

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 05

Briterotic

Her seductive gravity traps more conquests in her orbit.

Mature

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Chapter Five: Taking Opportunities

It was late November 1997, the day before Tamara's forty seventh birthday. Jack had arranged an overnight stay in an expensive hotel in Birmingham. Check in was at three o'clock, and Tamara and Jack planned to leave home at around eleven to do some shopping in the city beforehand. Tamara felt relaxed as she took stock of the last twelve months of her life. She smiled inwardly, and felt aroused, as she recalled her sexual exploits since she had been assailed by the sergeant and lieutenant just over a year ago.

Five years earlier, in a joyless, loveless, dead marriage, she could never have conceived of how sexually potent she would become. She had discovered a lustful, physical energy, and she lived with a man who understood this, and was aroused by her erotic couplings with other men and women.

As she sat at her dressing table, in her opaque black holdup stockings, and a new purple bra and panties, Tamara mentally counted out her 'conquests' on the fingers of her right hand. The sergeant (she had been his conquest), Daniel and his eight inch cock, Mark, Brendon and, of course, Jack. On her left hand she counted the lieutenant (to whom she offered no resistance), her lovely Alena and her new submissive plaything, Danita. Eight in all, but she had no idea that before the day was out, it would be nine.

Jack parked in a city centre car park, and they made their way to Rackhams department store. He had already bought Tamara a pair of gold stud earrings for her birthday, but she was also hoping to find a new dress, shoes and some lingerie to wear to the classy restaurant that Jack had booked for dinner.

She looked cute and sexy in her ankle boots, houndstooth pattern black and white mini skirt, opaque black stockings and her red jacket. Tamara knew that a woman in her forties could get away with a hemline at mid thigh level, if she wore opaque hosiery. Jack enjoyed clothes shopping with her, his cock was stiff throughout as Tamara tried on several dresses and pairs of shoes.

They both knew when she had found the right dress. It was a knee length black number, with straps just off the shoulder. The pencil shape fitted her perfectly and accentuated her curvaceous figure. The shoes she chose to accompany the dress were black, closed toe, five inch heels with an ankle strap. But it was in the lingerie department where Jack had to hold his jacket in front of his groin to conceal a full blown erection.

Tamara chose a low cut black basque, with suspender straps and matching black panties. She also bought a purple bra and several pairs of matching panties. She knew that she would need to be ready for Davenport's summons, and had even considered keeping a spare pair of panties in her handbag just in case. She wondered furtively which of her new purple panties would no longer be in her possession after the Christmas break.

Jack commented on her sudden predilection for purple underwear. Tamara hadn't yet told him about Davenport and the demands she had made in the car park. She was worried that he might feel protective, and do something that would lead to the circulation of the incriminating video that the lieutenant had in her possession.

"Yes, I'm going through a purple patch." She joked.

Back at the hotel, getting ready for dinner, Jack couldn't keep his eyes off Tamara. She knew exactly what she was doing, sensually pulling on clothes, fastening bra and stocking clips, stepping seductively into heels, smoothing her dress in front of the mirror; this was where foreplay began for Tamara. She looked utterly stunning, her small clutch bag in her right hand, and an expensive white shawl dangling casually from her left hand, Jack had never seen her look better.

As they left the hotel lobby to get into their taxi, Tamara spotted the concierge and almost stopped in her tracks.

"My God Jack, did you see that gorgeous man? I'd love to get him between my legs, God he's a dream."

"He's a good looking fella Tamara, perhaps he'll still be on duty when we get back."

"God I hope so," she said as she 'flashed' her stocking tops whilst getting into the taxi.

The meal was spectacular, and all the more enjoyable because they spent a good deal of it confiding what they would do to each other back at the hotel. Tamara also had half a mind on the concierge, her pussy tingled at the thought of him. She wondered if she stood a chance of seducing him. He looked about thirty five and probably not short of beautiful young admirers.

Tamara was thrilled to find that he was still there when they returned. She asked Jack whether he would be offended if she asked him to wait in the bar whilst she tried her luck.

"If he takes the bait, I'm sure we'll only be ten to fifteen minutes, he won't be able to leave his desk for long."

"Ok love, go for it, you should take opportunities when they present themselves. What's the worst that could happen? If he says no you can fantasise about fucking him later on. If he says yes, you'll need to be punished."

"Mmmm, Jack, you're a darling."

Jack found a seat in the bar as Tamara sauntered sensuously toward the concierge desk.

"Yes madam how may I help you?"

"Can I rely on your discretion James?" she said, spotting his name tag.

"I hope so madam, what can I do for you?"

"I'm in room 347 and I'm going up there now. In about five minutes I'm going to need your assistance. Will you be available?"

"For the sake of clarity, can I ask what sort of service you require?"

"Well, you can begin by unzipping my dress and we'll take it from there," she said seductively but ready to pretend it had been a joke.

"I am sure that can be arranged madam, may I just check on one detail?"

"Of course."

"Your husband?"

"Will be in the bar drinking brandy until he sees you return to your desk."

"I see madam, then I am confident that your needs can be met."

"Don't keep me waiting James"

"No madam, I'll be with you shortly, you can depend on it."

"Good."

Tamara walked over to the lift, her hips swaying gently in her sexy dress. She could hardly believe her luck, he'd agreed, she was elated and very aroused. When she got to the room she quickly tidied up discarded clothing from earlier on, and draped herself seductively on the bed.

The room buzzer rang.

"Come in," called Tamara.

A pause, then the buzzer rang again. Tamara got up, walked over and opened the door.

"I shouted to you to come in, didn't you hear me?" said Tamara as she walked back towards the bed.

"I'm sorry madam, there was another guest in the corridor just now and I didn't want to appear to be taking liberties"

"I see, well that's precisely why you're here isn't it?"

"If you say so madam."

"I do say so, now come over here and unzip me."

As the concierge walked towards her, she turned her back and looked at him seductively over her shoulder. He was turned on by the very attractive, assertive older woman who seemed to have cast a spell over him. He unzipped the dress and she let it fall to the floor. His cock stiffened as she turned to face him in her provocative underwear. Tamara manoeuvred him around so that he had his back to the bed and she kissed him lustfully. She broke away and gazed at her adonis for a moment. She wanted him badly and she knew that she must stay assertive and confident.

"Take your off jacket and trousers and lie down on the bed. I'll do the rest."

He did as she instructed. She removed her panties and straddled him. Then she pulled his briefs down and massaged his cock. He was soon hard, she wasted no time in mounting him and fucking him, whilst staring into his beautiful eyes. She pinned his wrists down by the side of his head, and felt a deep surge of erotic power as she took him in a manner that implied he'd had no choice. She

was buzzing at the thought of being able to seduce and ravage one of the most gorgeous men she had ever set eyes on.

She gave him an energetic fucking, during which she came several times and he advanced gradually to a gasping orgasm.

As he put his clothes back on she said.

"Come and kiss me one last time then go, and make sure that my partner sees you back at your desk."

He gave her a sumptuous kiss.

"You're very well trained James. Does the mask ever slip?"

James smiled, gave an almost imperceptible bow, and left the room.

Jack had seen the concierge return to the lobby looking slightly flushed. He returned to their room without delay.

"What's been going on in here? I've just seen the concierge leave looking very shift,." he said in mock indignation.

"Oh Jack, I'm sorry I've been unforgivably naughty."

"What have you done Tamara."

"I seduced him and fucked him here in our room."

A familiar routine of dressing gown cords, spanking and punishment fucking commenced. When Tamara had been sufficiently 'punished' they switched roles. She tied Jack to the bed and teased and tormented his cock, until he agreed that he was her obedient sex toy. She brought him to the verge of orgasm many times with her fingers, mouth and cunt. She made sure it took some time to extract his surrender.

