

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 04

Briterotic

A birthday surprise for Jack.

Mature

4.65

10.4k words

Chapter Four: Purple Bound

Tamara had Jack bound again. She had ordered him to strip and lie face down on the bed. She sat astride his thighs and pulled his hands behind his back. She bound them tightly with his dressing gown cord to ensure that he couldn't free himself. Then, after giving him several playful spanks on his buttocks, she turned him over onto his back. His cock was still hard, it had been in this state since he had returned home from work almost an hour ago.

Tamara, home from her residential course, and still smelling of Alena, had dressed provocatively in order to tease the fuck out of Jack. She had forbidden him to touch her, whilst she tantalised him with hints and allusions as to what she and Alena had done to each other during their steamy, sensual encounter. As she sat on a sofa with her legs crossed, dangling a high heeled shoe from her stockinged right foot, Jack had reached such a state of arousal that he had offered to be completely compliant in bed, if she would just tell him all of the details of her two day affair.

Now, up in the bedroom, Tamara's newly emerging dominatrix persona took charge.

"You asked for this Jack, you're completely at my mercy and you'll do whatever I tell you."

"I can't do much trussed up like this."

"I don't need your opinion."

Tamara pulled a scarf out of a drawer, and used it as a gag to silence Jack. She became highly aroused as she did this. Her pussy moistening at the feeling of complete control over her big, strong, naked, and now completely vulnerable man.

Lying fully clothed next to a naked, bound man, his cock hard, exposed, and at her mercy, enhanced the feeling of sexual power that filled her mind and her vagina. She lightly fondled the base of his cock, so that he didn't come too soon. This tormented him further, and confirmed his helplessness as she well knew.

"Do you know what I'm going to do with you big boy?" she breathed hotly into his ear.

"I'm going to strip down to my underwear in front of you, then I'm going to sit astride you, put my hands inside my panties, and bring myself whilst staring into your submissive, desperate eyes...Then I'm going to take off the gag, and shove my wet cunt into your face, whilst you give me a good licking. When I'm satisfied that you know your place, and you promise to be my faithful slut, I'll fuck you until you beg for mercy... If you do anything to displease me, I will tie your feet together and leave you here while I go into town to find a big cock to satisfy me."

Jack loved Tamara's new found kinkiness, he enjoyed feeling completely under her control. They hadn't previously discussed whether playful domination and submission was something that they

wanted to get into, but here they were.

Tamara was as good as her word, she teased Jack in exactly the way she had described, then rode his cock, and released his pent up desire all over her cunt walls. It was still early in the evening. Jack, now released from his bindings, went downstairs to put a ready meal in the oven, and came back up to bed with a bottle of pinot and two glasses.

They talked about the nature of their 'agreement' and confirmed their complete trust for each other. They were both enjoying Tamara's sexual escapades, and wanted to carry on exploring 'new possibilities.'

Jack asked Tamara how she would describe her sexuality, she thought for a moment:

"Okay, this is how it feels, I've always loved looking at attractive, fuckable men. I'm learning how to arouse them and get them to do my bidding. Now that I'm becoming sexually confident, I want to pursue and fuck more men, but I'm not a complete slut, so I'll stick to our agreement that I only do it with your knowledge, and for as long as we both get a thrill out of it."

"With women it's been a sudden awakening. Well sort of, I realise now that I've always been a little 'curious,' but I'm finding more and more that I'm turned on by intelligent, attractive women; I fantasise often about getting my hands up their skirts

"I suppose if you asked me to put a label on it, I would say now that I'm emerging as bi-sexual."

"And what about Lieutenant Davenport, where does she fit in to this equation?"

Tamara thought for a moment.

"She doesn't really, the memory of that woman still unnerves me. She took me by force but, to be honest, I fucking loved the feeling of being overpowered by her. She told me that I was her bitch, and she meant it. If I ran into her again, I just know that I'd submit to her. I wank off to fantasies of her more than anyone, even you. She showed me how sexually powerful a woman can be, but Alena showed me what it's like to have a woman make love to me. No, Davenport's in a category of her own, I think I'll file her under 'deviant sex.' I don't like her, she's arrogant and unpleasant, but fuck me, she's irresistible."

"Well you know it's strictly women for me, but I'm getting a real buzz out of you exploring your sexuality," said Jack.

"Listen Jack, I know we've talked about this before, but I would feel better if you fucked an attractive, willing woman now and again. It would assuage my 'guilt,' and turn me on immensely to hear you tell all in that eloquent, filthy turn of phrase that you have."

"But don't forget the rules, our friends are out of bounds, especially Hilda, if she got the chance, she'd be in your pants before you could blink."

Tamara knew that there were plenty of women that would bed Jack, even if he didn't know it himself, and one in particular that she'd lined up for him as a birthday surprise. She hadn't yet told Jack about the planned threesome with Alena. It was his birthday in two weeks time and she couldn't think of a better present.

Monday morning, half term over, Tamara was getting ready for work. It was early June and, to Jack's annual disappointment, the end of stocking season (except for very special occasions!) until mid to late September. But not today, today was unseasonably chilly, Tamara put on her white six strap suspender belt and nude stockings. White bra and panties were followed by a summer dress, black with a delicate pale green and lilac flower pattern. The dress had short sleeves and flowed down below the knee. Three inch black heels set off her calves and ankles perfectly.

Tamara was excited, more than she was prepared to admit, at the prospect of seeing Alena again. She was also looking forward to telling her that it was Jack's birthday on Friday, and she was to be his present.

Tamara and Alena greeted each other in the staffroom with a platonic hug, and a look in their eyes that only they knew was much more than mere professional camaraderie. It was going to be a busy day, so they agreed to meet up at lunch time. In the event, lunch time was organised chaos, so Alena suggested a drink after work, to which Tamara readily agreed.

Alena looked professionally elegant, dressed in a mid grey knee length pencil skirt, with a red fine knit top and red heels. She also wore pale grey stockings, as Tamara would find out later.

When she was able to snatch a quick moment during afternoon break, Tamara made a quick phone call to Jack.

"Hi love, I haven't got long, I'll be late, but not too late home tonight, I'm going for a drink with Alena, we just need a catch up."

