

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 08

Briterotic

She seduces and dominates her grateful conquests.

Mature

4.81

14k words

Chapter Eight: The Queen Of Clubs

Tamara's plan had worked, just as she had hoped, Sheryl had been enthralled by Jack. She stayed in bed with him all of the snow bound Sunday morning after the shopping, seduction and sex of the previous day. They fucked several times before Tamara joined them. She sent Jack to prepare brunch whilst she and Sheryl indulged in mutual fondling and fingering, which inevitably ended with them eating each other's pussies; muffled orgasmic squeals and groans escaped from mouths full of cunt.

Over lunch, the three lovers set out the boundaries of their relationships. Jack and Sheryl were to see each other, discretely, about once a fortnight and Tamara might occasionally join them or see Sheryl alone. Sheryl went home in the mid afternoon before it got dark, there was still snow and ice on the roads, so Jack followed her just in case she needed assistance.

She invited him in just long enough for him to fuck her from behind, bent over her dining table, with her skirt around her hips. Her heeled knee length boots, stockings and suspenders had Jack hugely aroused, he soon felt his come surging through the shaft of his erect cock to coat the walls of her cunt. Sheryl kept pace with him by using her right hand to finger herself, she came hard. When he returned home, Tamara gave him a knowing smile and expressed the hope that Sheryl had left him with enough 'energy' to satisfy her later on.

The first school governors' meeting of the Spring term took place on a Tuesday evening in the last week of January 1999. As well as the usual attendees, the meeting was watched by two 'unofficial' observers. Tamara's car was being serviced, so Jack had given her a lift to work and picked her up again in the evening. He had to work later than usual and didn't get to the school until after 7.30pm.

Jack knew where Tamara's office was so he went up to let her know he had arrived.

"Oh hi honey, let me just put these files away and I'll be with you. Good day at work?"

"Long one, I'm looking forward to us opening a bottle and getting cosy."

"Easy tiger, we've got to eat first, let's pick something quick up, or do you prefer the pub?"

"Good idea, let's go to the pub, the grub's okay there."

Tamara put her coat on. She was wearing a red, polo necked, tight fitting jumper, black knee length skirt that was cut on the bias, a black six strap suspender belt, barely black stockings and four inch black heels. Jack thought she looked ravishing as usual.

They walked along the corridor past the library and saw, through the glass doors, that there was a governing body meeting in session. Tamara could see Miriam looking very, professional and sophisticated in an expensive grey skirt suit, pale blue shirt and black high heeled court shoes.

"There she is Jack, doesn't she look sexy and supremely assured?"

"Yeah, I can see the attraction."

In one corner of the library, there was a half glass cubicle office, which could also be accessed from the corridor. Shelves full of books stood in front of the glass windows, so it wasn't possible to see inside from the library, but Tamara knew that it was possible to see into the library from the office, by peering through the bookshelves. The door into the cubicle office from the library was closed.

"In here," gestured Tamara, "but be very quiet, close the door carefully," she said in a whisper.

From their vantage point, Tamara and Jack could see Miriam clearly, sitting at the head of a long set of tables. Voices were muffled, so they could only sense the tone of what was being said, rather than the content. Miriam looked almost regal, her body language was confident and professional as she commanded the whole room. Tamara was turned on by her. Jack stood behind Tamara and caressed her buttocks under her coat; she became even more aroused and gave a soft moan as he lifted her skirt and pushed two fingers inside her panty gusset from behind as she bent over slightly to look through the bookshelves.

"Is she turning you on?"

"God yes, and so are you, you bastard."

"Would you like to fuck her?"

"Fuck yes, she's so in control and assertive. Look at those gorgeous long legs, I'd love to feel her breasts... get my hand up her skirt and my fingers inside her panties; make her dance to my tune."

Jack was massaging Tamara's clitoris as he spoke and she was becoming very aroused, "Then you'd push her skirt up and get her on her back and pull her panties off to reveal her pussy. How would you like her high heeled legs wrapped around your waist while you fucked her with your strap on?"

This tipped Tamara over the edge.

"Ohh, fuck Jack, I'd love that. I'd love to make her beg for it. Ohhh! Jack, oh God, ohhh, I'd love it, oh fuck, I'm coming, ohh, you know I'd love to dominate her you bastard," whispered Tamara as she came.

Jack's cock was bursting but they could hear footsteps, and keys jangling in the corridor. They decided it was too risky push their luck any further. They smiled and said hello to the caretaker on the way out. As Jack drove them home, Tamara unzipped his fly and kept him hard until he took a diversion along a quiet lane and pulled into a secluded gateway. She sucked him off, his semen coating the back of her throat.

Two days had passed since the governors' meeting, Tamara lived in hope that, the next time she saw Miriam in school, she'd be able to determine whether or not there was any prospect of being seduced by her. But today, she had other things on her mind. She had managed to acquire Ben's

mobile phone number. For the past few months, since she seduced him at his parents party, she had fantasised about being fucked by him in her car somewhere local and daring. She texted him during morning break.

"Hi Ben, it's Tamara, are you still at a loose end?"

"How do you mean?"

"Are you available if I need some urgent work doing?"

"Yes, is it special private work?"

"Yes, you could say that, I've got a gap in my... schedule that needs filling."

"I still dream about the last time I filled your schedule."

"Can I meet you at the village hall tomorrow night at ten?"

"Ten, you sure?"

"Yes ten, but make sure no one sees you."

"Okay yes, see you then."

The village hall was about a quarter of a mile from Tamara's house, usually an easy walk but she wasn't dressed for walking. Jack had a key to the hall, he had acquired it somehow as part of his role on the local parish council. The hall was well used and considerably warmer than the car on a freezing January night. Tamara knew that the Friday evening yoga class finished at nine thirty and the hall would be vacated by nine forty five.

She dressed for sex, wearing only a six strap suspender belt, black fish net stockings and black five inch heels; her bra and panties had been left in her drawer. Over these sparse garments she wore a stylish mid-grey mackintosh, with the collar up, and a tie belt. Jack wished her happy fucking as she deliberately flashed her stockings tops at him whilst swinging her legs into the driver's footwell. It was dark and cold as she pulled off the driveway.

As she pulled up outside the village hall she could see a figure lurking in the shadows of the porch way. With some relief she recognised Ben as he stepped into the sodium glow cast by the streetlight. Ben was wearing jeans and a jumper with a warm jacket, his heavy one day old beard growth made him look even more desirable to Tamara.

"Good, you're on time, and you look fucking hot as usual," said Tamara as she unlocked the main door.

"So do you, you're like the world's sexiest private detective."

"Come on through to the back room."

"What's in there these days?"

"A snooker table, I hope you've brought your balls and cue"

Before Ben could think of a witty reply, Tamara strode across the main hall toward the door to the back room, her hips and coat tails swaying sexily. Once inside the room, Ben reached for a light

switch, but she grasped his hand and stopped him.

"Leave the lights off, we don't want anyone disturbing us do we?"

"No, I suppose not."

As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, Ben realised, with the help of a nearby security light shining through the narrow windows near the ceiling, that he could see that Tamara's throat and cleavage were uncovered. His cock twitched as it dawned on him that she might be naked under her coat. She looked stunning in the half light, eyes sparkling and mischievous and the most arousing 'follow me home and fuck me' shoes Ben had ever seen.

"So, your mum tells me that you're engaged now?"

"Er, yes... I er..."

"Don't worry, no one is judging you, I screw around now and then and Jack loves it."

"Really?"

"Yes really, your father sniffed around me a few times in the past and I might have obliged if he'd ever been sober. Where does your fiancé live?"

"Barnham, on the new estate, just down from the show house."

"Mmm, you can show me later but right now I want you to fuck me on the snooker table"

Tamara undid her belt and let her mac fall slowly off her shoulders revealing her scantily clad body. Her breasts hung perfectly and her hairy mound looked inviting. She looked stunning and Ben's eyes drank her in.

"Fuck me Tamara, you're fucking incredible."

