guilty and almost indignant about showing pleasure, but she felt a warm sensation in her pussy as the officer worked on her breasts and nipples.

The Lieutenant motioned with her head for the Sergeant to move round to the side of the table. As he did so she said, "put your fingers in her and let's see how the slut comes."

The Sergeant ran his warm right hand slowly up Tamara's right leg from her ankle, along her shin, over her knee, along her thigh and stopped just a fraction short of her pussy mound. She could feel the warmth of his fingers radiating through her wet panty gusset. She knew that she was being teased and she loved it. The Sergeant pushed his fingers into the leg of her panties and slipped them between her cunt lips. Tamara gasped with pleasure, she was saturated by now and he continued to play with her.

"Take her panties off," ordered the Lieutenant.

"Yes ma'am"

Tamara lifted her pelvis so that he could remove her panties without difficulty. The Lieutenant was now sucking on one breast, and expertly massaging the other. She could feel the weight of the officer's breasts on her face. Now the Sergeant slipped his fingers inside Tamara and, she felt a jolt of erotic electricity course through her body. He bent down and sucked on her clit at the same time that he found her g-spot, Tamara bucked several times as she covered his hand in her juices, and her orgasm exploded into the room.

The Sergeant continued to gently massage Tamara's pussy lips. Her orgasm had been powerful as she released her frustration at missing out on Daniel's fingers and cock. She looked the Sergeant in the eyes and murmured, "Please fuck me"

"You heard the slut Sergeant, fuck her with your cock"

"yes ma'am"

The Sergeant climbed up onto the table and knelt between Tamara's stocking clad legs. She could see him closely now, he looked immensely aroused and very aware of his status as submissive to the Lieutenant, whilst Tamara submitted to him. He unbuckled his belt, pulled down his fly zip, lowered his combat trousers and briefs and eased out a beautiful, hard, seven inch cock.

Tamara gasped, "Please fuck me now, I want you to put your cock into my cunt and fuck me."

The Sergeant needed no further encouragement. As he slid his cock into her she let out a long sigh of pleasure. He started moving slowly and rhythmically inside her.

Tamara felt another orgasm building, "Kiss me" she said.

He lowered his face without breaking stride and kissed her forcefully. His cock seemed to grow even harder and Tamara was quickly past the point of no return. Now he thrust into her hard and fast and, Tamara's second orgasm hit her with another intense erotic shock. She bucked her hips again and squealed, gasped and writhed with extreme pleasure. This took the Sergeant beyond his

powers of self control and he let out a deep, low guttural sound as his spunk coated Tamara's cunt walls.

Tamara looked over to see where the Lieutenant was and saw her sitting in a chair; her skirt lifted up to her hips exposing tan stockings, a white suspender belt and her fingers inside her surprisingly pretty, lacy white panties. She was massaging her wet pussy, and looking predatorily at the vulnerable, pinioned woman in front of her.

"Thank you Sergeant, you can go now"

"Yes ma'am"

The sergeant left the room, trousers in hand and his still erect member pointing skywards.

"What a waste," thought Tamara. She would have loved to have taken him in her mouth and given him another orgasm.

Tamara appealed to the Lieutenant, "I've co-operated with you, please may I go now?"

"I haven't finished with you yet."

She helped Tamara down off the table and, told her to kneel in front of her whilst she sat down on one of the chairs.

Lieutenant Davenport removed her shirt and bra and said, "suck my tits slut."

Tamara, mesmerised by the officer's perfect breasts, did as she was told. She concentrated on her hard nipples, first on one breast, then the other. She did it well because the officer's face slackened and contorted a little as she breathed, "That's it, good little slut."

Now the officer lifted her skirt, removed her panties, spread her legs and commanded, "Eat my cunt"

Tamara was on still her knees with her hands cuffed behind her. The Lieutenant placed her hands behind Tamara's head, and pulled her mouth onto her exposed pussy. Tamara started slowly, this was a new experience for her. But she soon got into a tantalising rhythm that had the officer crying out with pleasure.

Tamara's tongue circled the officer's clitoris before, moving down between her cunt lips and tasting her sweet, salty juices. Then she slowly moved her tongue back and forth on her perineum. She repeated this process several times until Lieutenant Davenport's breathing became ragged, and it was obvious she was close to coming. Tamara timed it perfectly, she clamped her mouth over the officers clit and sucked hard whilst also using her tongue to tease between her pussy lips, the officer came spectacularly, writhing in the chair and forcing Tamara's face further into her wet cunt.

Still breathing heavily, the Lieutenant pushed the chair away and knelt in front of Tamara. She kissed her passionately and probed her mouth with her tongue. The officers sweet, salty juices were all over Tamara's face as the two women kissed hungrily. She put her right hand up Tamara's skirt and slipped two fingers into her cunt. Then she withdrew them and put them, dripping with juice, into Tamara's mouth, they kissed again and swapped saliva and cunt juices. The Lieutenant's hand went back up Tamara's skirt and massaged her wet pussy.

"You're a dirty bitch... What are you?"

Tamara, gasping, "A dirty bitch"

"A dirty bitch what?"

"A dirty bitch Ma'am"

"Do you want to come again bitch?"

"Yes ma'am"

"Yes what ma'am?"

"Yes please ma'am"

"Then do it bitch, come for me now you slut."

"Oh God, Oh my God. Oh please don't stop, Oh please, please fuck me with your fingers"

The officer ran her thumb around Tamara's clit and slipped three fingers inside her cunt.

"Oh Jesus, I'm coming, aaaaaah! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me please aaaaaah God!" Tamara's cunt was on fire, she came in sensuous waves, before collapsing to the floor and crying tears of sheer joy.

Lieutenant Davenport stood up, straightened her skirt, picked up Tamara's panties and held them to her nose.

"You're my bitch now and I'm keeping these," she said as she strode out of the room.

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Fifteen minutes later, having signed a statement that left out most of the proceedings that took place in interview room three, Tamara was driving home following the tail lights of an army escort vehicle. It had shocked her when the Lieutenant had told her that everything that had happened in room three had been video recorded and, if she ever tried to bring a case against her captors, a cleverly edited version of the tape would fall into the hands of friends and acquaintances.

She pulled on to her driveway. It was past 1am and, thankfully, there were no lights on in the house. She was very tired and she sat for a while in her car, trying to focus on what excuse to give Jack for her lateness, should he still be awake.

She knew that if she told him the story of her adventures, as a fantasy, whilst pumping his cock, he would decorate the bedroom with his semen. But it hadn't been a fantasy, it had been so deliciously, vividly and magnificently fucking real. She'd had four erect cocks pressed against her, two sets of fingers and a large cock in her cunt and she had licked pussy and had her pussy licked. In short, she'd been a tease and a slut and she'd loved every moment of it.

She unlocked and opened the front door as quietly as she could, removed her heels, and tiptoed past the foot of the stairs. She could hear Jack snoring, "thank God!" she thought and breathed a sigh of relief.

She poured herself a large glass of wine and sank into the sofa. With the wine glass in her left hand she took a good gulp, whilst her right hand strayed to the hem of her short skirt. As her fingers

found her naked pussy she contemplated the events of the last five and a half hours, and settled into a state of sensual bliss.