

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 02

Briterotic

Can she continue her sexual awakening?

Mature

4.71

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Chapter Two: Three's Company

It was mid February 1997, three months since Annie's party, and Tamara had spent many hours, both in and out of bed, reliving the erotic events of that fateful night. She had not rushed into telling her partner, Jack, all of the details because, despite his obvious arousal at their fantasies of her fucking, and being fucked by other people, she wasn't completely convinced that he'd enjoy the reality of her pussy being fingered and pounded by Her Majesty's Armed Forces. Particularly as she had surrendered without a fight.

She had stoked Jack's desires by telling him about the men that had pressed their throbbing erections against her at the party. She had even told him about Daniel's kiss, and his hand up her skirt in the car. But she hadn't felt able to reveal how she had been taken, at first reluctantly, and then willingly, by the sergeant and lieutenant on that foggy night at the barracks.

She'd been careful to imply that she had been in control of the situation with Daniel, and that she'd merely been teasing him and knew when to stop. That couldn't have been further from the truth. In reality, she'd been about to yield her pussy, to Daniel's fingers, had their precipitous embrace not been interrupted by the other party goers.

Once more in bed, as part of their foreplay, Tamara had tantalisingly repeated the events of the party to Jack. She was playing with Jack's cock, he'd become harder and more aroused as she delighted him with how shamelessly sexy she'd felt in her short skirt, heels and stockings, whilst she prick teased several men at the party.

When she got to the point where Daniel put his hand up her skirt, and rested his fingers on a suspender clip, she could tell that Jack was on the verge of coming, so she pumped his cock faster and wanked him off without ceremony. He shot his load onto his stomach whilst thrusting at her hand, then she straddled his cock while it was still hard; bringing herself to orgasm whilst imagining Daniel's fingers inside her cunt. She'd lost count of how many times she had come whilst indulging in this fantasy.

The next morning was the last Friday before February half term. Jack had a long journey to work, and always left a good half an hour before Tamara. She felt relaxed as she showered and then applied her make up. She had a couple of free periods and some easy classes; an ideal lead up to a week off work.

Sitting in matching sexy white bra and panties, she contemplated what to wear. She decided to be brave and wear her stretchy brown short skirt. At three inches above the knee, it wasn't the shortest skirt in her wardrobe, but it was probably the shortest she would dare to wear at school. There could only be one choice of stocking; brown, 50 denier. To this she added brown shoes with a two

inch squared heel and a deep yellow lambswool jumper. Together with dangly earrings and a necklace, her maroon lipstick, brown eyeshadow and dark brown bobbed hair, set off her attractive hazel eyes.

As she unfurled her stockings over her silky smooth legs, and clipped them to her white six strap suspender belt, she made a mental note not to bend over at work today. She also suspected that, even at 46, she might still be admired by some of her older students, so she was pleased that her desk had a 'modesty board.' She smiled to herself as she thought about how her colleague, Geoff, would not be able to keep his eyes off her thighs and arse, in the hope of spotting suspender 'bumps' through her skirt.

The Geography Department office was a hive of activity just before the bell for the first lesson sounded. It contained half a dozen teachers, and an administrator, preparing for lessons and dealing with last minute issues. Some were engaged in earnest conversations, whilst others, including Tamara, were bantering with each other and enjoying the end of half term feeling.

Tamara was more relaxed than her colleagues because she had a free period first thing. She decided to tease Geoff, so she busied herself with tasks that kept her directly in his line of sight. His desk was in the corner, and hers was directly in front of his, but at right angles, so he looked at her in profile. He sat at his desk pretending to be absorbed in a register, but Tamara smirked to herself each time she caught his shifty eyes glued to her thighs.

Several times she got up and down from her chair, to reach up for unneeded resources on high shelves, or she leaned over her desk to feign fascination at the timetable on the wall. She moved deliberately and sensually; at one point standing up and pausing for a moment with her right hand to her forehead, as if deep in thought. In this position Geoff feasted his eyes on her arse as her pencil cut skirt hugged the glorious curve of her buttocks.

She pivoted on her right foot, taking most of her weight on her right leg, with her left leg slightly forward; her toes pointed like a dancer. Now, with her back to Geoff, she seriously considered bending over whilst pretending to examine her shoe. It was just as well that she thought better of it. Geoff's cock was bursting by now, and there was every chance that he'd have come in his pants at the sight of her mound, perfectly formed and straining against the material of her panties.

Tamara sat down again, expertly letting her skirt ride up just enough to show plenty of sexy thigh, but not enough to reveal her stocking tops. Geoff eventually gave up all pretence of working, and just stared in reverence. He furtively stroked his trouser restrained erect cock under the desk. When the bell sounded he was startled like a rabbit caught in headlights. Tamara looked at him, smiled, winked and crossed her right leg over her left so that her stocking top was visible. Geoff flushed bright red, stood up clumsily holding a register in front of his groin to hide his erection, and rushed out of the office making straight for the male staff toilets.

Once they were alone in the office, Rita, the admin assistant, chuckled at Tamara, "You really love to tease that man don't you? I hope his obvious arousal dies down before he gets to his classroom."

"I know, I shouldn't be so unkind but, he brings out the worst in me sometimes. Besides, he's harmless, and I don't imagine his life is full of thrills."

