

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 03

Briterotic

A new job brings a new fulfilment.

Mature

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Chapter Three: The Perks Of Promotion

It was a Friday night in late February 1997, the film was elegant and disquieting. 'Wife swapping' among suburban professionals in seventies Connecticut. Ennui and sexual experimentation all suddenly brought into stark relief by tragedy during an ice storm.

Tamara could tell that Jack was engrossed, and she had begun to think that the next time they planned to 'bring each other off' in the cinema, they ought to choose a film that required little attention.

She had gone to considerable lengths to make herself as irresistible and accessible as possible. When Jack had first laid eyes on her, before they left home, it was all he could do not to pin her to the wall there and then. Her dark brown bobbed hair was newly cut, and she had applied sexy scarlet lipstick to match her finger and toenails. Her stylish long grey coat with a fur collar, hid the fact that she was wearing a very short, tight dark red skirt, and a faintly translucent black blouse. Under this she wore a black lace basque which held up seamed, barely black stockings; but no panties!

Her four inch high dark red heels and stocking clad ankles were all that was visible to the uninitiated, except, when as had happened as she got out of the car, and a couple of times as she sashayed slowly across the cinema foyer, her unbuttoned coat revealed teasing glimpses of a woman dressed to provoke strong sexual desire. She was soon to discover just how successful she had been.

The auditorium was not full, just a few couples and groups dotted here and there. Jack and Tamara had sat near to the wall in the back left corner; Jack against the wall, Tamara on his right. There was one other person on the same row, a man in his thirties, about five seats from Tamara, and close to the aisle. The film had been running for half an hour so, perhaps the presence of the man was partly why Jack had not had his hand up Tamara's skirt.

She had placed her coat on her lap, so that he could surreptitiously slip his hand underneath it, and get access to her unguarded pussy. He was also prepared for ease of access, no underwear and a button fly that could easily be entered without undoing the waistband of his trousers. The plan had been for Tamara to use her fingers to get Jack to the point of orgasm then, if their position was secluded enough, for her to swallow his cock, and his come, at the crucial moment.

Tamara's sexy combination of very short skirt, long coat and high heels had not gone unnoticed in the foyer. The man now sitting on the same row had intended to watch a different film but, on laying eyes on Tamara, he had decided to follow her. Now, silently and stealthily, he plucked up the courage to move into the seat next to her. She didn't see him until he had sat down; Jack didn't seem to notice at all.

To Tamara's astonishment he slowly unzipped his fly, pulled out his erect cock and began to massage it with a slow, deliberate hand action. Tamara's astonishment turned to arousal, this she hadn't expected at all, but the sight of a handsome looking erect penis, being massaged by its owner, was always likely to make her weak at the knees. She turned towards Jack to see whether he had noticed, but he was still 'lost' in the film. She decided to take the risk that, should he become aware of what was happening, Jack would be hugely turned on by the sight of the stranger's fingers between the lips of her vulva.

Tamara shifted her position, and her coat, so that her legs were parted, and her skirt had ridden up the small amount necessary to reveal the bare flesh above her stocking tops, and her pubic mound. The stranger needed no second invitation. He pumped his cock vigorously as he slipped his left hand over the seat arm, and onto Tamara's soaking wet pussy. It was an uneven contest, he had a significant head start, and just as Tamara was beginning to warm up, the stranger moaned quietly and shot threads of spunk against the back of the seat in front of him. Then he quickly put his cock away and hurried out of the auditorium.

Tamara sat in a state of high arousal and frustration. On impulse she grabbed Jack's right hand and pulled it towards her clitoris. This shook Jack out of his reverie and, slightly startled, he looked around to make sure that no one could see Tamara bringing herself to a climax by pressing his fingers against her. As her orgasm shuddered to a halt, she gave Jack a knowing smile, and wondered whether he had any idea of what had brought her to such a state of arousal.

She had got Jack's attention now as she reached across and unbuttoned his fly. His cock was rock hard and she struggled to free it from his trousers. Once it had emerged, she admired the slight upward curve of its seven inches, before gently massaging its most sensitive spot, underneath the glans, and along the underside of the shaft.

Jack was immediately in her power, he couldn't resist, didn't want to resist, as he felt his balls tighten and his come beginning to seep along his shaft. This was the point of no return and Tamara knew it, she glanced around quickly to check that no one was watching then, deftly pinching the head of Jack's cock, both to ensure no sudden ejaculation, and to show, teasingly, who was in control, she lowered her head and enveloped half of Jack's shaft in her warm wet mouth. As soon as she released her expert grip Jack shot his load into the back of her throat.

When Jack had recovered his equilibrium they smiled at each other, kissed with his fluid coating their tongues and lips, snuggled together and lost themselves in erotic thoughts of fucking several times more before the night was over.

On the following Tuesday Tamara had an interview for a new job as Head of Humanities in a successful secondary school in the nearest City. She had enjoyed the weekend rehearsing interview techniques with Jack, she'd got the job every time because they'd got so horny role playing, that they'd fucked before getting to the end of the rehearsals. It didn't help that Tamara was wearing stockings under her knee length skirt.

Tamara dressed formally and elegantly for the real interview. She wore a smartly tailored grey pencil skirt, with matching fitted jacket and black three inch heels. She couldn't resist stockings and sexy black underwear because it gave her a feeling of confidence, self assurance and no little sense of power. She took care to ensure that her suspender clips only showed underneath her skirt material when she decided that they should by arranged her posture accordingly.

The interview went well, Tamara impressed the panel with her energy, organisation, intelligence and personality. Who knows whether some panel members found more than just her personality attractive? But she got the job on merit, and drove back elated and bursting to tell Jack her good news.

Jack had got home much earlier than usual, and he'd expected Tamara home later than she actually arrived. She had said that she would probably be home by five o'clock, but there had been fewer candidates than expected and, when she had returned to her current school, the Headteacher had congratulated her and told her to take the rest of the day off, because he'd arranged lesson cover for the whole day.

It was now 3.30 pm, Jack was hoping that she'd got the job for all of the right reasons, and also because he knew that she would want a celebratory fuck. He played with himself as he contemplated the possibility.

His mind turned to Tamara's descriptions of bedding Daniel and seducing Mark a week earlier. She'd given him the details as she'd caressed his cock, after making sure he'd got a couple of glasses of wine inside him. Her detailed sensual descriptions kept him on the verge of orgasm for almost half an hour, before making him shoot his come a foot into the air, as she described pulling Mark's cock into her willing cunt.

Jack hadn't been able to get this image out of his mind, it had left him at least half erect for the past week. Now he was fully erect, and couldn't resist having a wank as he relived Tamara's escapades again. Just as he reached full arousal, and was about to enjoy a delicious orgasm imagining his partner in the throes of her orgasm with Mark, Tamara appeared in the lounge. She had, unusually, come in through the back door, and Jack didn't hear the sexy click clack of her heels until it was too late.