"You naughty girl, are you having a drink? I can pick you up if you like, but you'll have to tell me what time you two will have finished your, er... chat," Jack said mischievously.

"No, I'll stick to tonic and drive home. Like I say, I won't be too late, so don't wank yourself dry because I want you to come on my breasts and face tonight. Bye sexy."

Jack was too surprised to speak.

Tamara and Alena got to the pub by 5.30 pm. It was almost empty, just a few afterwork drinkers contemplating their lot. They were pleased to be alone in each other's company again, and had hugged affectionately when they got out of their cars. They spent a while reliving their two days together, and reaffirmed their fondness for each other.

Tamara asked if Alena was still okay for the weekend.

"God yes, I'm counting the days."

"Can you arrive on Friday evening, and stay until Sunday?"

"Yes, I'd love to. Is Jack looking forward to it?" asked Alena salaciously.

"He doesn't know yet."

Alena looked quizzically at Tamara.

"It's his birthday on Friday so I want to surprise him. He thinks we're going for a meal, but he's going to get the birthday surprise of his life... you!"

"Wow! Wonderful, mmm... my God I've gone all hot... Wow! Yes please, don't worry I'll make it a memorable night for him."

Tamara put her right hand on Alena's right thigh.

"And me I hope sweetie, I... What's this, stockings at work? I must be a bad influence."

"You see how I admire and look up to my boss," said Alena seductively.

"God Alena I'm really turned on now I know how accessible you pussy is. Can we go somewhere?"

"Oh yes please, I thought you'd never ask. I know a secluded spot a couple of miles away. We can drive out there in my car, then I'll bring you back here."

Alena drove to the quiet, overgrown driveway of an abandoned Edwardian villa, that was awaiting demolition. It was well hidden but, as it was still daylight, Alena didn't want to take any unnecessary risks. Her house was just a couple of hundred yards away, so she got straight down to business. She leant over and gave Tamara a deep penetrating kiss whilst slipping her right hand under her dress and inside her panties."

"Mmmm... oh Alena... you've got me at a disadva... oh... fuck... ahhh... Alena, please don't stop, please don't st... oh my Goddd... oh Christ... ahhh, ahhh... Ffuckk I'm cominnngggg..."

It was probably the quickest orgasm Tamara had ever had. She was still floating when Alena said, "God, watching you come like that was a fucking huge turn on, do me now."

As she said this, she hitched up her skirt revealing her stocking clad thighs and a wet patch on her panties. Tamara leant over, shoved two fingers inside the leg of her panties, into her cunt, and returned the favour. Within two minutes Alena's lovely breasts were swaying in time with her orgasm.

Tamara was home by 7.15 pm. She could still smell Alena on her fingers, and was feeling very excited about the weekend, she also felt very naughty. Jack was also aroused, he couldn't stop thinking about coming on Tamara's face and breasts, and was soon given the context for the control that he was looking for.

"Jack, I've been a very bad girl and you're going to have to punish me."

"Why, what have you done?"

"I let Alena put her hands inside my panties and fuck me with her fingers, then I did the same to her."

"I see, well, that is very naughty indeed, and you're quite right, you do deserve the most severe punishment." Said Jack feeling an even greater surge of arousal at the prospect of dominating Tamara.

"Come here." Jack grabbed her and forced her up stairs to the bedroom.

"So, you think you can fuck Alena without my permission?"

"No Jack, I'm sorry, it was a mistake, I promise not to do it again."

"It's too late for that."

Jack made her remove her dress and forced her face down onto the bed. He bound her hands and gagged her. Then he laid her over his lap and pulled down her still wet panties.

"So, you enjoy dishing out a bit of a spanking do you? Well I'm going to show you how it's done."

He slapped her right buttock so hard that the sound resounded around the room. Tamara flinched and let out a stifled squeal of pain. Seconds later Jack slapped her left buttock just as hard, she flinched again. For the next couple of minutes, Jack spanked Tamara's bare buttocks alternating right and left. He counted fifteen slaps on each.

Tamara felt a sharp pain at first, and tears filled her eyes. But, as the spanking continued, she also felt a delightful sensation of hot arousal. The pain became enjoyable, and her tense body gradually relaxed at the mercy of Jack's large hands. He reached between her legs and, sure enough, her pussy was soaking wet.

She moaned with pleasure but Jack told her, "Not yet slut."

Jack decided that she was ready for the next phase of her punishment. He lifted her off his lap and made her kneel in front of him. Then he stripped off his clothes, and stood in front of her with his large erect cock in her face.

As he removed the gag he said, "Now you're going to show me how sorry you are. Suck my dick slut."

Tamara felt dirtily aroused; she loved the feeling. Jack's abuse was turning her on to deviant feelings that she had first discovered at the hands of Davenport. Tamara, her hands still bound behind her back, took Jack's cock in her mouth as he held it for her to latch on to. She sucked the head and shaft for several minutes and he became ever more aroused. Just as he seemed to be close to an orgasm, he withdrew and lifted her to her feet, before shoving her onto the bed on her back.

Jack sat astride Tamara's breasts, and pinned her shoulders down with his knees.

"Now for your humiliation."

He pumped his cock rapidly with his right hand, Tamara's long sigh signalled a small spontaneous orgasm. Jack's hand was a blur as he shot the first globule of come onto Tamara's breasts, and emptied the rest of his load onto her face. He was breathing heavily with the effort, and at the huge rush of kinky arousal that had pervaded his senses.

A strand of spunk hung between Jack's cock and Tamara's left cheek.

"Clean me up slut." Said Jack as he pushed his still hard cock toward Tamara's mouth.

She licked him clean, then he raised himself up and left her tied up on the bed, her face covered in his come, having told her that he would be back to shaft her from behind when he was ready. Tamara loved the feeling of being humiliated as much as she loved to dominate. Her arse still felt warm from the spanking, and she hoped fervently that Jack would spank her again some time soon.

Jack was as good as his word. Twenty minutes later Tamara, hands still bound behind her back, and face down on the bed, received a firm fucking from behind which brought them both to climax at

the same time. They fell asleep in a loving embrace, delighted that there had been a seismic shift in their sexual boundaries, and they had both been willing to go with it.