"No Ben, you fuck me, now, on here. I want you naked," she said as she sensuously eased her backside, then her stocking clad legs, onto the snooker table and laid back on her elbows with her legs spread wide open. Ben hurriedly undressed and climbed onto the table like a big cat stalking its prey. His cock was already at full stretch as he sank his hips between her legs and kissed her hungrily. She grabbed the hair on the back of his head and pulled his face into hers, their mouths locked together in an urgent kiss. Then she reached down with her right hand and took charge of his cock, bringing it close to the entrance of her cunt hole.

As she guided him into her she said, "Ride me, fucking ride me you gorgeous bastard, I want your beautiful cock, ride me hard."

Ben grunted.

"Ummph, urrgh, I won't last, you're such a fucking turn on, I won't last."

"This isn't a long night of passion, just fuck me hard, I'll sit on your face if you come too soon."

Ben did as she instructed, he thrust into Tamara as the snooker table creaked and the balls clicked in the pockets. She wrapped her legs around his waist and urged him on.

"Fuck me, fuck me with you big hard cock you bastard, fuck me, come on, fuck me, do it, do it, give it to me, aarghh, ride me, fuuucckk, fuck, come on ride me..."

Ben was beside himself with red hot desire and arousal, he couldn't keep it in any longer. Tamara's lewd declamations, combined with her alluring sexual presence, led, inevitably, to him releasing his load into her cunt in several powerful spurts. As he came she felt the heat of his desire, his cock and come filled her and she roared her orgasm into the room; she held onto his shoulders as his pelvis thrust his cock into her like a piston.

When he had sufficiently recovered, Ben said, "That was amazing, I've had more than my fair share of attractive young women, but none of them can hold a candle to you."

"Thank you Ben, that's very flattering coming from you."

"It's true. Do you want to sit on my face now?"

"No, I've got a better idea, come on."

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see."

Ben got dressed quickly and followed Tamara. They got into her car and she drove to the new estate in Barnham. Tamara distracted him by telling him how she had fantasised about him when he was an eighteen year old in the sixth form at school. She described how she'd wanted to wank him off in the male students' shower after finding him alone and naked in the changing rooms. Ben's cock gradually enlarged again as he listened to her erotically charged fantasy. He had hardly noticed that they had pulled up on his fiancé's street.

"Which one is it then?" asked Tamara.

"Third on the left, with the light on upstairs."

"Does she live alone?"

"No, she's sharing with her sister, why?"

Tamara pulled up outside the house and switched off the engine. The curtains were closed and no one stirred in the house. There were no street lights yet at this end of the road. She reached over and pulled Ben toward her, deftly undoing his fly and getting a grip on his cock.

"Tamara, no, we'll be seen."

"Nonsense, it's pitch black and even if she does look out of the window, she'll have no idea whose car it is."

Tamara soon had Ben rock hard again, she clambered across to the passenger seat to sit on her prize. She sat facing forwards so that she could cup his balls, this had him half way to an orgasm in no time. With her free left hand, she took his left hand and pressed it onto her cunt lips. She thrust her hips and caressed his balls whilst he rubbed her wet pussy. Tamara came first, grunting with effort and delight, Ben soon followed, as he did so, the bedroom curtain moved slightly and a face peered out into the darkness. It was Ben's attractive fiancé, her hand shading the reflection of the

bedroom light on the window, trying to make out shapes in the darkness. She looked directly at the car for several seconds but couldn't make anything out so she gave up and closed the curtain.

"Oh fuck, she saw us, I know she did."

"No she didn't, relax, she couldn't see a thing. But what you must never forget is the night that your girlfriend looked right at us, while you fucked me. And if that doesn't make you rock hard every time you shaft her then nothing will."

"My God you're an artful, dirty bitch Tamara."

"And don't you forget it stud."

"Right, I'll take you home now, but two things: first you must promise me that if you ever marry that lovely girl, you'll fuck me on your wedding night; and second, if you ever breath a word about me to anyone, I'll nail your underpants to her door with a sign saying Ben fucked me here. Got it?"

"Yes Ma'am, God, I wouldn't mess with you Miss Miles."

"It's Ms Fox now Ben."

"Mm, fox by name and foxy by nature."

Tamara smirked to herself as she drove back to the village, She'd got Ben exactly where she wanted him and she'd been deadly serious about fucking him on his wedding night, a fact that she impressed upon him again before she let him out of the car at the top of the lane where he lived.

Jack had waited up for her, she almost dragged him into the lounge, opened her coat and laid on her back on the large sofa looking so irresistible, that Jack hurriedly removed his jeans and t-shirt.

"I take it that it was a successful night then?"

"Ben's cock was inside me just five minutes ago, I want your cock now, I want you to come inside me and your fluid to mingle with his, it's the nearest I'll ever get you to another man's prick so I'm going to enjoy it."

Half term was approaching and Tamara had arranged for Alena to stay with her over the first weekend. She was back with Jed again but she needed a 'fix' of Tamara.

"I'd gladly leave him for you honey but I know that you and Jack are inseparable," said Alena on the phone.

"You're right darling, he's the one, not necessarily the only but he is the one."

Sheryl was delighted at the prospect of getting Jack to herself for a weekend. They planned to stay in a secluded self catering bungalow on the Suffolk coast. Sheryl didn't want to 'skulk' around for the whole weekend so they planned to eat at a popular restaurant on at least one evening. But all of that was still two weeks away.

On the day after being fucked by Ben, Tamara crept up behind Jack as he had just finished cleaning his teeth and was just about to begin shaving. He was completely naked, so she put her left arm around his waist and reached around for his cock with her right hand. Jack murmured his approval

as she pressed her nipples and mound into him, got him hard then wanked him off into the hand basin.

Later, in the afternoon, she wanked him off in kitchen the as he was preparing the evening meal. This time, spoon still in his hand, erect cock poking out of his fly, his come spattered onto the tiled floor. Tamara almost, but not quite, hoped that they would be seen by their attractive neighbour as she looked out of a back bedroom window whilst doing her needlework.

Back at work on the following Wednesday, Tamara bumped into Miriam in the corridor near her office. Miriam was dressed like a chic, sexy 50's housewife, in a flared green dress that emphasised her bust and waist, a matching black bag and heels, and black dangly earrings and pearl necklace. The two women exchanged pleasantries and gravitated toward Tamara's office. They stood together just inside the doorway.

"So how is the new job going?" asked Miriam.

"Very well thank you, I really appreciate your support."

"Good, good, I love to see a smart, intelligent women being successful. it's not easy doing a responsible job, looking so well presented like you do and running a home. We all need a helping hand sometimes... Well look, I must dash, but don't forget, if there is anything else I can do for you, please don't hesitate to ask," said Miriam as she held Tamara's right elbow in her left hand and clasped her right hand with hers.

Tamara thought the word "anything" had been given a certain emphasis.

They looked intently into each other's eyes for a moment then Miriam left and Tamara watched her sexy progress along the corridor to the Head's office. She was as sure as she could be that she had been hit on again by Miriam. She decided to probe a little further. That evening at home she texted Miriam.

"Hi Miriam, you said again today to let you know if there's "anything" you can do for me. Just wondering if you used the word in its most intimate sense?"

"Yes, I believe I did."

"In that case, I assume that "anything" includes fucking me?"

Tamara held her breath, if she had misjudged things it could have been disastrous.

"Yes, but I was thinking more along the lines of you fucking me."

Huge relief preceded Miriam's next message.

"You must delete these texts, I can't afford to take any risks. I'm in school again next Tuesday and will call on you. What time are you free?"

"11.30 or 2.30."

"Can we make it 3?"

"Teaching then but can leave students for five mins."

"Good, your office at 3."

The weekend arrived and Tamara and Jack went for a drink in their local on the Saturday evening. They bumped into Joe and Zelda who lived around the corner from them. Tamara's heart leapt, she'd told Jack that she'd had the hots for Zelda for quite a while and that she hoped that Zelda might be receptive.

Tamara knew Joe well, he used to baby sit for her sons over a decade ago. She quite fancied him and had almost thrown herself at him one night after arriving home from a night out with her ex husband. Her ex had gone to put the car in the garage whilst Tamara paid Joe for babysitting. He was in his early twenties at the time and she was thirty five. She was a little tipsy and had kissed him as she pressed the bank note into his hand. Joe had been turned on by the kiss but was embarrassed so he left hurriedly and the incident was never mentioned again.