Jack, erect cock in hand, sitting on the sofa where Tamara and Mark had fucked, had been taken by surprise.

Tamara momentarily looked amused then inquisitive as she asked with a smirk, "Are you thinking about me?"

Jack nodded.

"Finish it," commanded Tamara.

Her pussy juices seeped into her panties as she watched Jack's head rock back and his load erupt over his hand, before dripping onto the floor.

Tamara, hot with desire, but sensing an opportunity to finish off her all conquering day with some mild domination, sauntered sexily over to a guilty looking Jack and said in a low teacher's voice, "Who's a naughty boy?"

Jack looked abashed, but felt a strange pleasure in being caught out by an artfully dominant Tamara.

"I got the job, I'm going to pour myself a large glass of champagne and that cock had better be hard in fifteen minutes or you're sacked."

Jack, feeling chastised but knowing that it was part of Tamara's erotic game, said, "Congratulations Miss Fox, I'm here to serve, you'll be able to impale yourself on me whenever you're ready."

"Well clean yourself up, open the champagne then go and get into bed and make sure you're ready to be ridden by the Head of Humanities."

Jack, lying naked on the bed fifteen minutes later, anticipating a good fucking at the hands of his partner, was half alarmed and half aroused at the sight of Tamara pulling the cord from his dressing gown, striding across the bedroom in her heels and commanding him to turn over. She tied his hands behind him, sparked his buttocks several times, rolled him over onto his back, hitched up her skirt and gave her naked bound partner a vigorous fucking whilst she was fully clothed; with stocking tops and suspenders on display and on top in all senses of the word.

They were both so highly aroused that it was over in less than two minutes. Then Tamara stripped to her, stockings, suspender belt and heels, refused to untie Jack and pleased herself several times more on his still hard cock.

To his amazement, Tamara left him still tied up as she put her dressing gown on over her sexy attire and said, "This is your punishment for being naughty and wanking yourself off without getting my permission first. I might fuck you again later if I feel like it. In the meantime, lie there and await my pleasure."

As Tamara swept imperiously out of the bedroom, Jack thought all of his Christmases had come at once. He knew that she'd have another glass of champagne, then be back with her wet, needy cunt within no time at all.

It was the last day of the Spring term, and Tamara's last day in her current job, before she started her new role after the Easter holidays. She'd been at her present school for just over 15 years so there would be speeches, presentations and a farewell meal in the evening with her closest colleagues.

Tamara looked into the dressing table mirror and contemplated what to wear. She'd been struggling all week with the balance between, professional school teacher attire, and sexy vamp intent on hardening a few pricks (or even moistening a few pussies!).

She picked out a close fitting cream shift dress with a knee length hem, and a well cut matching jacket. As she painted her lips sensuously in a soft pink, she decided on a white bra, white six strap suspender belt, and white panties with a soft silky gusset.

Her pink nail varnish, applied on the previous evening, set off her lips; there was nothing more she'd like to do now than push her painted fingers inside her pussy and masturbate, whilst she closed her eyes and imagined Daniel's cock stretching her wide open. As she imagined this, she realised that she still hadn't broached the subject of Daniel with Annie, his desirable and sexually intimate aunt. It still gave Tamara a thrill to think of their illicit incestuous lust for each other.

But there was no time to dream, she'd got to get to work, so she unfurled her nude stockings up to the top of her thighs and clipped them to her suspender belt, being careful not to damage her nail varnish or ladder the stockings. She knew that the slow deliberate way she did this would have driven Jack to distraction, if he'd been present.

Then she rose from her chair, stepped into her dress, and four inch cream heels, walked over to the full length mirror, turned sideways and sensually caressed her profile from her well formed breasts

down to her suspender clips. Tamara felt and looked stunning as she daintily tripped across the driveway and elegantly swivelled her stocking clad legs into her car.

On the way to her first lesson, Tamara passed one of her eighteen year old sixth form students in the corridor.

As he walked past, he said with a cocky grin, "Wow, you look hot today Miss"

Tamara was taken aback and didn't respond with her usual cutting wit. She felt at once offended and flattered. But she did look hot, a very classy hot, but hot nevertheless. Bare armed, in her cream shift dress and high heels, her breasts firm and her shoulders well toned, her backside swayed just enough to emphasise its perfect contours as the material caressed its peachy form.

Her second period was free, so she busied herself putting personal possessions from her desk into her bag, and then paying a visit to the school's admin staff to thank them for their support. Even here she was complemented on her appearance and, just as she'd left the admin office, and made her way to her classroom, she heard a 'wolf whistle'. She turned to look for the culprit but there was no one in sight. She guessed it might have been Annie having a laugh.

She'd seen her in the staffroom earlier when Annie had whispered in her ear, "You look fucking amazing, we must talk about a mutual acquaintance when you've got a minute."

"Okay, after school this evening?" Tamara had replied.

But, thought Tamara, the whistler couldn't have been Annie, she would have been obvious, and would have wanted to share the joke.

On arriving in her empty classroom, still half wondering who her wolf whistling admirer was, Tamara headed into the adjacent storeroom. The room was about twelve feet by eight with shelves along the walls and a sturdy old desk at the end.

She was doing a final check, to ensure that it was left in a state in which she would want to find it, when she became aware of someone slipping into the room.

"What are you doing here? Where should you be now," she addresses this to the eighteen year old student that had paid her a cheeky compliment earlier and, unbeknown to her, had whistled at her a few minutes ago.

"I've come to say goodbye to you Miss," he said with a leer.

Tamara felt slightly intimidated and nervous in the confined space, but couldn't resist being ironic.

"Well goodbye Ryan, I hope you get the grades you deserve this summer."

"Yeah, right. How about a farewell kiss Miss?"

"Don't be impertinent and leave immediately, or I'll send you to explain yourself to Mr Strong,"

Ryan was good looking, well built and looked older than his years. Tamara secretly fancied him, but it would have been professional suicide to have acted on her urges. Ryan, unfazed by her threats, moved closer, cupped her chin and lifted her mouth to his. He kissed her hard and eased her back against the shelving.

Tamara was aroused but, clinging to a rapidly weakening professional resolve, said, "Ryan get off, what do you think you're doing."

"What? You've wanted me to do to you for a long time."

"Get off you arrogant bastard."

Ryan easily brushed off her objections, kissed her again and caressed her arse with a large hand. With his hard cock pressed against her thigh Tamara's resistance evaporated.

"Okay, you win, take me on this desk but you'll have to be quick."

She lifted her shift dress up to her hips, pulled down and clung on to her panties (no way would she allow Ryan to claim these as a trophy), and sat on the desk. Ryan's face was a picture of lust, he dropped his trousers and pushed his solid member inside her. Tamara's arousal was matching Ryan's now. It helped that her cunt was wet because Ryan hammered into her. Suddenly, there was a noise from the classroom, and Ryan quickly withdrew his cock, whilst Tamara put a hand over his mouth.