The following Wednesday evening, Jed was out with his university colleagues, so Alena invited Tamara over. Still good friends and colleagues as well as lovers, they fucked enthusiastically, and came to the conclusion that they didn't do it often enough. Afterwards, as they lay together, Tamara told Alena all about her weekend in Birmingham with Jack. Alena was aroused by Tamara's description of fucking the concierge and she craved one last fingering before Tamara left.

Alena hadn't told Jed about her affair with Tamara, she didn't want him trying to muscle in and spoil things for her. She was hoping that he would get a job that he had applied for at a northern university, so that he would be away during the week, leaving the coast clear for her and Tamara.

The dark evenings closed in and the Autumn term drew to a close on the last Friday before Christmas Day. Tamara was keen to get home smartly because she had an appointment with Mark, her chiropodist, at 4.30 pm. Jack was out for the evening with his work colleagues. Tamara and Mark performed their now ritual sex act with Mark giving as much care and attention to Tamara's

stockings and heels as he did to her feet. Following which, he gave attention to her cunt with his cock.

By Monday morning, Tamara was becoming anxious about Davenport's threat to 'send' for her. She had realised that the lieutenant knew that she was a teacher, and would be on holiday over the Christmas period. Christmas Day was three days away, so she decided to go into town on her own to do some Christmas shopping.

Tamara wore a red jumper with a short, predominantly black, tartan skirt under her long dark grey coat. Her black ankle boots and opaque black stockings completed the alluring look. Her stockings were clipped to a purple suspender belt, which matched her bra and panties. As she pulled on the purple underwear, she hoped that Davenport would make her move today, so that she could relax for the rest of the holiday.

After a couple of hours shopping, buying a few last minute items, she decided to rest her legs with a cup of tea in Debenhams store cafe. She was beginning to wonder whether Davenport had been serious about sending for her. The cafe wasn't full but as she was finishing her tea, a very smartly dressed woman of about her age asked if she would mind sharing the table. The woman was attractive, shapely and wore an expensive pin striped business suit.

"Yes, of course, I'll be on my way soon, so you'll have it to yourself."

"Thank you, but please don't rush away on my account," she said as she put down her brief case with a sigh and took her seat.

"Hard day?" asked Tamara.

"I'll say, nothing has gone right in court today."

"Oh, you're a solicitor? Which area of law are you in?"

"Corporate mostly but I also do some work for the regiment based out at the barracks," she said as their eyes met.

Tamara's heart missed a beat and she flushed a little and looked away.

"Oh!"

"Yes, I help straighten out problems with potentially difficult neighbours. You know the sort of thing, local pubs, farmers and various sundry trespassers."

Now Tamara's head was in a spin, this couldn't be a coincidence. Her worst fears were confirmed when the solicitor took out her business card with her home address written on the back.

"One of my most influential clients is currently at this address. She wants to see you now. Go and get into your car and drive there immediately. Failure to comply with this instruction will have serious consequences for you."

Tamara felt uncomfortable and intimidated as the woman rose from her seat and looked her over rather salaciously.

"Mmmm, I can see why Lucinda is so keen."

'Lucinda' thought Tamara, must be the lieutenant's first name?

The woman left and Tamara sat stunned for a few moments. Then she looked at the address, she realised that she would pass the house on the way home. She hurried off to her car and drove to the solicitor's house with no little trepidation. It was a large imposing double fronted house.

The doorbell rang and, sure enough, the solicitor answered. She now had on just her spotless white shirt and her pin striped pencil skirt which finished about four inches above the knee. She also wore black high heels and nude stockings, Tamara had noticed the suspender clips when she'd bent over to put down her brief case at her table in the cafe.

"Come in, give me your coat and go through into the lounge just there on the right, Captain Davenport is waiting for you."

"Captain," thought Tamara as she stepped into the room, "she's been promoted."

"Well well, my slut has come to play with me."

"H-how did you know where I was today?"

By then, the solicitor had joined them.

"A private detective owed me a favour, an attractive woman like you is easy to follow. I wish I'd been doing it myself now."

"Okay, hold your horses Andrea, you'll get your chance soon enough," said Davenport.

"You look good enough to eat slut, but it's you that's going to do the eating today."

"Take off your jumper and skirt, and come over here," said Davenport patting the large sofa seat next to her.

Tamara did as she was told. Davenport leaned into her and massaged her pussy through her panties. Tamara's juices began to flow.

"Purple, you remembered slut. My my, they're already wet. I'll take them now."

Tamara took off her panties and handed them to the lieutenant.

"Bind her Andrea, hands behind her back."

Tamara was bound by the solicitor. Davenport sat in a single seater chair opposite the sofa. She was in uniform again, she pulled up her skirt to reveal her stocking clad thighs but she wasn't wearing panties.

She fixed Tamara with an intimidating stare and said, "Come and eat my cunt bitch."

Tamara, hands bound behind her got on her knees and put her face between the lieutenant's legs. She knew she was very good at this, even with her hands tied. She brought Davenport close to orgasm several times, before finishing her off spectacularly.

"Fuck Lucinda, I've rarely seen you come like that, she must be good. Are you going to share her with me?"

"She's very good, especially when she's being naughty. She's all yours Andrea."

"I can't wait, I'm half way there already. Come along Lucinda's bitch, I want a fucking good licking from you."

The solicitor took off her skirt, panties and shirt, replaced Davenport on the chair, and opened her shapely legs to reveal her shaved pussy. Tamara treated her to a delicious orgasm, she thrust her hips up into her face as she came. The lieutenant sat playing with herself on the large sofa whilst she watched her friend get fucked by Tamara's mouth and tongue.

"Leave us now please Andrea, I want some time alone with my cute little slut."

The solicitor gave Davenport a luscious kiss and left the room. Davenport led Tamara over to the large sofa. She made her lie on her back, still with her hands tied, then she pulled a large strap-on cock out of her satchel and gave Tamara a predatory look. She stripped to her stockings, suspenders and heels and fitted the cock to herself. Finally she donned her military cap. By now, Tamara's cunt was wet and twitching in anticipation.

"It's your lucky day bitch, I'll bet you've fantasised about this? Well? Tell your mistress the truth."

"Yes," was all Tamara could manage.

"Yes what bitch?"

"Yes ma'am."

She almost came as the cock slid into her hole. Davenport's satchel had been next to a radiator. The cock was warm and wonderful, and filled her cunt. It was just as Tamara had fantasied many times, the glorious amazon in her peaked cap, fucking her to delirium with her hands tied behind her back. Davenport had a superb technique, she stroked the cock in and out with supple movements of her hips, Tamara was driven wild.

"Oh fuck me mistress, please fuck me hard."

"Good slut, clever little slut, come for your mistress."

Tamara had a ferocious orgasm, Davenport had to hold on to her to avoid being tipped on to the floor.

"My you are a gorgeous little fuck bunny, it's a shame I can't take you with me."

She removed the strap-on, and untied Tamara's hands.

"Suck my tits now slut and bring me with your fingers"

As she obeyed her instructions, Tamara wondered what the lieutenant had meant about taking her with her. She found Davenport's g-spot and brought her three times in a fifteen minute spell. She was beginning to feel that she was in control, but Davenport put her in her place by demanding that she go down on her pussy again. Davenport came again and her appetite was sated.

She let Tamara get up and sit next to her, her smile was almost friendly.

"Do I turn you on?" Said the lieutenant

"Yes ma'am."

"How much do I turn you on."

"A lot ma'am."

"And do I scare you."

"Yes ma'am, but I'll never tell anyone about..."

