

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 07

Briterotic

She seduces a girlfriend for Jack.

Mature

4.81

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Chapter Seven: Let It Snow

Early January 1999, the cold, dark days after Christmas and the New Year had produced the customary feeling of gloom in some, but not Tamara. She felt cheerful in the knowledge that her life was full of possibilities as she walked along the corridor having just left the Head's office. She had been asked to become acting Assistant Head with responsibility for the sixth form. She wanted to share her news so she dashed off a text to Jack.

"Hi Love, just been asked to act as assistant head, celebration tonight! xxx"

Sheryl was away on a two day leadership and management course, but Tamara knew that the Head had consulted his deputy on the proposal, so she dashed off another text.

"Hi Sher, Just been offered acting head by Chris, he said you were keen, thanks for putting a word in for me, hope course is okay, looking forward to your return, don't forget Saturday. xx"

The reply came within minutes.

"Hi Tam, congrats you deserve it, course is great, looking forward to Sat! Catch up on Wed xx"

Tamara also sent a text to Alena, who expressed the view that they'd have been mad not to offer her the role and sent love and hugs.

The Head had explained that the governors had approved changes to the leadership structure. The post would be advertised, with a view to filling it permanently from September and, of course, she'd be welcome to apply. Miriam, the Chair of Governors had been 'kept in the picture' and would call in to the school on Thursday, to have a chat with Tamara and welcome her to the senior leadership team.

Tamara called into Sheryl's office on Wednesday morning. They hugged and kissed each other as Sheryl congratulated her. Tamara was delighted that she would still be teaching her sixth form students.

They sat together on two low easy chairs, Sheryl on Tamara's left.

"So how was the course?" asked Tamara.

"Really worthwhile, I think we should get you on the next one, in May."

"That would be great, I'm going to need some training and support, but tell me, any interesting men on the course?"

"No, as usual the best ones were married, I did get chatted up by your old boss Trevor Strong, but who hasn't been? That's the only trouble with these locally run courses, no 'bonding' in the bar in

the evenings."

"And are you still 'wearing'?"

"Wearing? Oh, yes, and I do enjoy the feeling but they're not always comfortable the whole day long."

"I think I might know why, let me see."

"What, here?"

"Don't worry, we can't be seen, and your PA is down in the admin office at the moment."

Sheryl hitched her skirt up to reveal her suspender straps and stocking tops.

"I thought so, the straps and clips are narrow, and there aren't enough of them."

Tamara, reached with her right hand for the strap on the top of Sheryl's left thigh. For a long moment Tamara looked Sheryl in the eye and, still clutching the strap, rested the back of her hand on her leg. The hem of Sheryl's skirt was pulled taut across her thighs, just hiding her panty gusset. Tamara wanted to sink her hand between the soft white thighs and nestle her fingers against Sheryl's mound.

Sheryl was aroused and vulnerable, she looked meekly at Tamara, it was clear that Tamara would decide what happened next. She could see that a nervous looking Sheryl wanted to be touched, but this wasn't the time or place. Sheryl craved the new experience of a woman's hand on her pussy, but Tamara broke the spell. She hitched up her own skirt and showed Sheryl her straps and clasps.

"Look, six broad straps and strong wide, well padded metal clips, you hardly know you've got them on. Don't worry, we'll find something for you on Saturday."

Sheryl, aroused but, at the same time, relieved at being let off the hook by Tamara, admired her stocking clad legs and felt a trickle of juice leave her pussy to dampen her panty gusset.

The following day, Miriam's visit to Tamara was not at all what she had expected. Miriam was a tall, elegant, attractive woman in her late fifties, Tamara had seen her around the school on several occasions. A formal black business skirt suit, crisp white blouse, red and black patterned scarf, and black heeled court shoes adorned her trim figure. Her expensive red dangly earrings, necklace and handbag added class and sophistication. As she sat close to Tamara, skirt tightly drawn over her thighs, Tamara could just make out the tell tale signs of suspender clips.

She was married to a Tory MP from the neighbouring county. Miriam skilfully put Tamara at her ease and they spoke enthusiastically about the future organisation of the sixth form. The conversation became friendlier and less formal, Tamara said that she admired her shoes and asked where she had got them from. As Miriam left, she turned in the doorway, pressed a business card into Tamara's hand and said.

"Look, I know it's not always easy for a woman promoted internally to find her feet in a new role. If there is anything I can do for you Tamara, and I mean anything at all... please get in touch."

She kept hold of Tamara's hand and stroked her thumb over the back of it, while looking meaningfully into her eyes. Then she turned and walked briskly but elegantly along the corridor. Tamara watched her make her graceful progress into the distance and wondered if Miriam had just

made a pass at her. She looked at the card and saw that it contained Miriam's name, and that she was an executive director of a local fashion business. A business phone number was crossed out and replaced by a mobile number written in blue biro. Maybe one day, thought Tamara, she would take up the glamorous Miriam's offer just to see what might come of it.

Tamara and Sheryl met briefly in Tamara's new office on Friday afternoon, at the end of the school day. Tamara put her left arm around Sheryl's waist in an affectionate gesture.

"Jack and I would love you to stay over at our place tomorrow night. If we get the snow that's forecast it's probably sensible anyway. But I don't want to force you or put you under pressure if you'd rather not."

"Thanks, I'd love to, but be gentle with me," laughed Sheryl as she returned the friendly one armed hug.

It took a moment for the two women to realise, that what had started as an affectionate hug had become mutually arousing embrace as Tamara's left thigh pressed against Sheryl's right thigh. Tamara stroked Sheryl's right cheek with the back of her right hand, then, to break the mood, dropped her left hand on to Sheryl's left buttock, gave it a playful squeeze and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"You're being a bit over familiar with your boss Ms. Fox," joked Sheryl.

"I'm yours to command," said Tamara playing the submissive.

"I should be so lucky," quipped Sheryl with a cheeky smile.

"Okay, it's going to be freezing tomorrow, have you got thick woollen stockings?"

"No."

"You can borrow a pair of mine. Boots and a woollen skirt should keep you warm and if they don't, Jack will. We'll eat out tomorrow evening so bring something sexy to wear."

"Sounds like you've got it all worked out. What time shall I get to your place?"

"Ten should be fine, we'll get the train into the city."

Saturday morning was ice cold with a chilly breeze. Sheryl had enjoyed soaping her breasts and pussy in a warm shower. She was excited and nervous about what the day would bring. The closeness that had developed between her and Tamara felt warm and enticing. She couldn't remember exactly when she had begun to contemplate sex with her, but she thought it was probably around the time that Tamara offered to fix her up with Jack. She'd had the distinct impression that Tamara would be part of that package too. She'd played with herself several times recently whilst imagining Tamara's hand between her legs, warming her up for Jack to enter her and finish her off.