Friday evening, Jack was ready. He was wearing a casual blue suit and slim fitting white t-shirt. Tamara was still putting the finishing touches to her hair and makeup. She wore a fitted satin dusky pink shirt and very tight dark grey long skirt. The skirt had zipper slits up each side to just above her knees. This allowed access to the pink lace panties that covered her mound. She had to walk in small steps and this, together with nude stockings and four inch black heels, created a very sexy outline.

Jack drank all of this in as she teetered down the stairs. He loved the large, black, teardrop, jet earrings set in gold, and the string of black beads around her neck. He couldn't fail to notice that her skirt was so tight, that an impression of each of her six suspender clips and straps protruded very obviously through the material. Tamara had never gone out so obviously flaunting her suspenders before, but he was aroused at the thought of her stiffening cocks in the restaurant.

"You look immensely fuckable if you don't mind me saying. What time is the table booked for?"

"Not till 7.30, we've got lots of time yet."

It was just after seven and the restaurant was only ten minutes away.

The doorbell rang.

"Go and see who that is Jack," said Tamara, knowing exactly who it was.

Jack opened the inner front door, and saw Alena through the full length glass of the outer door. He took in that she looked very attractive, in her long mack and very high heels, but he was more puzzled as to why she was there, and why she was carrying an overnight bag. He opened the door.

"Hello Alena, nice to see you, er... were just going out actually."

"No you're not Jack... Well, aren't you going to let me in?"

Jack was confused but he invited Alena in to the hallway where Tamara was waiting. Tamara didn't seem in the least surprised at Alena turning up unannounced.

"Hello gorgeous, come in, come in, so lovely to see you."

"Hi Honey, thank you for inviting me."

"Er... I don't understand, is Alena coming to the restaurant with us?" asked Jack.

"No darling, she's staying in with us, she's your birthday present from me."

Alena took off her long coat to reveal a stunning red and black lace basque, a very short, very tight black skirt and black stockings, the tops of which were only just covered by the hem of her skirt. She oozed sexuality. Jack's jaw fell almost as far as his rapidly rising prick as she stepped over to where he was standing, and covered his mouth with a warm, lingering sensuous kiss. As she leant into his groin with her right hip, Alena could feel his cock swelling. She gave him a coy look and rubbed herself even harder against him.

"Happy Birthday Jack. I'm all yours to play with."

To say Jack was surprised was an understatement. He was still in the embrace with Alena as the realisation dawned on him that Tamara had not been joking.

Jack began to laugh, Alena and Tamara joined in.

"Fuck me Alena!"

"I will later Jack."

"Okay Alena, put him down, there'll be plenty of time for that later on. Jack, the pizzas will be arriving in a few minutes, be a dear and open a bottle then set the table, oh, and take Alena's bag up to the main guest bedroom."

"Pizza's, so we're not eating out after all then?"

"No 'Brain of Britain,' we're eating in," said a teasing, gleeful Tamara.

Walking into the lounge with Alena, Tamara said, "You'll be sleeping with us, we've got a super kingsize bed, but you can use the your own room and main bathroom as well."

A good pizza and a couple of glasses of wine later, Jack felt more at ease but still wasn't sure what was expected of him. Was he supposed to take the initiative? They were now sitting in the lounge, Alena and Jack on the large sofa, Tamara at right angles to them on the two seat sofa.

"So, what do you think of your present Jack?"

"She's utterly stunning, you both are... but I'm not sure how I'm supposed to play with her if you get my drift."

Tamara and Alena smiled and gave each other a knowing look. Tamara stood up and moved over to the large sofa.

"Go and sit over there Jack and we'll get things started, then you can claim your present when you are ready."

Tamara sat on Alena's right and leaned in to kiss her, Alena returned the kiss and they held each other's faces tenderly. Their kissing became deeper and more passionate, they started to run their hands over each other's bodies. Tamara had her hand on Alena's left thigh, then moved it up over her hip and waist, and cupped her breast. Alena's skirt rode up and revealed the lacy tops of her black stockings, which were clipped to the straps of her basque, and lacy black panties.

Jack's cock was bursting, but he kept his place for the moment, watching the sensual display in front of him. Now Alena shifted her weight, and reached down to unzip the slit on the right side of Tamara's skirt. Tamara helped her pull the zip all the way up to expose her thigh, and give access to her pussy. Alena's hand slipped under the skirt and she fondled a suspender clip, but stopped short Tamara's mound. Tamara felt underneath Alena's short skirt and slipped her fingers, erotically, under one of her suspender straps to caress her bare flesh.

Tamara eased Alena on to her back and reached for her pussy, Jack couldn't tell whether she had got her hands between Alena's legs, but it had the effect that Tamara had intended, and he couldn't

contain himself any longer. He moved over to the large sofa, cock straining against the material of his trousers. Tamara got up and moved over to the small sofa.

"Well hello birthday boy, I was beginning to think that you didn't like your present."

"On the contrary," said Jack, he sat next to Alena and kissed her hungrily as his large right hand roamed all over her sexily clothed body.

Before long, Alena was feeling his hardness through his trousers. Jack had his hand between Alena's legs. Tamara had unzipped the other side of her skirt so that she could open her legs, and rub her pussy through the gusset of her panties. Alena tugged at Jack's belt and unzipped his fly. He had to stand to take his trousers and socks off, but Alena soon had him dragged back down on top of her whilst she peeled off his underpants and t-shirt.

"Wow, Jack, your cock, it's magnificent. Fuck me Jack, take me now, put it inside me and fuck me hard."

Jack slipped his member slowly and carefully into Alena's wet cunt. His rod stretched her cunt walls as he moved and out in a small circular motion. Tamara was beside herself, her fingers inside her vagina pressing on her g-spot. Alena was moaning and lifting her hips to meet Jack's downward thrusts. Jack increased the pace and Alena moved in time with him, his bare arse and her hips rising and falling like waves on an sensuous sea.