Tamara said this in the knowledge that, a semi drunken Geoff had admitted to her, at Annie's party, that he frequently thought of her whilst he masturbated, but she didn't think Rita needed to know this just yet.

Tamara and Rita went about their business whilst chatting about their plans for half term. Rita was going with her husband to Spain for a few days, whilst Tamara looked forward to chilling out and shopping.

The phone rang, Rita answered.

"Yes, she's here, who's speaking please?"

"Tamara, it's for you, a Mr Large, saying something about a car service."

Tamara was puzzled, "Okay... thanks"

"Hello," she said tentatively.

"Hi Tamara, it's Daniel, from Annie's party?"

"Oh! Yes, hello... I er... yes."

Tamara glanced toward Rita to see if she was paying attention to her call, but there was no sign that she was overly curious.

"I'm on shore leave until next Wednesday, and I'd really like to meet up with you. You know, unfinished business?"

"Erm...yes, er... yes, that's quite convenient for me actually, I'm on half term holiday all of next week. Er, when shall I bring the car in?"

"Ha ha, you're a cool cucumber. I've thought about you a lot in the last three months."

"Likewise," replied Tamara.

"How about Monday, 1pm at the Travel Lodge on the edge of town?"

"Er yes, that suits me perfectly."

"I'll book a room and I'll meet you in the car park."

Tamara blushed at the mention of a room, so she turned her face away from where Rita was sitting.

"Right, so that's 1pm on Monday, do I need to bring my service history?" she couldn't help being a little mischievous even though her cheeks were burning.

"Just bring your sexy self and I'll make sure your engine's purring."

"I'll look forward to it, bye."

A wet patch appeared on Tamara's panties as her juices seeped into the gusset, and her hand trembled a little as she replaced the receiver.

"I'm off to listen to the weekly dirge," sighed Rita as she left for a meeting with the school's admin staff.

Tamara took a deep breath. Had she just arranged to start an affair? "My God," she thought. She'd always had an understanding with Jack, that if either of them planned to jump into bed with someone else, they'd be up front about it first.

These thoughts were soon subsumed as the warm sensual feeling in her pussy spread along the inside of her thighs, and down to her toes. At the same time she felt a flutter in her stomach and her nipples hardened. She spent the rest of the day musing about how much, if anything, she should tell Jack. She also hoped to avoid Annie, because Annie sometimes teased her about her nephew Daniel, and Tamara was worried that "I'm going to fuck Daniel" would be written on her face.

That same night in bed during foreplay with Jack, Tamara's pussy was saturated at the prospect of bedding Daniel on Monday. She decided to hint at what was going to happen, but somehow ended up telling Jack about being fucked at the barracks by the duty sergeant and the lieutenant. The 'story' and her wetness sent Jack into an erotic orbit. They fucked each other with a passion, Tamara thinking of her extreme arousal when the sergeant pushed his magnificent cock inside her, Jack imagining her (and himself truth be known) being dominated by the lieutenant.

Jack's rock hard cock exploded inside Tamara as her third orgasm overwhelmed her. They laid together for several moments without speaking, both breathlessly exhilarated.

Then Tamara's heart sank when Jack said, "That's the best fantasy you've ever come up with."

The bedroom was dimly lit so she couldn't see Jack's face clearly. She decided to go for broke. Manipulating Jack's half erect cock, and in her most imploring voice, she said:

"But what if it was real Jack? How would you really feel if it had actually happened, I mean seriously?"

"What?"

Jack was intrigued and definitely paying attention.

"It did happen Jack... I've been wanting to tell you for weeks, months even... It really happened... I felt so guilty, I mean... I was forced, well... at first anyway. Then when they started fingering me and sucking my tits I just couldn't stop myself from becoming aroused. They got me to such a state that I... just couldn't... resist."

"They even videoed it all so that I wouldn't report it."

"I'm telling the truth Jack, you might hate me for it, but the shame and guilt I felt were nothing next to the sheer pleasure and elation of being utterly dominated and used. Being fucked by Lieutenant Davenport was a revelation."

She added this little nugget in the certain knowledge that, if anything could appease Jack, it would be the thought of her with another woman.

Her anxiety had been rising about how Jack would react when he realised this wasn't one of their kinky fantasies. But now she had her answer, his cock had quickly become fully engorged, and was as hard as she could ever remember.

She relaxed, and was even more relieved when Jack said, "I think you know exactly how I feel, the evidence is in your hand."

"I'm even more madly in love with you, and turned on like I never imagined possible."

"Let's talk later about the new possibilities this opens up, right now I want your pussy so badly."

Tamara wasn't expecting that, 'new possibilities' made her stomach churn with excitement.

"Really, honestly?"

"Yes, really"

Overjoyed and highly turned on, she kissed Jack furiously, enveloped his cock with her vagina and fucked him to another orgasm.

The significance of 'new possibilities' wasn't lost on Tamara. She fell asleep feeling that she'd indirectly been given approval to get into bed with Daniel. She promised herself that she would eventually reveal it to Jack, when he'd had a drink, and she'd got her hand on his cock.

Monday morning couldn't come round soon enough. When it did Tamara found herself making the most of her extra time in bed. Jack had long gone to work, the cup of tea he'd brought up for her was untouched and stone cold. Tamara awoke slowly and sensuously, her head was filled with Daniel, and she imagined that her pussy was too.