Now Joe was married to Zelda and, if anything, Tamara fancied Zelda more than Joe. She was blonde, tall and leggy with a perfect bottom, firm breasts and a slim waistline. She wore a tight fitting sleeveless striped top and a black suede mini skirt. Her black fishnet stockings and knee high boots left Tamara highly aroused. Zelda explained that she was dressed as a Bond girl; they were going on to a party later.

Jack sensed that Tamara wanted to get Zelda alone so he engaged Joe in conversation. Tamara slowly edged Zelda away from Joe and it wasn't long before they were several feet away in the crowded pub.

"Well I must say you look stunning Zelda. You'll have to fight the men off tonight, and probably some of the women too."

"Thank you Tamara, you look pretty fucking hot yourself."

Tamara was in a tight knee length green skirt that buttoned up one side. It just showed hints of her suspender clips depending on how she sat or stood. Her black high heels and barely black stockings matched her tight black polo neck jumper.

The two women continued their light hearted yet serious banter.

"Thank you, that's a compliment coming from a babe like you."

"You mean Bond girl surely."

"Oh, absolutely, and the sexiest Bond girl I've ever laid eyes on."

"Oo stop it, we'll have to get a room at this rate." Laughed a tipsy Zelda.

Tamara's whole being was aroused and her fluid started to seep from her pussy. She touched Zelda's skirt and brushed the back of her right hand along her left thigh feeling for suspender clips. Zelda didn't pull away.

"Mmm that's a beautiful skirt, where did you get it?"

"I've had it years, Oasis I think."

"Lovely suede and very sexy. Can you wear stockings with it?"

"I am, long hold ups that finish right at the top of my thighs."

Tamara's panty gusset developed a wet patch.

"I just love the feel of stockings, don't you?" said Tamara.

Zelda let Tamara take hold of her hand and press it lightly against one of her suspender clips through her skirt.

"Oh Tamara, you temptress, Jack's a lucky man."

Jack came over with fresh drinks, double gin and tonics to help Tamara with her seduction.

"Here you go girls, message from Joe, Zelda, he says you'll be off to the party in about twenty minutes."

"Okay Jack, thanks."

"And you're a lucky woman, he's a sexy bloke isn't he?"

"He is, and he lets me play away sometimes," said Tamara with a 'come hither' look in her eyes.

"Do you mean?"

"Yes, he gets off on it. Keep it to yourself though, we try to be very discreet.

"Wow, how many men have you er... played away with?"

"About a dozen or so... but that's only half the story."

"What do you mean?"

Tamara gave Zelda one of her meaningful, alluring looks.

"Oh wow Tamara, you don't mean...?"

"Yes I do."

"How many?"

"You'll be number twelve."

"Oh my God Tamara, you're flirting with me."

They were half way down their drinks and both feeling uninhibited. Zelda was nicely 'lit up,' she'd already had two doubles before this one.

"I thought you were flirting with me!"

Zelda's cheeks burned and her pussy tingled just a little.

"God I feel half pissed already."

"Don't change the subject, you were flirting with me and enjoying it."

"Okay, okay. I find you very sexy, I always have."

"The feeling's mutual, what are we going to do about it?"

"God, Tamara, I'm out of my depth here, I don't know how to do this."

"Finish your drink and come to the 'ladies' with me."

When they arrived in the ladies toilet, Zelda needed to use the facilities, so Tamara waited outside the cubicle pretending to see to her make up if anyone came in. Zelda finished and opened the cubicle door, Tamara eased her back into the cubicle and locked it again. Zelda had her back to the wall so Tamara fixed her eyes on her lips and moved toward her. She pressed Zelda against the wall and kissed her long and sensuously. Zelda responded and soon their tongues were exploring each other's mouths.

Tamara felt Zelda's breasts then moved her right hand down under her short skirt and up over the lacy tops of her hold ups, she loved the feeling of running her hand over course nylon before soft bare flesh. She pressed her fingers into the valley between Zelda's cunt lips and stroked her through her panty gusset. Zelda gave a breathless gasp and kissed Tamara even harder. She felt for the buttons on Tamara's skirt and began to undo them.

The door to the toilets opened and they both froze. Someone went into the adjoining cubicle and started to pee. Tamara and Zelda's spell was broken, they crept out quietly and rejoined the throng in the pub.

"Come on Zelda, we've got to get moving."

Said Joe as he moved toward the door.

"Okay, I'll see you outside in a mo."

"What now?" Zelda asked Tamara.

"Have you got your phone?"

"Yes, just in case the baby sitter needs to contact us."

Tamara found her number and showed it to Zelda.

"Here put this in your phone and send me a message, then we'll have each other's numbers. You can let me know when you've got a couple of hours to yourself and I'll pop round for a coffee and a slice of you."

"Joe usually takes the kids swimming on a Saturday afternoon."

"Okay, I can't do next Saturday but two weeks today should be fine."

"Okay, I'll be in touch."

They hugged and Tamara surreptitiously squeezed Zelda's hand. Zelda swept out of the pub feeling slightly pissed but elated and very, very naughty. She relived the sensation of Tamara's fingers against her mound as she settled next to Joe in the car.

"Success?" asked Jack."

"Hook line and sinker, I almost had her in the ladies. She's going to text me."

"Good, let's have one more then we'll go home and fantasise."

Late morning on the following day Tamara received a text message from Zelda.

"What happened last night? Did we almost fuck in the toilets?"

"Yes, very nearly."

"Hangover this morning so just needed to check that we did actually make out and it wasn't a dream."

"You know we did. Still up for it?"

"Wow! Yes. I can't stop thinking about it."

Zelda said she'd be in touch with a date.

On the Tuesday of the last week before half term, the Head asked Tamara whether she could attend a two day 'Future of Sixth Forms' conference in Milton Keynes at the end of the month. Someone had dropped out and the organisers were looking for a replacement. Tamara agreed to attend and said she'd make the arrangements.

Three o'clock arrived and Tamara found Miriam sitting in her office.

"How can I help you Mrs Bingley?"

"Well I rather thought that I'd be helping you Tamara."

"I think maybe we can help each other, I'm completely at your service."

"Perhaps if I explain you'll appreciate my particular desires. I'm Chair of the local Conservative women's group, Chair of Governors here at the school and a director of several companies. I spend my life with people at my service, It would please me enormously if I could... serve you so to speak."

Tamara sensed that Miriam wanted to be submissive.

"Mmm, yes, I'm sure that can be arranged, after all, you are speaking to the author of the school's discipline and behaviour policy. I might have to be very strict about its application in your case."

Miriam seemed to tremble slightly under Tamara's gaze then she recovered her composure a little.

"I cannot stress enough how careful we must be, I have indulged in... let's call them 'extra curricular activities' over the years, but only with women I trust, can I trust you? In my position, I cannot afford to be caught out."

"Don't worry, leave the arrangements to me, my partner Jack knows an estate agent who owes him a big favour. He's already spoken to her, It'll be a secluded, furnished but unoccupied house on her books and she thinks it's for Jack and his bit on the side. Send me some evenings or weekends when you're free."

"Okay, I trust you, you seem to have everything under control, I'll wait to hear from you."

Miriam offered Tamara her hand, Tamara took it and pulled her closer.

"Not everything under control just yet, but it will be."

Tamara cupped Miriam's left breast with her right hand and brushed her nipple with her thumb, Miriam pulled her hand harder onto her breast and breathed out a fluttering breath.

"You're a very naughty lady, I can see I'm going to have to punish you."

Miriam trembled again, her nipple was hard underneath Tamara's fingers. Tamara gave it a tweak and released her.

"You can go now, let me know when you're available."

Tamara watched her walk along the corridor with a little less self assurance than she had shown on previous occasions.

The following day a text message arrived on Tamara's phone.

"Thursday next week in the evening."

Tamara replied with two messages:

"I will pick you up from Wellington Business Park car park at 7 and drop you again afterwards;"

"Stockings and heels will be compulsory, you will call me Mistress and will only speak when spoken to, is that clear?"

"Yes mistress."

Half term arrived and Tamara and Jack spent the first weekend with their lovers as planned. Tamara welcomed Alena and Jack accompanied Sheryl to Suffolk. Both couples enjoyed good restaurants, sexy dresses and lingerie and long, sumptuous sessions of love making. By the time Tamara and Jack got back together on the Monday afternoon they were full of lust for each other and keen to give the details of their weekends during their foreplay.