Tamara was now rubbing herself furiously as she watched the most erotic sight she had ever seen, her man fucking the woman that she had given to him as a present, fucking her special friend, her gorgeous man fucking her lovely Alena. She screamed as she came and her juices spilled over her fingers. Jack gave a loud low cry as his body spasmed into orgasm, Alena clung to his shoulders, wrapped her legs around his waist and came muffling her squeals by pressing her mouth into his neck. She clung to him like she would never let him go. They lay together breathlessly for several minutes before Alena spoke.

"Tamara, if you ever get fed up with him, just let me know, and I'll take him off your hands."

"I thought you might fall for him but don't forget, he's mine, and he's just on loan to you for the weekend," quipped Tamara.

"The weekend? Do I get to play with my present for the next two days?"

"Oh yes Jack, but you'll have to play nicely and share her with me."

Tamara got up, took Alena by the hand and led her up to the bedroom. She asked Jack to open another bottle of wine, and bring three glasses up with him. By the time Jack had got the bedroom, bottle and glasses in hand, the two women had already stripped down to their suspenders, stockings and heels. Tamara was on her back with Alena's face in her pussy, and her face was covered by Alena's pussy.

Jack knew that the sixty nine position had been their favourite during their steamy night in the hotel. His half flaccid cock set rock hard again as he watched them pleasure each other several times.

He was invited onto the bed, Alena sucked his cock while Tamara pressed long luscious kisses onto his mouth. Then Jack licked and sucked Tamara's nipples, whilst Alena fingered her, and sucked and licked her clitoris until she came. Next, Jack fucked Tamara from behind as she buried her face in Alena's pussy. All three lovers came together, Jack feeling as though his sexual energy was travelling from his cock, through Tamara and into Alena's cunt.

He poured the wine so that they could take a break, and recover their energy for another round of fucking. Jack was propped up against the headboard, Alena's head on his chest and Tamara's head on his stomach.

Tamara daydreamed about her sexual exploits since the fateful night last November when she had been taken forcefully by the sergeant and lieutenant. She thought about Daniel in the motel room, and Mark on the sofa downstairs. She thought about her night of passion with Alena, and her ever expanding repertoire of role play and fantasy with Jack. She had spread her wings, and was soaring into a world of erotic encounters. She wanted more, and she would have more. She would make new conquests and share them with Jack, the love of her life.

Half an hour had passed when Alena kissed Tamara tenderly on the back of her neck. A tingling sensation travelled down her spine and into her vagina. She was ready to fuck again.

Jack watched her and Alena kiss lavishly whilst fingering each other. They came in a crescendo of gasps and moans. Then Jack mounted Alena and gave her the slowest, most sensual fucking she could ever remember. Tamara lay beside them and watched them fascinated; it was a massive turn on for her to watch her man, close up, as he pleased and tantalised another woman with his large cock. Eventually, Tamara pushed her hand between them and fingered Alena's pussy. She circled her clit with her middle finger, and Alena's slow burning orgasm suddenly burst forth as she continued to cling to Jack's cock with her cunt walls.

Tamara kissed Alena and played with her breasts, whilst Jack continued to fuck her. Jack was able to stay big and hard by not coming. He slipped his cock out of Alena, much to her regret, but it was soon replaced with Tamara's even larger vibrator. Tamara laid on top of Alena so that she could also benefit from the vibrations (the trick that they had discovered in the hotel). Jack slipped his cock into Tamara's wet and willing cunt from behind, fucked her, and watched in wonder as the two beautiful women came, writhing and clinging to each other.

Jack laid on his back, his cock ridden expertly by Alena. Tamara lay alongside pleasuring herself with the vibrator. The women swapped positions, Tamara bent her mouth to his ear and whispered, "Come you bastard or I'll tie you up and make you watch."

Jack felt a delicious surge of submission and immediately shot his load into her. Tamara smirked, rolled off him and turned her attentions to Alena and her vibrator.

Jack sat at the dressing table for the next thirty minutes, watching as the women made each other come and come. He counted at least seven times for Tamara and six for Alena. They used lips, tongues and fingers, in several different positions, finishing off with a sixty nine that started side by side and finished with Tamara on top. Their final joint orgasm was spectacular.

Tamara lay prone across Alena's body.

"Enough?"

"Enough," confirmed Alena.

Jack was hard again after watching the two women, in their sexy heels and hosiery, do lascivious things to each other.

Tamara and Alena removed their shoes and final items of underwear and got into bed. They had noticed Jack's erection and as he got into bed with them Tamara said.

"Jack, can you give us both one last delicious fucking please?"

"It would be my pleasure."

"And ours," said Alena.

"Do me first said Tamara, I don't mind you holding back and coming inside Alena, she is your present after all."

Jack eased his hard cock into Tamara's cunt. She was still wet enough for him to move slowly in and out. He knew how she wanted it, he raised himself up with his elbows so that she could hang onto his strong shoulders. His cock filled her, and she let a satisfying orgasm wash over her then laid back sleepily, whilst Jack kissed her face and forehead. Alena had watched this mesmerised and highly turned on. She trembled slightly as she eased herself underneath Jack, and guided his very hard cock, now covered in Tamara's juices, into her cunt.

Tamara closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep, too tired even to watch her two favourite sexual partners fuck each other slowly and sensuously for a good fifteen minutes. Each time Jack felt that he was near to coming, he stopped, cock buried deep inside Alena, and kissed her tenderly. He thought to himself that, if he didn't already love Tamara to distraction, he could fall for this woman in a big way. Alena sensed it too as she looked longingly into his eyes.

Alena spoke softly into his left ear, "You can come now Jack, I'm ready."

He thrust into her several times, and that was all it took for them both to convulse into toe curling orgasms.

Alena drifted off to sleep with her head resting on Jack's chest. When he knew she was sound asleep, he gently placed her head on the pillow, turned and embraced Tamara and kissed her neck, and fell asleep himself.

Alena awoke first, Jack was slumbering with his back to her. Tamara was still asleep on the other side of him. Alena slipped her hand between Jack's legs and felt for his cock. It was asleep too! But as Alena massaged his cock, Jack became hard and turned to face her.

"Hello big boy, Is Tamara still asleep?" she whispered.

"Yes, she's not really a morning person," whispered Jack.

"Will you fuck me please?" said Alena in a low seductive and conspiratorial tone.