Sheryl checked herself out in the mirror one more time before she stepped out into the cold morning. She looked irresistibly cute and sexy in her knee length, heeled, tan leather boots and black opaque tights. A warm, brown, patterned woollen short skirt, and a close fitting orange cardigan were worn underneath a thick camel coloured short coat that finished, like her skirt, six

inches above her knees. A big orange and brown scarf, and her red hair, set off her radiant face with its sparkling blue eyes. She was a woman in the prime of her life and would be drawing admiring glances all day long, especially from Jack.

At the same time, Tamara was putting the finishing touches to her ensemble. Her black 70 denier stockings were clipped to a red six strap suspender belt which matched her red bra and panties. Warm, knee length black heeled boots matched a black, short, tight fitting woollen skirt. A dark red ribbed polo necked jumper was set off by a colourful necklace and earrings. She looked so desirable that Jack would like to have stayed in and made love to her all day long.

The doorbell rang and Jack answered it as Tamara went to find her short warm black coat. His pulse quickened as he caught sight of Sheryl through the glass front door. The attraction was mutual, Sheryl wanted to be swept up by the big, friendly, handsome man that opened the door. They had only met briefly before, but there was an instant chemistry between them.

"Hi Sheryl, you look well, come in out of the cold. Here, let me take your bag."

"Oh thanks Jack, it's freezing and I think it's going to snow."

Jack looked out at the huge snow laden clouds approaching from the east.

"I think you're right, but we're going in on the train so we should be okay."

"Hi Sheryl," said Tamara as she gave her a big hug and kiss.

"We'll have to set off straight away to catch the 10.25. Jack, put Sheryl's bag in the guest bedroom while we just attend to some girly matters."

Tamara took Sheryl up to the main bedroom.

"I love your house Tamara, it's really tastefully decorated."

"Thanks, I like playing with colour and design. We've not got much time Sheryl did you bring a suspender belt?"

"Yes."

"Okay, get those tights off quickly and put these on, they're 70 denier cashmere so they'll be nice and warm," said Tamara handing Sheryl a pair of opaque stockings.

Sheryl quickly took off her boots with Tamara's help, then she pulled off her tights and put on a suspender belt before clipping the straps to the stockings. Tamara couldn't help admiring Sheryl's skimpy black satin and lace panties.

"You're a doll Sheryl, they should be queuing round the block for you."

Sheryl's face flushed a little and she gave a shy smile.

It started to snow as they made the fifteen minute journey to the station. Large flakes of heavy snow floated down and began to settle. They managed to catch their train and found seats together either side of a table. Tamara was telling Sheryl which shops they would be going to when

she spotted Melissa, the conductor, out of the corner of her eye. Melissa had also seen her. She watched Melissa pause while checking tickets to write something onto a small card.

When Melissa reached their seats, she checked Jack and Sheryl's tickets with a glance but she asked Tamara to hand her's over. Tamara smiled sweetly and crossed her legs just into the aisle, so that she could allow her skirt to ride up seductively and reveal the dark welt of her stocking top. Without a word Melissa handed Tamara's ticket back and moved on. Tamara looked at the small card that had been surreptitiously handed to her together with her ticket. On the card was a telephone number written in biro.

"Is that what I think it is?" said Jack.

"Yes, her phone number I guess," said a smiling Tamara showing Jack the card.

"It's the Cambridge code so it must be her home number."

"What am I missing?" said Sheryl.

In hushed tones, Tamara described the events of the train journey home a couple of weeks ago, when she and Jack had been caught fucking in the first class compartment by Melissa. She described how she had taken control of the situation, by exploiting Melissa's obvious desire for her; making her come with a small vibrator. She told Sheryl that Melissa had come like a screaming banshee, whilst bucking her hips in the tunnel that they had just passed through.

"My God Tamara, you're such a slut, I'd love to be more like you. Are you going to ring her?"

"No, she's not really my type at all."

"Oh, what is your type?"

"You."

"You can ring me anytime," said a slightly emboldened Sheryl.

They both laughed and Tamara gave Jack a look that said I'll let you play too if you like.

"The vibrator though, how come you had it with you? Do you always carry one?" asked a slightly incredulous Sheryl.

"When we're out Jack likes me to have one in my handbag just in case an opportunity arises. He gets very turned on at the thought of me using it on myself in public."

"And have you?"

"Not yet but he lives in hope bless him."

Jack smiled, "I think we're going to end up corrupting you Sheryl."

"Good, I'm in desperate need of a little corruption."

Tamara smiled to herself, it was all going according to plan, she had recently become almost obsessed with the idea of watching Jack and Sheryl fucking each other. The thought had pervaded her orgasms, especially those reached at her own hand.

She also resisted the temptation to tell Jack and Sheryl about the other phone number she'd been given recently. She wasn't entirely convinced that Miriam had been trying to seduce her, but she kept the card with her phone number on it, just in case she made a more obvious pass at her. In fact, she hoped that she would as her mind invented a hot little fantasy which included her being caught in bed with Miriam by her MP husband.

The snow was falling as they came out of New Street Station. Tamara asked Jack to lead them to the first shop on their list, it was a specialist lingerie shop not far from the station. The two women looked lovely, sexy and very fuckable, in their boots and short skirts.

Inside the warm shop Jack watched Tamara and Sheryl discussing suspenders, stockings and other lingerie. He was already as hard as iron. At one point, the assistant turned around to search the shelves and Tamara reached behind and felt the protrusion of his stiff cock through his smart expensive jeans.

"I thought so," she said.

Tamara accompanied Sheryl to the fitting cubicles. She didn't go into the small space with her but she talked through the slightly open curtain. Then she said something quietly into the ear of the assistant that neither Sheryl nor Jack could hear. The assistant approached Jack and said.

"Your wife would like your opinion sir."

"Oh, really, er right."

Jack walked over to the cubicle wondering what lay in store for him, he put his head around the side of the curtain. There stood Sheryl in a black teddy, black panties, six strap suspender belt and stockings.

Jack admired her beautiful white breasts, which were covered by the lacy teddy, through which poked her hard nipples. Then he dwelt on the suspender belt, stockings and panties that swathed her hips and thighs. Finally he settled his gaze on her perfect mound as it pushed against her silky panty gusset, and revealed the valley of its little slit formed by her cunt lips. His cock got even harder.

"Utterly magnificent," he breathed.

Sheryl was pleasantly surprised, she'd never had a man look at her like that before. It made her glow with satisfaction and no little arousal. She asked Jack if his visit to the cubicle was Tamara's doing.

"I'm sure it was, but I'm very grateful to her. You do look incredible."

Tamara came over and caught him by the arm.

"Okay lover boy, the thrill's over, stop drooling and let her get dressed."

Sheryl bought the items she had been trying on, and Tamara bought several new pairs of stockings.

It was still snowing heavily as they made their way to a nearby Italian restaurant. A good meal and a shared bottle of wine oiled the wheels of flirtation and seduction. More than once Tamara had

slipped her hand under the table cloth and squeezed Jack's cock. She'd also noticed Jack and Sheryl paying a lot of attention to each other and touching hands at every opportunity.

"I think you two should get a room," said Tamara.