"You've no need to worry about that now, I've been promoted and posted overseas, we won't meet again, much to my regret. You're an obedient little bitch, and a excellent fuck, but I'm releasing you now, I have no more use for you. Go, and think of me when your partner Jack, or your girlfriend Alena, is making you come."

"Oh, and there is no incriminating video, there never was you silly fuck bitch."

Tamara dressed quickly and felt foolish when she caught herself saying.

"Bye and good luck in your new position."

She felt a mixture of relief and regret. She was to be no one's bitch now but her thoughts turned to Danita and how she was going to enjoy developing her domination of her sexy young cleaner. But she was still slightly spooked by Lucinda Davenport and how much she knew about her personal life. She was also angry with her for being lied to about the video which had left her feeling naive and foolish. She wouldn't forget the Captain in a hurry.

With Davenport no longer hanging over her head and pussy, Tamara was able to enjoy the Christmas break. School term didn't start until the 5th January, so she was able to arrange for Alena to visit her during the last week of the holidays. Jack was delighted to hear of the visit until Tamara explained that she wanted Alena to herself this time. She'd bought a double ended dildo to try out with her girlfriend. She sent a disappointed Jack out for the day.

The dildo was a considerable success, Tamara and Alena were able to fondle each other's breasts whilst grinding into each other's cunts. They laughed with mild embarrassment when they first inserted it carefully into their vaginas but, very soon, the laughter gave way to gasps and moans of pleasure.

They fucked each other breast to breast, abdomen to abdomen, cunt to cunt and were able to indulge in deep, passionate lengthy kissing, during which they declared their love for each other. They both knew that their love was more of a deep fondness, but it made them feel close and connected when they spoke it out loud to each other.

Jed had got the job at the northern university, so he would be living away from Alena from Monday morning to Friday night during term time. Alena had started an affair with a new 'boyfriend,' but there would still be opportunities for her to bed Tamara. They would no longer have to sneak into the derelict villa for a 'quickie' after work.

"Who is he?"

He works at the uni, you won't know him."

"When do I get to meet the new man?"

"You don't, I'm keeping him well away from you. We don't need to complicate things even more than they are already." Laughed Alena.

Tamara got the chance to put Jack's advice, on taking opportunities into practice, on two consecutive weekends in late January and early February. The illicit nature of these encounters gave an extra piquancy to her love making with Jack, when she made her bedtime confessions.

Jack and Tamara had been invited to the wedding disco of their friend Hilda's eldest daughter Josie. Josie was twenty one and had been one of Tamara's students up until three years ago. She was very bright, but had been lazy and difficult in class, and after a significant stand off, Josie had finally submitted to Tamara's authority. Tamara had reduced her to tears whilst helping her see that she was wasting learning opportunities. Now, she was marrying Darren, the father of her two year old daughter.

Tamara wore black high heels, her very tight grey skirt with the side zips, and her pink shirt with a satin sheen. She opted for nearly black holdup stockings, because she didn't want to upstage the bride by displaying bulging suspender clips.

The disco was in full swing, but Josie was tired of wearing her full length, tight wedding dress.

"Tamara, if you see my mum or Darren would you tell them I've gone to get changed please?"

"Of course, but won't you need a hand getting out of that construction," joked Tamara, "I can tell Jack to look out for your mum and Darren, and I'll come up with you if you like."

"Would you? Oh thanks Tamara, that would be a great help."

Tamara pretended to ask Jack to pass on the message. As she helped Josie negotiate the hotel stairs leading to her room, she formulated a plan to show her who was boss once and for all. When they reached the room, they both stood in front of a full length mirror, Tamara just behind Josie. Tamara told her that she looked beautiful in the dress and hoped that she had enjoyed her day.

"Oh yes, thanks Tamara but I just want to get out of this now."

"Okay, stand still, I'll unzip you, and take it off carefully."

Tamara eased the dress off Josie's shoulders and down her body to her mid thigh, revealing her sexy bridal underwear. She was now down on her knees just behind her.

"Now, step out of it carefully, and don't catch your heels on the material."

Josie stepped out of the dress and Tamara laid it carefully on the bed. Josie was still looking at herself in the mirror. Tamara stood behind her again, admiring her firm young body. Josie looked such a fuckable present in her lacy teddy, suspenders, stockings, heels and panties. A sexy blue garter decorated her left thigh, otherwise she was all in virginal white.

Tamara thought to herself it's now or never. Without speaking, she put her left arm around Josie and cupped her right breast, whilst her right hand plunged inside Josie's panties and found her clitoris. Josie went rigid for a moment, Tamara was afraid that she might cry out.

"Relax, I'm not going to hurt you, quite the opposite in fact," she said as she expertly circled Josie's labia and clitoris with just the right amount of pressure.

"B-but Tamara, you... oh... you mustn't... you must... oh please don... ohhh!"

Josie's resistance was blown away as Tamara quickly had her aroused. She'd never really thought seriously about sex with a woman before, but she was surprised at how turned on she had become, and she didn't want Tamara to stop. The crush she'd had on Tamara, when she was her teacher, resurfaced with a vengeance. Tamara certainly had the magic touch. She wanted to bring Josie quickly to avoid being caught out.

Tamara pulled Josie in tight so that her hard nipples were poking into her back, and her mound was pressing against her lovely firm buttocks.

"That's it, relax and let me fuck you. I've wanted to fuck you ever since I made you cry and submit to me at school That's it come, come for teacher, that's a good girl."

With that, Josie's legs began to buckle, she reached out and supported herself against the dressing table. She gazed at her seductress's assertive, controlling eyes in the mirror, and let out a long moan as her wet cunt clenched, and she came with an orgasm that warmed her groin and made her toes tingle.

Tamara released her, she sat down on the bed looking flushed and anxious.

"Oh Tamara, please don't ever tell anyone about this, please don't."

"Don't worry, I won't, but just remember who gave you your first married orgasm, and think of me when you and Darren fuck each other."

At that moment, Darren entered the room.

"Hi Darren, I was just helping Josie out of her dress, but I'll leave you two alone now, I'm sure you don't need an audience," she leered.

As she walked down the corridor she heard Darren come out of the room behind her.

"Tamara, Josie wants a couple of clean towels, do you know where I can get some?"

"Let's try here." Said Tamara looking at a door marked 'Linen Cupboard.'

She opened the door into a small room with shelves full of clean towels and bed linen along both side walls and across the end. There was just enough room for two people to squeeze in. The idea came to her in a flash.

"There you are Darren, take what you want, I'm sure they won't mind."

Darren moved past her into the room. She followed and managed to get the door closed behind them. It was dark and she squeezed up behind him with her nipples now poking him in the back.

"Tamara?"

"Keep still and don't turn around."

She said this as her right hand expertly found Darren's trouser zip and got a grip on his cock. He tried to pull her hand away, but she had him in a firm warm grip. She manipulated his cock with her irresistible fingers and it started to grow. He made a token effort at resistance.

"You're a very attractive woman but this is wrong."

"Your cock says otherwise Darren, that's it, oh come on Darren, show me what a big boy you are, yes, that's it, Tamara's going to make you come."

By now Darren's cock was hard and his resistance had completely ebbed away.

"Come for me Darren, you know you want to, I've seen the way you look at me, you're a pretty boy, and if I'd got time, I'd ride you until your cock burst inside me."

As she said this, Darren grasped the shelving, ejaculated over Tamara's hand and sent globules of spunk onto the floor. Tamara released him and wiped her hand on a towel. Then she whispered sensuously into his ear.

"I've just given you your first married orgasm, now you'll always think of me whenever you fuck your wife."

She patted him on his arse and left him to clean himself up. As she made her way back to the disco, she felt a dirty delight at the thought of Josie and Darren thinking of her whenever they fucked each other.