She heard Rita, the departmental admin assistant, call hello to someone passing the classroom door. Tamara deftly pulled down her dress and slipped back into her panties. She put her finger to her lips as a signal to Ryan to keep quiet. For different reasons, neither of them wanted to be caught together. The classroom door closed; Tamara peeked into the room to check that the coast was clear.

"Next lesson in five minutes Ryan, go quickly and don't dare breath a word of this to anyone."

Ryan, was still pulling up his trousers as he made his way past Tamara; he was smirking.

"I bet you fucking loved that Miss, meet me later and I'll finish the job. I'll bring my mates, they all want to fuck you as well."

Tamara saw red, she grabbed at his groin as he tried to zip his fly. Ryan recoiled in agony but Tamara had literally got him by the balls. Now she was in control again.

"You arrogant bastard, don't ever come near me again because I'll rip your balls off, and then humiliate you in front of your so called mates. I've a good mind to drag you out to the playground now and slap your bare arse in front of the whole school."

Ryan was stunned and powerless to prevent Tamara doing just what she had threatened. She opened the store room door and pulled him out into the empty classroom, his pants now around his knees. Just as he was panicking about how far she would go with her threat, she released him, and he fled, red faced, whilst fumbling with his fly.

Tamara glowed in the satisfaction of turning her humiliation at the hands of Ryan into his humiliation at her vice like grip on his balls. She also basked in the knowledge that, even at 46 years of age, she still had the ability to arouse her students. Her mind drifted back to Daniel telling her at Annie's party that all of the boys in his class fancied her, she was 35 at the time and they were all fifteen. She hadn't lost her allure, but the difference was, now she knew what sexual power she had, and how to use it.

The rest of the day went according to plan. Good, relaxed lessons followed by farewell speeches and presentations; plenty of affection and professional regard. A table had been booked at a local restaurant for six o'clock. Tamara was having a farewell meal with about twenty of her closest colleagues. Mary, Annie, Rita and Geoff were there. Plenty of wine, plenty of laughs. Tamara was driving home so she was soon on iced tonic water. She looked gorgeous in her cream shift pencil dress. Geoff's furtive glances revealed his lust for her, and Tamara could see that Mary and Annie were enjoying the sport.

After the meal, Tamara circulated and spent time with each of her colleagues in groups or individually. Reminiscences, jokes and good wishes were shared by all. Except for Geoff, who, as usual, had one pint too many and fawned over Tamara, looking at her breasts, and especially her thighs for tell tale signs of stockings. He occasionally glanced at her attractive face as well, but when he did, he was quickly overawed by her penetrating hazel eyes and had to look away again.

Finally, Tamara got Annie alone.

"How is your well hung nephew?" she asked mischievously.

Annie squirmed a little before regaining her composure, "I think he's recovered from being vamped by you."

"Next time I'll make sure he sees us on different days, he was spent after the seeing to that you gave him."

"It's unlikely that I'll be seeing him again, Jack knows about what happened between us and, whilst he found it, let's say, 'stimulating,' I'm not looking for a lengthy affair even with a cock like Daniel's."

Annie chuckled, "That's a shame, he was hoping to get us into bed together with him, he will be disappointed... Still, we could always get into bed together without him," Annie coloured up as she said this and tried to make a joke of the suggestion.

Tamara let her eyes run over Annie's shapely, petit figure, her elegant, expensive dress and sexy heels. She gazed at Annie's full lips as she placed her hand on her thigh, and was pleasantly surprised to discover a suspender clip. Her pussy twitched as she wondered what it would be like to peel Annie's stockings off, and plant her own lips on her perfect mouth.

The reference to a threesome with Daniel had aroused a previously unspoken sexual desire for each other, of which neither of them had perviously been fully aware.

"You're a dark horse Annie," said Tamara. "If I thought you'd meant it, I'd take you up on it," she said this with a wink and a cheery smile.

"You can take me up anywhere you like," laughed Annie.

Both women knew now that they were deadly serious, but the time wasn't right; this was an assignation to be logged for the future.

"You haven't told anyone about me and Daniel have you?" asked an anxious looking Annie.

"Of course not Annie. Look, I'm fortunate that Jack knows all about my sexual escapades and finds them a huge turn on, but I'd never drop you in it by telling anyone else."

"Thank you," said Annie, relieved.

Tamara kissed her softly on the cheek and squeezed her right knee. To an onlooker it would have seemed like a friendly show of affection, but it spoke volumes to Annie and her vagina. Tamara turned her attention to her other colleagues as they prepared to leave. They all said their farewells, declared undying love for one another, and promised to stay in touch.

Geoff, who didn't drive, made noises about walking home, but it was beginning to rain.

Mary gave Tamara a knowing look, Tamara sighed and said, "Come on Geoff, I'll give you a lift home."

It was only a ten minute drive, Tamara tried to keep the conversation light hearted and avoid teasing Geoff into a state of erection. He was quiet and gave the impression that he had something important to say. It was a losing battle anyway, she was conscious that the hem of her dress had ridden up, and her stocking tops were just visible as her legs moved up and down on the pedals. Geoff couldn't keep his eyes off her legs and, whilst she would normally have enjoyed his discomfort and teased his prick as much as possible, she felt it cruel to do so now as they were about to part.

Nothing was said for the last couple of minutes of the journey, and there was considerable sexual tension on Geoff's part as she pulled onto his driveway in the growing darkness.

Silence... Tamara eventually tried to break the tension.

"Well, it's been great working with you Geoff, I'm sorry that I've sometimes tormented..."

"I dream about you, I... I masturbate thinking about you, I want you so badly but I... I know you'd never go to bed with me," stammered Geoff.

Tamara was a little irked by this outburst, she just wanted to get home now but, after years of teasing, part of her knew that she had brought this on herself. So she decided to give Geoff a leaving present.

"Okay Geoff, you win, I suppose after all this time, the least I can do is give you something to remember me by."

"Are you hard now?"

"What?"

"Is your cock hard?.. Are you thinking about fucking me now?.. Are you eh? How would you do it?..Would you be on top or would you want me to take control and ride you until your cock was ready to burst?"

"I... I er... I," gulped Geoff.

Tamara knew what she was doing, she knew very well that Geoff would be fully erect by now.

"Sit still, don't move and don't try to touch me."

Tamara unzipped his fly and, with her right hand, pulled out Geoff's cock, it wasn't large but it was very hard. She massaged it slowly to begin with and Geoff moaned quietly. Then she quickened the pace whilst she rummaged inside her handbag for a tissue. Tissue at the ready, Tamara pumped Geoff's cock vigorously and he grunted his pleasure and approval.