Tamara finished her coffee and whispered something to Sheryl. Sheryl slipped a package from a shopping bag into her handbag and the two women rose from the table and walked toward the ladies toilet. Jack felt a twitch in his cock as he watched their arses sway through the chairs and tables, while their boots sounded a sexy tip tap on the hard floor.

There was no one else in the toilet as they both entered a cubicle and locked the door. Without a word, Sheryl lifted her skirt and Tamara unfastened her suspender clips and belt. Then she gave her new suspender belt to Tamara and turned to face away from her. Sheryl stood still holding her skirt around her waist as Tamara clipped the new six strap belt into place. Then she bent down and carefully attached the three straps on each leg to Sheryl's stockings, ensuring that the straps were comfortable and sitting straight.

"There, you'll be much more comfortable now."

Sheryl, with her skirt still pulled up around her waist, leaned back and pushed her lovely buttocks into Tamara's pussy and breathed deeply. Tamara's right hand moved slowly round to cup Sheryl's mound through her panties. Sheryl gasped just as the door to the toilets opened. They stood completely still in their erotic embrace, Sheryl's panties becoming damper by the moment. They could hear a woman humming a tune as she attended to her make up, then running water, then the sound of a hand drier and eventually the door closing.

They could both breathe again. Tamara badly wanted to slip her fingers into Sheryl's pussy but she resisted.

"Come on, let's go and tease Jack some more. We'll go to Rackhams next, a woman's shopping is never done."

"Great, I'm hoping to find a new dress and shoes," said a still aroused Sheryl trying to sound indifferent to the warm glow in her vagina.

Despite Tamara's plan to watch Jack and Sheryl making love later on, or perhaps because of it, she was highly aroused and wanted to have an orgasm before the afternoon was out. Rackhams would be ideal, if she could get Jack into a quiet, fitting room with Sheryl keeping watch, he could make her come in seconds.

The snow was still falling, and at least two inches deep on the ground as they made their way to Rackhams.

"Will we be able to get home Jack?" asked Tamara.

"If the trains are running I don't see why not. It might be an exciting drive back to the village but I'm sure we'll make it."

A blast of warm air hit them as they passed through the swing doors at the department store. They brushed off the snow and made their way to the lift. Another customer got into the lift with them, but only travelled up one level to the first floor. The customer got out and as the doors closed, Tamara fixed her eyes on Jack's lips and covered them with her mouth.

They kissed passionately, tongues taking possession of each other's mouths.

Sheryl watched, highly aroused by the erotic display as Jack's large left hand caressed Tamara's right buttock and Tamara reached for his cock straining at the material of his jeans.

As the doors opened at the third floor Tamara peeled herself away from Jack and said to Sheryl, "With your help he's going to fuck me in a fitting cubicle."

Sheryl's heart missed a beat, she felt a thrilling sensation in her pussy at the prospect of Jack and Tamara fucking secretly; but in public. The whole of the third floor was dedicated to women's fashion. Tamara led the way to what she thought would be the least used group of fitting cubicles, on the way she paused to take a tight short skirt in her size from a clothes rail.

"I'm going to put this on in here, you're coming in to 'help' me Jack. Sheryl, you distract the assistant, we won't be long," said Tamara with a salacious smile.

Tamara entered the cubicle with Jack and pulled the curtain behind them. She took off her coat and quickly removed her skirt. Jack's overworked cock sprung to attention once more at the sight of her in her boots and stockings. In the meantime. Sheryl engaged the assistant in a search for a cocktail dress.

Jack and Tamara could hear the murmur of their conversation as Tamara squeezed into the tight short skirt she had chosen from the rail. Without speaking, Jack turned her around and she leant forward and placed both of her hands against the wall. Jack pushed the tight skirt up around her hips, unbuttoned his fly and took out his very hard cock. Then he pulled Tamara's gorgeous bottom towards him, bent her further over, and entered her from behind.

Jack's cock forced her wet cunt walls open as she pressed back against him. He shafted her rhythmically and hard, Tamara took her right hand off the wall and reached for her clitoris. She came within seconds and Jack had to put his left arm around her to keep her on her feet. Jack could feel his balls tighten as his semen gathered at the base of his cock. As Tamara came he shot his warm fluid into her and let out a whispered groan of pleasure.

Tamara gave Jack a tissue to wipe his cock while she wiped her juices and his semen from her opening.

"That was awesome Jack, thanks to Sheryl. Now I want you to treat her as though she is your wife for the rest of the day, and tonight. Please do it Jack, I'm finding the idea such a huge fucking turn on. If I can get her to reciprocate, will you do it?"

"God yes, you're right, it's a fucking hot idea."

Jack left the cubicle and found Sheryl still looking at dresses with the assistant.

"Have you found anything you like yet darling?"

A quick thinking Sheryl played along.

"Yes, I think so darling. I like this lilac one, I'll go and try it on."

As Sheryl entered one of the cubicles, Tamara was coming out of hers. She turned and snook into the cubicle with Sheryl. Sheryl changed into the knee length body con dress while Tamara watched, her pussy clenched as she admired Sheryl's body both in and out of the dress.

"Put your boots back on Sher, you'll look even more amazing. I'm going to send Jack in to see you. I've asked him to treat you as his wife for the rest of the day, the thought is turning me on like crazy, will you play along please?"

"Try and stop me Tam, I don't know what you two are up to, but I've never been so aroused, my panties are soaking."

Tamara left and a few seconds later, Jack entered the cubicle. He was mesmerised by the sight of Sheryl in the sexy tight dress and heeled boots, with her suspender straps and clips showing through the material. Despite having just fucked Tamara, his cock dutifully stood to attention again.

"Can I kiss my wife?"

"I'll divorce you if you don't."

Jack kissed Sheryl passionately and pressed his hard cock against her abdomen. He swept his hands down her back, past her small waist and onto her buttocks, pulling her in harder as she willingly responded by grinding her mound into his cock and wrestling his tongue with hers. Their passionate kissing was interrupted by the assistant on the other side of the curtain.

"Ehem, Is everything all right in there madam?"

"Er, yes my husband was just giving his opinion."

"And does he like the dress?"

"Mmm, his reaction was very... solid I'm pleased to say."

Tamara felt she had to buy the skirt that Jack had fucked her in. It was very tight and so short that it was only ever likely to be worn at home, but she didn't mind because she knew Jack wouldn't be able to resist her whenever she put it on. Sheryl paid for her lilac body con dress and the two women made their way over to the shoe department. On the way, Sheryl moved slowly through the racks of lingerie slyly pressing her hips into Jack's hard cock whenever she thought no one was looking.

They were enjoying their erotic act as man and wife, but they had to keep one eye on the possibility of either of them bumping into people they knew. Jack left the two friends to their own devices in the shoe department. He sat contentedly aroused, watching them trying on sexy shoes and ankle boots. Inevitably, they both left the shoe department with a pair of shoes, then announced their desire for coffee and cakes in one of the store's cafe's.

