

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 09

Briterotic

The seductress makes use of her erotic imagination.

Mature

4.72

13.9k words

Chapter Nine: Mistress Of Imagination

Tamara's A level class had been interrupted by one of her students saying that he felt unwell. She told him to report to the admin office for treatment. He was a tall good looking eighteen year old and he appeared a little wobbly as he got to his feet, so she accompanied him to the medical room. The medical room was next to the admin office but the admin office was empty. She guided the student into the room and sat him down.

She was wearing a short rust coloured pleated skirt, heeled brown knee-length boots, opaque dark-brown stockings and a fine knit mustard coloured top. A long pale-brown beaded necklace and matching dangling earrings complimented her sparkling hazel eyes. She cut a very desirable figure standing in front of Fraser, her little skirt just covering her stocking tops, as she questioned him about his symptoms. The student said something vague about being dizzy and having a headache. Just as she told him to wait while she went for help, the door opened and two of Frazer's classmates entered the medical room.

It wasn't a large room, about eight feet by ten. It was furnished with a basic plastic school chair, a medical examination table along one wall, a wheeled trolley, and some cupboards and a counter on another wall.

"What are you two doing here? You should be finishing the work I set. Never mind, now that you're here make yourselves useful and keep an eye on Frazer while I find where the admin team has disappeared to."

The three students exchanged knowing glances and, for the first time, Tamara felt uneasy, as though things were not all they seemed.

"Well come on, shift your great big carcasses and let me get through the door."

She was aware of Frazer getting to his feet behind her, she felt his strong presence just before he wrapped his arms around her midriff. At the same time one of his friends stooped and gripped her booted legs, and together they lifted her with ease onto the padded examination table, whilst the other friend turned the latch to lock the door.

"Wait... What's going on? Hey, put me down..."

"Gag her," said Frazer, "quickly, shut her up."

A large warm hand covered her mouth with a hard pressure, before it was replaced by a length of adhesive bandage. She tried to scream but could only emit a muffled groan. They held her down, on her back on the table, her shoulders and arms pinned down by Frazer and her legs held by the first friend. It had all happened very quickly and she'd had no time to think, but now she began to realise that she wouldn't be able to prevent the rape that was about to take place.

"Hold her down for me," said Frazer to his second friend.

Tamara tried to scream again.

"Shut the fuck up you slag, no one can hear you. You're gonna get what you've been asking for for a long time. Flaunting yourself in front of us, parting your legs to show us your stocking tops and cunt, wearing tight skirts so that the outline of your suspenders show, pressing your tits into us, looking at us with that 'I know you want to fuck me' expression as you make us squeeze past you in the classroom doorway," Frazer said all this as he unbuckled his belt.

By now Tamara had stopped struggling as she contemplated the charges laid against her. She knew she was guilty, even now she knew she was turning them on, with a 'fuck me if you dare, but make sure you fuck me' look in her eyes. Her skirt had ridden up to reveal the silky flesh at the top of her thighs, Frazer slipped the fingers of this right hand inside her pretty panty gusset and up inside her cunt.

"Fuck she's wet".

Tamara let out a low, muffled guttural moan.

"Fuck her Frazer," said the second friend, "give it to her, look, the slut wants it."

Frazer dropped his trousers and pants to reveal a hard, rather large cock. By now Tamara was hugely turned on, not least by her feeling of powerlessness as she was held down in the firm grip of Frazer's friends. She didn't want them to let go so she struggled a little as Frazer lowered himself onto her.

Strong hands held her in vice-like grips as Frazer tore off her panties, spread her legs wide open and plunged his cock into her willing wet hole. He gave her a fierce fucking which only lasted for the sixty seconds that it took for her to groan her muffled orgasm into the room. He came with her then turned to his friends.

"The slag loves it," laughed Frazer, "your turn now."

He said this to the second friend who duly switched places with him. The second friend pulled out his moderately sized, but very hard, cock as he climbed onto Tamara and slipped himself inside her, by now, very wet come smeared vagina.

"That's it fuck the bitch hard," urged Frazer.

But the second friend shot his load in less than twenty seconds, not long enough for Tamara to come again, she hoped for better from the third of her assailants. He turned out to be another well endowed young man and he also had staying power. Frazer and the second friend looked on in admiration as he fucked Tamara for several long minutes, making her come twice. Seeing how much she was enjoying being fucked, they relaxed their hold on her, she managed to pull the gag bandage from her mouth.

"Oh fuck me you gorgeous bastard," gasped Tamara.

She wrapped her arms around the first friend's shoulders and her booted and heeled legs around his midriff. In this position. She was able to thrust her pelvis into him and gain some control over the proceedings. She hammered against his big cock, taking every rock hard inch into her warm wet

cunt, until he groaned long and loud as his orgasm burst forth. She came a third time in a long juddering orgasm, that lingered with a satisfying warm glow in and around her pussy.

The three friends looked astonished and impressed at the same time. They'd expected to subdue Tamara and teach her a lesson, but there was only one teacher in the room.

"What's the matter boys, did your teacher made you all come? Well never mind, at least it wasn't in your pants this time. Don't think I haven't noticed you all trying to look up my skirt underneath my desk," she said in a sultry teasing voice.

She basked in the afterglow of her orgasm for a minute or so, then she removed her vibrator, got out of bed and into the shower. As she soaped her still hard nipples and pussy, feeling tiny aftershocks of her orgasm, she contemplated the rape fantasy, in which she had just indulged herself, with mixed feelings. She decided it was just that, a fantasy, her private fantasy that did no harm to anyone, including herself. She gave her clitoris one last soapy massage and enjoyed the radiant tingle that spread over her abdomen and down her legs.

It was late March 1999, the first week of the Easter holiday. Her thoughts switched to the evening that she would spend with Jack and Sheryl. She was looking forward to making love to Sheryl again. They had only managed a couple of quick gropes since the snowy weekend threesome in January: once in a cold, dimly lit pub car park; and, once in Sheryl's office during an afternoon break. Tamara pictured Sheryl's attractive face, with her red hair and sexy blue eyes, as she imagined kissing her passionately up against a wall, in her tight skirt with her breasts heaving and straining at the buttons of her blouse. Then she imagined Sheryl's mouth and lips wrapped around Jack's hard cock.

But first, she had given herself a task to undertake. She was curious to know the details of Annie's split from Daniel and just how friendly she had become with her sister in law, Daniel's mother. Tamara was turned on at the thought of them fucking each other while she watched.

Tamara telephoned Mary for details of where Annie was living, she made her interest sound friendly and caring, which it was, but with decidedly erotic and incestuous overtones. She drove to Annie's flat in town, she was out so she put a note through her door asking Annie to contact her. They met for lunch the next day, Tamara still feeling the effects of a long fucking at the hands of Jack and Sheryl the previous night.

Annie explained how it all started with Daniel in October 1994. She'd been having a coffee with her sister in law at her house and needed the toilet. She would normally have used the downstairs loo but it was being redecorated so she went up to the main bathroom, it was locked and she could hear the shower running, so she used the en-suite toilet in the master bedroom. As she came back out onto the landing she was greeted by the sight of Daniel, completely naked, towelling his wet hair with his bedroom door wide open.