Her right hand drifted down under the quilt and found her clitoris. She massaged it for a few moments, enjoying the building sensation of arousal. Then she slipped her fingers between her pussy lips, and down towards her hole. She was very wet, and soon very excited; still feeling drowsy, she decided to let her vibrator do the work.

Tamara reached into her bedside drawer and took out her favourite sex toy. She loved the device, it was about five inches long, not too thick, and made of smooth metal. She was so wet, that its cool length slipped into her with ease. She shivered with anticipation as she turned the dial. Even on low power the vibrator had her fully aroused in seconds.

She imagined that she was in her car with Daniel, his hand up her skirt, just like the night of the party. This time she kissed him forcefully, gripped his elbow and forced his hand toward her wet panty gusset. His fingers pulled the gusset to one side, and he shoved three of them assertively into her cunt.

He found her sweet spot, and she came with a shuddering orgasm within seconds. Next, she imagined unzipping his fly, which was bulging with his huge cock. She also had to undo his waistband to free his cock from his pants. She pulled his briefs down and his cock sprang to attention. Leaning over she took its head into her mouth and pumped his shaft with her left hand. He moaned with pleasure and was soon on the verge, with her right hand she caressed his balls, he immediately shot his load into her mouth. At this thought, she turned the vibrator up a notch and came deliciously to orgasm.

As her orgasm subsided, she felt the urge to 'stay in the zone' by playing the vibrator over her clit and pussy lips. She wanted the vibrator again, so she thought of one of several occasions when Jack had bound her hands behind her back. She turned up the dial as she recalled the time they'd played a domination/submission game whilst going out for a meal. Jack had been 'in control' this time and, at the end of the meal, he'd made her go to the restaurant toilets and remove her panties. Tamara tweaked the dial again as she relived the erotic sex play. She reached another level

of arousal as she remembered that Jack made her open her handbag at the restaurant table, just enough to show her panties inside.

She was close to coming again as she recalled Jack forcing her to masturbate in the car on the way home. He'd brought a small vibrating wand with him, and he made her hitch her skirt up over the tops of her hold up stockings, so that she could use it to massage her pussy. Then, when they arrived at home, he tied her to the banister and fucked her whilst she stood defenceless, skirt pushed up around her hips, in her high heels.

Tamara's second orgasm arrived on cue as she savoured the memory of one of the hottest, most tantalising experiences she'd ever had. She was on a pleasurable erotic high now, and she still felt that she had another orgasm in her. She had completely given herself over to the vibrator as she contemplated which scenario she would invoke to make herself come again.

This time her thoughts turned toward the desirable yet domineering Lieutenant Davenport. She didn't dwell on their erotic encounter at the barracks. Instead, she imagined that Davenport had kidnapped her in a town car park. The lieutenant, in full uniform, with threats and menace, forced her into her car and then drove Tamara to her town house in the suburbs.

The front of the house was secluded and Davenport forced Tamara, roughly, through the front door and upstairs to her bedroom. She pushed her down onto the bed, flipped her over and tied her hands with a dressing gown cord. Then the lieutenant took off her skirt, shirt, bra and panties. She stood there for a moment in heels, stockings and military cap, looking triumphant and gloriously sexy with her newly shaved pussy.

The combination of the vibrator, and Tamara's hot fantasy, brought her to the edge of her third orgasm. She turned the dial down a slightly so that she could savour the moment a little longer. She imagined the amazonian lieutenant putting on a strap on cock, then crawling up the bed, raising Tamara's skirt over her stocking tops, before brutally ripping off her skimpy panties. Then she sank the shaft of the strap on into Tamara's wet cunt. She moved rhythmically and forcefully in and out of Tamara, her breasts swayed in unison, and she looked the epitome of sexual power and authority, with her cap set low over her forehead. At this point, the real Tamara could hold back no longer, she turned the vibrator up to maximum and shafted herself to her longest and best vibrator induced orgasm so far.

As her rapid breathing began to subside, Tamara looked at the clock. It was 10.25am, her thoughts turned toward her next series of orgasms at the hands and cock of Daniel. She had decided that she did not want to be waiting in broad daylight in the Travel Lodge car park, so she planned to be a few minutes late. There was plenty of time before she needed to enjoy the ritual of getting ready for sex, so she put on her dressing gown over her pyjamas and went down to the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

Tamara's pussy was still suffused with the lingering sensations of three self generated orgasms, and she thrilled at the prospect of her tryst with Daniel. It was hard to concentrate on the 'codeword' puzzle in the newspaper. She passed the remaining time half heartedly doing the puzzle, then flicking through the news articles.

Her mind wandered to her plans for Daniel. She was obviously going to dress to impress, and her first thought was to have Daniel drooling at the sight of her in a short red dress, black seamed hold up stockings and her four inch high black heels. But something Daniel had said on the phone about unfinished business, gave her the idea that she ought to wear the same outfit that she wore to

Annie's party. The idea of picking up exactly where they had left off, with Daniel's hand up her black skirt, turned her on immensely. She wanted to turn her fantasy into reality.

Tamara checked the time, it was almost 12 noon. She came out of her reverie and went back upstairs to shower. As she dried herself in front of the en-suite mirror, she smiled at her reflection and thought, "Not bad for a 47 year old." It gave her immense satisfaction to think that, despite her ex-husband's mean assertion that she was too old and past it to get another man, she was now fighting them off. Not that she intended to fight Daniel off.