Later, at home, she astonished Jack with her tale, he knew that she'd been 'helping' Josie for about ten minutes, but couldn't believe the totality of her conquests. Tamara relived the thrill of her adulterous encounters as she rode Jack vigorously.

The following Saturday, Jack and Tamara were invited to a party in the village, at the house of one of Tamara's long standing friends. She wore her blue fine knitted top and black pencil skirt just above the knee. High black heels and black stockings completed the look.

When Tamara and Jack arrived, the host's husband made a fuss of her and drew attention to how good she looked. Many of Jack and Tamara's friends were there, and the booze flowed freely. After a few party games, people spilled out into the hall and kitchen, Tamara had her arse felt in a 'friendly' way by a couple of husbands who had lost their inhibitions to drink. She eventually found herself sitting on the stairs with Ben, one of the host's sons. He was in his early twenties and good looking. He'd just come home from a night out with friends and the party was still going strong.

"Having a good time Tamara?"

"Yeah great Ben, what have you been up to tonight?"

"Oh just a couple of pubs in town with some mates, boring really because I was driving."

"Never mind, you can enjoy a drink now."

They chatted about his work, and Tamara's sons, before the conversation turned to school.

"Yeah, I was never in your form was I?"

"You dodged a bullet there Ben."

"No, you were strict but people felt safe in your lessons, and they liked you."

"Damn, I spent years cultivating my wicked witch persona and it was all for nothing."

"My mates said you made lessons fun, you were enthusiastic and didn't mind taking risks."

"Oh yes, what kind of risks are you thinking of Ben," she smiled provocatively.

"I just meant that you came over as someone with a life outside school, and you let kids do things their way if it helped their learning. What sort of risks did you think I meant?" he asked meaningfully.

They were almost half way up the stairs, sitting side by side. The stairs turned at right angles at the bottom of the staircase, so they could only be seen by one couple who were chatting at the foot of the stairs, and who didn't seem to be aware of them anyway.

Ben was on Tamara's right, she lifted her left leg up to rest her foot on the step immediately below where they were sitting, whilst her right foot moved down one step. This had the effect of making her skirt ride up, so that her stocking tops were visible. She knew exactly what she was doing as she leaned back and rested her elbows on the step behind her. Now she was reclining sensuously along the stairs, one leg stretched out, the other bent. Ben shifted his position to give his growing cock more room.

"I don't know, what sort of risks would you like me to think you meant?"

Ben's confidence momentarily deserted him in the face of the attractive, experienced woman who was getting the better of him.

"I'm just going up to the toilet, which door is it?"

"Second on the left."

"Oh, I'm hopeless with directions. Will you come up and show me the way? It would be embarrassing if I went into your room by mistake."

They arose and Tamara swayed her lovely backside up the stairs just in front of Ben's face.

"So which is the toilet?"

"It's this one."

"And if I get lost on the way out, which room must I not wander into?"

Ben glanced at the door to his bedroom and Tamara followed his gaze. She took him by the hand and led him into the room.

"Oh dear! How embarrassing, I seem to have wandered into your bedroom. What shall we do?" she said as she closed the door.

By now Ben was highly aroused and wanted to kiss Tamara; she let him. He pushed her back against the closed bedroom door and fondled her breasts, whilst pushing his hard cock into her mound. Tamara grasped his right wrist with her left hand, guided his hand under the hem of her skirt and

up over her stocking tops. She pushed his fingers into her wet panty gusset and whispered, "Make me come."

Whilst Ben went to work on her with his fingers, she unbuttoned his belt and fly. His trousers fell to the floor. She pulled his hard cock out of his pants and guided it between her legs. She was just the right height, in her five inch heels, to be able to slip Ben's cock into her cunt without difficulty. Then she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist. Ben started fucking her deliberately and slowly, pressing her against the door. They kissed forcefully as their arousal increased. Tamara broke the kiss.

"Ohhh!... Fuck me Ben, fuck me. Take me harder, harder."

Ben thrust his cock into Tamara ramming her against the door.

"Jeez Tamara, you're an amazing fuck, oh God.... I'm commmmingggg."

"Oh yes, yes, fuck yes. Ahhh... ohhh."

Ben coated her cunt with his semen as her vagina walls clung tightly to his erect cock, and squeezed every last drop out of him. Then she put her feet back on the floor to prevent Ben collapsing. Tamara kissed him on the cheek and straightened her skirt; brushing her hands over her suspender clips.

"Thank you Ben, that will never happen again, but you'll have a fond memory to comfort you when you've got a hard on and you can't sleep."

With that she left the bedroom and rejoined the party as if nothing untoward had happened. She got talking to her good friend Hilda who, as usual, was flirting with Jack.

"Oh, by the way, Josie sends her love and said to say a big thank you for your assistance last week, she said you helped her out of her wedding dress."

"Oh, yes, she wanted to get changed and I thought she might need another pair of hands," said Tamara mischievously as she recalled taking Josie in her bridal lingerie.

Having taken her daughter, Tamara began to feel curious about Hilda and momentarily imagined fucking her, but she soon put the thought out of her mind. Hilda was a long standing friend and had never shown any sign that she would welcome being seduced by Tamara. On the other hand, Tamara could easily imagine her fucking Jack, if she ever got the chance.

Half term arrived, and on the Tuesday Tamara kept her usual appointment with Mark. On the Friday, Danita didn't manage to get all of her cleaning done. She'd only got as far as the main bedroom when Tamara suddenly appeared in dominatrix attire, pinned her down, stripped her and 'forced' her to get onto the bed. After making Danita eat her cunt, Tamara donned a strap-on cock, and proceeded to fuck Danita to consecutive orgasms.

Tamara then introduced the double ended dildo, and it was in this state of mutual pleasure that Jack discovered them in bed together. In mock outrage, he commanded Danita to tie her mistress' hands behind her back. This accomplished, he then instructed Tamara to humiliate herself by licking Danita's pussy whilst in a suppliant position on her knees. Jack's cock set rock hard as he watched Danita's arousal grow under Tamara's expert tongue.

Danita looked close to coming, so Jack pulled Tamara off her, and bent her over the dressing table, he entered her from behind and fucked her hard. They both came quickly, Tamara watched Jack, still fully clothed in his business attire, thrusting into a naked Danita and wondered what he had in store for them next.

He bound Danita's hands and feet, and left her lying on the bedroom floor. He untied Tamara and left the two women alone, so that Tamara could again have her way with Danita. He sat in the lounge with a glass of wine listening to Danita's promises, punctuated by the sound of her buttocks being spanked, to serve her mistress obediently. The promises eventually subsided into the sound of a chastened, contrite Danita coming again.

Tamara, dressed in stockings, heels and a black basque and holding a riding crop, led Danita down stairs by a chain attached to a leather collar, her hands still tied, to parade her like a trophy in front of Jack. This had Jack aroused again in no time, he sat back to enjoy a delicious orgasm as a still bound Danita obeyed Tamara's order to suck his cock.

Danita went home with sore buttocks and a tingling pussy, looking forward to the next time that she would be involved in Jack and Tamara's bondage sex play.

The following Friday, Jack and Tamara, coincidentally, found themselves administering disciplinary sex, at exactly the same time, in different and unexpected circumstances. They had decided to have their house valued, and Jack had taken the afternoon off to be at home, so that he could meet with an estate agent. She was around fifty, attractive with large breasts, and wearing heels, expensive seamed hosiery, a smart skirt suit and blouse. Not long after she arrived, the phone rang, and Jack had to pop out for a few minutes, to take some documents over to the Clerk to the Council's house on the other side of the village. Jack apologised and said he'd be about fifteen minutes. The estate agent said not to worry, it would take her half an hour to view the house properly.