"I'm sure it was deliberate Tamara, he just stood there with a towel drying his hair with his huge cock swaying to and fro."

Tamara's pussy clenched and formed a damp patch on her panties.

"He made no attempt to cover up, he just fixed me with an 'I know you want my cock' look on his face. I went scarlet, mumbled an apology and dashed downstairs. I could feel my cheeks burning so I took a deep breath, tried to compose myself and rejoined Veronica in the lounge. She said I

looked a little flushed and asked if I was okay. I pretended it was just that, a hot flush, I couldn't tell her, his mother, what had just happened. My mind was in turmoil but I knew, at that moment, that my silence meant I would eventually end up impaled on his glorious cock."

Tamara's pussy tingled and her nipples began to harden.

"The following week he phoned me after school and asked me to meet him, he said it was important, of course I knew what was going on, but I pretended to myself that it was innocent, perhaps he wanted to apologise for embarrassing me," she said weakly.

Tamara listened intently, her arousal building by the second.

"We met in a pub where neither of us were known, I ended up straddling him in the back seat of my car in a gateway down a quiet county lane. Oh God Tamara, it was incredible, his cock just filled me and touched all of the places John could never reach. John hadn't been near me in months anyway. I was hooked from that moment, completely seduced and infatuated. I knew it was wrong but I couldn't stop myself."

Annie lifted her wine glass and appeared to drink to the memory.

"The following Friday, I told John there was a leaving do and I'd be late home. I took Daniel to the Travel Lodge on the edge of town, he booked a room and I sneaked in quietly."

"Ha, I've been there and done that," laughed Tamara.

"We spent five hours in bed, it was the best sex I'd ever had, well, before I met you anyway. John was asleep when I got home, I could hardly walk. After that, we fucked at the hotel every time he was home on shore leave. When I wasn't with him I just couldn't stop thinking about his penis."

Tamara felt a tingling warmth in her pussy again.

"Veronica knew he chased mature women, she's been telling me all about it in the past few weeks. She told me that when he was twenty one, she'd caught him fucking her married forty something next door neighbour, in the neighbour's conservatory. Veronica had popped round to borrow some flour or something, and there he was with her neighbour up against a wall, her skirt round her waist and her panties on the floor. Apparently, the combination of lust and panic on her face when she saw Veronica was priceless."

"Veronica must have got a glimpse of his erect cock because she said to me 'Annie, he's huge, oh, but you know that don't you.' I said it hadn't escaped my notice, we had a good laugh, it was therapeutic really and it's helped Veronica and me to bond."

"Anyway, he followed the conservatory escapade by fucking his way through the rest of her address book."

By now Tamara was so aroused that she badly wanted to masturbate, so she crossed her legs and momentarily used her elbow to put pressure on her pussy.

"Anyway, it all blew up just before Christmas. A golfing friend of John's had seen me kissing Daniel when I dropped him off around the corner from his mum's house. It was dark and I thought we wouldn't be seen, but it was a stupid mistake really. It was no use me pretending that it was an affectionate embrace with my nephew when I'd got my tongue down his throat and he'd got his hand up my skirt."

Tamara felt a trickle of juice seep into her panty gusset again.

"John's creep of a friend got in touch, he offered to forget what he'd seen if I agreed to provide services for him. I told him to fuck off, I don't regret it, he was an oily bastard. I hoped it had just been an idle threat, but it wasn't. John and his brother Malcolm, Daniel's dad, were vicious and vitriolic, they called me a whore and plenty of other nasty names, John immediately filed for divorce and said he never wanted to lay eyes on me again."

Annie trembled a little as she took another gulp of wine.

"Veronica was angry, but I still sensed that she cared about me, and I think she realised that it had been Daniel that had seduced me in the first place. So anyway, I went to Portsmouth with Daniel. It was a big mistake, he was screwing a mature navy doctor in her car outside our house on Christmas Eve. We'd been there less than a week."

"I expected him to have a fling now and again and was prepared to put up with that, but I didn't expect him to be so blatant about it. He came up with some excuse about trying to encourage her into the house for a threesome. Maybe he was, but I was angry and upset at being made a fool of after all we had been through. He disappeared on Boxing Day, I didn't see him for two weeks, he'd gone to stay with her and left me alone depressed and crying in his apartment."

Annie fought back a tear and took another sip of her wine.

"I was desperate, so I phoned Veronica, she was wonderful, she seemed to understand the hold he'd had over me, and whilst she didn't condone what I'd done, I think she realised how besotted I'd become, she went out on a limb to support me. She sorted out a flat for me and is helping with the rent until I can get a job, or a divorce settlement, whichever comes first."

"She was horrified by the viciousness of Malcolm and John, and now she's divorcing Malcolm, apparently he thinks that I'm a whore who led his son astray and, after all, it's only natural for a young man to fuck anything in a skirt; so Daniel had no choice but to follow his instincts apparently."

"Really?"

"Yeah, honestly, I know, it's pre historic thinking but there you are, I'm glad I'm out of it. Veronica has taken me under her wing and is enabling me to feel some sort of redemption, we've become very close."

"How close?" smirked Tamara

"Not that close you dirty cow," laughed a flushed looking Annie.

Tamara gave a soft chuckle, "Would you like to be?"

"Okay, you win, I'm not going to pretend with you, I've always thought her attractive, she's charismatic like Daniel, perhaps that's why she has such an insight into how he had such a hold on me."

"And?"

"Well, since you awakened my sexual interest in women, I have seen her in a new light."

"Have you had sex with any other women?"

"No but almost all of my masturbation fantasies are about women now."

"Who."

"Don't make me say it Tamara."

"Go on who do you think about when your vibrator gets you off?"

"You of course, and various attractive actresses, athletes and tv presenters."

"And Veronica?"

Silence.

"Well, do you? Would you like to go to bed with her?"

There was a long pause...

"Annie, it's a yes or a no."

"Yes," said a sheepish looking Annie as she stared down at the remains of her dessert.

"Do you think she knows that you're falling for her?"

"I don't know, we've become more affectionate with each other than we ever were, but there's been nothing overt."

"And how does this new found affection manifest itself?"

"Well, she's much more physically intimate, she holds my hand when I'm upset, and she hugs me and kisses me, mostly on the cheek, but a couple of times lately she's kissed me on the lips, just a peck, but it gave me a pleasant tingle you know where? When she hugs me it's almost a clinch and it lasts just a little longer each time, she places a hand just below the small of my back, resting on the top of my bottom, she pulls me in to her and puts her warm lips into my neck."

"My God Annie, she's coming on to you."

"Is she?"

"Yes for god's sake. How long is it since anyone but your vibrator fucked you?"

"Almost three months."

"Come to bed with me now and we'll work out a plan to get Veronica munching on your pussy."

The two attractive women paid their restaurant bill and several pairs of eyes admired their graceful, sexy, high heeled progress to the exit. None of them could have known that they were about to get into bed with each other for the rest of the afternoon.