She chose the same black bra that she had worn for the party. She remembered that Davenport had kept the matching panties as a trophy. As she put on the new replacement pair that she had bought, she allowed herself a little smile at the thought that she had just fantasised about the Lieutenant ripping these off as well. As usual she took care to ensure that her hair and make up were just right. She remembered wearing her heavy necklace and grey teardrop earrings at the party, so she got them out of her jewellery box ready to put on as finishing touches.

In the debate between stockings and hold ups it was no contest today, it had to be black stockings. She wanted to feel the suspender clips on her thighs, and she knew that they would arouse Daniel's lust. Tamara put on her black six strap suspender belt and fastened her stockings into place. She pulled on her black skirt and blue long sleeved top. Her lips and finger nails were painted bright red.

The heavy necklace fell between, and drew attention to, her breasts which were bouncy and pert. Thank goodness for her expensive bra, she thought as she stood in front of the full length bedroom mirror. It was almost 1pm but she knew she could get to the hotel by about 1.15.

Tamara closed her front door and strode sexily toward her car on her four inch heels. Her neighbour's son was just pulling in to the next door driveway. He gave her a lascivious grin as she opened her car door and got into the driver's seat, showing a mile of stocking clad leg in the process. He'd never been able to disguise his lust for her; she gave him a polite wave and a knowing smile. He was about forty years of age, and recently divorced. She knew she could have him in the twinkling of an eye but she'd got bigger fish to fry today.

Tamara's anticipation and excitement grew as she drove to the hotel. Her pussy tingled as she pulled into the car park. It was 1.15pm when she came to a halt in what she judged to be one of the least exposed parking spaces. There was no sign of Daniel at first but, just as she began to feel anxious, her passenger door opened and he got into the seat next to her.

"We've been here before," he said as he placed his left hand on her left knee and drew her in for a kiss.

She was taken aback but didn't resist his agile tongue, and returned his probing with enthusiasm. As their lips parted he moved his hand up her thigh, and Tamara grabbed his wrist to stop him reaching her damp panties.

"We've definitely been here before," he said.

"We're not getting up to any mischief here in broad daylight Daniel. Have you got a room?"

"Yes Mrs Robinson," he smirked.

"It's room 24 on the second floor. I'll go in first, you follow in a couple of minutes, okay?"

"Good idea," she replied.

Tamara watched Daniel walk toward the main entrance, her juices began to flow as she admired his well formed muscular arse and broad shoulders. After a couple of minutes she made her way nervously to the hotel entrance. Now she was anxious that she might be recognised. One of her students might have got a holiday job at the hotel, or she might be seen by someone crossing the car park. Her worries were misplaced though, there wasn't even a member of staff at the reception desk.

Tamara made it up to room 24 without being seen by anyone. She tapped hesitantly on the door, it opened almost immediately and a smiling Daniel pulled her inside, pushed her against a wall and kissed her passionately. Tamara broke away from his embrace.

"Wait, wait," she breathed.

"I've fantasised about this so many times. I want to recapture the mood we created at your aunt's party. Can you play any music on that tv?"

"I think so."

Daniel turned on the tv and found a radio channel playing slow tempo music.

"Come on, let's smooch to this," said Tamara.

They held each other close, swaying to the music, Daniel's right thigh pushing into Tamara's mound, Tamara's right thigh pressing into Daniel's cock. She could feel his cock growing and hardening against her thigh. Her heart beat faster and her pussy felt hot and moist. She trembled slightly as she felt the full size of his erect cock against her.

They continued to move together in a slow seductive embrace for several minutes.

"If you'd known how aroused I was when we danced like this at the party..." said Tamara.

"And are you aroused now?" Daniel asked, knowing the answer.

"God yes, I'll die if you don't fuck me."

She told Daniel to switch off the music and sit next to her on the bed. She ensured that she sat on his right, the same positions as in her car.

"Put your left hand on my left knee and kiss me."

Daniel realised what Tamara wanted and did as she required. He kissed her gently, his tongue probing her red lips, and pushing into her mouth. She returned the compliment, and, as he started to move his hand up under her skirt, she parted her legs slightly. His hand traced the top of her thigh, along her black stockings, stopping when he reached a suspender clip. His warm fingers caressed her bare silky flesh above her stocking tops, but just short of her tremulous mound. She kissed him harder willing him to put his fingers inside her.

Daniel teased her momentarily, the backs of his index and middle fingers barely touching the gusset material of her panties. She wanted desperately to come, she reached for his left elbow with her right hand, and pulled his hand into contact with her mound. Feeling her wetness through her

panty material, he pulled the gusset to one side and stroked her pubic hair. She opened her legs wider as he played his fingers around her clitoris, before moving down past her cunt lips and into her wet hole.

Tamara was light headed with intense arousal, every sense, every feeling was concentrated on her vagina. One of Daniel's fingers curled upwards and met her sweet spot, her body shuddered and her cunt juices soaked Daniel's hand as she came with a feral force, groaning loudly into Daniel's right ear. Breathing deeply, she draped herself over Daniel's shoulders and chest to prevent herself from collapsing.

"My God, you came like no woman I've ever known, you must have enjoyed that."

Gradually she gathered her strength and started to think about the next part of her plan.