By now it was late afternoon, it was only a short walk to the station but the snow had settled three inches deep and both women had to hang on to Jack to stay upright. Jack felt on top of the world, with a very attractive woman on each arm, and in the certain knowledge that he was going to fuck them both before the day was out.

Several trains had been cancelled but, luckily, their train was still running. It meant though, that the carriages were full and it was standing room only for the three lovers. In the last carriage, they found space in the area between the doors. It was an open space but a panel on either side by the doors obscured the view of all but a couple of the seated passengers.

Sheryl leaned back into Jack and pressed her right hip against his cock whilst Tamara looked on approvingly. Jack put his left arm around Sheryl's waist and pulled her in even closer, her nipples hardened at the feel of his warm breath on the back of her neck. Tamara leant into them both and pressed her right breast into Sheryl's left arm. Then she surreptitiously slipped her right hand between their bodies and squeezed Jack's erection, before feeling for Sheryl's rearmost suspender strap and caressing her beautiful shapely buttocks.

All three of them were very aroused.

"I hadn't realised just how much I loved crowded trains," said Tamara as she caressed them both.

Now she got Sheryl to turn so that she had her back to her. She reached under Sheryl's skirt, and ran her hand up along her stockings to the bare flesh at the top of her thighs. Jack moved in front of Sheryl to hide her from view.

Tamara slipped three fingers of her right hand into Sheryl's panties and massaged her wet pussy. Sheryl let out a long, low sigh and felt behind her for Tamara's hemline. She managed to get as far as a suspender strap before Tamara had to help her, by lifting her skirt higher and guiding Sheryl's hand inside the top of her panties. The two women were now fondling each other's clits and becoming very aroused.

Their breathing became heavier, but they tried to stay as quiet as they could. From Jack's position, he could see most of the other passengers, and he realised that one or two of them were beginning to glance in their direction. He knew that they were building toward their orgasms, but he also realised that they wouldn't be able to come without it being obvious. He turned quickly and embraced Sheryl before kissing her lightly on her lips. This was enough to break Tamara and Sheryl's grip on each other's pussies, and for them to realise that what they had been about to do would have been noticed.

Then he took the fingers of Sheryl's left hand in his mouth and sucked Tamara's cunt juices from them. Jack, and a frustrated Sheryl, leant into each other for the rest of the journey, whilst a frustrated Tamara contented herself with standing behind them, licking Sheryl's sweet, salty residue from her fingers and then fondling her backside. The dark noisy tunnel gave her the opportunity to put her hand up Sheryl's skirt again and rub her perineum through her panties for a few seconds.

"Mmmm," Whispered Sheryl "please promise you'll fuck me later."

"Count on it darling, you're Jack's wife don't forget, and I really want to fuck Jack's wife."

"God Tam, your sex play is so fucking decedent, you're filling me with lust, I'm gagging for it."

"I'll fill you with more than lust you sexy little slut. I'll steal you away from your husband and fuck your naughty little pussy until you come so hard you'll beg me to stop."

Sheryl shuddered with desire and clung on harder to Jack. He had heard their dirty exchange and was equally aroused.

"And don't you forget that she's my wife," he whispered to Tamara, "I'll bind your arms and legs so that you can't cause any trouble, and make you watch me fuck my wife, the object of your desire."

Now Tamara's pulse quickened at Jack's fantasy, her juices seeped into her panties and she pressed her erect right nipple into Jack's elbow.

The train shot out of the tunnel into the growing darkness, it had stopped snowing and the surrounding countryside looked beautiful in its heavy white cloak. The three lovers looked at each other with anticipation and desire.

Jack had to clear thick snow from the car windows. Tamara had wanted to get in the back with Sheryl, but Jack knew she was still role playing and testing his resolve to protect Sheryl's honour. So he ensured that Sheryl sat in the front with him, this also pleased him because he could look at her legs.

The car soon warmed up but the journey was difficult and slow. As they passed the barracks, Tamara was reminded of another difficult journey that had led to her being taken, initially against her will, but soon with full abandon, by the sergeant and the sexually domineering Lucinda Davenport.

Jack managed to get them home without incident, despite the car slipping and sliding on the compacted snow. Even then, Sheryl couldn't resist teasing him by crossing her legs and allowing her skirt to ride up to her stockings tops.

"Are you trying to get us all killed?" he asked Sheryl with a laugh as he tried to keep his eyes on the road.

Sheryl thought he was probably right, so she pulled her skirt down and straightened her legs, little realising that she still looked so fucking sexy in her tight skirt as its pencil cut tapered down to her knees and boots. Jack also had to contend with the breathtaking attractiveness of Tamara's face in his driving mirror. Her warm hazel eyes giving him the come on every time he looked at her reflection.

They were all pleased to arrive safely at Jack and Tamara's warm welcoming house. Jack phoned the restaurant to cancel, then asked whether he should put the kettle on. Tamara was excited that it had started snowing heavily again, so she opened up the conservatory doors and asked him to open a bottle of champagne that they had left over from New Years Eve. The conservatory warmed up quickly and Jack sat with Sheryl's head on his shoulder while Tamara showed her stocking tops and a mile of thigh on the other settee.

They sat watching the snow in the dark; not wanting any neighbours to see Sheryl cosying up to Jack. She kissed his neck and placed her right hand on his left thigh. Jack put his left hand on Sheryl's right thigh and ran his fingers around her suspender clips through her skirt. Tamara smiled a satisfied smile and fantasised about making them come simultaneously by wanking them off together. She imagined their heads rocked back, loudly groaning their pleasure at her skilful touch. Then her pussy clenched as she imagined the same scenario with their hands tied behind their backs and at her mercy.

They enjoyed a magical, peaceful half an hour drinking champagne and watching the soft snow flakes drifting in the near darkness. But they were all hungry, so Tamara asked Jack to make them something to eat whilst she and Sheryl dressed for dinner. Jack left the two lovely women alone in the conservatory, and thought how lucky he was as he started to assemble pasta and a carbonara sauce.

Tamara put the lights on low and moved over to sit with Sheryl. She took her by the hand and asked her earnestly.

"Are you okay with all of this? You would say if it all became too much for you."

"It depends what you've got in store for me," joked Sheryl, "I really want this Tamara, I want to make love to both of you so, yes, I'm more than okay with all of this. Why, are you going to give me safe word?" as he chuckled.

"Okay, I asked for that, you're a big girl and can look after yourself."

"Tamara, you're both lovely decent people, I feel completely safe."

"We'll have to do something about that," joked Tamara.

"By the way, thank you in advance for initiating me into the art of making love to another woman."

"God, I hope you like it after all of this build up."

"I know I will, I want you more than any man I've ever been with, but there is just one thing that is worrying me a little. I don't know if I'll be able to accommodate Jack, I've er, I've felt how big and hard he gets. My ex and Martin were both smaller men."

"Right, well don't worry, you've given birth once so you're designed to let something much bigger than Jack through your vagina, and he is very experienced, he'll know if he needs to be gentle and ease himself in slowly. Okay?"

"Okay, I'm reassured, and very fucking aroused by you both."