After a delightful, slow sensuous session with Annie, Tamara set out her plan for the seduction of Veronica. She told Annie to ask Veronica to go out for a meal with her and Tamara on Friday evening, knowing Jack would jump at the opportunity of another night away with Sheryl. Tamara had met Veronica a couple of times years ago at parents' evenings, she liked her boldness and

sense of humour. She said she would drive because wanted to get Veronica and Annie relaxed and uninhibited by plying them with wine.

Tamara would get Veronica talking about sexual desire and her experiences. She would eventually steer the conversation round to sex with women. She'd describe some of her experiences, then confess to fucking Annie, before kissing her passionately and inviting Veronica to watch or join in.

"That's a rough plan, but we'll play it by ear, but you must be ready to seduce her, it's no good being bashful Annie."

"Oh God, do you think it will work?"

"If it doesn't, I'll be your consolation prize."

Annie hugged her and kissed her affectionately on the cheek.

"You'll do anytime Tamara, now I'm back in the area we must do this more often."

"You're falling in love with your sister in law Annie, I don't think I'll get much of a look in from now on."

"If there's one thing I've learned from you Tamara, it's that it's possible to be in love with someone and to make love others at the same time?"

With that she got out of bed and got dressed hurriedly before Jack came home, she felt it impolite to be caught unexpectedly in bed with his partner.

As Annie left Tamara's parting words were, "Impress on Veronica that we're having a girls night out on the pull, so she must get dressed to tease and have a good time. Just don't tell her that it's her that's going to be pulled."

Friday evening arrived, Jack watched Tamara getting ready to go out. He was delighted to be having his prick tantalised by Tamara before ensuring that Sheryl benefitted from the teasing. Tamara, dark hair immaculate and seductively tucked behind one ear, dangling black and gold earrings in place, sat at her dressing table in her black bra, panties and six strap suspender belt with nude stockings. She finished applying her scarlet lipstick, rose from her seat and wriggled into her new red wiggle dress that hugged her gorgeous curves and finished just above the knee in a tight pencil cut.

Her buttocks looked perfectly sumptuous and her thighs stretched the tight material just enough but not too much. If Jack looked very hard in the right light, he could just see the tell-tale signs of suspender clips through the red material. The dress accentuated her slim waist and swathed her breasts to perfection. She looked stunningly sexy as she stepped into her black five inch stilettos. Her sparkling hazel eyes flashed a dazzling look in Jack's direction and he was completely smitten. His erection bulged in his trousers as she turned from the full length mirror and flirted with him.

"Well lover boy, will I do."

"Yes, fuck yes, you gorgeous sexy woman. I'll call Sheryl and say I'm going to be late."

"Oh no you don't, I'm leaving now, if you want to savour the moment it'll have to be at your own hand, wish me luck."

With that, Tamara swayed her hips out of the bedroom, downstairs, through the front door and into the black leather seat of Jack's luxurious car. She was intent on making an impression, so she swapped cars for the evening. As she anticipated, and thoroughly enjoyed imagining, Jack was so aroused that he pulled himself off the minute she left the driveway. It was an intense toe tingling wank but he did feel a little jealous that it was Annie and Veronica and not him that would be falling at Tamara's feet tonight.

The arrangement was that the sisters in law would get a taxi to the restaurant and Tamara would drive them home afterwards. At least that's what Annie had told Veronica. Both Tamara and Annie knew that Veronica would be enticed back to Tamara's house where, it was hoped, she would spend the night indulging in her first taste of sapphic love.

Veronica needed no encouragement from Annie to get dressed to kill. She hadn't had a decent opportunity to dress sexily since Annie's fiftieth birthday party, almost two and a half years ago. Her husband Malcolm had neglected to take her out, all dressed up for an enjoyable occasion, and a fuck afterwards, for quite some time. The brothers had both been neglectful of their wives emotional and physical needs.

Annie and Veronica sat together in a lounge bar waiting for Tamara. Annie wore a long sleeved bright-pink shift dress with cream heels, and nude stockings clipped to a cream six strap suspender belt, with matching bra and panties. She set this off with pale-pink lipstick and nail varnish. Her neatly cut greying blonde hair framed her attractive feminine face. She sat close to Veronica on a plush sofa, knees touching, sipping her gin and tonic.

Like Annie, Veronica was in her early fifties. She still had her long black hair; her pride and joy. She had eastern Mediterranean features from her part Turkish ancestry, and a curvy but well toned figure. Her large breasts and a small waistline emphasised her perfectly shaped buttocks. Her low cut, black, long sleeved, knee-length dress clung to her sensuous shape. Six inch high black stilettos transformed her from five feet two inches, to eye level with the milf loving young waiter, who had felt a stirring in his cock as he had guided the sisters in law to the lounge bar and gave them menu's to peruse.

Veronica felt alive and excited, as though she was out on a date with a new boyfriend. She had followed Annie's advice to wear stockings because it would make her feel sexier, and it did. In fact, she'd dug out her lacy black bustier with suspender straps which she wore with barely black stockings and matching skimpy panties. Her scarlet lipstick and nails added to her sensual look. She hadn't felt this hot in years and was looking forward to meeting Annie's attractive friend Tamara again, because she knew she liked to have a good time.

She was pleased that Annie had suggested the night out, it was a sign that she was getting over Daniel, and that Tamara was a good influence on her. Veronica looked at Annie now as she was reading the menu, she was struck by how attractive she still was, no wonder her errant son had been fucking her on and off for the last four years.

She'd seen a lot of Annie lately and had become very fond of her; Annie had needed her and she had felt a deep warmth and affection as she had held her hand and wiped away her tears in recent weeks. She'd found herself hugging her a little too intimately, kissing her on the neck and lips, as a lover would do. As she looked at Annie now she felt something strange, was it desire? Surely not, but it was an overwhelming feeling, she just wanted to embrace her and kiss her cheek, or her mouth, truth be told.

Annie looked up and said.

"Do you know what you're having yet? I fancy the duck."

Veronica felt as though she had been caught out ogling Annie.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, fine, just admiring your earrings. I fancy the waiter actually."

Both women burst out laughing and Annie placed a hand on Veronica's knee which Veronica grasped, apparently affectionately, but held onto for longer than was necessary.

Tamara arrived as they were still giggling.

"I see you two are having a good time."

Looking at how closely they sat with Annie's hand still on Veronica's knee and being held there she said light heartedly.

"And I think maybe you should get a room."

The women laughed again and Tamara squeezed onto the sofa next to Veronica, she shook her hand and they air kissed to avoid lipstick marks.

"Great to see you again Tamara, it must be years."

"Annie's fiftieth I think. You looked hot then and you look even hotter now, both of you."

"You don't look half bad yourself Tamara, bloody gorgeous in fact. Well we're all dressed to kill like you said, what had you got in mind?"

"Oh, just that we have a nice meal in a classy restaurant, maybe go on to hit the town and tease a few pricks, or just go back to my place, get pissed and have sex with each other."

Veronica laughed momentarily then looked unsure.