She still had hold of Jack's cock, so without waiting for an answer, she slunk under the quilt and closed her mouth over it. Jack was in heaven, Alena wanted him to come inside her, so she emerged from under the quilt and whispered, "enter me Jack."

Jack, not wanting to wake Tamara, and needing to give Alena time to reach orgasm, screwed her deeply and slowly for a good ten minutes. Alena looked longingly into his eyes, he could see her orgasm approaching from a long way off. When it arrived he released his load into her, and they breathed heavily into each other's shoulders in an effort not to wake Tamara. They held each other in a warm embrace before uncoupling and lying on their backs. Tamara turned toward them and opened her eyes.

"Don't think I don't know what you have been up to you pair of tarts."

"Sorry darling but I wanted him to myself. Now I want you to myself," Alena said this as she eased herself over Jack's body and cuddled up to Tamara.

"Jack, be a dear and go and sort out breakfast, we'll be with you in about half an hour," said Tamara.

The three lovers spent the morning relaxing, drinking tea and reading newspapers. After lunch they went for a walk and by mid afternoon they eyed one another and wondered who would be first to suggest going to bed. It was Tamara. They had a table booked at a local restaurant for 7.30 pm but there was time for an afternoon fuck before the ritual of getting dressed to impress.

Tamara addressed Jack.

"I want to indulge my deviant tendencies and try something that I've fantasised about for a while now. I'm sure you'll love it. I asked Alena this morning and she wants to play."

"I'm intrigued."

"Okay, I want you to tie my hands and fuck me, you from behind and Alena in front"

"Wow, that's hot, I'd love that"

They all found the mild bondage highly arousing. Tamara had her hands bound behind her back, she was lying on her side on the bed. Jack took her from behind, his hard cock filled her cunt, and Alena laid facing Tamara, Tamara's right leg supported by her left hip.

Jack fucked Tamara from behind, whilst Alena played with her pussy and breasts. Tamara was enormously aroused by the pretence of being taken against her will by a man and a woman. Memories of the night at the barracks flashed before her eyes. Alena, and especially Jack, also got a deviant thrill out of dominating their helpless 'victim.' Tamara had feigned reluctance at first, so it gave Jack and Alena an extra rush of erotic excitement when she gave herself up to their control.

Tamara and Alena got ready to go out to the restaurant. As usual, their tight dresses, stockings and heels left Jack semi erect throughout the meal. They looked classy but definitely hot and ready for sex. The restaurant was only a short journey, so they took a taxi so that they could all enjoy a few drinks. It was a medium sized venue and was almost full. After a good meal, and when the coffee arrived, Tamara and Alena went together to the ladies toilet. They had intended to fuck in a cubicle but, just after they had kissed the lipstick off each other's faces, and before they'd got into a cubicle, another diner swept into it to use it for its intended purpose.

The three of them had been ogling one another all night (and so had most of the other diners), as soon as they arrived home, Jack fucked Alena on one of the sturdy coffee tables. Then Tamara rode him on the same table. They fucked and fucked one another on the sofas, on the conservatory floor, on the kitchen table, against the lounge wall, on the stairs, and in the bedroom, until about 2.30 in the morning.

All good things come to an end, and in Tamara's opinion, the threesome weekend had been a profound and very exhilarating good thing. Alena left after lunch on Sunday, she declared her love for Tamara and Jack and hoped fervently that they would invite her to 'stay' with them again. Jack assured her that they would, and expressed the hope that she might come to 'play' with them occasionally in the evenings. Tamara knew that she and Alena would be spending plenty of time in each other's vaginas during the school holidays.

The long warm summer brought more adventures for Tamara. She was able to fuck Alena twice more before, and almost weekly during, the summer holidays. They arranged a daytime threesome when Jack took a day off work. Alena ended her affair with Jed's work colleague, because it emerged that he was even more prolific than Jed at shagging his undergraduate students. Alena didn't like the thought of him taking advantage of vulnerable young women.

At the end of July, during the first week of the summer holidays, Tamara arranged a chiropody appointment with Mark. She told Jack of her plans, and asked him to ensure that he wasn't home from work until six o'clock. It was a hot day, not normally a day for wearing stockings, but Tamara wanted to recreate her previous sexual encounter with Mark.

She dressed in a short sleeved lilac t-shirt, with a low v-neck, to show off her cleavage. Her tight little, taupe coloured, short summer skirt barely concealed her white six strap suspender belt and nude lace top stockings. On her feet were a pair of taupe shoes with three inch heels. Her dangly glass earrings sparkled almost as much as her hazel eyes. The overall affect was charmingly sexy and quite irresistible.

When Mark arrived, she invited him to set up as usual; sitting on his small stool facing the sofa on which she would sit. When she had arranged the appointment with Mark, she had not given the slightest hint about what she had in store for him, but he wasn't at all surprised when she sat down opposite him, still wearing her shoes and stockings. Mark's cock immediately started to swell. Tamara felt a thrill as she saw it straining through his tight trousers.

Without a word exchanged between them, Mark proceeded to remove Tamara's shoes and stockings. He worked in silence on her feet, and the sexual tension between them increased to the point where, Tamara noticed a slight tremble in his hands, at the anticipation of what was surely going to happen.

Mark finished and packed his tools away, before carefully rolling Tamar's stockings back up her legs and clipping them to her suspender straps. Then, when he had refitted her shoes, she said to him.

"Thank you Mark, but aren't you going to fuck me now?"

As she said this, she raised her left leg invitingly onto the sofa seat, showing her stocking tops and silk clad pussy. Mark removed his trousers, socks and underpants and climbed between her legs, his erect cock swaying as he moved. She removed her panties and pulled the stiff member into her wet

cunt. He gave her a long and energetic fucking, during which she came four times, before he shot his hot spunk into her.

The session had lasted a good twenty minutes, she had enjoyed it so much, that she ensured that, before he left, her next appointment was in his diary for the October half term break. When Jack came home, she shagged him furiously before describing her fucking at the hands of Mark. Inevitably, this led to another torrid session with Jack on top. Later that night, and following a couple more gentle orgasms with Jack inside her, she drifted off to sleep, certain that she must have come at least nine times. Eleven when she added two juicy orgasm's with her vibrator before she had got out of bed.