"Oh fuck Tamara, fuck, oh fuck, ohhh... Jesus...oh please don't stop, oh...oh Godddd..."

Geoff shot his spunk into the tissue that Tamara was holding with her left hand. She handed him another tissue.

"Here, clean yourself up with this and get yourself inside. Stop chasing lost causes, find yourself a nice woman and forget about me, or at least try not to think of me whilst you're screwing her."

"Thank you, thank you Tamara, thank you," said Geoff as he got out of the car.

"Thank you," he waved as she reversed out of his driveway and his life.

Nothing was more certain than that Geoff would soon be masturbating with renewed vigour. The sight of Tamara's hand pumping his cock, while she inadvertently flashed her silk clad mound at him, would stay with him forever.

Tamara looked at herself in the driving mirror, "not my finest hour," she thought as she headed home. She dwelt again on the frustrating episode in the store room with Ryan. Jack wouldn't be hearing about either of these sordid encounters.

The Easter holidays brought family time and relaxation, as well as plenty of good sex for Tamara and Jack. Jack filled Tamara's head with his fantasies of fucking most of their friends and work colleagues, in all sorts of situations. Tamara drew on her real sexual encounters with Daniel, Mark, Davenport and the sergeant, She also confessed to Jack that she thought she was being seduced by Annie, this got Jack very aroused and he implored her not to miss the opportunity of bedding her, and telling him the details.

The holidays ended and Tamara started her new job as Head of Humanities. She had a large team, and she looked for someone she could trust and rely on as she eased her way into the role. Alena, an attractive and lively woman about the same age as Tamara, was the obvious choice. Alena had acted as head of department for the previous term, and she couldn't have been more friendly and accommodating towards Tamara.

The two women hit it off straight away, they found that they had a connection and they worked well together. Tamara fitted in very well and, by the end of April, she and Alena had been asked by the Head to attend a two day residential course, in a northern city in late May.

Tamara and her departmental colleagues had already been to one of the city centre pubs one Friday evening to socialise and dance. Alena's husband, Jed, showed up, he asked Tamara to dance and she enjoyed his overfamiliarity and close attention but, even she drew the line at fucking her new friend and colleague's husband, so she removed his hand from her buttocks and politely left the dance floor.

Jed followed her to where she was seated, he'd found her suspender strap whilst groping her on the dance floor and was pleased with himself. He offered to buy her a drink and, at the same time, couldn't resist telling her how he loved women to wear stockings, and how highly Alena had spoken of her.

"She's taken a real shine to you Tamara, never stops talking about how good you are at your job and how much she admires you. I think she's got a thing for you."

Jed moved off to the bar and Tamara guessed he'd already frequented that place more than strictly necessary, so she took little notice of his hint that Alena fancied her, even though the thought gave her a quiet thrill. Alena had been dancing and she returned to the table.

"I see you've been 'entertained' by Jed, I hope he's not bothering you, he gets a bit frisky when he's had a few, and when he hasn't come to think of it."

Over the next couple of weeks Alena confided in Tamara more and more. She confessed to having an ongoing affair with a friend of Jed's, and revealed that Jed had a long term mistress. Tamara was taken aback when Alena told her that she had been to bed with Jed and his mistress. It was clear that Tamara and Alena were of like minds when it came to sexual adventure.

Jack and Tamara went to a party at Jed and Alena's large rambling victorian town house. Jack was driving so Tamara enjoyed getting nicely merry. Towards the end of the evening, Tamara and Alena sat together on a sofa with Jack sitting opposite. The two women were tipsy and uninhibited. They laughed and joked in low conspiratorial voices and leaned in to each other so that their heads almost touched.

Jack thought he could see more than just a platonic attachment between them, sometimes they gazed at each other and looked for all the world that they were about to share an erotic kiss. But Jack thought that it could just have been the drink.

He fancied Alena, it helped that she was wearing stockings. He couldn't help noticing this from where he was sitting. In fact, Alena and Tamara were both in classy dresses that finished a few inches above the knee. Alena was in a little black dress and ferocious five inch heels, Tamara was in red with seamed stockings and heels. Both women wore nearly black hosiery, but Tamara was more successful in protecting her modesty. It occurred to Jack that sitting opposite a woman wearing stockings, crossing and recrossing her legs, could become one of his favourite pastimes.

The party broke up at about 1 am. It had been a pleasant event, Jack had enjoyed being aroused by his wife and her new friend, and Tamara had drunk enough to help her sleep all the way home. Next morning, Jack asked Tamara what had been going on between her and Alena.

"You two were as thick as thieves last night, showing a lot of mutual affection, I almost suggested that you get a room."

"God, I was pissed, I think Alena was too."

"I know she was, what was all of the secretive chat about though? You've not fucked her already have you?"

"Good God no."

"You protesteth too much."

"Okay, she's an attractive sexy woman, but we're just good friends," laughed Tamara.

"Well it looked pretty intimate to me, remember our deal? If you become acquainted with her pussy I want to know about it."

Tamara blushed and closed the en suite door so that Jack couldn't see the guilt written across her face. Her only sexual encounter with a woman so far had been when Davenport had forcefully taken her in handcuffs at the barracks. Whilst this had awoken a deliciously submissive and obscenely

erotic need in her, she now yearned for an experience with a woman that was a little more 'mainstream.'

Men had always been her first preference, and Jack in particular, but she felt more and more that she wanted the experience of making love to another woman. She was very attracted to Alena but didn't know how to make the first move, or whether the feeling was anywhere near mutual.

She suspected that Alena found her desirable but, if she misread the signals, it could be very embarrassing, and damaging to their professional relationship. She decided that, in the circumstances, it would be unwise to 'come on' to Alena. After all, hadn't Annie more or less given her an open invitation?

On the next Wednesday morning, Tamara and Alena set off for their residential course. They would be away for two days and nights, returning home on Friday afternoon, the beginning of the half term break. As Tamara had said goodbye to Jack, he had left her with the distinct impression that he expected her to fuck someone, preferably Alena, and tantalise him with the details when she returned.

Jeans and casual attire were the order of the day for most teachers on a residential course. But the two friends had agreed to pack some items that showed off their best assets, in case they felt the urge to hit the local clubs and bars one evening.

Needless to say, these items included high heels and high hemlines, and low necklines. Stockings were obligatory of course, as was sexy lingerie.

The course commenced at 1 pm and the afternoon was undemanding and largely uneventful. Tamara and Alena discovered that the city centre was several miles away from their course venue so partying was out of the question.

After dinner they settled down in the bar. Most of the participants were men but this held little inspiration for Alena.

"It's always the same on these courses, mostly men who are either complete drips or cocky misogynists. Later, when they've had a couple of drinks, they'll be coming on to us and inviting us back to their rooms."

"Not all of them surely," said Tamara.

"Enough to make it irritating. And don't forget we're sharing the hotel with a load of insurance salesman," replied Alena.