"Oh I did and I'm going to enjoy this as well."

Still sitting next to Daniel on the bed, Tamara reached for the waistband of his trousers. She could see that his erection had not subsided as she undid the waistband and pulled down his zip. She gasped at the bulge straining through his briefs. He grinned and helped her pull them down, so that she could free his cock. It sprang proudly to attention before her in all its glory. She was mesmerised by Daniel's beautiful big cock. She'd previously measured Jack's cock at seven inches but this was a good inch longer and slightly thicker.

Tamara took hold of Daniel's shaft with her left hand, parted her lips and covered it's large purple head with her mouth. She used her tongue to put pressure on a spot just underneath the head of his penis. Daniel groaned with pleasure. She focused on his sensitive spot, and began to massage his shaft with her left hand. Daniel's groaning became louder and he started to thrust gently toward Tamara's face. She was worried that she wouldn't be able to contain him, so she let go of his shaft, placed her hand on his chest and pushed him backwards onto the bed. Then she moved around and knelt between his legs.

From this position Daniel's cock looked even bigger and she wondered how she would be able to accommodate him. Undaunted, she grasped his shaft again with her left hand, and closed her lips over the head. She began to stimulate him with her tongue, and pump his shaft vigorously with her left hand. Daniel became hugely aroused and started to groan loudly again.

Tamara judged the moment to perfection. As soon as she felt the first signs of Daniel's spunk rising up the shaft, and tasted the first drops of his sweet, salty liquid, she used her right hand to caress his balls, then ran her fingers along his perineum. This propelled him into ecstasy, he arched his back and shot globules of warm spunk into her mouth whilst voicing his intense pleasure. She swallowed his come, crawled up on top of him and kissed him, he could taste himself as he probed her mouth with his tongue.

"A gentleman would have given me a warning."

Daniel looked concerned.

"I'm sorry, didn't you want me to come inside your mouth?"

"I'm teasing you, I've dreamed about sucking you off for the last three months".

After more sustained passionate kissing, Daniel turned her onto her side and reached up her skirt again. His cock was beginning to recharge itself and was more than three quarters erect.

"Are you ready to go again?" asked an impressed Tamara.

"Not always, but I definitely am with you. In fact I think I've broken my own record, and you can take that as a compliment Miss Miles."

Tamara was thrilled about the effect that she'd had on this man who was twenty years younger than her. She was also thrilled to be called by the name that Daniel knew her by when she was his teacher. It added an additional forbidden erotic twist to what was already a very steamy and dirty experience.

"Let's get into bed," she said.

Tamara, peeled off her jumper, and pulled down her tight skirt with all of the sensuality she could muster, and that was a considerable amount. She removed her bra and panties seductively, and stood in front of Daniel in her stockings, suspender belt and heels. She knew from Jack that this look was a massive turn on. Daniel had removed his clothes, and his now fully erect cock stood out rigidly, pointing directly toward Tamara.

"You should get a licence for that," she joked as she stepped out of her shoes and removed her stockings.

"It's fully reloaded and ready for use," he said with a smirk.

Tamara felt her pussy juices seeping out of her again at the sight of Daniel's engorged member. She pulled back the quilt and got into bed with him. This was the moment she had dreamed about, she was gagging for him to put his cock inside her, but he had other ideas. He kissed her breasts tenderly whilst caressing her buttocks and the backs of her thighs. Then he ran his right hand down her left leg behind her calf to her heel. He knelt upright and pulled her toes toward his mouth.

Tamara laid back and enjoyed the erotic sensation of having her toes sucked through the nylon material of her stockings, she delighted at the sight of Daniel's large erect cock swaying in time to his movements. Her pussy spasmed at the thought of it inside her, and she was taken by surprised when a spontaneous mini orgasm washed over her.

Daniel turned his attention to her right foot, before licking her shins, then her knees and thighs, until she could feel his warm breath on her cunt. He held her cunt lips open and buried his mouth in her mound, at first sucking on her clit, then using his tongue to probe the entrance to her hole. Tamara gasped with delight and pushed her pelvis upwards. Daniel responded by continuing to suck on her clit, whilst inserting the middle finger of his right hand inside her, and using the thumb of his left hand to massage her perineum. This sent Tamara into a frenzy, she came twice before begging him to stop.

"Oh God Daniel, that's wonderful but please stop, I can't take any more," she said breathlessly.

"Please, please fuck me now, put him inside me, but do it slowly at first so that I can get used to the size."

Daniel was also highly aroused, he'd found Tamara incredibly receptive, and so sensual in the way that she had shown her pleasure at everything he had done to her.

"She's going to be a great fucking lay," he thought as he manoeuvred his penis toward her hole.

Tamara was very wet. There was no need for the lubricant that she had put into her handbag earlier, in case she had trouble managing Daniel's size. She took hold of his cock and guided it to her vaginal opening. She kept hold of the shaft whilst he slowly pushed the head into her. "So far so good," she thought.

"Ease him in a little more but be careful."

Daniel pushed his cock further into her. She could feel her cunt walls stretching as his huge cock started to fill her.

"Now all the way, slowly."

Daniel sank his shaft as far in as it would go. It felt amazing to Tamara, she could feel it pushing against her cervix. The sensation was breathtaking. This was what she had been craving for the last three months, and now, here she was filled up to the hilt with Daniel's magnificent cock.