On Wednesday, Tamara met her friend Mary for lunch at the Tapas restaurant. They exchanged their news and Tamara was intrigued by the latest developments with Annie and Daniel. Mary told her that Annie and Daniel had split up and Annie had moved back to the area. Her brother refused to have anything to do with her but his wife, Daniel's mother, had visited her to try to rebuild their relationship as sisters in law. Mary had seen them having a quiet lunch together in the restaurant of a local garden centre a couple of days earlier.

The meeting was a little tearful, Annie's sister in law had comforted her more than once by putting her hand over Annie's and leaving it there. Later, in the car park, Mary had seen them hug warmly as they said goodbye to each other. Annie's sister in law had given her an affectionate kiss on the cheek and hugged her tight again. Mary had stood just inside the exit watching all of this, hoping that she wouldn't be seen. As Tamara listened she imagined the sisters in law in the back of her car again, with their hands up each other's skirts. This time Daniel was absent from her fantasy.

"Are you okay Tamara, you're miles away?"

"What? Oh yes, sorry, I was just thinking how difficult it must be for both of them."

Tamara spent most of Thursday looking forward to putting Miriam under her spell. Jack had previously made arrangements with the female estate agent that he had caught masturbating in his

bedroom a year ago. She had been surprised that he had contacted her after such a long time but, still being alarmed at the prospect of losing her job, she readily agreed to provide a vacant house for him.

Jack watched Tamara getting ready. It was excruciating because she looked so incredibly erotic by the time she had finished, but he knew that she was off limits. She looked stunning in a tight black leather jacket, unbuttoned to her cleavage, a low cut black and red basque, a tight black leather skirt, very high black stilettos and nearly black stockings with seams. Her suspender straps and clips protruded through the leather skirt and the outfit was completed by the riding crop that she flexed between her hands. Her lips and fingernails were scarlet and she wore long teardrop jet black earrings.

Jack watched her put on her long grey coat that concealed her outfit until she was ready to reveal herself to Miriam in all of her intimidating glory. His cock was near to bursting and even he was a little anxious about which Tamara would return home later.

Tamara pulled into the car park at the business park. She spotted Miriam's large Jaguar XS and parked a few spaces away. The car park was well lit and Miriam, looking anxious, quickly got out of her car and teetered sexily to where Tamara was waiting. She let out a sigh of relief as she settled into the relative safety of the passenger seat next to Tamara. She was terrified of being seen and recognised.

"Mmm, you look very appealing Miriam but are you wearing stockings as instructed?"

"Yes mistress."

"Show me."

Underneath a very well cut, stylish cream long coat Miriam wore an elegant flared blue dress that showed off her bust and waist. The dress had white detailing around the collar, short sleeves and belt. At her throat she wore a very expensive pearl necklace with two strands of pearls. As she lifted the flared skirt up over her thighs, she revealed nude stockings held up by an expensive four strap white satin suspender belt and beautiful white satin panties. Tamara took in the erotic sight from her suspender straps along her shapely legs to her four inch high cream court shoes. Her matching clutch bag and small creamy white fascinator made her look the epitome of sexy 50's upper class chic.

Miriam's gorgeous, classy appearance left a large damp spot in Tamara's panty gusset. She felt a surge of lust spread through her pussy, thighs and abdomen. She wanted to drag Miriam into the back seat and take her forcefully with the strap on cock that was nestling in her leather bag, along with other instruments that would seal Miriam's submission.

"Mmm, very nice, very nice indeed."

Miriam gulped and tried to steady her breathing. She'd had flings with women in the past but she'd never felt such an urge to submit, Tamara's erotic beauty and considerable sexual charisma had cast such a spell over her that she was powerless to resist. She couldn't work out why she felt so meek and passive in Tamara's presence, all she knew was that Tamara had somehow tapped into a deep, erotic need for her to be utterly dominated and sexually humiliated.

"It'll take about twenty minutes to get to the house, if you displease me on the way I will punish you hard, do you understand?"

"Yes mistress I understand."

Miriam removed her coat and sat looking very, very desirable in her flared dress.

"Good, now open the glove box, take out the wand vibrator and use it on your pussy."

Miriam did as she was told, she sat with her gorgeous stocking clad legs spread wide apart and played the wand on her cunt lips and clitoris through her panties. She began to moan softly. Tamara struggled to keep her eyes on the road as her pussy twitched excitedly. Miriam's arousal grew steadily and her breathing became ragged, she emitted such soft sexy little breaths and moans, that Tamara came close to having a spontaneous orgasm.

Tamara knew that Miriam was also close to coming.

"Stop that now you dirty little slut, that was just to warm you up."

Miriam shuddered with guilty pleasure at being called a slut.

"Are your panties nice and wet?"

"Yes mistress, very."

Miriam's dress was still up around her hips, Tamara reached over with her left hand and pressed her fingers hard into her mound, Miriam gasped.

"Oh mistress, that feels good."

"I told you not to speak unless spoken to, you have displeased me now and you will be punished."

Tamara withdrew her hand as she said this, and left Miriam's cunt crying out for stimulation. She noticed Miriam's right hand slowly move between her legs.

"Stop that you slut, leave yourself alone and pull your dress down."

Tamara knew the town that she was heading for. She'd lived there for a while with her ex husband. She found the secluded house on a quiet street in the suburbs. It was very dark as the two women got out of the car and made their way to the front door, Tamara carried her bag of 'essential' equipment. The frontage was concealed by a low wall and mature trees and shrubs, so they felt quite safe as Tamara put the key into the lock. She opened the front door, switched on the light on the landing, and instructed Miriam to go upstairs. The skirt of Miriam's dress swayed sexily up the staircase and it was all Tamara could do to keep her hands off her lovely submissive.

They entered the large main bedroom. There was a king size bed with a long padded seat at its foot. Tamara removed her coat to reveal her dominatrix outfit, Miriam's chest heaved with arousal and mild panic. Tamara held the tip of her riding crop under Miriam's chin and spoke in a menacing tone.

"You have failed to show me proper respect. You were expressly forbidden to touch yourself without my permission."

"I'm sorry mistress, please forgive me."

"No, there is no forgiveness, you will be punished, it's the only way that you will learn to obey me without question."

Tamara removed the riding crop from under her chin so that Miriam could drop her head in shame and tremble slightly.

"Now slut, take off your dress and get on your knees in front of me."

Miriam shook slightly, she found it even harder than usual to unzip her dress, so Tamara pulled the zip down without ceremony. The dress fell off her shoulders and she stepped out of it and placed it on a chair. Then she knelt in front of her mistress. Tamara took hold of her head with her left hand and pulled it against her mound, pressing hard against her leather skirt.

"Can you feel my pussy in your face slut? You're going to worship it later but first I'm going to teach you a lesson. Stand up. Don't move."

As Miriam stood in front of her, Tamara removed her panties with the end of her riding crop by hooking it into the waistband on each side in turn and pushing them down until they fell to the floor around Miriam's ankles. Then Tamara walked slowly around behind her and, with one hand, skilfully unclipped her white satin bra and let it fall to the ground too.

Miriam stood there in just her suspenders, stockings and high heels with her pearl necklace and earrings completing her seductive feminine appearance.

"Get on your knees and lean over the seat longways."

Tamara took the soft red rope from her bag and bound Miriam's wrists to the legs of the stool at one end, and her knees to the legs at the other end. She could feel Miriam trembling at her touch as she lay prone, face down over the padded seat, with her shapely buttocks and cunt on display from behind.

"What are you going to do mistress?" Asked a faintly alarmed Miriam.

Tamara realised that Miriam didn't want her rectum penetrating.

"Relax bitch, I'm only interested in your cunt."

Miriam let out a sigh of relief and her juices started to trickle out of her pussy. Tamara saw the wetness seep slowly over her labia and down her left leg. Standing behind Miriam, she removed her tight leather jacket, skirt and panties and fitted her new large double strap-on cock that penetrated her as well as her intended fuck. She knew that Miriam was very wet so she knelt down behind her, parted her swollen labia, and thrust the cock up into her waiting cunt.