"It's rare thing to find attractive available men, who are not up their own arses, at these events."

"Sounds like you're speaking from experience, have you ever 'had' anyone on a residential before?"

"Yes, a couple of times, both losers. One of them is standing at the bar now, the poser in the blue shirt. Thankfully he got his fingers sufficiently burned and stays well clear of me."

"What happened?"

"Oh, he was just an arrogant, self absorbed tosser. Thought that lying on top and pounding me for two and a half minutes qualified him as the world's greatest ever lover. Left me stone cold and full of his jizz. I threw him out into the corridor, minus his pants. He must have sneaked back to his room somehow. The next morning he was ingratiatingly desperate, because I threatened to post his pants to his wife, ha! That really spooked him, he hasn't been near me since."

"Did he get his pants back?"

"Yes, when the course finished I told him that I'd left them at reception."

"And had you?"

"Oh yes, and I delayed my departure long enough to watch him trying to explain to the pretty young receptionist why she had his pants underneath her counter."

"God, you're a calculating bitch Alena, well done, I wish I had your balls."

"I prefer you without balls darling," said Alena in a deliberately sultry murmur that sent a shiver up Tamara's spine.

Alena grinned when she saw the look on Tamara's face.

"Anyway, I'm not as tough as people think," she said with a sly wink.

Tamara was unsure whether she had just been put on notice that she would be Alena's conquest on this course. Her pussy gave a little twitch, but before she could 'test the water,' three men came over and asked if they could share the table.

"Hello girls, what are you two stunners doing sitting all alone?"

"We're not alone, we're with each other," said Alena with a hint of mischief.

More men joined them and, just as Alena had predicted, none of them were worth the girls's powers of seduction. It was a sometimes humorous but mostly tedious evening listening to several of the men talk about themselves, trying to impress.

"Come on, let's get an early night," Alena said to Tamara.

This prompted predictable sleazy remarks about their sexuality and, as they moved out of earshot, the last thing they heard was, "...pair of lezzies."

Tamara was irked by this and, as they walked to the lift, complained to Alena.

"Why is it that if you're not interested in them, men immediately assume that you're a lesbian?"

"How about we get dressed to kill tomorrow night, and tease those pricks until they wank themselves silly?"

"Wow, great idea Tamara, you're learning fast."

"Oh, don't worry, if there's one thing I pride myself on these days, it's my ability to get them hard and leave them disappointed."

The lift door opened slowly, they stepped inside, as the lift moved upwards at snail's pace, the two women stood in silence in the intimate space. Tamara felt that you could cut the sexual tension with a knife. They finally reached the third floor and made their way to their adjacent rooms.

Tamara said a cheery, "Goodnight, see you in the morning."

Alena, leaned in, caught Tamara's left arm in the gentle caress of her right hand, and kissed her on the cheek. The kiss seemed deliberately ambiguous, warm lips, just lingering for a fraction of a second. Tamara felt a surge of pleasure in her vagina but wondered what Alena's intentions were.

"Until tomorrow then," said Alena in a hoarse whisper before turning to enter her own room.

Tamara's head was a whirl of doubts and desires. She pulled her new vibrator from her suit case and tried to focus on Jack, but her erotic thoughts kept on turning to someone else. The only audible words that accompanied her muffled orgasm were, "Ohhh..... Alenaaa."

Alena greeted Tamara with a bright and breezy "Good Morning" at the breakfast table. There was no sign of the sultry seductress that had made Tamara's heart beat faster in the hotel corridor the previous night. Tamara felt slightly foolish for thinking that Alena was interested in her in a sexual way. In fact, Alena was the perfect colleague all day long, professional when necessary and good fun when appropriate.

Only once, during the lunch break, did she allude to anything slightly improper, when she asked Tamara, "So, what are you wearing tonight? I know you'll look fucking sexy?"

But before Tamara could answer, another participant joined them and engaged them in conversation.

Tamara was finding Alena difficult to read. She wanted to ask in exasperation, "Look, do you fancy me or are you just teasing me?" She didn't have the courage to be so bold and she was beginning to feel a little insecure. She decided to push such thoughts from her mind for the rest of the day. She might have to disappoint Jack.

When the sessions finished for the day and as they made their way back to their rooms, Tamara said to Alena, "Let's stay casual for dinner, and save our spectacular entrance for later. I've seen how well you scrub up and I'm not actually sure which of us is the biggest tease."

"You are Tamara, I've seen men caught in the glare of your headlights, and it's not a pretty sight."

"You're a bit of a vixen yourself Alena, they'll be eating out of our hands later. Listen, if you fancy picking a man up and taking him back to your room, don't mind me, I'll just hold a glass to the wall," laughed Tamara.

"No chance, all of the decent men here are married and boringly faithful. No, we'll stiffen a few pricks then it's early to bed with a horlicks."

The clearest sign yet, thought Tamara, that she was not going to get any action to tickle her, or Jack's, fancy.

After dinner they wasted no time getting back to their rooms so that they could get into their finery and find a suitable table in the bar. Tamara had brought two outfits with her. The first, which she had expected to wear, was her short red dress, black underwear, black heels and barely black seamed stockings. But they were not going out to an anonymous club where no one knew them. They were going to be in full view of professional colleagues, and Tamara was still ambitious enough to care about her professional reputation. Just as well then that she had also packed a slightly more demure outfit.

Showered, bobbed hair sexily behind one ear, Tamara pulled on her white silk panties, they showed off the mound of her pussy to perfection. A matching white bra, with transparent straps cupped her beautiful breasts and held them firm. A pair of lace topped, beige holdup stockings were unfurled along her shapely legs. She stepped into her four inch cream heels and strode over to the full length mirror. Very satisfied with what she saw, a faint smile crossed the corners of her mouth. She returned to the dressing table and quickly applied pale pink lipstick and nail varnish, she used the hair dryer on her nails to get them to harden off; the nail varnish was not all that she would harden off tonight.

Just as Alena tapped on her door, Tamara was pulling on her sleeveless cream shift dress.

"Just a minute," she cried out as she pulled the dress over her shoulders.

Then she opened the door, and was bowled over by the sight of Alena standing there in a long sleeved, knee length, tight black dress with a plunging neckline. Her sensuous lips and her finger nails were ruby red. She looked amazing, her very high heels showing off her firm legs and buttocks. Her breasts looked huge, gravity defying and decoratively displayed, and her shoulder length dark hair set off her attractive face. Tamara could see that she also was wearing holdups, the outline of their lacy tops showing through the clinging material. If she'd worn a suspender belt the clips would have shown in sharp relief through her body con dress.

"Close you mouth, open the door properly and let me in," chided Alena with an air of fun.

Tamara moved back and let Alena enter, she couldn't take her eyes off her and was aroused by the way in which Alena wiggled sensuously into the room.