"Don't worry Veronica, it's not compulsory."

Veronica wasn't sure whether to take Tamara seriously, which was just what Tamara had intended. She picked up a menu and said.

"Let's see what other delights we've got to look forward to."

The young waiter came to take their order and led them through into the restaurant. Their table was at the far side of the large room and they turned heads as they made their sexy progress to their seats. The restaurant was full of well dressed attractive people, but Tamara and her friends aroused lust and envy in equal measure, they were the most desirable women in the room.

They had a great time, good food and plenty of humour. The wine flowed in abundance and they flirted mildly with one another while they laughed about family, men and sex with men. They all teased the good looking young waiter and agreed that they'd have been besotted by him as teenagers. Tamara had switched to tonic water and could see the sisters in law relax and become

uninhibited as they began their second bottle of wine. They talked and even laughed a little about Daniel, and Annie thanked Veronica for being such a good friend to her.

After the main course, Annie went looking for the toilet. Left alone with Veronica, Tamara judged that the time was right to take the plunge.

"Would it surprise you that I went to bed with Daniel a couple of years ago?"

Veronica let out a short snort and placed her hand right hand on Tamara's left hand.

"Ha, no Tamara, I'm not in the least surprised, the list is endless, he's screwed numerous friends and acquaintances of mine. If you're over forty and as hot as you, he's like a bee to a honey pot."

"It was just the once, Jack loves my flings, but we've agreed that I won't get into a long term relationship with a man."

Veronica turned this over in her mind for a moment and said, half seriously.

"We'll come back to Jack, but the way you said that makes me wonder about you and other women?"

"Well spotted Veronica, there's no fooling you is there? As it's confession time, and you're a very perceptive lady, how would you react to me telling you that Annie and I have been to bed with each other several times?"

There was a pause, Veronica did look genuinely surprised, Tamara hoped she hadn't blown it.

"My God!" she said eventually, "I thought there was a spring in her step tonight."

"Oh I made her very happy yesterday afternoon but it's you she yearns for."

"What?"

"She's got the hots for you, she wants make love to you, that's what this evening has all been about. I agreed to help her."

"Wow! This is a bit of a shock"

"Is it? Come on Veronica, I've seen the way you look at her, and she adores you. She finds you very desirable, let's face it, who wouldn't, look at you, you're gorgeous."

"Oh stop it Tamara."

"No, I mean it, you're very... you're sensuous and sexy, very desirable."

Veronica flushed bright red.

"It's not all altruism though, I have my own interest in bringing you together, if you'll excuse the dirty pun. I want to watch you fucking each other as sisters in law, it's mildly incestuous and illicit, the thought turns me on immensely, I want to fulfil it tonight."

"My God, aren't you the shy and retiring type... And Jack really get's off on you having sex with other people?"

"Yes, we've got an understanding, we're open and honest about our needs and we trust each other. I've even got him a girlfriend, he's with her tonight."

"Wow Tamara, I'm not usually lost for words."

Tamara could see the whole room from her seat and she kept a look out for Annie returning.

"Here she comes, don't breath a word of what I've just said, but do tell me, do you feel aroused?"

"Hell yes, I feel really hot and kinky now but please give me time to think, my head is spinning, you've astonished me and besides, I've never slept with a woman before."

"You don't know what you've been missing."

Annie sat down.

"That's better, I should have gone before we set off, you look flushed Veronica, are you okay?"

"Ehem, yes darling, just the time of life, are you having a good time?"

As she said this, Veronica put her left hand over Annie's hands and squeezed them affectionately.

"Oh yes, the most fun I've had in ages."

Tamara's pussy tingled as she imagined them kissing furiously in their lingerie on her long leather sofa, despite Veronica's amazement and mild consternation, she felt sure that it was now a probability rather than a possibility.

They finished their desserts and coffee at a leisurely pace and chatted about teaching, fashion and lingerie. The conversation turned to stockings and Tamara explained that she never wore dull unsexy tights. She had them paying close attention as she explained why she loved stockings so much.

"They're pretty and silky and sexy, what's not to like about them?"

"It's mostly about accessibility, I mean they're also a massive turn on for your lover when they put a hand on your thigh and discover that you're wearing them, but the best thing is the access they give to your pussy."

"Imagine a hand on your knee, slowly rising up your thigh, under the hem of your dress, up over your suspender clips and stocking tops to caress the soft flesh at the top of your thighs. The hand rests there for a moment, slowly massaging your skin before you feel a finger lightly touching your damp panties, probing the warm flesh between your pussy lips. The pressure increases, and a finger curls inside your panty gusset and into the entrance to your wet hole, all this is happening while you are kissing someone's face off."

Veronica started to fan herself with her napkin.

"God! Stop there Tamara or I'll leave a wet stain on this chair."

Tamara smiled.

"But you get my point? By comparison, tights are just a passion killer."

"Right, what next, hit the night clubs or brandy and more sexy revelations at my place?"

The short drive back to Tamara's was filled with sexual tension, Annie sat in the front with her and loved the look of her in her red dress on the black leather seat. She wanted badly to touch her lovely stocking clad thighs as her dress rode up higher with every gear change.

Veronica sat in the back feeling aroused by Tamara's words earlier. She gazed longingly at Annie's pretty knees and thighs, which had also been exposed by her pink dress riding up as she sat in the luxurious seat. Veronica's pussy radiated warmth and she was certain that she was going to have a new experience before the night was over.

She looked stunning in the back seat in the darkness, her left leg was crossed over her right leg, and showed off a mile of shapely stocking clad thigh. Her Mediterranean skin tone and blazing eyes illuminated the space around her. She wanted to touch herself as Annie turned and locked eyes with her.

Tamara couldn't help thinking that she'd missed an opportunity. She ought to have asked them both to sit in the back in the hope that she could have watched them, in the driving mirror, kissing with their hands up each other's dresses. On reflection, she thought, that might not have done anything to improve her driving ability.

The three women arrived back at Tamara's house and settled down in the lounge. The sexual tension was palpable. Tamara sat on the two seater sofa and Annie sat to the left of Veronica on the large sofa. Warmed by expensive brandy, they started to talk about sexual encounters; all three of them felt a frisson of excitement and arousal at the anticipation of what might happen before the night was over.

Veronica confessed that she had never enjoyed the experience of a hand up her skirt, Malcolm was always too passive.

"When did you last have sex?" asked Tamara.

"Oh God, sometime in the last century I think. It was always the same, I've spent my entire married life on top, Malcolm would never get on top and fuck me. He often wanted to be tied up, in fact he always wanted to be dominated, I've never really known what it's like to be just taken and fucked, but I'm fancy free now and I want to find out."

"Did you ever... stray?" asked Tamara.

"Not really, I got felt up and snogged by one of his friends a couple of times at drunken golf club parties, and I was shagged under my desk one drunken Christmas in the office after work by an older male colleague, but I was so drunk I can hardly remember it, it was at least twenty five years ago."

"Have you ever been with a woman?"

Tamara thought she knew the answer to this question, but was asking it to heighten Annie's arousal. There was silence, then Veronica surprised them both.