Miriam gasped.

"Oh God."

"You've asked for this bitch."

Tamara fucked Miriam with long thrusting movements until she judged that they were both close to coming. Then she pulled out, got up and moved to the side of the stool.

"Are you frustrated now slut?"

Miriam was desperate for her orgasm, she had fantasised about how Tamara would fuck her for several days.

"Yes mistress, please fuck me, please make me come, I'll do anything you ask, but please fuck me."

"Silence bitch, clean my cock."

Tamara pushed the cock, still smeared with Miriam's juices, into her mouth and made her suck it. Miriam's head lay on one side as Tamara fucked her mouth with the cock.

"Do you understand that you are my fuck toy from now on?"

Miriam nodded her head as best she could with a mouth full of strap-on cock.

Tamara felt elated, she was in total control, and loving every minute of teaching her posh bitch a lesson, she untied her arms and legs.

"Now lie on your back bitch."

Miriam did as she was told and Tamara tied her arms and ankles to the seat legs and stood over her looking at her vulnerable exposed pussy.

"Do you like being fucked slut?"

"Yes mistress."

"Do you enjoy being put in your place by a strong woman?"

"Mmmm, ohhh yess."

Tamara lowered herself onto Miriam's helpless womanly body and entered her again with the strap on. She began shafting her slowly and deliberately.

"How do you like this slut?"

"Take me please, please make me come, please mistress."

Do you promise to be obedient from now on slut?"

"Yes mistress, yes, I'll do whatever you say but please fuck me, I want to come."

"You are my bitch from now on, and only mine. You will kiss my feet and lick my pussy whenever I desire it, you will always wear stockings and open your legs for me whenever I command you to do so, you will kiss my pussy and submit to me always, is that understood?"

"Oh I will, I will mistress, please make me come, please"

"Will you be an obedient bitch for me?"

"Yes, yes mistress."

Tamara had been teasing and tormenting Miriam by bringing her close to orgasm and slowing down again. Miriam couldn't have concealed how turned on she was if she'd wanted to. Tamara quickened the pace she could see the arousal in Miriam's submissive eyes.

"Will you always be a dirty little slut for me?"

"Yes, God yes mistress, please make me come, please. I'm your obedient bitch now, I'm your submissive slut, I'll do whatever you want but please make me come."

With this Tamara thrust hard into Miriam and gave her a sound fucking. Miriam's whole body, still bound to the seat, jolted in time with Tamara's powerful thrusting, her breast moved in time with the motion imposed on her by Tamara. Her face contorted and her breathing became heavy as her cunt clenched and she came long and loud in a crashing orgasm. Tamara's cunt was on fire, the cock had stimulated her too and she needed satisfying. She untied Miriam from the seat then tied her hands behind her back. Then she sat on the seat, spread her legs and commanded Miriam to lick her pussy,

"Lick me you fucking slut, eat my cunt, make me come bitch, drink my juice and push your tongue inside me... That's it bitch eat me, fucking eat me you dirty little slut... Ohh eat meee, fuuuckkk."

Tamara pulled Miriam's face hard into her cunt and came with a moan and a shudder.

"Don't look so pleased with yourself bitch, we're not done yet."

"I'm sorry mistress."

Tamara moved Miriam on to the bed, hands still tied behind her back. She refitted the double ended dildo, giving a small sigh as she pushed it into her wet cunt. Then she sucked and licked Miriam's breasts until she was wild with desire, arms still bound tight and unable to resist.

She eased the other end of the dildo once more into Miriam's grateful hole.

"Now lets see what you've got bitch, I've always wanted to fuck a Tory wife, to bind her and humiliate her, make her come until she begs me to stop."

Miriam was utterly defeated and submissive by now, but she raised her hips to meet Tamara's thrusting, their mounds rubbed together as Tamara forced the dildo in as far as it would go; Miriam came again with a delicious second orgasm. She could never remember having so little control and so much satisfaction.

Tamara removed the dildo and released Miriam. Then she laid face down on the bed and commanded Miriam to kiss her buttocks. Miriam did so with enthusiasm and Tamara became even more aroused. Miriam licked her and kissed each shapely buttock like the subservient bitch that she had become. Tamara raised herself onto her knees and Miriam willingly licked and kissed her perineum, then used her tongue to lick Tamara's cunt from behind. Feeling Miriam's mouth and tongue between her legs from behind turned Tamara on incredibly; it wasn't long before her bitch had made her come again spectacularly.

They both got dressed, Tamara pulled on her panties, tight leather skirt and jacket, then she helped Miriam zip up her dress.

"It's not over yet you dirty little slut, there's one final punishment for you, come here and bend over my knees."

Tamara sat on the edge of the padded seat and Miriam laid across her thighs. Tamara lifted her dress, pulled down her panties to her ankles and spanked her buttocks with the back of a wooden hairbrush. Despite the discomfort, she could tell that Miriam was turned on again so she used the wooden handle of the brush to fuck her cunt and made her finger herself to another juddering orgasm.

"This is just to remind you of your humiliation. Every time you set eyes on me in future, you will remember me spanking your naughty little bottom and making you bring yourself like the dirty little slut that you are."

When she'd finished she said to a watery eyed Miriam.

"Get on the floor and kiss my feet."

Miriam got on her knees again, lowered her face to Tamara's feet and kissed her shoes and ankles with considerable enthusiasm, her lovely bottom swaying slightly.

"You will always obey me whenever are alone together, even at school. In fact, especially at school. Whenever and wherever I decide to take you, you will surrender your cute little pussy to me, understood?"

"Yes mistress."

"And if you ever want sex with anyone else, or you feel like wanking or using a vibrator, you will text me first for permission. You do have a vibrator don't you slut?"

"Yes mistress and I will beg your permission if I want an orgasm in future."

Tamara drove Miriam back to her car without any further demands. Both women were buzzing with excitement after their decadent, deviant adventure. Their nipples stood erect and their pussies tingled with the afterglow of complete fulfilment and satisfaction. Miriam had loved to submit, Tamara had loved to dominate. It would by no means be the last time that they fulfilled each other's depraved needs.

When Tamara arrived home she was euphoric, she immediately told Jack all of the details which led inevitably to the bedroom. Tamara removed her tight skirt and jacket and rode Jack; there was no way that she would have allowed him on top to fuck her in her dominatrix attire. Jack was in no mood to be rushed and his erection lasted through several of Tamara's orgasms, he eventually came hard as she described in low seductive tones how she would love a threesome with Annie and her sister in law.

As they drifted off to sleep, Tamara's phone buzzed.

"Mistress, I am profoundly grateful to you for providing an outlet for my dirty, perverted lustful cravings. I know I am unworthy but I am so wet, please can I masturbate?"

Tamara grinned to herself and felt a glow of satisfaction. She really had completely conquered the MP's high class, elegant, sophisticated wife and turned her into her bitch.

"You have pleased me by being an obedient bitch. You have my permission to masturbate."

"Thank you mistress."

"And what will you be thinking about when you come?"

"You mistress."

"Good little slut."

At the same time, in a bedroom just around the corner, Zelda, lying next to a sleeping Joe, picked up her phone and dashed off a text message.

"J planning to take kids swimming on Sat pm as usual. Are you still up for finishing what you started in the pub?"

"I think of nothing else, my fantasy is to wear the same clothes and pick up where we left off."

"My God, you've turned me on again, I need a wank now."

"Me too, fuck that's hot, masturbating together, fuck!"

"Wait for mesg before arriving Sat. Shd be 1.30ish think of me while you wank!"

On the Saturday morning, Tamara sat at her dressing table getting ready for her rendezvous with Zelda. She had taken great care to replicate her appearance, from the Saturday evening two weeks ago, when she had seduced Zelda in the ladies toilets at the local pub.

She looked into her mirror as she put the finishing touches to her eye lashes. Her tight, black, polo neck top showed off her breasts and her dangling green jade earrings matched her eye shadow. A heavy green necklace fell between her breasts, dividing them perfectly. She wore an expensive black satin bra, panties and six strap suspender belt.

She even used the same perfume before taking a pair of ten denier, barely black stockings out of her drawer, pulling them on carefully and clipping them to her suspender straps. Then she stepped into her four inch high black court shoes and picked up her green knee length skirt that buttoned upon the left side.