"Alena you look good enough to eat," blurted Tamara, aware too late of the sexual connotation.

"Later darling," joked Alena, or was it a joke?

"Here, zip me up and we'll see if we can get a good spot in the bar," said Tamara, relieved to change the subject.

Alena gripped the bottom of the zipper and very slowly pulled the it upwards. Then she placed her left hand on Tamara's left shoulder, Tamara's spine tingled at her touch, and it was all she could manage not to ask Alena to unzip her again.

The dress and heels showed Tamara off to superb effect. Her breasts were proud and perky under the expensive material, it hugged her waistline, and the cut of the dress dipped sexily under the profile of her shapely buttocks. The pencil cut material finished at knee length, and gave her a gorgeously elegant silhouette.

"You don't look half bad yourself," breathed Alena onto Tamara's neck whilst holding both of her arms by the elbows.

There was a frisson of sexual tension which was broken when Alena said, "Come on, if we don't get a move on there'll be no seats left."

The bar was not crowded, and Tamara and Alena found a two seater chair, with its back to the wall, and a table and several more chairs in front. From here they could survey the room and its occupants. Tamara went to the bar, drawing admiring looks, and ordered two double gin and tonics.

They sat chatting over their drinks as one of the course leaders walked past. He was a genial man in his late fifties, they both liked and respected him. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "If you'll permit me to say so, you ladies look very well turned out, are you going on somewhere special tonight?"

"No Phil, we just thought we'd make an effort to brighten the place up a little," said Alena.

"Well you've certainly done that, enjoy your evening."

"Thanks Phil, we will," said Tamara.

The room began to fill up as more course members arrived. Alena went to the bar next, they had decided that it would become crowded and difficult to get served, so they wanted to have a couple more doubles in reserve.

As she walked back to the table, Alena's wiggling hips were followed by most eyes in the room. Men gazed lustfully, or glanced furtively, as they followed her voluptuous form; women's expressions were split between admiration and disapproval. Alena couldn't care less, she hadn't enjoyed acting up as head of department, and was not interested in promotion, she had no fear of her reputation being traduced. She revelled in the knowledge that she was turning on sexual desire all around the hotel bar.

One of the more mature disapproving women walked by their table, and said in an ironic tone, "It's so lovely that you both feel able to dress like that."

"Spiteful, jealous bitch," smiled Alena after she had gone.

Tamara let out a snort.

As the evening wore on, they attracted plenty of men to their table. The men were like bees around a honey pot. Tamara and Alena sat together looking highly provocative and inaccessible. They were holding court with their admirers. They were both expert at moving seductively in their seats, a crossed leg here, a shift of position there. Without being obvious, they made sure that their lace topped hosiery was visible just often enough to catch admiring eyes in the act of ogling their stocking clad thighs.

They looked stunningly sexy together. Tamara was aware that her nipples had hardened, and were showing through her dress. Alena's large breasts were a source of interest and wonder. They didn't get much eye contact from their audience.

They were sitting close together, Tamara's left hand and Alena's right hand touching from time to time, sending waves of desire through Tamara's pussy. Most of their audience had swollen pricks, and some fancied their chances with the two women. Both of them, on their way to and from the toilet, were propositioned by men trying their luck.

As was often the case on the final night of a residential course, alcohol flowed freely. The insurance conference delegates were also spilling into the bar. Alena, waylaid as she passed one group of 'likely lads,' felt a hand on her backside, accompanied by a lewd suggestion whispered into her ear. She spilled a drink onto the unfortunate man and made an ironic apology, she didn't care whether he thought it was a deliberate or an accidental act. Tamara was invited to the rooms of two men made braver by drink, once on the way to the toilet, and again on the way back. She coolly brushed off both offers.

"In your dreams," she said to the first one.

The second proposition included an invitation to sit on a face.

"Why, is your nose bigger than your prick?" She retorted.

It was almost ten o'clock, and despite drinking a couple of large double gin and tonics, the women were composed, and well able to handle the attention they were getting. But they'd had their fun and were becoming bored with the company.

Alena was trying to catch Tamara's eye without success so she took hold of her hand and, playing up to suggestions made by some of their audience on the previous night, she said to Tamara, "Come on darling it's past our bedtime."

Tamara understood immediately and rose from her seat in tandem with Alena.

Alena said, "Goodnight fellas," and led Tamara through the crowded bar by the hand, smiling boldly at anyone that caught her eye. They glanced mischievously at each other as they left the room. In reality, apart from the half dozen either astonished or leering men at their table, few people in the bar realised that they were holding hands, but as they walked across the wide reception area toward the lift, Tamara self consciously withdrew hers.

The lift rumbled into life and took an age to reach the ground floor. They'd enjoyed prick teasing for the past couple of hours but now, their audience gone, they were left silently, and a little awkwardly, in each other's company as they stepped into the lift. The tension between them was palpable now. The lift door closed slowly and left them uneasy, but unable to avoid each other in the intimate space.

Tamara's heart was pounding, she felt so turned on by Alena now that she had got her alone, but she didn't know what to do or say. As the lift made its slow progress to the third floor, Alena made her move.

Leaning seductively against the lift wall, she gazed purposefully into Tamara's eyes, then stepped forward to close the space between them. Tamara's eyes were fixed on Alena's lips as she made her slow seductive approach. Their mouths met and their tongues explored each other in a warm succulent kiss. As the lift door opened, Alena put her left hand behind Tamara's neck, her right hand into the small of her back, and drew her into a firm embrace. Tamara's pussy clenched as Alena pressed her right hip against her mound. She felt as though she might float away but for Alena acting as her anchor.

The lift door had opened and closed again before they broke off their kiss. Breathing hard into each other's faces, they stayed locked together, and kissed deeply and passionately again. By now Alena's right hand was exploring Tamara's breasts. Tamara sighed with pleasure, her nipples were

rock hard; warm pussy juice seeped into Alena's panties as she ran her thumb over the hardness of Tamara's nipples.

Breathlessly, Tamara managed to free her mouth from Alena's probing tongue.

"Alena, please, you can't take me here in the lift, we'll be found out. Let's go to your room, or mine."

"Okay," breathed Alena and she pressed the 'door open' button.

The lift door opened so slowly, that Alena had time to embrace Tamara from behind, plant warm kisses on her neck, and reach around to cup her breasts in her hands, squeezing her nipples between her thumbs and fingers. Tamara's head had been in a whirl since they entered the lift, but now she could feel tingling waves surging throughout her body. Alena's kisses travelled down her spine to her toes, and stopped off in her vagina on the way. Both women had become very wet and highly aroused by their illicit, erotic encounter.

The lift was still on the third floor, so they stepped out smartly and, once they realised the coast was clear, teetered sexily, as fast their heels would allow, to the door of Tamara's room. Tamara suddenly changed tack, now, instead of being anxious, she was feeling emboldened by a new erotic surge, brought on at the thought of being caught out. She took Alena in her arms in the corridor and kissed her long and hard. Alena responded by pushing Tamara against her door, and reaching down to the hem of her dress with her right hand.