"Let's go and get dressed for sex, and remember our little game? You're Jack's wife tonight and if he doesn't look out I'll seduce you and take you for myself."

"Mmm, Tamara, your mind is wonderfully dirty and erotic."

"Come on let's tease him some more," said Tamara.

They took each other by the hand and stood in the kitchen door looking sultry and accessible in their short skirts and knee high boots. Tamara caressed Sheryl's buttocks as she spoke to Jack.

"I'm taking your wife up to the bedroom, we're going to get showered and changed, and I'll try very hard to keep my hands away from her pussy, but when we come back down, you'll need to treat her well and keep her satisfied, or she'll be unfaithful to you... with me!"

Jack wiped his hands, walked over to them, took Sheryl in his arms and kissed her deeply and forcefully as if putting his marker on her.

"Dinner will be ready in about forty minutes darling, I'll bring you both a glass of wine up in a while, just so I can check on you, don't be led astray by this slut," he said as he winked at Tamara. She smiled seductively and led Sheryl upstairs.

Tamara and Sheryl made a pact to keep their hands off each other before dinner. Tamara used the en-suite shower, and Sheryl used the shower in the main bathroom. They both enjoyed soaping themselves and caressing their breasts and pussies at almost exactly the same time. They thought of each other and they thought of Jack as their nipples hardened to their touch.

They also got dressed in different rooms to avoid temptation. Tamara applied her make up, glossy red lipstick to go with her already red nails and perfect eye make up, that set off her beautiful hazel

eyes. Dark brown hair longer on the left side of her face, and dangly black earrings, together with a black stud earring, completed her look. She put on a pair of black panties and a black bra, then a matching black six strap suspender belt, before unfurling barely black seamed stockings up her legs. She looked very sexy and elegant as she took care to fix each clip carefully to the welt of her stockings.

Tamara stood up and stepped into her short tight red dress. The hem was mid thigh, just a couple of inches below the welt of her stockings, the v-neck bust line showed off her cleavage and the wide straps sat just off her shoulders. She put on a black necklace as a finishing touch, stepped into black four inch heels, and walked across the landing to the room where Sheryl was getting ready.

"Can you zip me up please Sher?"

"Wow Tamara, you look fantastic, so sexy, I'm salivating. You can return the compliment in a minute, I'm nearly ready to put my dress on."

"You can leave it off if you like. You look fucking adorable in that new six strap and stockings."

Sheryl wore her new black underwear, she'd painted her lips with Tamara's light pink lipstick and her fingernails in a matching shade. She took great care not to damage her nail polish as she pulled Tamara's zip up slowly, admiring the curve of her buttocks into her waist. Sheryl was an inch or so shorter than Tamara, who now seemed to tower over her in her four inch heels. The parallel lines of her seamed stockings made her look taller and even sexier if that were possible.

Sheryl finished applying her make up while Tamara watched her with covetous eyes. Her dark red bobbed hair and long silver earrings set off her sparkling blue eyes. She stepped into five inch high cream stilettos with a pointed toe. Tamara almost flooded her panties, her cunt spasmed for several seconds. Sheryl stood there looking utterly perfect, her beautiful, well proportioned body clad in sophisticated black underwear and nude stockings and stilettos making her shapely legs look long and luscious.

She stepped into her lilac, knee length long sleeved dress with a plunging neckline and asked Tamara to zip her up. Tamara's right hand trembled a little as she pulled the zip up, she just wanted to pull Sheryl in close and squeeze her breasts. Sheryl smoothed her dress down in front of the mirror in such a seductive manner that Tamara thought she was going to burst with lust for her.

"We're showing our suspenders through our tight dresses," observed Sheryl.

"Yes, that's probably a look for 'home entertainment' if you get my meaning, if we were going out in these dresses it would have to be hold ups, but never tights, Jack would be horrified."

The two women stepped carefully down stairs in their high heels and met Jack in the hallway as he was going up for a quick shower and change of clothes. His face was a picture, he didn't know who to look at first.

"Fuckkk! You two look... fucking sensational."

"Thank you darling," said Sheryl.

"Yes thank you Jack, you lucky, lucky man. Where was the wine by the way?"

"Sorry, time got away from me. It's open in the fridge, help yourselves."

While Jack was showering, changing into clean socks and tucking his semi erect cock into his clean briefs, Tamara poured Sheryl and herself a good measure of Fiano wine and they sat together in the lounge. Jack had put the fire on so the room looked cosy. Tamara had closed the conservatory doors and drawn curtains across them. Although the lighting in the lounge was subdued, she didn't want to put on a sex show for the neighbours.

"Well Jack's wife, how long do we allow him to neglect you before I seduce you?"

"You had me seduced the day that you convinced me to wear stockings and offered to fix me up with Jack. I knew then that there was something special about you, but you've become irresistible, I want you so much. I want Jack as well, he's a sexy bastard and he just does something to me, I feel like a desirable woman in his presence, and that cock, I can't wait to see it and feel it inside me."

"God, you're almost making me come. Tell me, how many men have you had?"

"Just the two you know about, and one who ejaculated all over me in uni, because he came before putting it inside me."

"Well I can understand any man coming as soon as he looks at you, but I'm really surprised that you didn't have a string of lovers before you got married."

"Oh, if I could have my time again, I met my ex in the second year at uni and that was that."

"Do you masturbate?"

"Wow, you don't mess around do you?"

"Well?"

"Yes, I've never had really satisfactory sex, I used to wank off when my ex had had his fun and rolled off me to go to sleep. As soon as I could hear him snoring, I'd play with my clitoris, if I managed to come it was quietly, under my breath. I only did it once in the day time and he came home early and caught me with my hand up my skirt and inside my tights and panties, he said it was disgusting and didn't he satisfy my needs? I snapped and told him a few home truths, that was nearly three years ago, we separated a week later. He tried to divorce me for unreasonable behaviour; my solicitor more or less told him to fuck off."

"Have you ever used a vibrator?"

"Tamara!"

"Have you?"

"Okay, yes, after we separated, I couldn't get enough of it once I'd started, it was fucking incredible, I fell in love with the bloody thing, It had me on the ceiling every night for months."

"What did you fantasise about when you came?"

"God you don't take any prisoners do you? I used to fantasise about people I knew, husbands of friends and neighbours, my next door neighbour's twenty six year old son, sixth form students, and, I have to confess, some of my women friends and colleagues, including my next door neighbour's twenty four year old daughter. Then it started to feel a little empty and soulless, and I made the mistake of thinking that Martin had a pulse and that was that."

"When did you last do it? Masturbate I mean?"

"Jesus Tamara, last night if you must know, with Jack's cock in my mouth and you eating my cunt. Are you satisfied now?"

"Very, you're a dirty little slut and I want you more than ever, if your husband doesn't show soon, I'm going to force myself on you, I could pin you down and take you without the slightest difficulty."