Jack couldn't resist having a look at her getting ready, he appeared at the bedroom door as she stood there holding her skirt.

"Just in time lover boy, you can put this on for me."

"You want me to wear your sexy clothes again?" Jack joked.

"Actually, I really do, but we'll save that for another occasion."

Jack chuckled nervously as he went down on his knees and slowly fastened the button at the waistband. Then he did up the rest of buttons, very slowly, one at a time, down the left side of the skirt.

"Do you want them all doing up."

"Yes please."

There was considerable sexual tension between them as Jack finished and caressed her thighs with large hands, feeling for her suspender straps and clips. Then he held her buttocks in his warm hands and Tamara's pussy gave a little twitch. He stood up and pressed his hard cock into her mound. She almost couldn't resist and struggled to tear herself away. Jack eased her away and said.

"God you're perfect, I love to see you like this, dressed up and ready for seduction and sex, don't let me ruin it, go and give Zelda the fucking of her life."

"I love you Jack. When I return you can have me however and wherever you want me."

Just then Tamara's phone buzzed on the dressing table.

"Coast clear, ready and dressed how you want me."

"There in two minutes."

Tamara asked Jack to run her around the corner in his car so that she attracted as little attention as possible. She slipped out of the passenger seat and tip tapped up the driveway in her heels. Zelda opened the front door as Tamara approached, Jack glimpsed her sexy suede mini skirt and knee high boots just before Tamara disappeared inside. He drove home around the block, went straight up to the bedroom and treated himself to a delicious wank knowing that, in ninety minutes or so, when Tamara returned, he'd be hard and ready for her.

Once Tamara had stepped inside, Zelda closed the front door, took her by the hand and led her to the nearby downstairs toilet. As soon as they were both inside she closed the door and leant back against it. Her right hand reached for the hem of her suede mini skirt, she lifted the skirt and massaged her pussy through her panty gusset with her left hand. Her eyes had a sultry, half closed look, her lips pouted.

Tamara needed no second invitation, she closed the gap between them, their lips locked and their tongues probed each other's mouths. Tamara's right hand reached down for Zelda's pussy but Zelda intercepted it with her left hand, pushed it inside the top of her panties and pressed Tamara's fingers between her cunt lips. She moaned her pleasure into Tamara's left ear as she circled her clitoris with Tamara's fingers. Then she reached down with her right hand and started to undo the buttons down the side of Tamara's skirt. She undid the top button just below the waistband then the next two before slipping her hand inside the skirt and underneath a suspender strap.

With her hand threaded through a suspender strap she stroked the top of Tamara's thigh with the backs of her fingers, then she pushed further on and fed her fingers inside Tamara's panty leg and into her pussy. At the same time, she was still pressing Tamara's fingers against her clit and making sexy little breathless noises that showed how aroused she had become.

They kissed again, hard and fulsomely. Tamara took control of Zelda's pussy and pushed three fingers into her hole. She curled them upwards looking for her g-spot. She found it, Zelda thrust her hips forward and breathed into Tamara's ear.

"Fuck me Tamara."

Tamara found Zelda's probing of her mound electrifying, all the more so because she had gone in underneath a suspender strap. But Tamara wanted Zelda's fingers inside her so she eased Zelda's hand out from inside her skirt, unbuttoned the waistband and let it fall to the floor. Still stroking Zelda's cunt, she pulled Zelda's left hand down inside her panties and whispered into her ear.

"Put your fingers inside me."

Now both women stood kissing and finger fucking each other. Zelda put her left hand behind Tamara's head and Tamara grasped Zelda's right buttock underneath her mini skirt; it became a question of who would come first.

"How do you like it with a woman?"

"I fucking love it with you, it won't be the last time. Oh, fuck Tamara, what are you doing to me? You know which buttons to press and just how hard."

"Tamara had Zelda pressed back against the door, and was working furiously with her fingers inside her cunt. Zelda was trying to bring Tamara to the same level of arousal but she couldn't hang on any longer, the intense eroticism of her first time with another woman took her beyond the point of no return. She bucked her hips and came loudly with long feral moans. Tamara was immensely turned on and as soon as Zelda touched her again, she came hard, leaking her fluid onto Zelda's fingers.

When Tamara's orgasm had subsided, she took hold of Zelda's come drenched right hand and pushed it into her mouth, Zelda sucked on her fingers and then licked them clean.

"Have we got time to go to bed?" asked Tamara.

"We've got about forty five minutes."

Zelda opened the toilet door, picked up Tamara's skirt and led her upstairs. Tamara followed her, she couldn't take her eyes off her sexy swaying buttocks and stocking tops as they made their inviting progress up the stairs.

In the bedroom, they took each other's clothes off slowly and sensuously. Then they laid on the bed together kissing and fondling. Before long they were fingering each other again, then Tamara suggested the sixty nine position.

"Believe me, it's even better with two women than with a man and a woman. Don't tell Jack I said that," laughed Tamara.

"I've always wanted to do it with a woman, I want to know what it feels like."

"It's best if it's long and slow, don't try to rush it."

Tamara and Zelda licked all around each other's vulvas, then they sucked and licked cunt lips before moving on to vaginal openings. Finally, they paid long sensual attention to each other's clits'. They came together after a good fifteen minutes of licking, nibbling and sucking, grunting their pleasure and hot breath into each other's cunts.

As they laid together in the afterglow of their orgasms, Tamara said, "So, any regrets?"

"God no, there's something very sexy and alluring about you. You're... sexually captivating. All you need do is look at someone in that beguiling way that you have and they'll end up in bed with you. I know I was a bit tipsy but when you turned your electrifying attention on me in the pub the other week, well I just couldn't help myself. You're fucking amazing in bed as well."

"You're extremely sexy and good in bed too. Joe's a lucky man. Do you have good sex with him?"

"Yes, usually, we used to fuck all the time before the kids came along but, well I'm sure you know."

"I do, don't remind me. Look, if you feel the need again and you get a couple of hours to yourself, send me a message. I'd love to go to bed with you again, I almost came when I watched you playing with yourself in the loo, I'd love to watch you do that again."

"Stop it or you'll have me opening my legs for you again."

Tamara got dressed in her stylish, sexy clothes and Zelda threw on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt ready for her family's return. She kissed Tamara passionately and said she'd definitely find an opportunity

to go to bed with her again.

Jack listened to Tamara's description of what she and Zelda had done to each other with a glass of wine in one hand and an erection in the other. When she had finished teasing and arousing him he took enormous pleasure in unbuttoning her skirt, removing her top, bra and panties and fucking her whilst she leant back over the dining table with her heels on the floor and her breasts swaying in time to his thrusting cock.

Tamara arranged for Jack and Sheryl to spend two nights together while she was away on the two day residential course. So as not to arouse suspicion in their neighbourhoods they stayed in a motel in another city. The inconvenience of extra mileage to work was well worth the prospect of getting Jack into bed for two nights as far as Sheryl was concerned. Jack's commute was about the same distance as usual but he would have travelled a long way to have Sheryl's sweet pussy in bed with him.

Tamara arrived at her hotel in Milton Keynes late on the Wednesday evening. She was tired and, after a glass of wine in the bar, she got an early night, but not before she had checked out the other guests. Two men in their late twenties caught her eye. As she passed them on the way out of the bar they said hello and smiled at her, she returned their greetings and smiled back.

She had driven down to the hotel straight after work and was still wearing her smart, grey, pencil skirt suit and three inch high black heels. Her crisp pale blue shirt and dangly black earrings completed the formal, business look. Yet, there was something flirtatious and inviting about the attractive, mature woman that slinked by the table where the two men were sitting. Although she was twenty years their senior, she turned their handsome heads and had them talking about how they'd have liked to follow her up to her room.

She saw the men again at breakfast and exchanged pleasantries with them. They were attending a sales conference across the road at the convention centre. The same venue as the 'Future of Sixth Forms' conference that Tamara would be attending.

Tamara had decided to forgo the casual jeans look for the conference. Now that she was acting Assistant Head, Sheryl had said that she might consider a more formal approach. As it turned out, Sheryl had been right. Most of the course participants were of assistant or deputy head level and were wearing suits and other formal work wear.