Tamara started to thrust her hips, slowly at first, getting used to Daniel's girth. He responded by quickening the pace, and stroking his full length against the walls of her vagina. Tamara shuddered and moaned, Daniel gasped.

"Oh, don't come yet Daniel," she pleaded.

"Don't worry," he replied

By now Daniel was thrusting into to her with some force. She was so turned on, that her juices were prolific as her cunt met the challenge of Daniel's cock. She'd rarely been so aroused. They continued fucking in that vein for the next few minutes. At one point fleeting erotic images flashed before her eyes, Jack fucking her from behind as she bent over the kitchen table, the sergeant pounding her to an orgasm in the interview room, Davenport forcing her to the floor, sitting astride her, and pressing her bare pussy into her face until she could hardly breathe.

She snapped back to reality to see an expression on Daniel's face that she knew meant that he was close to coming.

"I'm nearly there, do you want me to slow down for a moment?" he grunted.

"No, don't stop, ugh... ahhh, don't stop you magnificent bastard. Uurghh, fuck me, fuck me hard, make me come you bastard, ohhh... fuckkkk meeeee"

She could hardly get out the words as her orgasm exploded, and made her toes curl as it sent shock waves through her body. Her cunt was on fire, but she could still feel the warmth of Daniel's liquid as he shot strands of spunk against her cervix.

Tamara clung to Daniel's broad muscular shoulders as the intensity of her orgasm subsided. She eventually let go and he collapsed next to her. She could feel tingling sensations throughout her body, waves of uplifting sensual energy washed over her. They lay together for some time basking in an afterglow.

They pleased each other several more times in the next hour and a half. Sometimes screwing in various positions, sometimes sucking and fingering each other. By 3.45pm Daniel was tired and flagging, his cock had softened a little and he was laboured in his movements. Tamara wished that he had Jack's stamina. She wanted one more orgasm through penetration, so she tried an approach that she hoped might spur Daniel on to one last effort.

"Come along Daniel, don't keep me waiting or I'll give you a detention... Come on, look sharp boy, or it's extra homework for you... What is it about fuck teacher again that you don't understand?"

Daniel's face looked quizzical at first, then it lit up as he cottoned on to the erotic game that Tamara was playing. His cock hardened again as Tamara opened her legs, and he pushed the shaft inside her and started fucking her.

"That's it, good boy. Give teacher a good seeing to and she might let you play with yourself in class."

Daniel grunted with effort, he was highly aroused by the kinky role play that Tamara had initiated.

"Oh yes, Daniel, good boy, if you pass this test I'll let you fuck me in the storeroom. I know you've always fantasised about fucking me in the storeroom you dirty boy."

Daniel, beside himself with desire and excitement, provoked by Tamara to new levels of ecstasy, came first.

"Yes miss, Oh yes miss, please miss, please, let me fuck you in the storeroom."

This was exactly the fantasy he'd had when, as a fifteen year old student, he was besotted by his geography teacher, the sexy Miss Miles, in her shoulder pads and stylish heels and clothes.

"Now lie on your back while I finish myself off on your cock."

Daniel did as he was told, she loved his compliance and willingness to please. She grabbed his wrists and pinned his arms each side of his head, this dominant position excited her deepest urges for control and submission. It brought her to a rapid climax as she forcefully pounded his hard cock.

"Ahhh... yes, yes, yessssss! Fuck yesss."

Tamara collapsed on top of Daniel. They lay together for a moment, then Daniel got up to use the shower. Tamara thought about joining him but instead she lay back, gently fingering herself, and day dreaming about the last two and a half hours. Her reverie was broken by an electronic beep from Daniel's mobile phone on the dressing table. Tamara didn't own a mobile, so she was intrigued and got up to have a look.

The screen was still glowing, she was able to read the words:

"Hi Lover Boy, Running slightly late. Will be with you by 5.30. Make sure Tamara has gone. Annie xx"

Tamara couldn't believe what she was seeing. It took a moment to sink in.

"My God," she muttered to herself, "Daniel is fucking his Aunt."

A shaft of forbidden arousal shot through her body and made her pussy tingle. She heard Daniel open the bathroom door. Still standing with the phone in her hand, the look on her face was enough. Daniel covered the ground between them in three strides and grabbed the phone. He pressed a button and the screen lit up again.

"Oh fuck," he said.

"My dirty secret's out."

"But your Aunt Annie Daniel."

"Don't worry, she's not a blood relative, she's my dad's brother's wife."

Something told Tamara that it wouldn't have made any difference to Daniel if she had been a blood relative.

"Well I suppose that's something," she said, "she obviously knows about us."

"Yes, sorry. But at least you know about her now. You've got something on each other so to speak, and she's got more to lose."

"I'd always thought your handsome Uncle John provided more excitement than she needed."

"Not for the last couple of years apparently. He's been feeling his age and, as I've discovered, Annie likes to fuck. We always meet up here when I'm home on leave. She won't be jealous of you because she's staying the night with me. She's insatiable like you, so I'm going to have to pace myself after the fucking you've given me this afternoon; you've really taken everything I had to offer. You're a very sexy, desirable woman Tamara. I still think of you often when I wank myself off."