Sheryl felt her pussy clench as Tamara's made her threat, she knew that if Tamara took her by force she wouldn't resist. The sexual tension between them simmered and threatened to boil over, but Jack made an appearance just in time. He had put on a clean white casual shirt and his navy blue linen suit. Tamara and Sheryl switched their attention to him as he sat them down at the dining table and served them with food and wine.

The carbonara was judged to be delicious and they both fondled his buttocks as he collected their dirty plates. Conversation was flirtatious and humorous, with Tamara playfully threatening to steal his wife. He served ice cream and chocolate sauce for dessert and, after coffee, he opened bottle of port and led them both into the lounge.

They relaxed in the lounge, Tamara on the two seater sofa, and Jack and Sheryl on the long three seater.

"Put some music on Jack, something mellow that we can smooch to."

Jack put on a Norah Jones cd. As he turned around he saw Tamara pulling Sheryl up from the sofa and embracing her in a slow dance hold. Tamara took the lead and put her right hand in the small of Sheryl's back and her left hand on her shoulder.

"You don't mind if I dance with your wife do you?" as he said as she pulled Sheryl in closer.

Tamara and Sheryl danced slowly and seductively to several numbers, Jack sat watching, highly aroused; his cock so hard it was aching. Tamara in her short red dress, seamed stockings and heels, Sheryl in her tight knee length body con dress, stockings and towering heels. Their breasts, waists and buttocks doing full womanly justice to the cut their sexy outfits.

Tamara whispered to Sheryl, "Kiss me, it will drive him wild."

The two women kissed long and sensuously, Tamara's right hand on Sheryl's left buttock. As their lips parted and they came up for air, Tamara released Sheryl and sat down on Jack's right, she pushed him back against the sofa and kissed him hard whilst unzipping his pants. Then she gestured to Sheryl to take his shoes, socks and pants off. As Sheryl did this, Tamara removed his jacket and shirt. Jack sat naked except for his briefs, through which bulged his straining cock.

The two women were standing in front of Jack now and Tamara kissed Sheryl again. A strand of saliva connected their lips as they paused before their mouths met again. Tamara reached behind Sheryl and started to undo her dress, then she turned her around and finished pulling the zip down. The dress fell to the floor and Sheryl stepped out of it, picked it up and threw it onto the small sofa.

Jack's eyes were like saucers, his cock was twitching frantically as he looked at Sheryl in her stockings and stilettos. Now Sheryl turned Tamara around and undid her dress. Tamara stepped out of it and threw it on top of Sheryl's discarded dress. Jack drank in the sight of two beautiful sexy women in stockings. They embraced and kissed again, Tamara's right hand reaching around and

expertly releasing Sheryl's bra fastenings. Sheryl moved behind Tamara, her firm bare breasts swaying slightly as she moved. She removed Tamara's bra then massaged her breasts from behind, at the same time pushing her mound into Tamara's buttocks.

"Your wife wants me Jack, you're going to lose her to me, she can't resist, she knows I'll give her satisfaction."

Jack stood up and pulled down his briefs, his erect cock rebounded back and slapped against his abdomen; and stood upright in all its glory. Sheryl looked in awe, Jack pulled her away from Tamara and kissed her forcefully, she grasped his cock, it felt huge in her small hand and harder than she could ever have imagined. She melted into him and he lowered her onto the large sofa.

Jack was on Sheryl's right, he leaned over and kissed her again, whilst playing with her breasts and hard nipples. Tamara removed her panties and knelt down between Jack's legs, Sheryl had hold of his cock and was massaging it slowly with her right hand. She felt Tamara's lips close over the head of Jack's cock, Tamara pushed Sheryl's hand down to the base of his cock and took the top four inches in her mouth. Jack shuddered, and groaned as he continued to kiss Sheryl.

He slipped the fingers of his right hand inside Sheryl's panties and she gasped with delight as he massaged her clitoris. Sheryl broke away from the kiss breathing heavily and stroked Tamara's hair as Tamara sucked on Jack's cock. Tamara responded by releasing Jack's cock and pulling Sheryl's panties down. She left them dangling around one stiletto heeled foot, before burying her head between Sheryl's thighs and masturbating Jack with her left hand. Tamara traced the outline of Sheryl's cunt lips, pushed her tongue into the entrance to her vagina to taste her sweet juices then sucked and teased her clit.

Jack and Sheryl were powerless to stop her, she had them in her control, gradually bringing them closer to orgasm, then letting them subside. She continued this teasing pattern for several minutes, until they were both desperate to come. Then, when she had got them both to fever pitch, she calmly got up and moved over to the small sofa, put both feet on the coffee table, opened her legs wide and began to stroke herself. Jack and Sheryl were beyond aroused by the sight of Tamara masturbating, and by the state she had left them in. Sheryl pulled Jack down on top of her and grasped his cock, her cunt was soaking wet.

"Fuck me Jack, for God's sake fuck me."

Jack slowly fed his cock into her tight little pussy, an inch at a time. Sheryl's cunt walls had not been so stretched since childbirth over twenty years earlier. She found it mildly painful at first but exhilarating. It took some time for all seven inches to fill her, and when Jack started to move very gently, she hung onto his muscular shoulders and looked over at Tamara who gave her a sultry look while she continued to masturbate.

Jack felt confident that he wouldn't hurt Sheryl so he ground into her slowly and sensuously trying to hold off his orgasm to match hers. He didn't realise how close Sheryl was to coming. Stimulated both by Jack's magnificent cock, and watching Tamara masturbate, she started to moan loudly.

"Ohhh, fuuuccckkk, ohhh, Jack, Jack fuck me, take me, ohh God Jack fuck me hard please, I can take it, please fuck me hard."

Tamara watched Jack's buttocks rise and fall, she saw Sheryl clinging to his neck and shoulders and heard her moaning loudly with pleasure. Tamara moved her fingers even faster and came to a climax.

Jack thrust into Sheryl as she looked over at Tamara who was now coming hard herself, as Tamara's squeals got louder, Sheryl came in an erotic explosion. She thrust her hips at Jack's cock and her orgasm burst over her, Jack shoot his load into her while gently holding her face and throat. Sheryl began to cry tears of joy.

"Jesus Jack that was wonderful, wonderful, I've never felt anything like it, you took me to heaven, oh Tamara, he's incredible, I'm sorry I shouldn't cry but I'm so happy and elated, I've never come like that in my life and watching you come was the icing on the cake."

Jack eased himself off Sheryl and Tamara came over and hugged her friend.

"It's okay to cry sometimes when you come. Do you want to come again to make sure it wasn't a fluke?"

"God yes."

"Okay, we'll give Jack a breather, he can watch his wife being fucked by her girlfriend."

"Oh God yes. I'm still tingling though, just give me a few minutes to savour it then you can fuck Jack's wife," grinned Sheryl.

Tamara and Sheryl embraced on the long sofa. They looked magnificent together in just their heels, stockings and suspenders. They stroked each other's arms and breasts and kissed softly as their arousal grew. Jack was entranced as he watched their beautiful slow, dreamy foreplay. Tamara lightly squeezed Sheryl's hard nipples before putting her mouth over her left breast, Sheryl let out a long, soft sigh, tousled Tamara's hair and opened her legs wide.