Jack reached the end of the street and realised that he had forgotten a key document, so he quickly returned home. He'd only been gone for a couple of minutes when he slipped back quietly into the house. He stopped at the bottom of the stairs thinking he could hear a humming noise accompanied by a sigh. Silently, he climbed the stairs and stopped in the doorway to the main bedroom. There he saw the estate agent, skirt hitched up, stocking tops and panties on show, playing Tamara's vibrator against her pussy mound whilst watching herself in the mirror.

The estate agent was startled when she saw Jack watching her pleasuring herself. Jack realised that Tamara had not put the vibrator away when she left for work that morning.

"Oh my God, Oh, I'm so sorry, what must you think? Oh God. I... I saw it on the bedside table and I... I'm so sorry," she said as she hurriedly replaced the sex toy and straightened her skirt.

Jack remained silent, he was imagining what Tamara would do in the same circumstances.

"Please, please don't report this, I would lose my job. I can't lose my job, please."

By now the estate agent's eyes had filled with tears.

"Can you think of a way to save your job," asked Jack

The estate agent stared at him with a tear running down her right cheek, her expression slowly changing from anxiety to comprehension.

"Anything, I'll do anything you ask but please don't report me."

Jack sat on the chair next to the dressing table and unzipped his fly.

"Come over here, bring that with you... fuck yourself with it while you suck my cock."

She did as she was told. Jack enjoyed it immensely, and she was quickly taken to the edge of an orgasm by the vibrator. He wanted to fuck her, so he pulled her up off her knees, and eased her onto her back on the bed. He raised her skirt, climbed between her legs, and shafted her until they both came with shuddering orgasms, her legs wrapped around his waist.

She was so grateful for Jack's assurance that he would not report her that she smothered him with kisses and offered herself to him again. Jack said that if he ever decided to sell the house, he would expect a very competitive rate, and personal service from her; she readily agreed. The steamy, illicit nature of their coupling had them both turned on immensely, they virtually tore each other's clothes off as they fucked again on the hallway floor before she left the house.

At exactly the same time, Tamara was in the office of one of the assistant heads. He'd been given the task of doing her professional development assessment. Tamara didn't like him, she thought him sleazy and arrogant, he had a reputation for being inappropriate with female members of staff.

The meeting had only been going for a short time, when he appeared to suggest, with a lecherous grin, that Tamara would get an outstanding review if she 'played her part.' Tamara considered this for a moment then got up and walked towards the door. Instead of leaving the room, she calmly turned the door key and locked them in. He was sitting on a swivel chair with no arms and a high back. She fixed her eyes on his groin as she walked back towards him. He assumed that she was going to show her gratitude and appreciation, so he was unprepared for what happened next.

Tamara swung his chair around and straddled him. She was wearing a short skirt and stockings so her panty clad mound was in full view. He reached out to touch her pussy, but she slapped his hand away, unzipped his fly and pulled out his half erect cock, which she quickly brought to full erection by massaging it, and almost allowing it to make contact with her panty gusset.

"So, you think that I'm going to let you put that inside me do you," she said with disdain; he smiled weakly.

"Not until hell freezes over you sleazy bastard."

As she said this she quickly took hold of his lapels and folded the shoulders of his jacket over his shoulders and the chair back. He was pinned in that position as she got up off his lap, bent over him, and wanked him off, so that his spunk oozed out onto his trousers. Although he would never admit it, he'd been hugely turned on to by Tamara's domination of him. She pulled off his shoes and removed his come stained trousers, folded them up neatly and gave him a determined look.

"I'm keeping these as insurance, you'll have to go home in your sports kit. Tomorrow, you will tell the head to find someone else to do my professional development. You will never be disrespectful to me or any other female member staff again. I know where you live and I'm more than willing to turn up on your front doorstep, and tell your wife how I took possession of these. Understood?"

He looked beaten and crestfallen but he nodded his head in agreement. Tamara unlocked the door and swept out of his office feeling jubilant.

Later on, when they swapped stories, Jack and Tamara fucked each other to a standstill. Afterwards she stroked his limp cock and said how pleased and turned on she was the he had fucked another woman.

Just before Easter, Tamara was despondent to hear that Jed wanted Alena to move up north with him, and make a go of their marriage. After a passionate fuck Alena assured her that she would still see Tamara from time to time, perhaps even stay with her and Jack the odd weekend. Tamara felt better at hearing this, but still felt sorry that Alena wouldn't be there whenever she felt like fucking her favourite woman.

A couple of days later, Tamara's thoughts started to drift toward Annie. It had been almost a year since she last saw her, but she felt an urge to make contact. In the evening, she looked up Annie's number and gave her a call. Her husband John answered the phone and, after exchanging pleasantries, she asked if Annie was there. Annie came to the phone.

"Hi Tamara, how lovely to hear from you. Are you and Jack well?"

"Hi Annie, yes we're good thanks. Can you talk freely? Say yes if you can and stay silent if not."

Silence.

"Okay. How about meeting for lunch this Easter? There's a great new tapas restaurant where the Coach and Horses used to be."

"Oh yes, I've heard about it, it's supposed to be very good."

"It is, we could have a leisurely lunch, then, if you're in the mood, we could come back to my place... 'relax' with each other, and see what happens?"

"I'd love that Tamara, yes, that's something I'd really look forward to. Gosh, it's almost a year since I last saw you at your leaving do, but I haven't forgotten our conversation, in fact, I've often thought about how nice it would be to see you again. I'll dress for the occasion," hinted Annie.

"That's settled then. How about the Wednesday after Easter at noon? I'll book a table and meet you there."

"Lovely, it will be great to catch up and talk about mutual acquaintances."

Tamara felt a thrill as she put what she hoped would be much more than a mere lunch date in her diary.

The following Saturday evening, Jack and Tamara had been invited to a party at house in a neighbouring town. They had been invited by a friend of a friend, and realised that they may not know many of the other guests. They speculated about the possibility of making 'rewarding' new acquaintances.

Jack wore his casual blue suit and a white t-shirt. Tamara chose a dark grey knee length pinafore shift dress that fitted her curves perfectly. Underneath she wore a black teddy, suspender belt and panties. Her black stockings were seamed, and her black high heels had a broad ankle strap. Her

shoulders and arms were bare and she wore an orange coral necklace, and black and gold dangly earrings.

Much alcohol was consumed at the party, but the guests were around Jack and Tamara's age so it wasn't a boisterous affair. They circulated and spoke to most of the other guests. Some were interesting, some were not. Jack noticed a very attractive woman in a red dress, and red high heels, who exuded a sensuous cool. Her husband was gregarious and he'd had plenty to drink. Jack was driving so he stayed within the limit.

He found himself talking to the cool, sophisticated woman for a time and felt aroused in her presence. She introduced herself as Olivia and was a doctor. Tamara was able to drink, and was lively and entertaining. She dazzled most people, including Olivia's husband Paul. As the party came to a close, and as guests were leaving, it started to rain. Olivia chided Paul for drinking when he had said that he would drive. He said he would phone for a taxi.

"Where do you live? If it's on our way home we'd be happy to give you a lift," said Jack.

"Oh thanks, We're just the other side of Leddington."

"No problem, we're going that way."

Jack led them to his car. As he got in the driving seat, there was laughter and merriment from Tamara and Paul as they joked about who was sitting where.

"Come on Tamara, you're in the back with me. He opened the door and Tamara slid onto the back seat unaware that, at the same time, Olivia had got in on the other side.

"Great, three in the back" laughed Paul, "it'll be nice and cosy."