Tamara felt a hand travel up over her lacy stocking tops, and glide across her bare upper thigh, until Alena held her fingers against the wet silky material, that was all that stood between her and Tamara's cunt. She moved her fingers slowly and sensuously, driving Tamara into even deeper lustful desire. The lift doors had closed and they heard the mechanism spring into life. Gazing into each other's eyes they played a game of silent dare, which one of them would break first and end the erotic game?

They both felt huge excitement in their illicit act of jeopardy. Alena slipped her fingers inside Tamara's panties and massaged her swollen, wet labia.

"I want to taste you, take you in my mouth and make you come hard," whispered Alena.

This almost drove Tamara into a frenzy, she was close to coming as the lift rumbled to a halt on their floor. She pushed the fingers of her left hand, and her tongue, into Alena's mouth, whilst reaching down with her right hand to massage Alena's mound through her dress. Alena let out a loud sigh, Tamara was just on the edge of an orgasm. The lift doors started to open, Alena cracked first.

"Tamara, quick, open the fucking door you crazy bitch, or we really will be caught out. Come on, quickly, let's get into your room."

They could hear voices from within the lift, as Tamara managed to get her room pass into the slot, they swung themselves into the room with their lips locked together again. Tamara managed to stick out an arm and get the door closed before they were caught in their embrace.

Now she had Alena against the wall and was pressing her hands onto her large breasts. They kissed with abandon for several minutes, pressing their mouths together forcefully, tasting raw passion as their combined saliva flowed back and forth. Tamara tried to pull Alena's dress up to get access to her pussy, but the dress was much too tight.

"You won't get to me like that love," panted Alena, and she took Tamara's hand and led her over to the large bed.

They collapsed slowly onto the bed together, laying side by side, gently caressing each other's hair and face. They looked devastatingly sexy in their dresses and heels, kissing sumptuously slowly, and tracing the contours of each other's bodies through their clothes. But soon the fierce heat of their desire surfaced again and they wanted to feel flesh against flesh.

Tamara rose from the bed, "undress me... please."

Alena got up from the bed up and obliged by standing behind Tamara, pulling down her zip, and letting her dress fall to the floor. She kissed Tamara on the back of the neck again, making her sigh longingly as a tingling sensation travelled down her spine to her pussy. Alena removed Tamara's bra, reached around her again to cup her breasts, and squeeze her hard nipples between her fingers and thumbs. An erotic heat spread through Tamara's body as her arousal grew.

She turned to face Alena, who pushed her back against the wall. They embraced and found each other's lips again, Tamara purred sensuously at the thought of being pinned against a wall by another woman. Alena took hold of Tamara's wrists and held them above her head with her left hand, while her right hand slipped down inside her panties.

Alena felt the heat from Tamara's yearning cunt before she'd even made contact with the slick, juicy prize. Tamara gasped as Alena's fingers began to circle her clitoris, before gently massaging her bud with the lightest and most delicate touch.

"Mmm, that's realllly nice," moaned Tamara, "I've fantasied about this all evening."

Alena lowered her hand even further and curled a finger into Tamara's vagina. She found her g-spot, and expertly brought Tamara to a shuddering orgasm within seconds.

"Oh fuck Alena, what are you doing to me? What are you doing to my cunt? Fuck I'm coming... aahhh ... Gggoddd."

Tamara, just managing to stay on her feet, gradually regained her composure and told Alena to take off her dress. She turned her around and slowly pulled on the zip, small orgasmic explosions were still firing off inside her head. The body con dress was so tight, that the zipper finished just under the curve of Alena's glorious buttocks, so that she could remove it without too much of a struggle.

Alena peeled the dress off and turned to face Tamara. They still stood tall in their heels and holdup stockings. They removed each other's panties in slow, erotically choreographed movements. Then Tamara unclipped Alena's bra; fulsome breasts bobbed swayed in front of Tamara, and she took each nipple in her mouth in turn. Alena breathed heavily as Tamara's tongue and teeth turned her nipples rock hard. Her breasts were warm and alive with tingling sensations; Tamara's hand travelled down her abdomen to her wet cunt. Her agile fingers brought Alena close to orgasm, but she desperately wanted bury her face between her thighs.

She manoeuvred Alena towards the bed, and eased her down onto her back, with her high heels still just touching the floor. In this position, she parted Alena's knees, and pressed her face into her pussy. Memories of eating out the Lieutenant flashed into Tamara's mind. She was good at this, and she expertly traced her tongue around Alena's cunt lips several times, before licking her clit, then forcing her tongue and two fingers into her hole. Alena let out a loud guttural noise and thrust her hips upwards.

Tamara had Alena in heaven with her expert fingering and licking. Alena's hips bucked more rapidly, and she started to moan loudly as her orgasm swelled towards its climax. Tamara found Alena's sweet spot with her fingers, and sucked on her clit. Alena screamed and squealed with delight as her orgasm erupted, and her body spasmed with the aftershocks; her juices oozing onto Tamara's tongue. Tamara lifted her face, and ran her tongue around her come drenched lips, elated by the sweet salty taste of Alena's cunt.

Now it was Tamara's turn, Alena pulled her onto the bed, and pushed her on to her back. Just before she buried her face between Tamara's legs, she asked her if she was ready for another orgasm.

"You've struck gold tonight darling, I have multiple orgasms when I'm this aroused."

"I knew we had a lot in common," said Alena in a sultry tone.

Alena lifted Tamara's legs and spread them wide, she fed hungrily on her cunt, and brought her to another orgasm within minutes. Tamara was almost delirious with pleasure as she felt Alena's dexterous tongue dance around her pussy. She grabbed the back of Alena's head and pushed it harder into her as she came.

Alena emerged panting for air, "Jesus Tamara, this is incredible, you are incredible, I've never had sex like this in my life."

Alena crawled up the bed and their mouths met again, they exchanged cunt juices and saliva for several minutes, they fingered each other to yet another orgasm; bodies quivering and jolting as they came together. Without a pause, Tamara took Alena's breasts into her mouth and sucked her nipples hard. Alena found it immensely pleasurable, she raised herself up and sat astride her lover. Tamara reached up and massaged Alena's breasts, while Alena reached behind her and slipped three fingers into her cunt; making her come again within moments.

Alena eased herself up the bed and sat astride Tamara's face. Tamara understood what to do and she pushed her tongue into Alena's pussy. After another expert licking from Tamara, Alena came hard and collapsed next to her.

They kissed and fondled each other for several minutes, still looking hot and sexy in their heels and stockings. Then Alena swivelled around on the bed saying, "I've always wanted to do this."