Tamara took the hint and reached with her right hand for Sheryl's pussy. She placed the whole of her hand over her mound and left it there without moving it. This made Sheryl roll her hips so that she could press her mound against Tamara's hand, and feel pressure on her clitoris. Sheryl took Tamara's face in her hands and eased her upwards until their lips met, they kissed sumptuously and Tamara moved her thumb over Sheryl's clit, whilst inserting two fingers into her cunt.

"You might be Jack's wife... but you're my slut... and I'm going to fuck you," whispered Tamara between kisses."

"Ohhh! Yes please."

Tamara circled her long middle finger around the roof of Sheryl's vagina, searching for her g-spot. She found it, Sheryl gasped and arched her back. Tamara manoeuvred her onto her back and lay along side her, playing her pussy like an instrument with her expert fingers.

Jack watched in a state of high arousal, his cock pointing skywards again. He'd put on his big navy blue dressing gown, in which he reclined on the small sofa. The dressing gown was open and he played with his cock as he watched the smouldering sex scene in front of him.

Sheryl's breathing became ragged as Tamara roused her then let her subside time and time again. She whispered dirty erotic words into her ear.

"How do you like that girlfriend? How do you like being fucked in front of your husband? Did you ever dream a woman could do this to you? Did you ever imagine that you'd want a woman's hand in your pussy this much?"

Sheryl was taken to the very precipice of an orgasm by Tamara's words and fingers, before she removed her hand and let some of the heat out of Sheryl's pussy. Sheryl became so desperate to come that she tried to touch herself but Tamara was too strong for her and she pinned her hands above her head with her left arm so that she could continue playing Sheryl's pussy with her right hand.

"You're going to have to beg for your orgasm."

"Please Tamara, please don't tease me any more, I can't take it, please fuck me now, please. You want to watch Jack's wife come don't you?"

Jack watched Tamara play with Sheryl like a cat with a mouse. Sheryl's breasts wobbled as she struggled but Tamara kept her pinned down. Jack wanted to come but he also wanted Tamara to ride him as soon as she had finished conquering Sheryl.

Tamara pushed three strong fingers into Sheryl's cunt and massaged her g-spot. Sheryl arched her back, her cunt was on fire, she lifted it skywards and emitted a loud feral groan, her juices flowed over Tamara's fingers. Still coming, she broke free from Tamara's grip and turned her onto her back. Tamara's fingers had become detached from her so Sheryl grabbed Tamara's right hand and shoved it back inside her together with her own fingers.

Now she lay on top of Tamara, still in the midst of a juddering orgasm, and fucked herself with both hers and Tamara's fingers for all she was worth. Tamara could feel her fingers being forced against the top of Sheryl's vagina. She was taken aback, she had no idea how Sheryl had found the strength to turn her onto her back whilst in mid orgasm.

As Sheryl's orgasm subsided she found Tamara's wet cunt with her fingers and teased her in the same way that she had been teased. Now Sheryl had the upper hand.

"Now I'm in charge, you'll do as I say, my husband is going to fuck you whilst you eat my cunt."

Tamara was soon overwhelmed by Sheryl's fingers, she came fiercely, moaning loudly in Sheryl's ear. Then she did as she was told. Sheryl sat back on the sofa, legs spread wide apart, Tamara knelt in front of her and buried her face in Sheryl's pussy, Jack threw off his dressing gown, knelt down behind Tamara, raised her hips and sank his cock in her wet cunt.

Jack rhythmically stroked his cock in and out of Tamara, she grunted with delight as she sucked, nibbled and licked Sheryl's pussy. Sheryl and Jack locked eyes and watched each other become more aroused.

"I'm glad you brought this slut home with you, she's got a mouth to die for."

"She's got a cunt to die for too," said Jack.

Tamara grunted and kept working on Sheryl's insatiable pussy. As she came she sucked harder on Sheryl's clit then licked her juices from her opening. Jack knew that he could make Tamara come again and again in this position.

Tamara came again straight away, thirty seconds later she came again, Jack eased off for a minute then fucked her to another orgasm, then another. She came five more times in the space of a few minutes. Sheryl was stunned, she was also becoming more and more aroused as she watched Tamara come time after time.

"Make my wife come slut."

Tamara pushed her fingers inside Sheryl and continued to lick her clitoris. Sheryl gasped and reached orgasm almost immediately, this triggered Jack and he thrust powerfully into Tamara whilst he shot his come into her cunt. Tamara came again, as soon as Jack withdrew from Tamara, Sheryl pulled him toward her and swallowed his still hard cock.

She loved the taste of Tamara on Jack's cock and she kept him hard. Then she got him to lie on his back as she pleasured herself yet again on his cock. Sheryl shuddered and juddered to her fourth orgasm of the evening as she straddled Jack. She fell back exhausted and Tamara immediately lowered herself onto Jack's cock and used him for her eleventh orgasm.

Sheryl and Tamara lay in each other's arms completely spent. Jack's cock began to subside, he put on his dressing gown, sat on the sofa and enjoyed a glass of port with Tamara and Sheryl's heads on his lap.

"I had no idea that I would be able to come so many times. And you Tamara, how do you do it? You just keep coming."

"In the right circumstances I can come endlessly, Jack brought me fifteen times once, and I think I could have kept going even then."

"Wow, you're insatiable. But I'm just as surprised by myself, that was something else, I've never come more than once before tonight. Can we go away for a dirty weekend at half term? The three of us in bed together for a whole weekend."

"I'd love that Sheryl and I know Jack would, wouldn't you Jack?"

"Fuck yes."

Half an hour later, Jack roused the two sleeping beauties. He had been reluctant to disturb them because they looked so fucking desirable, snoozing with their heads on his lap, still wearing their stockings, suspenders and heels. Tamara had spooned into Sheryl and was holding her like she would never let her go.

Jack suggested that they all go up to bed but Tamara said she wanted a cup of tea so she'd join them later. This was part of her plan, she knew that Jack would make tender love to Sheryl. She wanted them to fall for each other, she knew that she would always be Jack's and he would always be hers, but she wanted him to have a girlfriend that she trusted, so that she felt less guilty about indulging in all of the erotic adventures that came her way.

The bedroom door closed and Jack embraced Sheryl and kissed her softly. In her five inch heels she was still a good way short of Jack's six foot three inches. He sat her down on the dressing table chair and crouched between her legs. On by one he undid her black suspender straps and carefully gathered her nude stockings toward her feet. After removing her heels, he peeled off her stockings, shook them out and placed them over the back of the chair. Sheryl loved the careful attention he was giving to her and her underwear, she'd never known such tenderness from a man.

Jack took hold of her hand and helped her up from the chair. Without her heels, she looked tiny next to him. His cock started to engorge at the sight of her shapely petite body, pert breasts and hard nipples almost touching his torso. He turned her gently and unfastened her suspender belt

and placed it over the back of the chair with the stockings. Then he led her over to the window and opened the curtains wide enough for them both to look out onto the magical snowy street scene. With just one low bedside light on, they were in no real danger of being seen.