Tamara felt a mixture of astonishment, arousal and pleasure at Daniel's words, but it was time to go, so she showered quickly without wetting her hair. She wasted no time getting dressed and, with a smirk, wished Daniel a happy family reunion. As she opened the door to leave, Daniel caught hold of her arm and pleaded with her not to tell a living soul about him and Annie.

"Don't worry Daniel, your kinky little secret is safe with me. Mind you I can't promised that I won't put it to some use when the mood and my vibrator takes me."

"Will I see you again Tamara?"

"Probably not Daniel. It's been a huge pleasure though, I won't forget you in a hurry."

Daniel watched her sway along the hotel corridor in her four inch heels. His cock twitched as she entered the lift, turned and gave him a teasing sensuous look, whilst blowing him a kiss as the lift doors slid shut.

She skipped out into the car park thinking about a threesome with Daniel and Annie. It was a highly unlikely scenario, but it amused her to think of him used and spent, whilst she and Annie pleased one another.

"The lying cow," she thought, as she recollected Annie's words at her party, when she had teased Tamara about having the hots for Daniel. "If I wasn't married and he wasn't my nephew," she had said. "Well she's obviously been screwing him for at least two years," thought Tamara. Still, she did concede to herself that Annie would hardly be shouting her incest from the rooftops.

Tamara was back in the village by 4.35pm. As she approached her house, she was thinking that Jack would be home sometime between 6pm and 7pm and she would have plenty of time to get ready for him, so that she could entice him to fuck her almost as he stepped through the door. This had been her plan since she had agreed to the tryst with Daniel. She wanted to know what it felt like to have two cocks inside her on the same day.

She didn't pay much attention to the car parked outside her house as she pulled onto the driveway. As she opened the driver's door and swung her stocking clad right leg out of the car she heard a familiar voice.

"Hi Tamara, how are you?" said the voice.

It was Mark, her chiropodist.

"Shit," she thought as she tried to retain her dignity by not flashing her stocking tops and panties at Mark. A forlorn hope given that her right leg was on the driveway and her left leg was still in the driver's footwell, her short skirt pulled taut across the tops of her stocking clad thighs.

When she had put the phone down after speaking to Daniel last Friday, she had made a mental note to cancel her chiropodist appointment on the Monday.

"Shit," she had forgotten.

Tamara hoped that her face hadn't given her away. On the other hand, there was no way that Mark was looking at her face at that point. She rescued the situation by apologising profusely for being late and giving the impression that she had been rushing home to greet him.

"Don't worry Tamara, it's only five minutes."

"Come in, come in Mark," she said as she ushered him into the hallway.

"Please set yourself up in the lounge as usual, I'll be with you in a minute."

Tamara needed to give herself a moment to regain her equilibrium, so she went into the kitchen and paced about in her heels, her mind in a whirl. Then she leant on the kitchen table with both hands.

"How could I be so stupid?"

Mark was usually with her for about thirty minutes. That would mean he'd be finished at about 5.10pm. Thank goodness, that meant there would still time to change for Jack's arrival after Mark had left.

Tamara, still flustered, but trying to hide it, hurried into the lounge and sat down on the sofa facing Mark who was ready and sitting on his small stool.

"Ok, I'm all yours," she said.

"Erm... you're er... you're still wearing your shoes and stockings," said Mark.

"Oh gosh!" she exclaimed, "silly me, I've been in such a rush, I don't know whether I'm coming or going at the moment."

"Be a sweetie and take them off for me, I haven't got the energy," she joked.

She'd spoken the last sentence in a jocular tone, with a grin on her face, and her arms ready to push herself up off the sofa seat, so that she could go upstairs and remove her stockings. She was astonished, then, when Mark calmly took hold of her right leg and removed her shoe. Then he reached for her left shoe and removed it too. Tamara was unable to speak or move monetarily. She allowed him to reach up under the hem of her skirt and unfasten her stockings before carefully

rolling them down her thighs, calves and feet. He put her stockings carefully onto the coffee table to his right.

Tamara watched all of this in bewilderment wondering what Mark was going to do next. She soon had her answer, he picked up his scalpel and began working on her feet. Normally Tamara and Mark chatted almost non stop as he worked. She liked his sense of humour. He was a fit, ex lower league professional footballer, now in his late thirties and married. There had always been mutual respect between them, but never any hint of impropriety. This time, though, he worked silently, as though a spell had been cast over proceedings that neither of them wanted to break.

Tamara sank back into the sofa and pushed all intrusive thoughts from her mind. She watched Mark at work finding his movements and his gentle touch very sensual, the more so that it was all done in silence. He didn't make eye contact with her for the duration of his task. She wondered how these magical few minutes would end. Would he just politely pack his kit away and leave, or would there be an erotic ending?

If this was foreplay, it was of the most seductive kind. Her pussy started to slowly seep juices into her panties as she contemplated having sex with Mark. The nature of his task meant that he had to sit facing her with his legs spread apart. She could see that his penis had swollen underneath the taut material of his trousers,

When Mark finished his work, Tamara was taken aback again as he picked up a stocking from the coffee table and started rolling it back up her left leg. He reached under her skirt again to fasten the stocking to her suspender clips. His hands felt warm on her bare flesh at the top of her thigh. Her panty gusset was clearly visible, and he must have noticed the growing damp patch as her juices and Daniel's 'load' oozed out of her cunt. He repeated the process with her right leg, just as slowly and tantalisingly, then he replaced her shoes.