Tamara had brought her black skirt suit. She wore it with a formal white shirt and a slate grey necklace and earrings. Her lips and finger nails were a soft red. She looked very attractive and desirable in the tight, buttock clinging pencil skirt. The skirt was tight enough around her thighs to show a hint of suspender clips. She was wearing her black six strap suspender belt with tan stockings and her black three inch heels.

She exuded professional glamour and her, by now, customary allure. She enjoyed the first morning of the conference and contributed well to the discussions. At lunch time, she had no shortage of company, it was clear that she was well respected and admired, both for her leadership skills and her appearance.

On the way back from the toilets, just before the afternoon session began, she bumped into the two young men from the hotel.

"Hello again fella's are you enjoying your conference?"

"It's pretty routine stuff," said Sam.

"Yeah, selling business software isn't as wildly exciting as most people imagine," joked Jaz.

Tamara was strongly attracted to the two good looking men.

"Oh dear, I'm sorry it's a bit dull. What passes for fun here in the evenings?" she asked whilst giving one of her captivating looks.

"There's a night club just a short taxi ride away, we're going tonight," said Sam.

"Why don't you come with us Tamara?" asked Jaz, "We know how to show a lady a good time."

"I'd love to, as long as it's not full of kids the same age as my sixth formers."

"No, you'll love it, we went last year, there's loads of thirty somethings like you there," said Sam.

"Cheeky! Okay, you've sold it to me. What time?"

"We'll meet you in the hotel lobby at 8.30."

"Okay, but I'll warn you that I don't walk far in five inch stilettos."

Sam and Jaz gave each other look that said 'wow!'

"It's not far, we'll book a taxi, you just turn up ready to have fun," grinned Jaz.

"You're on, See you later boys."

They watched Tamara sway her hips just a little more than usual as she sashayed back to the conference room. She was pleased with herself for taking the precaution to pack her short red cocktail dress and black stilettos.

Tamara sat with colleagues at dinner in the hotel. A few of them retired to the bar but she made her excuses and went up to her room to get ready for a night out with Sam and Jaz. She felt a tingle of excitement at the thought of how she'd like the evening to end. She imagined herself in bed with both of them, but thought that it was probably unlikely. Still, if she could entice one of them to share her bed, she would consider it a successful evening.

She put on her black satin underwear and clipped barely black seamed stockings to her six strap suspender belt. Her pussy clenched at the sight of her red finger nails as she carefully clipped the stockings in place. She thought of Jack and how much she'd like to dress him in stockings again, but with his full co-operation this time. She pressed her fingers into her pussy as she imagined him in one of her tight skirts and a pair of heels and she made a mental note to see if she could find a pair in size eleven. Then she remembered the business at hand and started to apply her makeup.

She put the finishing touches to her hair, applied scarlet lipstick, arose from the chair and stepped into her short red cocktail dress. The hem of the dress was a good four inches above her knees but still low enough for her to wear stockings. If she was careful about how she sat, a flash of her stocking tops would be deliberate rather than accidental. Her five inch black stilettos came next, she loved these shoes, they raised her up to an impressive five foot nine. Not much below the height of her two new persons of interest she thought.

Sam and Jaz had their breath taken away when they watched Tamara walk out of the lift into the lobby. She looked utterly stunning, the arousal brought about by her appearance reached their penises in no time. They looked very handsome in their suits and open necked shirts. They each took one of Tamara's arms and led her sexy form out to the waiting taxi.

The club was sophisticated, dimly lit and pumped out throbbing beat music. After a couple of long drinks with shots the three of them took to the dance floor. The shots had made Tamara feel light headed and she moved seductively to the pulsing beat. Both men held her and pressed themselves into her when the opportunity arose. She teased and tantalised for many long dance numbers then motioned that she wanted more drinks and a sit down.

After a couple more drinks, some serious flirting and lots of conversation shouted intimately with lips touching ears, they joined the crowded dance floor again. This time there was no inhibition, both men took it in turns to dance with her in a close embrace. They writhed together and pressed their bodies against one another. At one point, she had Sam pressing his hard member into her mound, whilst Jaz pressed his into the cleavage between her buttocks and reached around to hug her midriff, just underneath her breasts, whilst they all dry humped one another to the music.

Tamara was delirious with pleasure. Her head spun as the loud music pulsed through her body and Sam and Jaz fondled her at every opportunity. She looked stunning in her red dress and five inch stilettos moving sensuously to the throbbing beat. The two men took it in turns to lock thighs with her, and simulate fucking her, as the mood and the music aroused her more and more.

Another break for drinks was followed by a third session on the dance floor. Tamara was high on alcohol and the heady dance beat as she teased the two men more and more with her sensuous movement and suggestive looks. She treated each of them in turn to a very provocative slide of her pussy down their thighs as she danced closely. She pushed her mound into their thighs and rubbed her hips against their perpetually hard cocks. Sam held her from behind writhing to the beat with her, moving his hands over her hips and thighs whilst Jaz kissed her deeply and passionately. Her panty gusset was soaked by the juices flowing from her excited cunt.

Eventually, they left the dance floor and found a large sofa in an alcove in a quieter part of the club. More drinks with shots arrived and Tamara started to worry slightly that she might get so drunk that she wouldn't know what was going on. She sat in the middle with Sam on her right and Jaz on her left. She allowed her skirt to ride up so that an inch of stocking top was visible on each leg.

Both men rested an arm and hand on her thighs and she rested her elbows and forearms along the inside of their thighs, close to their penises, as they laughed flirted with one another. The flirting was thrilling for Tamara, her head was spinning but she realised that the three of them were engaging in foreplay and she started to hope that she might have them both.

"Okay boys, I need a break now and stop trying to get me drunk. Another shot and I'll be anybody's."

"That's the plan," said Sam as he leant over and kissed her, forcing her back into the sofa. She didn't resist as his long tongue took possession of her mouth, nor did she resist when she felt Jaz's left hand moving up her left thigh. It was late now and many of the clubbers had become raunchy and uninhibited. Couples were kissing and fondling each other in dark corners.

Both men had their hands on her suspender straps, playing with the clips and massaging the tops of her thighs. Her cunt was soaking wet and clenching repeatedly.

She spread her legs slightly to allow access to her pussy. First Jaz's fingers pressed against her mound then Sam slipped the fingers of his right hand into her panty leg; she was incredibly aroused.

"Take them off they're wet," she mumbled through her kiss with Sam.

Sam and Jaz obliged, each pulling down her panties simultaneously. Sam took charge of them and put them in his pocket. Jaz moved in and kissed her long and hard. Both men found her pussy again and worked her up into an highly erotic state of arousal. Her head was spinning but she'd never felt so alive and open to new possibilities. She reached for their cocks and found them, large, hard and straining to be freed from their confines.

Sam pushed three fingers into her wet hole and probed for her g-spot. Jaz massaged her clit and continued to kiss her passionately. She came with a shudder, hips bucking and thrusting, screaming her delight into Jaz's mouth. The noise of her orgasm was drowned out by the music and their position in a dark alcove meant that they couldn't easily be seen.

"Fuck, fuck, that was awesome guys, I'm done with dancing and drinking now, let's go back to my room. Fuck, I want your cocks inside me."

"Wow, you're so shy and retiring." joked Sam as he kissed her and put his hand up her dress again.

Jaz reached up her dress for her cunt, this time he had the pleasure of pushing his fingers into her wet warm hole. Sam covered her mouth with his and circled her clit slowly with his fingers. She couldn't stop them even if she had wanted to and she came again, with her legs spread wide and her head rocked back, panting and groaning. They fondled her breasts and kissed her as she slowly came down from her orgasm.

Tamara recovered her equilibrium, stood up looking assertive, bent the index finger of her right hand in a come hither gesture, turned on her heels and swayed her hips across the night club floor toward the exit. Sam and Jaz got up quickly to follow her. As she set off a young woman who had watched her being fingered by the two men shouted in her ear.

"Lucky bitch."

"I know, but tell me where you'll be later on and I'll come and fuck you when I've finished with these two."

Tamara swept out of the club with her two young men in her wake. She stepped into a taxi and they scrambled to get into the back seat with her. Jaz managed to get into the back first so Sam sat in the front passenger seat. In the short journey back to the hotel, Tamara kissed Jaz sumptuously and felt his hard cock through his trousers.