Sheryl stood in front of Jack and moulded into his large frame. His hard cock nestled in the cleavage at the top of her buttocks his large hands covered her breasts.

"Look at the moon Jack, isn't it beautiful, so round and luminous."

"It pales in comparison to you."

Sheryl knew he was being kind and romantic for her sake and she loved the feeling. She'd rarely felt happier as she stood wrapped in his warm body, looking out at the thick covering of snow that reflected the bright moonlight.

Jack turned off the bedside light and opened the outer curtains as far as they would go. Moonlight bounced off all of the snowy surfaces outside, and flooded into the bedroom through the voile net curtains, giving an ethereal look to the walls, floor and bed. Jack lowered Sheryl onto her back and they kissed deeply and with a growing warmth. They broke their kiss and she smiled at him, her eyes sparkling in the moonlight.

It was a bewitching moment, she looked utterly beautiful, her dark red hair ablaze in the reflected light. Jack wanted the moment to last and he lay on top gazing at her, his cock hard and nestled into her hairy mound. He stroked her hair as she reached for his cock and guided to the entrance to her vagina. Without a word, he plunged all seven inches slowly into her grateful cunt. The walls of her vagina rippled and parted as he pushed his girth into her. She gasped and pulled his head toward hers so that their lips could meet. She breathed hard into his mouth, then kissed him whilst moaning under her breath.

Jack began a long slow series of thrusts that stroked the walls of her tight cunt. Sheryl was in heaven, she felt aroused and elated by the slow gentle probing of Jack's large cock. She started to move with him as he began to gyrate his hips in a circular motion. She held on to his shoulders and kissed him again, now she clung to his neck and wrapped her legs around his waist. Jack felt so big and strong compared to her petite frame. She felt as though she was floating on a cloud of ecstasy, whilst being slowly and deliciously fucked. She felt Jack's firm muscles moving in his back and shoulders as he rhythmically shafted her willing cunt.

They stayed locked in their erotic embrace for minutes on end, Jack slowly and skilfully massaging her cunt walls with his cock, so that she stayed in sexual limbo, half way towards an orgasm. They didn't hear Tamara push the door ajar to watch them making love. She felt a surge of desire as she watched Jack's muscular buttocks and back slowly rising and falling in the ethereal half light.

She decided not to disturb them and went back downstairs to find her handbag from which she removed her small vibrator. Then she got into bed in the blue room and entered her own land of fantasy where Miriam, the Chair of Governors was on the receiving end of her strap on cock, and Evan fucked her in the alleyway.

Jack and Sheryl had been fucking none stop for over thirty minutes, pre-orgasmic sensations had radiated from her thighs, and groin along her legs and into her abdomen.

A constant arousal had pulsed through her pussy, leaving a feeling of floating somewhere near the ceiling. She'd never known a man last more than two or three minutes before, so she revelled in her

long, luscious fuck with Jack. But now she was ready to come, to explode, Jack sensed it and started to shaft her a little more forcefully with slightly harder, quicker strokes of his penis in her vagina.

Sheryl felt her senses catch fire, the pulsing in her pussy spread throughout her body, nerve ends tingled and her cunt walls started to spasm. Small orgasmic bursts went off in her brain, Jack's body and cock felt as hard as iron. She surrendered to the growing, overwhelming sensations flooding into her pussy, grabbed Jack around his neck, locked her legs around his waist and lifted her cunt, bucking and thrusting into him.

He responded by pushing into her with long, rapid thrusts and she came in crashing waves of ecstatic, orgasmic delight, arching her back and shuddering her hips, squeezing his cock with her cunt walls until she had not an ounce of energy left. Jack's spunk that had welled up in his balls and gushed along his shaft now spurted in hot strands against Sheryl's cervix. As she felt it coating her vagina, she breathed a long quivering sigh and then lay spent beneath him.

"Say goodnight to Tamara and please fuck me in the morning," she said dreamily before her eyes closed and she drifted off to sleep; Jack's cock still inside her.

Jack withdrew slowly and reluctantly, he covered her with the quilt and went to find Tamara.

Tamara had just had her third vibrator induced orgasm, she had relived the moment when Daniel had his hand up her skirt in the car after Annie's party. Only this time she didn't stop him and his fingers took possession of her cunt, before she sat astride his cock, whilst Annie and her sister-in-law, legs spread wide apart, masturbated each other in the back seat.

"Wow," she thought, "incest can be so fucking erotic, as long as it's not my family."

Jack came quietly into the room, he watched her place the vibrator on the bedside table.

"I hope I haven't interrupted anything?"

"No, just finished."

"Who were you thinking about?"

"Daniel and his mother in the car together, I fucked him while she and Annie had incestuous fingers inside each other, fuck knows where that came from but it was electric."

"Do you want me to get in with you?"

"Yes, I do, but go back and get in with Sheryl. Sleep with her, wake with her and fuck her in the morning. She adores you, I can tell. You know she said that she wants us to have a dirty weekend next month."

"Yes."

"Well, I want you and her to go alone. I want her to be your girlfriend, I know she's not looking for a permanent relationship at the moment, so she can be yours, as long as you don't mind me fucking her now and then," grinned Tamara.

"Something tells me you've got other plans."

"Maybe, I want to invite Alena to stay with me for a weekend and I'm contemplating allowing myself to be seduced by an MP's wife. Then there's Celia's son Ben, I know I said it was a one off

but I can't stop thinking about him, I know he's only twenty five but fuck, he's hot. I want him to fuck me in the car, then I promise I'll leave him alone"

"I'd also like to play a bit closer to home, I know we have a 'don't shit on your own doorstep' rule but I want to seduce Zelda, she's got a gorgeous body and there's something very sexy about her, it's the way she looks at me sometimes, the vibes she gives off, I may be wrong but I think she would be receptive. I've got a fantasy about fucking her with a strap on against a wall in the primary school admin office where she works."

"Fuck me Tamara, that's quite a list, go for it darling but remember, I want the details, and be careful with Ben and Zelda, they're very close to home, you'll have to make sure you can trust them. Who's the MP's wife? Is it your Chair of Governors?"

"Yes, I knew you'd be turned on by all of that, now go back to Sheryl and let me get some sleep."

Jack got back into bed with Sheryl and allowed his cock to harden at the thought of the new adventures that Tamara had just outlined to him. He wanted to fuck her whilst listening to her describe more details of her intended conquests, but he was tired too. He drifted off to sleep dreaming of fucking Sheryl again in the morning. He loved the idea of a Tamara approved affair with her.

Tamara closed her eyes and glowed with satisfaction, her already long string of conquests was going to get longer. Her darling Jack would have two women in his life from now on, and she would have whoever she wanted, whenever she wanted, wherever she wanted. She cupped her pussy with her left hand, and her breasts with her right hand, and fell into a deep delightful sleep full of erotic dreams.