"Actually I have had fantasies, like lots of women, or so I've read in 'Cosmopolitan,' but I've never really had the opportunity. Ha, I did kiss one of the secretaries from work in a shop doorway one night after a works do. We were waiting for a taxi and it was very cold, so we snuggled up, the next thing I knew her tongue was in my mouth, it was just getting interesting when the taxi turned up."

"That broke the spell somewhat and I felt very guilty and ashamed. I think she was a closet lesbian, but neither of us ever spoke of it again, although I used to masturbate to fantasies of her fingering me in all kinds of situations. That was fifteen years ago, social values have changed a lot since then and I'm older and wiser, though some might disagree. The point is, I think if it had happened to me now, I'd have gone to bed with her."

Annie looked aroused and astonished at the same time.

"Would you like a hand up your dress tonight?" Asked Tamara as she got up and moved seductively over to sit next to Veronica.

"Move closer to Annie. I find attractive intelligent women like you so desirable, and Annie is a great lay, we've fucked several times. We're going to do it again tonight and you can just watch if you like or you can join in. Would you like to be touched by a woman?"

Veronica was trembling with anticipation and Annie's heart started pounding as the sexually confident Tamara took control.

"Annie, kiss your sister in law"

Annie looked at Tamara then at Veronica, Veronica looked at Annie, the tension was almost unbearable. Tentatively, Annie embraced Veronica and kissed her, she put her right hand on Veronica's right thigh and pushed it up under the hem of her black dress. Veronica gasped as she felt Annie's hand sliding up over her stocking tops and stopping just short of her pussy. She breathed heavily through their kiss and managed to utter the words, "Please touch me."

Annie massaged her pussy lips through her wet panty gusset then pushed her fingers inside and into her quivering cunt. Veronica groaned with delight and reached for the hem of Annie's dress. Take your dresses off murmured a highly aroused Tamara. She set an example by getting up and removing hers. They both followed suit and Annie pushed Veronica down on the large sofa and started kissing and fondling her again.

They looked stunning in their expensive lingerie, stockings and heels, caressing each other's bodies with their lips and tongues locked together. Tamara stood over them both, holding her two way vibrating strap-on that she had placed behind the sofa before going out.

"Veronica might enjoy this Annie."

Annie removed her bra and panties and put the device on slowly whilst she stared into Veronica's eyes. Veronica's ample bosom was heaving with excitement and desire. She was wet enough for Annie to peel off her panties and sink the large false cock onto her cunt in one thrusting move. Veronica moaned and gasped with delight, while Annie shafted her hard and fast, then soft and slow. Tamara sat on the small sofa, with her high heeled feet on a coffee table, knees wide apart, masturbating to the sight that she had longed to witness for months; the sisters in law, in stockings, suspenders and heels, fucking; their lovely bodies moving in unison.

Veronica came first, she bucked and writhed underneath Annie, whilst emitting wails and screams, her large breasts bobbing in time to Annie's thrusts. Tamara came next, feasting her eyes on the erotic sight of the depraved sisters in law as they fucked. Then she moved over to the large sofa and squeezed Annie's nipples until she too came long and hard. All three women lay together in a post coital glow. After a few minutes rest Tamara took them both up to bed, and fucked Veronica first, then Annie.

She rode them both vigorously with the strap on. Then Tamara and Annie introduced Veronica to the delightful art of cunnilingus between women. She was panting with anticipation, she'd masturbated many times to this sort of scenario and was beside herself with excitement. The three women ate one another's cunts, laying in a triangle of lust, Annie mouth in Veronica's mound, Veronica's face in Tamara's pussy and Tamara's tongue between Annie's cunt lips; they came together spectacularly.

Tamara told them to stay the night and left them in bed eating the fuck out of each other's cunts. It seemed that Veronica was a natural, she could hear them still making love as she played with herself in the blue bedroom. She gave herself one last erotic orgasm as she relived her fucking and humiliation of Jack, when she dressed him in her stockings and short black skirt. Then she drifted off to sleep promising herself again to find some Jack sized high heels. But her very last conscious thought was that, never in her wildest dreams, did she imagine that one day she would fuck Daniel's mother.

The following Wednesday morning, five days after their Good Friday night of passion, Tamara texted Annie to see how things were.

"Hi Annie, how're you two love birds getting on?"

"Sorry for not getting in touch sooner T. What must you think. Thanks for Friday night and the lift home Sat. For obvious reasons we didn't see much family over Easter and we spent a large part of it in bed with each oth"

"Sorry, pressed sent by mistake. Just saying we had a lot of sex, I think I'm really in love for the first time in my life. We're talking about moving in together when the divorces are finalised but keep that to yourself darling. Love you, hope to see you soon."

"Wow! Go for it Annie. Love and hugs to you both T xx"

The door bell rang as Tamara pressed send. It was a pleasant surprise, she had been expecting someone to come and fit a new kitchen blind, but not the Adonis that stood before her. His name was Connor, he was in his mid thirties, of slight build and very good looking. Jack was at work, Tamara licked her lips, she knew as she watched his tight little arse climb his step ladder that she would fuck him before he left.

She'd expected the lecherous old shop owner to fit the blind, so she'd just pulled on a pair of jeans and a jumper that morning, but this was a very pleasant surprise, and too good an opportunity to miss. Being sure the job would take at least twenty minutes or so, she said that she was just going upstairs to get changed for going out later. Connor gave her a friendly smile and said okay.

Tamara discarded the jeans and jumper and pondered what to wear to set the fitter's pulse racing. Obviously stockings and heels but what else? She pulled out the indecently short red skirt that she bought from Rackhams, after Jack had fucked her in it, in a fitting room, while Sheryl kept watch, during their shopping trip to Birmingham.

The skirt was so short and tight that it revealed a good inch of opaque black stocking top; the outline of her suspender belt was clearly visible through the material. She wore her highest five inch high black stilettos and an off the shoulder fine knit black jumper, that draped deliciously over her

breasts. The ribbed hem of her jumper was only a couple inches higher than the hem of her skirt, which only just concealed the fact that she was not wearing panties.

With a playful look in her sparkling hazel eyes, she oozed adorable cuteness and dirty fuckability in equal measure; a combination that no one would be able to resist. She swayed her hips slowly back into the kitchen and stood very close to the fitter on his step ladder. With one hand on a suspender clip and the other running sensuously through her hair, she fixed her eyes on his crotch as he finished fixing the last screw in place.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" asked Tamara with her face inches from his groin.

"Er, I've just finished actually, shall we see if they work? You pull like this to let them down, and like this to put them up again." said the fitter, nervously, as she moved around behind him and held on to the ladder either side of his delightful backside. He was trapped and mesmerised as she turned on her sensuous charm.

"Let's see what else we can pull down and put up"

She slowly reached around, unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock, which had started to swell the moment he set eyes on her in her micro mini skirt and heels. Now it was rock hard and ready for her even if he wasn't.