Tamara, now on her back, felt warm breath on her vulva just before Alena's tongue made contact with clitoris. A deep river of arousal flooded her senses, Alena's knees were either side of Tamara's head and her cunt hovered just above her mouth, she could smell the strong sweet aroma of her sex.

She placed both of her hands on Alena's buttocks and pulled her within reach of her mouth. Delicately at first, Tamara kissed Alena's cunt lips and nibbled her clit. She felt more pressure from Alena's mouth on her own pussy. Now, both women slipped into steady rhythmical movements, and fed off each other's growing arousal.

The tempo increased as their fingers joined their lips and tongues in exploring the sensual hills and vales of each other's cunts. The bed rocked to their synchronised movements for several minutes. Tamara felt her orgasm approaching from somewhere deep within her. It spread into her torso, legs, arms and chest. As it reached her fingers, toes and nipples it crashed like an enormous wave over

the whole of her being. She gasped and squealed into Alena's pussy, just as Alena's orgasm burst forth in a series of intense erotic shocks.

The two women thrust and juddered together for several seconds, before collapsing, breathless and sweating; Alena spoke first, "God, that was wonderful, you're a magnificently dirty bitch, you realise we're going to have to do this regularly?"

"Fuck Alena, I had no idea it could be like this with a woman. This could make working with you a little difficult. I won't be able to keep my hands off you for God's sake."

"I know, we're a pair of dirty, horny little lezzies," chuckled Alena.

"I prefer to think of us as dirty, horny little fuck bitches," said Tamara, who was certain that she could never be described as a lesbian. But she knew that Alena was just making a private joke.

"The only thing I miss is a fat cock," lamented Tamara.

"Well we can do something about that love, I've always wanted to try a strap on. Also, and I hope you're not offended by this, but, I really fancy Jack, and if he's as good in bed as you imply, we should send him an invitation for a threesome."

This thought drove Tamara wild with desire, she breathed "yes" several times as she covered Alena's mouth with kisses.

"Was that a yes?" quipped Alena.

"God yes, I feel so horny now. He'll agree, I know he will. Wow Alena, you really know how to turn me on. Do me now, take me, make me come really hard, fuck me, fuck me with my vibrator, it's in the drawer just there."

Alena took out the vibrator and switched it on. It was big and powerful, and Tamara was gagging for it. After teasing her vulva and clit for long enough to make Tamara beg, Alena positioned it at the entrance to her cunt. Tamara was so wet that it slid inside her with ease, and immediately took possession of her. It was utterly irresistible, Tamara was completely at its mercy.

"Oh yes, yes... Oh God.....fuck mmmeee hard, turn it up high... fuck meeeee Alena... Ohhh yeeesss...ahh...God...I'm coming..."

The bed shook as Tamara's body juddered to a massive orgasm, lasting at least twenty seconds, during which she pictured herself masturbating furiously, while she watched Jack riding Alena.

The physicality of Tamara's orgasm turned Alena on so much, that she pleaded with Tamara to use the vibrator on her. Tamara obliged and Alena opened her legs to take the huge phallus in her cunt. Tamara wielded it expertly and, in no time, Alena was overwhelmed by the device, screaming her way through a back arching, toe curling orgasm almost as long as Tamara's.

The two women were utterly insatiable. They were perfectly matched in sexual stamina and mutual desire. Alena had an idea, the vibrating cock was so long that neither of them could accommodate its full length. The base stuck out a couple of inches proud of their vaginas.

"Put the vibrator back inside you and I'll lie on top of you and cover it with my pussy. You can pretend I'm Jack."

This fantasy immediately gripped Tamara's imagination.

"Oh fuck, yes, do it."

With Alena on top, and both women stimulated by the strong vibrations, mouths and tongues wrestling for domination, they came several times over the next few minutes, until Tamara could take no more. So they swapped positions and fucked for another five minutes, until Alena was similarly overpowered by the intense vibrations.

Alena had murmured "Jack" several times whilst she came, and it emerged that both women had been fantasising about fucking him, they clung together laughing when they confessed this to each other. Tamara joked that all Jack needed was a decent pair of breasts and he'd be the perfect fuck.

They removed their heels, peeled off their stockings and got into bed with a 'nightcap' each from the minibar. They paid each other plenty of compliments about their allure and sexual prowess. They talked about sex, and work, and sex, and Jack, and sex, and Jed, and more sex. They talked about their erotic fantasies and desires, and became very aroused again. This went on for half an hour or so, with Tamara propped up by pillows and Alena lying with the back of her head on Tamara's right shoulder. Tamara started to fondle Alena's breasts and Alena cupped Tamara's mound with her left hand.

Eventually they turned to face each other, gazed at each other's lips and kissed sensuously, before achieving climax through mutual fingering. This pattern of unhurried fondling and caressing, interlaced with soft gentle orgasms, continued until 3 am when, completely spent, they drifted off to sleep in each other's arms.

The final morning sessions commenced at nine, which was about the time that Tamara and Alena stirred. They couldn't resist half an hour of passionate fucking, before getting into the shower for one final orgasm each.

Finally, having missed breakfast they joined the final session at eleven. They made excuses that they been contacted by their school, over an urgent exam arrangement problem, that required their attention; their flushed, guilty but contented faces refusing to play along.

On the drive home, they touched each other frequently between their jeans clad legs, it was all they could do not to pull into a service station and fuck in the car. When they arrived at Tamara's house it was mid afternoon, and Jack would not be home for a couple of hours. They were still in a state of mutual arousal, so they pleased each other several times with their fingers inside each other's panties, whilst snogging on a sofa.

Alena and Tamara said goodbye with a lingering kiss, having promised to fuck each other again whenever the opportunity arose. Tamara was left with what she considered would be the easy task of enlisting Jack's cock, for a steamy threesome in a fortnight's time, when Jed would be away for the weekend.

When Jack arrived home, he was excited to hear about Tamara's conquest. She had changed into a blouse, unbuttoned so as to show plenty of cleavage, a pencil skirt, stockings, suspenders and very high heels. Jack's cock started to swell the moment he laid eyes on her.

She tantalised and teased him further, by not allowing him to lay a finger on her, whilst she sat, her right leg crossed over her left, showing several inches of thigh; the taut hem of her pencil skirt, the beginnings of her stocking top, and suspender clips protruding through the material, had Jack's

cock at full stretch. She made sure he was as hard as possible by teasing him with snippets of information, only giving him a full detailed description of her night with Alena when he pleaded with her, and offered to do whatever she desired in bed.

Tamara unzipped his fly, and led him up to the bedroom by his hard cock. She stopped just inside the room and removed the cord from Jack's dressing gown. Standing there in all her glory, tight skirt, stockings and high heels, she stretched the cord tightly between her hands, and gave Jack a look that would invade his masturbation fantasies for a long time to come. He was yet to learn about his exclusive invitation to a steamy threesome with Tamara and Alena but that's a story for another day.