One warm day in the middle of the school holidays Tamara had gone into town to do some window shopping and see whether anything caught her fancy; something did!

She wore a sleeveless summer shift dress, with colourful pastel stripes, and two inch, pale-pink heels. Underneath the dress, she wore a lacy pink bra, and small lacy pink panties. She felt aglow as the soft breeze caressed her satin skin as she perused the market stalls. It had been stiflingly warm in Debenhams store, so she had come outside for a breath of fresh air.

She looked radiant and highly desirable. A point not lost on one of her ex-students as he watched her slow progress through the market. Brendon had not been her brightest student but, at a year younger than Daniel, he was now a good looking, well toned, tall man of thirty one.

"Hello Miss Miles, I haven't seen you for years, how are you?"

"Oh Hi Brendon, I'm well thanks, what are you up to these days?"

"I'm on my lunch break Miss," said Brendon, completely missing the point of the question.

"No, I meant... never mind. It's very warm isn't it?"

"Yes Miss, but you look lovely and cool."

Tamara smiled to herself as she realised he was flirting with her. She was always charmed when her ex-students still referred to her as Miss. She saw it as a sign of respect. She was eyeing Brendon's biceps and chest, and couldn't stop her eyes wandering to his groin.

"So, when do you have to be back at work," she asked tentatively as her eyes met his again, hoping Brendon might pick up on the hint.

"Not until two so I'm just having a wander." It was just after twelve noon.

"How about you Miss."

"I'm not at work today Brendon," she said patiently, "it's the holidays, so I'm in no rush to go anywhere."

"Okay." said Brendon.

Tamara watched his razor sharp mind click into gear, smiled inquiringly, and raised her eyebrows at him, just as she had often done in class when trying to guide him to the right answer.

"Oh right," he said eventually, "do you want to come for a drink with me?"

"That would be lovely Brendon."

They walked to the nearest pub, and Tamara sat at a table whilst Brendon went to the bar. It was a faded, slightly sleazy pub, and Tamara didn't want to hang around in it for too long. Brendon returned to the table with a pint of lager and an iced tonic water. Tamara sipped her drink and waited to see whether Brendon had anything interesting to say. He felt pleased to be sitting in the pub with the attractive ex-teacher that he had fancied like crazy when he was sixteen. He still fancied her, and as these thoughts crystallised in his mind he decided to speak them out loud.

"You really look great Miss, I used to fancy you like mad when you were my teacher."

Tamara sipped her drink. "That's nice to hear Brendon, thank you. You've turned into a great big handsome young man, any woman would be glad to have you."

Brendon took a couple more swigs of his pint. "You're still a bit of a babe Miss if you don't mind me saying. Still hot in fact.."

"Do you want to fuck me Brendon?"

"Pardon Miss."

"I said do you want to fuck me?"

Without waiting for a reply, Tamara got up and walked toward the exit. She turned in the doorway and gave Brendon a follow me and fuck me look that even he couldn't mistake. Brendon got up quickly and spilled the remainder of his pint.

Few words were exchanged as Tamara led him briskly to the multi storey where her car was parked. She told him to get into her it and started to drive out of the town centre.

"Where are we going?" inquired Brendon.

"Somewhere quiet and secluded."

Did he even know what secluded meant, she thought to herself.

Tamara drove out into the surrounding countryside and found a narrow lane that petered out into a dead end. She'd been here before with Jack when they were in the throes of their affair.

She stopped the car and looked at Brendon's muscular form in the passenger seat. She guessed she'd have to make the first move, so she reached over and unzipped his jeans. She pulled out his cock which had already stiffened, and massaged it to a full blown erection, whilst she drove her tongue into his mouth. Then she climbed across, hitched up her dress, pulled her panty gusset to one side and sat astride him in the passenger seat. In this position, she rode him to a couple of orgasm's whilst clutching his muscular arms and shoulders. She realised that Brendon was unable to move freely, her orgasms had got him very aroused but he needed to change position.

Tamara opened the passenger door and got out. She took her panties off.

"Come here Brendon, I'm going to lie across the back seat and I want you to fuck me hard."

Brendon was willing and able. He pulled down his pants as he took in the glorious vision of Tamara's stocking tops, suspender straps and gleaming wet pussy. He eased his big hard cock into Tamara's grateful wet cunt. He did what she wanted, driving into her hard and fast. She wondered whether the car suspension would stand the strain. He pounded her time and time again, she came several times in delirious waves, whilst trying to hang on to his massive shoulders. Brendon was building up a head of steam and she was ready to take his load. She said in breathless low tones.

"Oh, that's it Brendon, fuck your teacher, give her a good seeing to, she wants your big hard cock, give it to her, give it to her."

With this, Brendon let out a loud sound, like a rutting bull, and shot his hot spunk into Tamara's cunt. He came to a gradual stop and lay with his cock still filling her hole. She was pinned down under his weight.

"Oh Miss that was fucking amazing, you're the best screw I've ever had."

"Gold star Brendon, that was impressive, I won't forget it in a hurry. Now let me up and I'll take you back into town."

Tamara dropped Brendon near his workplace just outside the town centre. As he got out of the car she made it clear where he stood.

"Well, thanks again Brendon, that was an unexpected pleasure. Keep it to yourself though, take care."

She closed the passenger door. Brendon tapped on the window so she lowered it.

"Can I see you again please Miss Miles?"

"No." And with that, she drove off leaving Brendon bewildered, which, let's face it, was easily done.

Tamara couldn't wait to tell Jack about her adventure. As ever, he couldn't wait to fuck her once she'd finished the tale. She asked him to go easy on her because her hips, pelvis and pussy were still sore from the pounding that they had been given by Brendon in the back of her car.

The long warm summer wore on until mid September when the weather finally broke. Cool damp air heralded the onset of Autumn, a season Jack and Tamara loved for its mellow misty mornings, glorious colours and the return of stockings on a daily basis.

The quarterly telephone bill arrived on the Monday of the October half term break. Jack was taken aback when he noticed that it was over £40 higher than usual. On examining the itemised bill he soon deduced that the extra cost related to a considerable number of calls to a particular mobile phone.