"I'll just hold on to this so you don't fall"

She turned him around on the steps and put his cock in her mouth in full view of the kitchen window. She half hoped her attractive sewing neighbour would be looking out of her bedroom window. She was very aroused and wanted to ride him, so she waited until he started to moan with pleasure before pulling him down from the steps by his cock and telling him to lie on the kitchen table.

"I'm married," he said weakly as she pushed him onto his back.

"Good for you," she replied as she mounted him and enveloped his cock in her warm wet cunt.

She sat astride him, skirt round her hips, showing her sexy black stockings tops and suspenders. The table formed part of the fitted kitchen as an extension to the worktops, it was solid and substantial, enabling her to ride him hard. She was hugely turned on by watching his attractive boyish face contort with pleasure as she sucked the spunk out of his cock with firm rhythmical movements of her vagina. As he came she reached her own orgasm, with powerful thrusts, while pinning his hands to the table top. She looked into his eyes and felt a surge of inflamed lust as she saw his complete and utter surrender. She held him down for a few seconds longer to ensure that he understood who was in charge.

"Please let me go now."

She slowly eased her sensual form off his still hard cock and let him get off the table top. His cock had been hers to possess, he appeared to have no control over it as it continued to wobble bolt upright as he pulled up his pants. She felt another surge of lust and grasped his cock pulling him roughly behind her out of the kitchen, through the hallway and into the lounge, where she forced him onto his back on the large sofa, and pinned him down again.

She engulfed his still hard cock with her cunt once more and proceeded to fuck him hard. His face was a mixture of timid unease and arousal as she pleased herself on him again and enjoyed a

second magnificent orgasm, heightened by her complete domination of the helpless fitter. She let him up again and this time he packed his gear quickly and left red faced.

He drove away with his mind in a whirl, he'd been unfaithful to his wife, but Tamara was so dominant and irresistible. He resolved never to tell a living soul what had just happened to him, but it would provide the impetus for his every orgasm, whether self induced or between the legs of his wife, for a very long time to come.

Tamara glowed with satisfaction, she had surprised herself a little and wondered naughtily whether what she had just done might, in her horny mind at least, constitute rape. She knew it wasn't, but she liked to think it was, and she decided not to get changed so that she could welcome Jack home from work, by taking him on the hall floor, in the same outfit and frame of mind.

Jack duly arrived home and was treated to a delicious fucking on the hall floor before being ridden again on the sofa. His arousal surged to even higher levels when he realised that Tamara was not wearing panties. Tamara was in sex goddess mode, a woman possessed, Jack suggested that they should have a new blind fitted at least once a week.

Late that same night in bed, whilst she and Jack were reading, Tamara received a text from Miriam.

"Mistress please may I pleasure myself with my vibrator?"

Miriam had regularly requested permission to masturbate from her Mistress Tamara. Tamara usually texted Miriam back with a teasing message, accusing her of being a dirty horny little slut, before eventually giving permission. This time though, she had an idea that she could use the sensuous sounds that Miriam made, when she came, as erotic stimulation for sex with Jack.

Tamara phoned Miriam.

"Are you alone slut?"

"Yes mistress."

"Good, you're a dirty slag aren't you?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Fuck yourself now with your vibrator, I want to hear you come."

Tamara turned her phone volume to maximum so that she and Jack could hear Miriam building toward her orgasm, Jack was quickly aroused and his hard cock was inside Tamara in no time.

"Oh mistress, oh, God, oh I wish you were here to tie me up and fuck me. Oh my, oh my, oh, I'm coming so quickly mistress, I'm thinking about you tying me up and fucking me, it's making me come, oh my, ahhh Goddd, oh oh, aghhhhh, Missstresssss I'm commmmmmingggg."

Jack and Tamara were intensely turned on by Miriam's sensuous sounds and erotic words, Jack thrust into Tamara and they both came whilst trying to stifle the sounds of their own orgasms, but Miriam heard enough to know what had been going on.

"Did I please you Mistress?"

"You pleased me enormously you dirty little fuck bitch, when are you in school next?"

"Next Wednesday Mistress"

"Good, report to my office at lunch time and make sure your cunt is accessible."

"Yes Mistress."

Wednesday of the new term arrived. Miriam reported to Tamara's office as instructed. She was intimidated by Tamara's presence as she stood in the doorway to her office wearing high heels and a classy fitted blue dress that followed her luscious curves. Tamara looked like classy office totty in her blue suit with a tight knee length skirt and black high heels.

She approached Miriam and said in a whisper.

"Come in bitch and close the door behind you."

Miriam trembled as Tamara pushed her against the closed door and fondled her breasts.

"Please don't fuck me here Mistress, it's too risky. I'll do anything you say but please don't fuck me here."

She shivered with pleasure as Tamara rolled her hard nipples between her fingers and thumbs.

"You needn't worry, I'm not going to fuck you, you're going to fuck yourself, now, with your fingers, while I watch you."

Miriam lifted her dress to reveal beautiful stockings, suspenders and panties.

"Take those off and give them to me."

She sensuously wiggled out of her panties and handed them to Tamara. Tamara's own panties were soaked by now, she held Miriam's to her nose while she watched her masturbate whilst leaning against the office door. It was a very arousing sight, Miriam was outstandingly good at it. She came hard looking longingly into Tamara's eyes.

"Oh please touch me here Mistress."

She begged as she approached her climax.

"No, come bitch, fuck yourself and come for your mistress."

Miriam came with a breathless stifled groan, her breasts heaved and her mound shuddered and thrust involuntarily.

"Go now and I'll visit you soon in your office, where you will drop whatever you are doing and spread your legs for my strap on."

Miriam left feeling humbled, ashamed but strangely fulfilled. Tamara's juices were running down her left leg, she was inflamed with lust after witnessing her sex pet put on a magnificent show. She locked her door, took her bullet vibrator out of her handbag and treated herself to a delightful orgasm, while closing her eyes and picturing Miriam's gorgeous performance of a few moments ago.

Tamara was enjoying one her most intense phases of 'deviant' sexual activity and Jack was reaping the benefits. The weekend arrived, and on Saturday morning she left Jack putting up some pictures, while she visited a lighting shop in another nearby town. She dressed sexily but elegantly in a tight, knee length, dark-grey pencil skirt, with nude hold up stockings, red shoes and underwear, and a fitted pink blouse that showed a glimpse of cleavage.

The lighting shop owner, a smart good looking man of about fifty, was on the phone at a desk in one corner of the shop. She caught his eye and gave him one of her "I might be interested" looks. She prowled around in her high heels and tight skirt, making sure she was always in his line of sight. After several minutes, he finished his phone call and asked if he could help. She took the opportunity to test the water.

"That depends on whether you can find an on switch."

"I'll do my best madam, which of my fittings were you interested in?"

"Oh I think something with a hard upright pole that gives off a warm glow."

"Er right, I think we might find something to your liking in the back office, I'll just put up the 'closed for lunch' sign."

"Good, we don't want to be disturbed while you find something to plug into my socket do we?"

"Indeed no madam, I like to ensure that my customers get my undivided attention... and are completely satisfied."