Tamara glanced at the clock, it was 5.15pm. She hoped to God that Jack would not come home early because she had decided to take the initiative. She suspected that Mark was waiting for her to make the first move, he'd opened the door but she needed to walk through it first.

As he finished refitting her shoes Tamara said, "Thank you Mark, that was very professionally done, but aren't you going to fuck me now?"

Then she raised her left leg up onto the seat, so that she was now sitting with it against the back cushion of the sofa. With her right leg still on the floor her skirt rode up so far, that her suspender clips, wet panties and her mound were on full display. It was not subtle but it was effective.

Mark moved onto the sofa with her, within seconds they were laying together kissing passionately and tugging at each others clothes. He managed to remove her top and bra while she pulled his trousers and pants down. There was no time to waste, she grabbed his erect shaft, moved her panty gusset to one side and pulled him into her opening.

She was wet, he was eager, he fucked her vigorously and she orgasmed within a minute. When he shot his load into her two minutes later, she came again with her hands on his firm buttocks. They lay together for a short moment getting their breath back.

"That was awesome," she said, "but Jack might be home any minute, you'll have to go now."

They both got dressed quickly, Mark picked up his kit, said his goodbyes and left. There had been no time to make her next appointment, so she said that she'd be in touch as she saw him to the

front door.

Tamara's head was swimming, had she got time to change for Jack? She had planned to wear her very short red dress, seemed black hold ups and her four inch heels. She knew just how she was going to greet Jack to get him in the mood.

Suddenly, it was too late to change, Jack's car pulled onto the driveway. He was home early.

"Stay calm, stay calm," she said to herself.

With Mark's spunk running down the inside of her left thigh (or was it Daniel's?), she greeted Jack at the front door. He had no time to say hello before her tongue was in his mouth. She had got his cock out with her right hand, and was manipulating it before he had a chance to put his briefcase down. By the time he'd dropped the case, and removed his jacket, his cock was hard in her hand. When he tried to break the kiss she put her left hand on the back of his neck and clamped her mouth to his.

Jack, was stunned, she'd greeted him by spreading her legs on the hallway floor before, but this was something else, she was in complete control. He hadn't had chance to thrust his hand up her skirt yet. Tamara, with a mix of semen and her juices soaking into her stocking top, sensed that he was about to do so. She broke away from the kiss and released her grip on the back of his neck, but she kept a firm hold of his cock.

"Don't speak, do exactly as I tell you and you'll be rewarded with the orgasm of your life," said Tamara.

She moved in front of him and made her way upstairs, pulling him after her by his erect cock. She pulled him into their bedroom turned him to face her, released his cock and said:

"Take your clothes off immediately and don't utter a word."

Tamara started to remove her top and bra. She did this efficiently rather than seductively; rather in the brusque manner of a prison officer. But when she removed her skirt, she turned sideways to make sure Jack didn't see the trail of semen running down the inside of her thigh and into her stocking top. She removed her panties, they were heavy with come and her juices.

Tamara moved toward Jack, he looked as though he was actually slightly scared. She shoved him in the chest and he fell backwards onto the bed. Before he could move, she grasped his cock and shoved the head into her mouth. He gasped, she took more of his length inside her mouth and started to press her tongue on his most sensitive spot.

"Oh God," he cried.

"I told you not to speak," she snapped.

She teased his cock with her hands and mouth, but she wanted him to come inside her. She moved up on to the bed on all fours looking extremely alluring in her suspender belt, stockings and heels. Then she straddled him and began to thrust her pelvis, so that his cock slid in and out of her very wet cunt.

Jack's breathing became ragged and she knew that his release wasn't far away. He would normally have lasted much longer, but her assertive domination had him dangling at her mercy. His whole

body tingled and he had the most erotic sense of being dominated and fucked by a more powerful sexual entity.

Erotic images entered her thoughts: Daniel fucking her and coming inside her; Mark shooting his load into her. She knew that she must have Jack on top so that he could pump his fluid into her cunt to mix with theirs'. She lifted herself off him and laid on her back.

"Well, what are you waiting for you bastard, get on top and fuck me hard."

Jack did just that. Once inside her he lasted just a matter of seconds, she rose to meet him in a fierce, shuddering joint orgasm that left them both completely spent.

Jack rolled onto his back and sighed.

"That was awesome," he said.

Tamara smiled at the irony of him repeating her words from less than half an hour earlier.

They lay in each other's arms, affectionately stroking one another's bodies. Tamara felt elated. She had planned to take two cocks inside her on the same day. In fact she's had three men come inside her within the space of two hours. She thought of a threesome with Jack and Daniel, with Mark waiting in the wings as a delicious bonus.

She looked at Jack's torso and brushed her fingers over the wet fluids covering his abdomen.

"How did you get so wet?" he asked, "I've never known you produce that much juice."

"I've been playing with myself all day waiting for you to come home, it must have built up inside me," she lied.

Although it was still early in the evening, after her carnal adventures, she hadn't got an ounce of energy left. Jack realised that she was about to fall asleep so he removed her suspender belt, stockings and heels and covered her with the quilt.

A luxurious tiredness overcame her, she felt an uplifting feeling in her breast as she drifted off to sleep. She dreamt about the liquid residue of three men mingling in her throbbing pussy, and how it had got there.