Tamara sat with a leg either side of where the floor rose to accommodate the drive shaft. She couldn't keep her knees together, her dress had ridden up to reveal her stocking tops.

Paul feasted his eyes on her legs and murmured, "Lovely, I'm going to enjoy this."

Olivia had been silent but she too was looking at Tamara's sexy predicament.

"Are we all in," said Jack? "I would say behave yourselves in the back, but Tamara wouldn't take any notice of me."

He hoped this sounded like he was happy for Tamara to flirt, and more. He drove off through the town. Paul joked and made light of the fact that he was incredibly turned on by Tamara. She was aroused as well, sitting between the attractive pair, with her stocking tops on show. Tamara had her right arm resting along Paul's left thigh; her elbow was in his groin. She could feel his cock starting to enlarge.

As they left the streetlights behind, Paul said to Tamara, "Do you think your husband would mind if I kissed you."

The mood changed suddenly, there was an erotic charge in the air. Jack's cock stiffened but before he could speak, Tamara answered for him by bringing her mouth down on Paul's lips. Paul's right hand caressed the inside of Tamar's right thigh. He slid it slowly up over her stocking top toward her pussy, just stopping short.

Tamara could feel another hand on her left thigh. Olivia had reached under the hem of her dress, wrapped her fingers around the wet gusset of her panties and pulled it clear of her tingling pussy. Now Tamara turned her head and was kissed by Olivia. Paul slipped two fingers into Tamara's cunt. As she was being kissed passionately by Olivia, Tamara realised that she was being subjected to a well practiced double act. Olivia was holding her panty gusset to one side, to give her husband unrestricted access to her pussy.

"Mmmmm... Ohhh... fffuckkk... Mmmmm."

Jack's cock was set rock hard by now, he tilted the driving mirror to get a good view of the action. He saw Tamara's stockinged legs spread wide open, each of her companions on the back seat had a hand up her dress, working on her exposed pussy. By now, Olivia was sweeping her thumb around her clitoris. Tamara came loudly, Jack was turned on even more. It was just as well that he knew where he was heading, because there was no chance of getting directions from the back seat.

Jack pulled onto the driveway of an large double fronted house just as Tamara was about to delve inside Paul's trousers and get her hands on his cock. The passengers in the back seat straightened their attire, spilled out of the car and made for the front door. By the time Jack had closed all of the car doors, the front door of the house was open and Tamara had got Paul up against the doorframe, kissing him and feeling his erect cock through his trousers. Olivia was behind her, pushing her mound into her buttocks, and reaching around to press her hand into her pussy, through her dress.

The tangle of bodies spilled into the lounge. Paul stripped down to just his shirt and sat, cock erect, on an arm chair. Tamara slipped off her dress and panties, turned so that she had her back to him, and lowered herself onto his cock; Olivia needed no invitation to eat Tamara's pussy while she was impaled on her husband's cock. Tamara came four times in the space of five minutes. Paul was amazed, Olivia was impressed, Jack wasn't surprised.

Paul, with his cock enveloped by Tamara, and his balls being tickled by Olivia, shot globules of warm semen into Tamara's cunt. The threesome uncoupled themselves and Olivia took Jack's arm and led him upstairs to the main bedroom. He stripped naked, she took off her dress, bra and panties and looked sophisticated, and very erotic in her red suspenders, black stockings and heels.

Jack fucked her slowly and kissed her warm wet lips, the taste of Tamara's sweet, salty pussy still lingered. He gradually increased the depth and pace of his probing cock as her breathing became rapid and shallow. She was close to coming, he felt her vagina tighten around his cock, and thrust into to her forcefully until her orgasm erupted. Just as she finished coming, he reached his climax and shot his load into her cunt. By this time, alcohol induced sleep had claimed Paul, and Tamara had crept upstairs looking for Jack.

Tamara had watched first Olivia, then Jack, come. She thought that it was a beautiful sight and she slipped onto the bed alongside Olivia.

"How did you like that Doctor? He's good isn't he?"

"You're a lucky woman Tamara."

Jack watched fascinated, he knew that Tamara would try to outdo him. She put her hand between Olivia's legs and cupped it over her mound. Olivia murmured approval. Jack removed himself to a chair where he could watch proceedings, his cock already started to swell again at the sight of the two women in their stockings and heels, laying together on the bed.

Tamara spoke softly to Olivia, "Don't move or try to touch me, just lay still and let me touch you."

Tamara kissed her tenderly and caressed her breasts, Olivia murmured again. She sucked Olivia's nipples and covered her body with warm caresses, before slipping her right hand between her pussy lips. She nibbled Olivia's ear as she circled her clitoris. Olivia's arousal grew immediately and her breathing became ragged. Tamara left a warm thumb on her clitoris and slipped her long middle finger into her cunt and found her g-spot.

Olivia's back arched as she let out a long moan of pleasure. Tamara expertly played her g-spot and kept her on the edge of an orgasm. She continued to bring Olivia to the precipice, only to let her subside before rousing her again. After fifteen minutes on this orgasmic rollercoaster ride, Olivia was pleading to be finished off.

"Tamara please, mmmm... Ohhh... Please, Please don't stop, oh please don't stop... Oh God, what are you doing to me? Please don't stop, I'm desperate to come.... Oh fuck, make me come, mmmm, make me come, please... Oh...Oh... ffffuck yessss, I'm comingggggg."

As her orgasm subsided, Olivia whispered into Tamara's ear, "Jesus, I thought Jack was good, but you were even better."

As Jack and Tamara made ready to leave left, Olivia's cool sophistication had completely disappeared.

"Tamara can I have your phone number please? Please, I must have your phone number."

"Don't fret, I know where to find you." Said Tamara as she walked to the car with Jack.

As they got into the car, Jack said, "Congratulations, you win. You've just taken one of the coolest, sexiest most refined women I've ever come across, and virtually turned her into your bitch. She's gagging for you."

The Wednesday after Easter arrived and Tamara was looking forward to finally seducing her petite, former work colleague, Annie. Jack was back at work so Tamara had a lazy start to the day. She used her small vibrator to satisfy a yearning in her pussy. She thought about Josie and Darren, fucking and coming at the same time, whilst each secretly, and separately, visualised the adulterous hand fucking that she had given them on their wedding night.

After showering and drying her hair, she took her cream shift dress out of the wardrobe. She smiled as she remembered the last time she had worn it, when she had seduced Brendon during the previous summer. She took her pink underwear set out of the drawer, and put the items on, taking time to arouse herself a little by stroking the gossamer thin panty gusset. Then she unfurled nude stockings, and clipped them to her pink suspender belt. She put on the dress and, stepped into her pink high heels. The heels set off her pink earrings, necklace and handbag.

As she was getting ready, she thought about Annie's 50th birthday party, almost eighteen months ago. That was where it really started for her. Before then she'd loved listening to Jack's fantasies in bed. The scenarios he described were usually illicit, and sometimes deviant. This had given her a taste for the real thing, she'd been delighted to discover that Jack wanted her to make her own sex stories in the real world. Ah, Jack, she loved him desperately, and now she enjoyed watching him

fuck other women; in the knowledge that she could have him, and the woman he was fucking, any time she wanted.

She wondered whether Annie still wanted sex with her. After all, their mutual seduction had barely got off the ground a year ago, when they had used humour to disguise their desire for each other. It had sounded like Annie was keen on the phone a couple of weeks ago, but now she couldn't be absolutely certain. Jack saw it differently, before he left for work, he had said that Annie would be eating out of her hand, as well as her pussy, before the day was up.