The lustful looks in their eyes confirmed that there could be no doubt about their intentions. Tamara's nipples and pussy tingled as she slipped through into the back office; it was cosier than she had expected. There were shelves with light bulbs and other electrical bits and pieces. But there was also a desk in a corner and a large old brown leather sofa along one wall. She quickly stripped off her skirt and blouse and arranged herself on the sofa in a 'come and get me pose'.

The owner returned, his eyes like saucers, he was on top of her in an instant, they kissed urgently, Tamara pulling at his shirt buttons while he undid his trousers. He pulled his trousers down and ripped off his shirt, Tamara removed her panties and opened her legs invitingly. His cock was rigid as he plunged it into her cunt and fucked her with enthusiasm.

They panted and groaned their pleasure into each other's mouths, their torsos rolling and bucking in unison. They fucked vigorously in this way for several minutes, until Tamara sensed he was about to come, and wrapped her heeled legs around his waist, pulling every inch of his cock into her as he coated her cunt walls with his warm fluid. She came intensely with a surge of shameless erotic pleasure. Passions spent, they both dressed quickly before sharing another lingering kiss.

"You gave excellent service, I'll recommend you to my friends," she grinned.

Slinking her way back through the shop, Tamara stopped and asked him the price of a table lamp that she had admired earlier.

"Consider it a gift," he said as he walked her to the shop door, unlocked and opened it for her, before watching her sexy hips sway toward the car park across the road. He was still watching her as she put the lamp in the boot of her car, and got into the driver's seat, showing as much elegant

heeled leg and stocking top as she could manage in her tight skirt. She drove off thinking of the pounding that Jack would give her pussy when she told him of her escapade.

The following Monday school was closed because of a minor flood. Tamara amused herself by going shopping in town. She wasn't looking for anything in particular as she browsed shop windows. She wore a short, stretchy, black pencil cut mini skirt and opaque stockings with ankle boots. Her classy camel jacket, and black and pale-brown scarf, completed her smart sexy look. She'd had an erotic start to the day, orgasming twice with her vibrator whilst fantasising about picking up any attractive man or woman who might cross her path on her shopping trip.

She settled on the husband of a former young colleague. She had danced with him a few years ago at a staff Christmas do. He was tall, dark and handsome and she imagined bumping into him and suggesting that they go for a coffee. In her fantasy, she finished her coffee and passed him a hurriedly scribbled note on which she had written 'Novotel car park in 30 minutes.' She strode off without a backward glance and drove straight to the hotel where she booked a room. He arrived on cue and she led him to the room and rode his hard cock.

The fantasy was delicious and she returned to it later as she sat sipping afternoon tea in Debenham's cafe. Her pussy felt alive at the memory of her fantasy, she crossed her stocking clad legs so that she could squeeze every ounce of pleasure into her yearning cunt. She didn't notice Andrea the solicitor making her way to her table. Andrea sat down without asking for permission. She wore her usual work outfit, a pinstriped skirt suit, barely black stockings and black heels with a white blouse.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Lucinda's bitch!" said Andrea in a low derogatory tone.

Tamara disliked her arrogant assumption that she could treat her as her submissive but, as quick as a flash, she formulated a plan to teach her a lesson, so she appeared to play along. It was well over a year since their last encounter and Tamara was no one's bitch now, quite the opposite in fact, she'd grown into the role of the dominant in many of her sexual relationships as Danita, Melissa the conductor, Miriam, Connor the blind fitter and even Jack, on occasion, could testify.

There was no one sitting close by but Tamara kept her voice down just in case.

"Have you heard anything from my Mistress."

She said, pretending to be deferential.

"No, she's no longer got any use for your expert tongue but I've got a couple of hours to kill."

"Where would you like me to service you madam," said Tamara.

"At my house in half an hour from now you dirty little slut. I'm delighted to have run into you again, if you perform well today, I'll introduce you as my new pet to my close circle of pussy loving friends. My other two bitches might get jealous, but you can all compete to see who can please me best."

Tamara was riled now, but she stayed outwardly submissive. Andrea, complacently assuming she was in control, gave her instructions.

"I'm going home now, meet me there in thirty minutes and don't be late."

As soon as Andrea had left, Tamara made straight for the ladies toilets, removed her panties, and stuffed them into her handbag. As she walked to her car, she knew that she would have the element of surprise in her favour. Also, whilst Andrea felt entitled and was full of confidence, she was of slim build and she didn't have her athletic friend the Captain to protect her. Andrea answered the door before Tamara could ring the bell.

"Come in bitch, take your coat off and go through into the lounge."

Tamara did as she was told. Andrea stood in front of her in very high heels, she had removed her tailored jacket to reveal her pert breasts and hard nipples. Despite the heels, she looked even smaller and slimmer than Tamara remembered.

"I rather enjoyed our last encounter, so I'm going to sit in my armchair and spread my legs, while my new bitch's tongue treats me to a special orgasm," she sneered.

With this, Andrea turned and walked slowly and sensuously across the large lounge toward her armchair. Tamara seized her opportunity, she closed the space between them in three strides, her taut miniskirt clinging to her thighs, and grabbed Andrea from behind by her long hair. She pulled down and backwards hard and forced an off balance Andrea onto her backside on the carpet. Andrea tried to resist with flapping arms and legs but, still gripping her hair, Tamara forced her onto her back and sat astride her, pinning her shoulders down with her knees. Her naked pussy was satisfyingly close to Andrea's mouth.

"What is the meaning of this bitch, let me up," said Andrea feebly.

"The last time I was here you had Lucinda to hide behind, but now you're all on your own you arrogant, pathetic bitch."

Tamara was strong and she had Andrea pinned helplessly, completely unable to move or resist.

"What are you going to do?" said an anxious Andrea.

"You owe an apology to my cunt, speak to it now and make sure my cunt thinks your apology is satisfactory."

With this, Tamara covered Andrea's mouth with her cunt lips and felt a surge of perverse pleasure.

"Now, be an obedient bitch and lick my pussy."

Tamara grabbed the back of Andrea's head and pulled her face harder into her cunt, she started to fuck Andrea's face, smearing cunt juices over her nose and mouth. Andrea pushed her tongue into Tamara's hole and desperately tried to please her by sucking and licking her clitoris, but Tamara continued to take her own pleasure by fucking her face hard, she came by rubbing her clitoris over Andrea's nose and her juices spilled out over her captive's face.

"Lick me clean slut, swallow my come."

Andrea had no choice but to oblige, as she did so, Tamara noticed a vibrator, a length of soft red bondage rope and a scarf on the sideboard. She got up quickly and grabbed them as Andrea still lay shocked and subdued. Andrea tried to get up but Tamara forced her down onto her front and sat astride her thighs; she bound her wrists together with the rope. She felt a surge of perverse erotic pleasure as she admired Andrea's neat rounded buttocks through her tight skirt.

"So you thought that you were going to tie me up and dominate me? Such sweet irony."

Andrea offered no resistance, she was completely humiliated and subdued. When her hands were secured, Tamara tied her ankles together, bent her knees double and secured her bound ankles to her bound wrists. Once Andrea was trussed up to Tamara's satisfaction, she asked her how long it would be before her husband would be home.