Had Tamara taken to indulging in phone sex with someone he wondered. He broached the subject with her, half hoping to catch her out, as a pretext for disciplining her in the manner to which she had, twice now, found highly stimulating and arousing. Sadly for Jack it turned out that it wasn't Tamara's doing, but Tamara had a good idea who was responsible.

Jack and Tamara's career advancements had led to busy lives and sufficient funds to hire a cleaner. They thought that they had struck gold when, Danita, a former pupil of Tamara's, had responded to

the advertisement in the village shop. Tamara was a little surprised, because Danita was a very bright girl but it turned out that she had become pregnant at nineteen, and the father had left her to bring up the child on her own.

Danita was twenty five now, she was shapely and about the same height as Tamara. Her long dark hair hung in curls, and framed an attractive face, with beautiful dark brown eyes that gave a hint of Romany to her appearance. She usually cleaned on a Friday when, during the holidays, Tamara's eyes would often follow her lovely little bottom around the lounge as Danita bent and stretched at her work.

This half term Tamara had agreed to her switching to Tuesday so she was able to plan her 'ambush' of Danita for the next day. Tamara made sure she was dressed for the occasion, a knee length black pencil skirt and formal white shirt together with black stockings and black three inch heels gave her an authoritarian look. To complete the austere appearance, she had applied mousse to her hair and swept it back from her face.

Danita turned up bright, breezy and on time as usual. She noticed how formally Tamara was dressed.

"Wow! you look amazing, are you going out somewhere today Tamara?"

"No, but I've got an important task to perform later," said Tamara in an icy enough tone to unsettle Danita a little for the rest of the day.

She worked her five hour stint before, as usual, changing out of her work clothes in the downstairs cloakroom. She emerged looking like a different woman in a short skirt, clean tight t-shirt and low heels. Her daughter was being looked after by a friend and she was about to go and collect her. Danita came back into the lounge to collect her payment. Tamara would normally have been all smiles, humour and conversation but the atmosphere had been strained today.

"I need a word with you Danita," said Tamara in her best vexed teacher voice, whilst sitting on the edge of the large sofa.

"Our phone bill arrived yesterday, imagine my shock when I saw that it was £40 more than usual because of phone calls to this mobile number."

Tamara handed the yellow highlighted page to Danita. Danita's face turned bright red when she recognised the number.

"Oh God, I'm sorry, I had no idea it would cost this much."

"I'm surprised at that Danita, I would have expected a bright girl like you to have realised the consequences of your actions."

Tamara's admonishing, teacherly tone was having the desired effect.

"Who have you been calling," demanded Tamara.

"My friend Joan, I get a little down sometimes, and I need someone to talk to. When you're not here, I've phoned Joan for a chat. But I did my full five hours each week before using the phone," said Danita weakly.

"Please don't sack me, please, I need the job. I'll work for nothing until the £40 is paid off but please don't let me go."

"Very well then, Danita, there'll be no wages this week, and I'll deduct the remainder from next week's pay. Don't use the phone again without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes Tamara. Oh thank you. I'm really sorry," said Danita, still very red faced and a little watery eyed.

"It's just as well that you are very good at cleaning, because if your standards had slipped, I would have sacked you."

"Now go and don't ever cross the line with me again."

The domination, submission dynamic was now well established. Tamara let Danita take several paces toward the front door then stopped her.

"Wait Danita, come back here."

Danita came back into the lounge; she stood before Tamara like a naughty schoolgirl.

"Just how sorry are you?"

"I don't think I can let you go until you've been given a chance to show me how contrite you are."

"Sorry, what do you want me t... "

"I'm going to punish you, bend over my lap."

"Pardon"

"Bend over my lap. Do it, now girl."

Tamara caught Danita's arm and pulled down toward her well dressed lap. Her skirt had ridden up a little, and her stocking tops added to the dominatrix persona that she had crafted all day long.

Danita wanted to resist but she couldn't. Tamara had her across her lap with her head to her left, her legs to her right and her lovely, lovely backside perfectly placed for punishment. Tamara lifted her little skirt and pulled down her panties, so that they rested around her ankles. Tamar's already wet pussy clenched, she wished that Danita had been wearing white ankle socks.

She spanked Danita hard on alternate buttocks. Danita flinched at each well delivered smack and her eyes filled with tears. She started to sob softly and Tamara was surprised at how this turned her on even more. After at least two minutes of spanking, Danita felt the pain transform into arousal. The stinging sensation diminished, pleasurable feelings radiated from her hot red buttocks into her vagina. Her fingers and toes tingled as her excitement rose.

Tamara watched the transformation, and began the next phase of her carefully planned humiliation of Danita. She slipped her hand between Danita's legs, and felt the soft wet pussy that she had craved all day. Danita gasped, then let out a long sigh. Tamara pushed her thumb into Danita's hole, and used her fingers to massage her clitoris. Danita let out a loud moan.

"Oh Miss! Oh Miss oh! Oh please, please... oh sorry, I'm sorry, please... oh."

By now Danita, her body rigid in the throes of an orgasm, was clinging with both hands to Tamara's stocking clad left calf.

Tamara was thrilled again at how readily her former students called her Miss as she made them her conquests. Now she desperately wanted to turn the final act of her fantasy into reality.

"Your punishment is not over yet," said Tamara as she allowed Danita to get up from her lap.

She shifted backwards into the sofa, hitched her skirt up, pulled her panties down, and opened her legs to reveal a glistening cunt. Danita stood before her, panties now draped sexily around one ankle. Tamara's pussy was on fire, she wanted to come so badly, but she managed to keep the dominatrix performance on track.

"Pull up your panties you dirty little slut, kneel down here and lick my cunt."

Danita obeyed, hesitantly at first. She pulled her long hair back and held it in place with her right hand.

"Have you done this before girl?"

"No Miss."

Tamara took hold of Danita's hair, freeing Danita's right hand, enabling Tamara to pull her head in between her legs.

"Lick me and suck me hard, eat my pussy, use your fingers as well, that's it, oh yes, that's better... mmmm"

Now Tamara had both hands on the back of Danita's head as she came. She pressed Danita into her and bucked her hips to smear cunt juices all over her face. Tamara would enjoy the afterglow later, for now, she needed to send Danita packing, and leave her with a clear impression of her submissive role in their new relationship.