Tamara and Annie arrived at the restaurant car park at the same time. Tamara watched Annie walk towards her in her stylish wrap over red summer dress. The dress was knee length with an attractive small flower pattern. She wore black high heeled court shoes and nude hosiery. A gust of wind caught the flap of her dress and gave Tamara a delightful glimpse of stocking top and black suspender strap. Tamara thought that Annie looked very feminine and sexy as she skipped towards her, holding the flap of her dress, trying to keep it in place.

They enjoyed their lunch and each other's company. They talked of family, work, shopping and keeping fit. Tamara asked about ex-colleagues, Annie updated her on friends and foe alike. She told Tamara that Geoff had pined after her for a good six months, then he had suddenly found himself a girlfriend, a slightly odd German woman called Gudrun. She had joined the support staff at the school in September and, before long, was living with Geoff.

"I do hope he's happy." Said Tamara.

"I'll let you into a little secret. You remember I gave him a lift home after my leaving do?"

"Yes."

"Well, I felt sorry for all of the teasing that I'd done to him over the years, so I took pity on him and wanked him off in the car on his driveway."

"No!" said a shocked Annie.

"Yes," said Tamara.

"My God Tamara, you tart," laughed Annie.

They chuckled for a few minutes as Tamara gave more details of the encounter.

Tamara started to tell more of her sexual exploits of the past twelve months. She didn't know how far she could trust Annie yet, so she only spoke of Alena, Brendon, James the concierge, the man in the cinema and Paul and Olivia; Annie was enthralled.

"I knew you had spread your wings in the last couple of years but, my God Tamara, I didn't realise you were having such a good time. It puts my miserable sex life into perspective."

"Aren't you still seeing Daniel?"

"No, I saw him once after you left, last May, he's been away ever since. To be honest I'm not getting any younger, and I was wondering how much longer I'll be able to entice him into bed anyway."

"Nonsense Annie, You're gorgeous, You don't look a day over forty, I'd do you any time."

They both laughed at Tamara's crude remark. Annie put her hand on top of Tamara's.

"You are kind, it's been a real joy to see you today."

When Annie went to remove her hand, Tamara held it in place.

"Annie, I meant it, I've always admired you and, well, fancied you to be honest. I didn't realise it for years, and when I eventually did last year, the moment never seemed right. Please come to bed with me this afternoon."

"Oh God! Tamara, yes, yes I will, I'm desperate to feel skin next to mine, to have someone make me come and shower me with kisses. But I may not have been exactly honest with you. I've allowed you to think that I'm experienced with, you know, women. But I'm not, I've never made love to a woman."

"Then you're in for a treat, you'll never think about Daniel again once I've finished with you," smiled Tamara.

They made the short journey to Tamara's house. Annie looked a little anxious as she stood in the lounge. Tamara walked over to her, stroked her face, then kissed her softly and sensuously. Annie relaxed and soon their tongues were exploring each other's mouths.

Tamara led her over to the large sofa and they sat down, Tamara was on Annie's left. She kissed Annie again and felt her firm breasts through the flimsy material of her summer dress, her nipples hardened immediately, Annie let out a soft sigh. Tamara took hold of Annie's right hand and placed it just above her left knee, where the hem of her cream shift dress had ridden up her thighs. Next she put her left hand on Annie's left thigh. She felt a suspender clip and held it through the material of Annie's dress.

Tamara moved her hand under the flap of the dress, and placed it on Annie's right thigh, where she could feel the bare flesh above her stocking tops. Annie's shapely stocking covered legs were suddenly revealed when the dress parted and the folds of material fell away. Tamara feasted her eyes on two lovely stocking clad thighs. She could just glimpse a hint of panty gusset, she moved her hand towards it, she stopped an inch short, whilst still kissing a quivering Annie. Tamara parted her own legs in invitation, but Annie still hadn't moved her hand any further along Tamara's thigh.

Tamara kissed her hard and cupped her mound with her left hand. At the same time, she opened her legs wider and took hold of Annie's right elbow with her right hand and pulled her hand up underneath the hem of her dress. Tamara worked her fingers inside Annie's panties and massaged her wet pussy. Annie groaned with pleasure and reached for Tamara's pussy. Now they were fingering each other and kissing passionately. Tamara eased Annie on to her back and they continued to kiss and finger each other.

They started to explore each others cunts, Tamara first then Annie followed suit. Tamara's expert fingers had Annie teetering on the edge of an orgasm, she brought her to a huge climax, almost a year of frustration erupted into the room. When Annie had recovered she resumed fingering Tamara and made her come in breathless sighs and groans.

"Let's go up to bed, we can get naked and feel skin on skin like you mentioned earlier."

Tamara watched Annie take her dress off to reveal a beautifully toned body clad in black bra, panties and suspender belt with stockings.

Wow, Annie, how do you stay so firm and, let's face it, so fucking hot?"

Annie was enraptured in bed, just feeling another person's skin next to hers, while she felt sexually aroused, was more than she had known in a long time. Tamara decided not to give her the full repertoire on this first occasion. She and Annie ate each other in a sixty nine, then they sucked each others tits and fingered each others cunts again. The strap on cock stayed in the drawer but Tamara did ask about vibrators.

"Annie, I don't mean to pry but have you got a vibrator?"

"I'm ashamed to say that I haven't. I'd worry that John might find it."

"Why worry about him, he hasn't touched you in almost four years. Have you ever tried one?"

"No."

"Would you like to?"

"What, now?"

"Yes, I'd love to watch you come, it would really turn me on."

"Well then, yes, please."

Tamara opened the drawer to her bedside table.

"Here try this small one. It's a good place to start. Don't worry, it's clean."

Tamara turned the dial to a low setting and handed the vibrator to Annie.

"Just move it over the outside of your pussy to start with then when you feel good and ready, slip it inside and, believe me, it'll do the rest."

Annie laid back and opened her legs, she played the sex toy over her clitoris and could feel the wonderful vibrations lighting a fire in her abdomen and groin. Tamara's juices flowed again as she watched her lover's eyelids flicker, and her mouth form a sensual 'o' shape. After a while, Annie wanted it inside so she slipped it into her, by now, very wet cunt and turned up the dial. She gasped at the strong vibrations, she felt like she was completely under the device's control, and could do nothing to prevent it from making her come.

Tamara could barely keep her hands off her as she watched Annie moan and writhe under the vibrator's spell. Annie jerked her hips forward in spasms, and came in an almighty orgasm which left her feeling as though she had been comprehensively fucked. A watching Tamara was so turned on that she joined in at the end and fingered herself to a climax.

The lovers laid together for several minutes mutually caressing and kissing softly. Eventually, their afternoon of delight came to an end. After they had dressed they made a 'lunch' date for half term at the end of May and, in the meantime, Tamara let Annie borrow the vibrator.

Annie joked that she was going to start an affair with Tamara's vibrator. She was sure she felt empowered enough to use it when John was out at his bridge club meetings, and to hide it in her underwear drawer when he wasn't, on the basis that he never ventured near her knickers.

For the last three years or so, Tamara and Jack had taken a young Polish couple under their wing. The couple had lived in the village and were now living in town. Jack had helped in dealings with landlords and banks, whilst Tamara had helped with doctors and translation.

Marta was in her late twenties. Her English was improving rapidly but her husband wasn't so bright and he struggled a little with the language. Tamara had always been very fond of Marta. It helped that she was a very attractive young woman, and when she wore heels and a short dress, was utterly stunning. Tamara knew that Jack was besotted by her too, but he was always a 'gentleman' whist in her company.

Tamara and Marta had taken to meeting for lunch periodically. Marta was frustrated with her very 'traditional' husband and his old fashioned, conservative views on gender roles. Tamara saw a reflection of her previous marriage in Marta's complaints.