Her head was beginning to clear as they paid for the taxi and entered the hotel lobby. Tamara led them to the lift and pressed the button to go up. It was after midnight and the hotel was quiet. She entered the lift first, followed by Sam then Jaz. She grabbed Sam and pushed him against the wall of the lift and kissed him hard whilst feeling for his cock. She unzipped him and pulled out his erection with her left hand, with her right hand she grabbed Jaz's lapel and pulled him toward her, then she unzipped him and pulled his erect cock out of his pants.

Tamara stood there in the lift facing the two men, holding their cocks and masturbating them slowly. They both groaned their pleasure as she continued to manipulate them. The lift door

opened.

"My room I think boys."

She led them both, by their cocks, along the third floor corridor. A room door opened and a female guest of about her age, looking like she'd just fucked the occupant, by the way that she was saying goodnight to a male voice in the room, looked shocked and dumbfounded when she saw Tamara pulling the two young men along by their cocks in her wake. The woman found her voice.

"Wow! It looks like you're going to eat them alive."

"I am, and you too if you come back later."

The woman was awestruck by Tamara's prowess as she watched her casually release their cocks and open her door. The two men felt like they'd just been taken by a whirlwind, their hard members still poking out of their flies as they entered Tamara's room.

"I want you both naked and on the bed now."

"That was our plan too," said Jaz.

The two men got undressed, they were both trim and muscular with decent size cocks but Jaz's was definitely the biggest.

As Tamara watched them strip, her juices ran freely down her leg. Sam had her panties in his pocket so there was nothing to soak up her fluid. She managed to undo the zip on her dress and she eased it slowly from her shoulders in a seductive manner. She let the dress down past her breasts and midriff then wiggled it sexily down over her hips, revealing her naked hairy mound and cunt lips. Standing proud in her stockings and stilettos she unclipped her bra and removed it, allowing her breasts to sway with her movement. Sam and Jaz were mesmerised they couldn't take their eyes off her.

Tamara looked majestic in her suspender belt, stockings and heels.

"On or off boys?" she said gesturing to her scanty garments.

"On please," said Jaz, Sam nodded.

Both men lay on their backs with their cocks standing erect. Tamara got onto the bed between them, turned to Jaz and caressed his hard shaft.

"I'm going down on that, and I want you to fuck me from behind," she said to Sam.

Jaz lay on his back as Tamara bent over him and took the head of his cock in her mouth. She slowly engulfed more of his hard rod and started to play gently with his balls. Then she moved her head slowly up and down the shaft, Jaz moaned and started to breath heavily.

Tamara felt Sam holding her hips from behind as he knelt behind her and guided his cock inside her, she was so wet that he slipped in easily and started to fuck her. Sam matched the tempo of Tamara's bobbing head as she massaged the top half of Jaz's cock with her mouth, she used her right hand to massage the base of his cock and he gradually became more aroused.

As Jaz's breathing quickened and he moved closer to orgasm, Sam shafted Tamara harder and she knew she was not far from coming again. She heard Sam grunting and realised he was also close to

shooting his load. She managed it perfectly, just as she judged that Sam was going to come, she masturbated Jaz rapidly with her mouth and her right hand. Both men came simultaneously and Tamara felt Sam withdraw from her cunt. She quickly straddled Jaz and eased his still hard larger cock into her vagina.

Tamara fucked Jaz with thrusting energy until she came on him, juices flowing over the base of his cock and his balls. Then she rolled off Jaz onto her back and said to Sam.

"Eat me you sexy bastard."

Sam did as he was told. He gave Tamara a good licking and sucking, even managing to push his long tongue into her hole. This drove her wild and she came again.

Both men needed time to recover. They laid on their backs and waited for the first signs of renewed vigour in their penises. Tamara laid between them kissing them alternately and, after a decent interval, she began to stimulate them. It didn't take long for them both to get hard again. When she judged that they had reached full erection she told them to get up and sit side by side on the end of the bed facing the large mirror on the wall. She sat between them and watched herself stroking their cocks. Jaz on her left, Sam on her right.

The men watched themselves in the mirror being masturbated by Tamara. Her supple wrists and fingers expertly aroused them and brought them to a climax. She knew just where to apply pressure, just where to stroke, just where to grip. Her hands moved faster and faster as they both started to groan, she watched herself giving them erotic pleasure, she had taken control and she felt magnificent.

"Come for Tamara you gorgeous men," she teased.

"Submit to me, let me see you come, shoot your loads for me."

First Jaz, then Sam took their weight on their arms and thrust their pelvises forward. They both groaning loudly and spurted globules of come onto the carpet and over Tamara's hands. She continued to masturbate them, using their own slick juices as a lubricant, until their orgasms had completely subsided. Then still sitting at the end of the bed, she made Sam kneel in front of her whilst she opened her legs wide and pushed his head into her mound. At the same time, She told Jaz to suck and lick her breasts.

She came soon and with complete abandon, stimulated even more by the thought that she had taken on two young men and got the better of them. They looked as though they were making ready to leave as they picked up their discarded clothes so she walked up to them in her five inch high stilettos; she was at eye level with them both as she took hold of their cocks again. She manipulated their limp cocks whilst kissing them alternately. Sam was the first to show signs of an erection, so she turned all of her attention to him and told Jaz to sit down on a chair and play with himself until he was hard again.

She told Sam to get on the bed on his back, his cock was almost fully hard as she straddled him and rode him to her fifth orgasm of the night. Sam laid on the bed spent he hadn't been able to come again but Tamara had made good use of his cock. She turned onto her back and beckoned Jaz over to her. He had managed to become hard again through a combination of watching Tamara fucking Sam and playing with himself.

"Fuck me hard and make me come."

She spent the next ten minutes laying beneath him, legs wrapped around his waist, pulling his cock into her as far as it would go. Jaz started to flag but she noticed Sam next to them watching, cock still hard. She eased Jaz off her and pulled Sam on top and inside her.

"Fuck me, finish me off."

Sam rode her manfully but she was desperate to come quickly so she grasped Jaz's right hand and pushed it between her pussy and Sam's abdomen. She made Jaz lie next to her and massage her clit while Sam was fucking her, this intensely aroused all three of them. She could feel Sam getting even harder and Jaz started to masturbate himself with his free hand. Sam thrust into her with renewed energy, she could feel that Jaz had hooked a finger around the base of Sam's cock and Sam was being driven wild with erotic delight. Sam, still thrusting into her, reached out and grasped Jaz's cock.

She watched Sam come hard inside her, Jaz's hand now completely around the base of his cock whilst he let Sam masturbated him. Jaz released strands come onto Sam's hand. Tamara felt elated at the sight of Sam and Jaz aroused as much by each other as by her. Deviant, depraved feelings were released inside her mind and her cunt, she had a towering orgasm and it was all Sam could do to manage to stay on top of her and inside her. As their orgasms subsided, all three laid exhausted for several minutes.

She sensed that she had taken the two male associates into new territory. She hadn't intended it but she felt such a fucking kinky arousal at the thought of what she had incited them to do to each other. Neither of them spoke, Jaz, looking a little shame faced, was the first to get up and get dressed. As Sam started to stir, Tamara asked.

"Have you two ever fucked each other before?"

"God no," said an embarrassed Sam, "and it won't happen again."

"Well don't be embarrassed boys, you just got caught up in the moment. I have that effect on people. Come on, give me a kiss and let's make up."

She kissed each of them tenderly on the lips and said goodnight. Sam managed a half smile and Jaz said that she'd been an incredible experience. The two men departed to their own rooms, realising that they had bitten off more than they could chew. They had intended to get Tamara on her back and take it in turns fucking her but she had been in complete control of their pleasure and her own.

Tamara took off her suspender belt, stockings and stilettos and got into bed. It was very late so she resisted the temptation to text Jack and Sheryl. She let her thoughts roam over the events of the last five hours or so. Bedding two young men on her terms, and out performing them, had given her an enormous sexual thrill. She wondered what she could possibly do to equal it and she reached for her pussy whilst she drifted off to sleep fantasising about seducing Annie and her sister in law into a decadent, kinky threesome.