"Go, and don't mess me around in future. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Tamara, and I'm sorry again."

Danita left in a hurry but she had to admit that she had been very turned on by Tamara, and she hoped it wouldn't be that last time that she found reason to punish her. Tamara's thoughts were on the same wavelength as she formed the beginnings of an idea based on inspecting Danita's cleaning with white gloves. She also fantasised about Jack catching her in bed with Danita and punishing both of them. Maybe she would engineer this at some point in the future.

Tamara spent Wednesday afternoon in bed with Alena. They hadn't fucked since Alena had driven her again to the secluded driveway near her home about four weeks earlier. That time, they had daringly squeezed through a gap in the security fence, and gained access to the condemned villa. Alena had backed Tamara against a wall, opened her coat, lifted her skirt, pulled down her panties and eaten her cunt until she came. Tamara returned the favour, but with her fingers instead of her tongue. Their arousal was heightened by the fact that they might be discovered at any moment.

Thursday afternoon brought what was destined to become a ritual. Tamara sat in front of Mark again in her stockings and heels, which he had to remove before carrying out his treatment. Tamara's cunt couldn't wait to welcome his cock after he had replaced her shoes and hosiery. She had a regular pattern of six appointments a year with her peripatetic chiropodist, and saw no reason for them not to follow the same course each time.

The weather improved on Friday so Tamara decided to make a shopping trip into town. She was dressed in a red long sleeved knitted top, short black skirt, black heeled ankle boots and 50 denier black stockings with red bra and panties. Over this she wore a short fitted red jacket, and a black and red patterned scarf. The jacket, her short pencil skirt, black stockings and heeled boots all looked good on Tamara as she turned heads with her stylish, sexy appearance.

She parked in the usual multi storey, this time in a badly lit corner on the bottom level. She wandered the shops daydreaming about her sexual escapes over the last few days. As usual, Jack had found them thrilling, and they fucked each other with a passion during and after the retelling. Today there were a few items to interest her purse. She bought new Welford stockings and a sexy close fitting long skirt in Debenhams, and enjoyed a coffee and slice of cake in the store cafe.

It was while she was sitting in the cafe, finishing off her cake, that she caught a sight of Lieutenant Davenport browsing in the lingerie department. Tamara's heart started to pound. Her face flushed and she felt mild panic welling up inside her. She turned her head away in the hope that, if Davenport looked in her direction, she wouldn't recognise her. It was, after all, almost a year since Davenport and the sergeant had fucked her, whilst her hands were cuffed behind her in the guardhouse.

The lieutenant was in full uniform, Tamara couldn't resist the odd peek at her. She was as tall and athletic as Tamara remembered her. Her surprisingly high military heels, fitted skirt and immaculate shirt and tie, underneath her smart tunic, showed her as a formidable but very desirable woman. She was wearing her peaked cap, and this, as much as anything, was what made Tamara's pussy juices seep into her panties.

Davenport paid for a couple of items of lingerie that she had picked up, then she disappeared from sight. Tamara thought that she had bought a teddy and a pair of matching panties. This just served to heighten her arousal. But fear was her predominant emotion at the moment, so she waited a further five minutes before moving from her seat.

Tamara hurried back to the multi storey, looking over her shoulder for any sign of her nemesis. She found her car in the dimly lit corner. She was relieved to make it back without bumping into the lieutenant. She got into her car and took a few minutes to calm down. Eventually, she started to feel a little silly that she had been so unnerved. It was a year ago, Davenport probably wouldn't even remember her and, if she did, why would she be interested?

Just as Tamara put her key in the ignition, the passenger door opened and, to her alarm, Davenport eased herself into the passenger seat.

"Remember me slut?"

Tamara's pulse quickened.

"You think I didn't see you earlier? I spotted you before you walked into the store. You looked startled when I let you see me in the lingerie department. I like my bitches to be a little scared of me. You do remember that you're my bitch don't you?"

Tamara was dumbstruck. She was torn between euphoria and dread.

"What's the matter Tamara, cat got your tongue?"

"W-what do you want from me?"

"That's better, putting yourself at my disposal. We've been here before haven't we?"

"Please, I haven't told anyone about what happened at the guardhouse," Tamara lied.

"Why Tamara, what did happen at the guardhouse?"

"N-nothing, m-ma'am, I er... I trespassed at the base and was taken into custody. You interviewed me and released me... You let me go without taking any further action."

"That's right Tamara."

"I'm due back at the base now, so there's no time to own your pretty little pussy but, now I've seen you again today, and remembered what a hot little piece you are, I'm going to send for you during your Christmas break. You will co-operate fully and do exactly as I say. Do you understand."

"Yes."

"Good, if you don't turn up when I send for you, your family, friends and neighbours will never be able to forget the video of you, clearly identifiable, begging an unidentifiable pixilated man to 'please put his cock in your cunt and fuck you.' Understood?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Right, so as a sign of your devotion to your mistress, you will now remove your panties and give them to me."

"No please I don't w..."

"Give me your panties now slut."

Tamara knew she had to co-operate. Reluctantly, but in a state of some arousal by now, she lifted her hips, raised her skirt and began to pull down her red panties. Davenport, gave a desirous murmur at the sight of Tamara's bare silky flesh above her stocking tops. She pushed Tamara's hands away and finished lowering her panties herself. Once she had them in her possession, she held them to her nose and breathed in deeply.

"Mmmm nice. When I send for you, make sure you're wearing purple panties, I want purple next time."

Davenport deliberately showed her own stocking tops and gorgeous long legs as she eased herself out of the passenger seat. Tamara's heart missed a beat; she contemplated masturbating in the dark corner where she was parked, but decided it was too risky.

On the way home, she couldn't hold back any longer so, she turned onto a single track road near the barracks, pulled into a quiet gateway, lifted the hem of her skirt, and groaned and gasped her way to a most spectacular self induced orgasm, whilst imagining Davenport shafting her with a strap on cock, after cuffing her hands behind her back.

As she reversed out of the gateway, pussy sated but still reverberating from her touch, she made a mental note to buy purple underwear.