Marta was taking driving lessons but was yet to take a test so Tamara occasionally picked her up from her home in town, and drove her out to a country pub for lunch. Tamara had always kept a lid on her attraction to Marta. She felt protective of her and didn't want to use her. Lately though, Marta had become more confident and worldly wise and this gave her an allure that Tamara felt she could no longer resist.

On the May Day bank holiday, three weeks after she had bedded Annie, Tamara was at the tapas restaurant again, this time with Marta. After she had picked Marta up, Tamara was almost beside herself with desire for her. Marta had walked assuredly out to the car wearing red stilettos and a flower print short summer dress that showed off her well proportioned figure and shapely legs.

The dress was inexpensive, but, on Marta, it looked classy. She had a slim waist and her ample breasts were perfectly poised. Her legs were long and her buttocks were firm and beautifully shaped. Her eyes, which Tamara tried very hard to look at, were sparkling and full of life. Tamara was wearing a new lilac sleeveless shift dress, cream high heels, ivory stockings and purple underwear.

When they had arrived at the restaurant, Tamara had to park right at the end of the car park, just behind a large tree. When they left, the car park was more than half empty. Tamara was desperate to make a move on Marta, but Jack was at home and so was Marta's husband.

During lunch, Marta had said that she saw Tamara as a lovely older sister, and thanked her for all of the help that she and Jack had given over the years. After they got into the car, Tamara had to help Marta with her seat belt. As it clicked into place, she dwelt on Marta's shapely legs, set off sexily by her red stilettos, then ran her eyes over her small waist and full breasts and finally settled her gaze on her mouth.

"Are, you okay Tamara? Is something wrong with my appearance?"

Tamara didn't speak, still gazing at Marta's lips she moved her head forwards slowly and touched her lips against Marta's. She kissed her gently and sensually; Marta didn't kiss her back but neither did she pull away.

"What are you doing?" said Marta in her Polish accent.

"Kissing you Marta, podniecasz mnie. Czy twoja siostra by cię tak pocałowała?"

"Proszę nie, to dziwne uczucie."

"Weird good or weird bad.?"

Before Marta could answer, Tamara kissed her again and placed her right hand on her left thigh. This time Tamara felt a slight response to her kiss.

"Well, that wasn't the worst kiss you've ever had was it?"

"No but it's not proper for a woman to kiss me."

Tamara moved in and kissed her again, a lengthy kiss this time, she moved her right hand to Marta's waist, then upwards to take the weight of her left breast in her hand, whilst running her thumb over the nipple at the same time.

Marta's had kept her hands on Tamara's shoulder as if she might push her away but now her arms dropped down to her lap, she breathed a sigh and allowed Tamara's tongue to take possession of her mouth.

"Was that like a proper woman's kiss?"

"Tamara you take advantage of me because my English is not good."

Tamara kissed her again and put more pressure on her breast then she lowered her hand and slid it under her dress and stroked the tops of her thighs. Marta was struggling to keep her composure. Her religious upbringing told her it was wrong, that she should push Tamara away, but she also felt highly aroused and enjoyed the feeling, as was evident from the rock hard nipples poking through the thin material of her dress.

"No, I take advantage of you because I want to fuck you and I can tell that you like the idea too," said Tamara, eyes glued to the outline Magda's large hard nipples.

Marta was taken aback, but this time, when Tamara kissed her forcefully, she responded and kissed her back. Tamara felt for her pussy but, as she had already realised, Marta was wearing tights. She managed to make Marta moan with pleasure as she pressed her tights and panty gussets into her mound.

"Marta, you're going to have to start wearing stockings, even if it's only hold ups."

Tamara was aware of the public nature of their kissing and caressing, so she drove Marta to the secluded lane where she'd taken Brendon the previous summer. To make sure that Marta didn't go off the boil, and ask to be taken home, Tamara cupped and caressed her pussy as often as she could whilst driving along. Marta rested her right hand on Tamara's suspender clip through her dress. She was fascinated, as well as turned, on by the item of sexy underwear that she had never worn herself, and had only come across in department store lingerie displays.

They arrived at the end of the lane, it was deserted. Tamara removed her panties, told Marta to remove her tights and panties, and get into the back of the car with her. Marta lay along the back seat on her right side, Tamara lay on her left side and fondled Marta's breasts. Then she kissed Marta and caressed her mound. Marta hadn't yet made any effort to touch her, and Tamara thought she might be unsure of what to do. She got hold of Marta's left wrist and guided her hand under her dress, along her stockings, over the suspender straps and bare flesh before pushing it in between her wet pussy lips.

Marta gasped with delight, she pressed Tamara's pussy then circled her clit several times. Tamara was taken by surprise, she hadn't expected Marta to stimulate her so quickly. She felt a surge of erotic pleasure and suddenly realised she might not be far away from coming.

"Oh fuck Marta."

She wanted Marta to come first so she found her pussy again, and fed two fingers into her wet cunt. Marta let out a long moan.

"O moj Bose, moj Bose."

She slipped a finger into Tamara's cunt and swept it around three times before curling it up to find her g-spot. Tamara was overthrown, she came hard, she'd been fucked by Marta, she'd been taken when she was supposed to do the taking. Marta was insatiable, She manoeuvred herself on top of Tamara and pressed her hip into her mound whilst covering her mouth with sensuous kisses.

Tamara realised that she had awoken a sleeping sex goddess, Marta brought her again with her fingers and Tamara had to ask her to slow down. She asked Marta to sit up against the car door and open her legs, then she went down on her, and took her slowly and sensuously to a magnificent orgasm.

"O moj Bose Tamara, O Bose, ide, I'm cominggggg... Ide." Marta cried out with pleasure.

She wept after she had come.

"Marta, are you okay?"

"To byl moj pierwszy orgazm."

"Your first?"

"Well, the first with someone else."

Tamara looked questioningly.

"Wobec takes his pleasure, two minutes! Then sometimes, when he is snoring, I have my pleasure."

Tamara held Marta tight and kissed her on the top of her head.

"You poor thing, you deserve so much more."

"Nigdy nie bylem tak pobudzony i satisfied," said Marta.

"You are good in bed Tamara, yes?"

"So I have been told Marta. But you are a revelation. Wobec has no idea what a sexual volcano he's sitting on."

"I have given up with him but I... I.. erm... Pragne kogut w mojej pochwy."

"Well we can do something about that. You know that Jack adores you don't you?"

"I don't know this, he is proper with me."

"Marta, he would consider it a privilege to put his cock inside you."

"O moj Bose Tamara, I didn't know this."

"Would you like him to fuck you?"

"Of course, he is sexy and handsome, I have er.. Uwielbiałem go always."

Come on, I'll take you home before you're missed.

Tamara drove Marta home and made a date for her to visit her and Jack at half term which was just three weeks away.

Tamara arrived at home and kissed Jack affectionately on the cheek.

"Hi gorgeous."

"Hi honey. Good day?"

"Wonderful, be a darling and bring that bottle of bubbly and two glasses up to the bedroom in about fifteen minutes, I'm taking a quick shower. Oh, and you haven't forgotten that I'm staying at Alena's tomorrow night?"

"No, be sure to give her my love, I know she'll get yours in abundance," he quipped.

When Jack went up to the bedroom with the champagne and saw Tamara draped seductively on the bed in heels and sexy purple underwear, he knew he was in for a treat."

"Wow, something or someone has lit your fire today. What are we celebrating?"

Tamara stayed silent and just grinned at Jack, like the cat that had got the cream.

"Oh, how was lunch with the lovely Marta by the way."

"It was wonderful Jack, she was insatiable."

"You don't mean... "

"Yes, she's lunching with both of us here at half term, your cock will be on the menu."

"Wow, fuck me."

"Oh, she will Jack, she will."