"A couple of hours," said Andrea in a shaky voice.

Tamara took the vibrator and pushed it up under Andrea's skirt, past her stocking tops, and right up into her surprisingly wet cunt; she switched it on and secured it in place with her panty gusset.

"That's two hours of unending pleasure for you, you lucky bitch."

"No please don't leave me like this I won't be able to stand it."

Tamara used the scarf to gag her victim, then stood astride her in triumph and said, "Enjoy the ride slut, let's hope your husband's not late, you'll need putting out of your misery before too long."

As she closed the front door, Tamara heard Andrea succumb to the first of several orgasms that would take her relentlessly before the battery died twenty minutes later. Eventually, after two and a half hours, bound and whimpering, her unsympathetic husband returned from work and released.

"I see you got what you deserved from one of your kinky bitches."

Andrea had learned her lesson, she'd been utterly defeated and humiliated and would never take Tamara for granted again. Indeed, her masturbation fantasies were enhanced by the depraved pleasure that she got from reliving her sexual subjugation at Tamara's hands.

The following day, Tamara in a buoyant mood, texted Miriam.

"Are you in your office today slut."

"Yes mistress."

"Good, I'm paying you a visit at lunch time, you'd better be wearing stockings and ready to spread your legs for me."

"Whatever you command mistress, I'm yours to do with as you wish."

Tamara's pussy clenched, she was wearing a severe, tight black skirt suit with seemed black stockings, high heels and her hair was slicked back close to her head. The last time she had dressed like this, she had taken an unsuspecting Danita for her bitch. A couple of her sixth form girls felt a confusing and unaccountable mix of, sexual arousal, adulation and capitulation in her presence.

She arrived at reception on the ground floor of the building occupied by Miriam's company.

"I'm here to see Miriam Bingley."

An attractive female receptionist made a phone call then said, "Please go up to the fourth floor, Mrs Bingley will meet you as you step out of the lift."

Miriam met Tamara and whispered, "Please let me act normally here, I can't be humiliated in front of my staff."

"Of course Miriam, we both know the rules in public, but you'll worship my pussy later in private you slut," whispered Tamara.

Miriam cleared her throat.

"Ahem, please come this way Tamara, my office is just here. Penny, please could you get us some drinks, tea or coffee Tamara?"

"Tea please."

"Sugar madam," asked Penny.

"Yes please."

They entered Miriam's office and chatted whilst waiting for the tea.

"She's a sexy little minx, I might get you to fuck her while I watch."

"Uh please no, she's my niece."

"Yes, I suppose that would be a step too far, don't worry Miriam, I'm just teasing you."

Miriam relaxed a little.

The office was large and opulent with a desk, large meeting table and a comfortable sofa. Tamara probed her about her sex life. It turned out that she hadn't been fucked by a man for years. Her MP husband was in London most of the time and she knew that he was a serial adulterer.

Miriam had had her moments too, some with upright Tory ladies. She'd had an affair with Sally Frost, MP for a neighbouring constituency and, whilst in London, had a tryst with the former Home Secretary, Vivienne 'Family Values' Foster! She'd also had a steamy affair with the former health minister Edina Curran just before Edina started an affair with the Prime Minister. Edina had real dominatrix potential but Miriam hadn't been looking for a submissive role at that time.

"That's my claim to fame, for a short while I was being fucked by the Prime Minister's mistress."

When she was a young researcher back in the early 70's, Cedric Perkinson MP made her give him several blow jobs. Then she escaped his clutches when she met her future husband.

Tamara asked how she ended up in the fashion business. Miriam explained that her college diploma was in fashion design. After finding out about yet another of her husband's affairs five years ago, she gave him an ultimatum, "Give me the money to set up my own business or it's a messy public divorce, with full details of all of his peccadillos."

The business was going from strength to strength. They'd started out in the design field but now specialised in putting on fashion shows all over the region. Penny entered with the tea.

"Make sure we're not disturbed for the next half an hour Penny."

"Yes Miriam."

The door closed and Tamara pulled her two way vibrating strap on out of her bag.

"Come here slut. Get on your knees and kiss my shoes."

Tamara pulled her tight skirt up to expose her black stocking tops and panties.

"Eat me slut."

Miriam placed her warm lips on Tamara's panty gusset and kissed her pussy through the silky material. She gave a sigh of pleasure as she felt the softness of Miriam's lips pressing on her, she smiled at the reflection in the window, of Miriam holding her skirt up and servicing her cunt. Miriam pulled the gusset to one side and expertly probed and kissed Tamara's cunt lips, then sucked and licked her clitoris. Tamara felt that she was losing control again so she barked an order at Miriam.

"Get on your back on the sofa and spread your legs."

Miriam did as she was told whilst Tamara fitted the strap on and mounted her, pushing the large false penis into Miriam's clenching wet cunt. Miriam breathed in sharply, then let out a long sigh of pleasure as the vibrations took her.

"Is my sexy slut enjoying herself?"

"Yes mistress, oh yes."

"Good, I'm going to be nice to you today as long as you behave yourself and come when I tell you to."

"Oh yes, yes, I will, I will, but please let it be soon Mistress."

Tamara turned up the dial and both women gave themselves over to the vibrations.

"Come for me now Mrs Bingley, come for your mistress."

Tamara tried to hold off her own orgasm, but the strong vibrations had her in their grip and she came in unison with Miriam.

"Oh fffuck, I'm commmingg," groaned Tamara as softly and quietly as she could. Miriam also toned down her usual long, vocal performance as she came hard.

Tamara felt that she needed to reassert her dominance, so she bent Miriam over her desk, face down and fucked her cunt from behind. The sight of Miriam's long legs in high heels, her bare buttocks bent over her desk, had Tamara almost drooling.

"You really love cock don't you slut?" said Tamara breathlessly, "I might tie you up and offer your lovely wet pussy to my Jack one of these days."

This threat turned both women on immensely.

"Oh yes mistress, I want you both to fuck me and humiliate me, please do it, please, make him my Master," said Miriam as she started to climax again.

Fantasies of Jack thrusting into her trussed up posh bitch, while she masturbated, had Tamara in raptures and she came again spectacularly.

"I told you I'd be nice to you today and I'll keep my word but next time we meet, I'm going to tie you up spank you just for good measure," said Tamara as she straightened her skirt and put on her jacket.

"Thank you mistress, I deserve to be punished."

"Come here, get down on your knees and kiss my ankles."

Miriam did as she was told and also kissed Tamara's hands before she got up. Tamara was pleased by this and, dominance reasserted, she breezed out of the office triumphantly.

"Until next time Miriam," she smiled as she headed for the lifts, aware from the look on her face that Penny thought she was scary but sexy.

Miriam also watched her in awe as Tamara strode purposefully in her severe, sexy outfit toward the lift. The lift doors opened, she entered, turned and gave Miriam a look that sent shivers down her spine all the way to her tingling pussy.

On the Thursday evening, Jack had a meeting in Birmingham that would finish at around 10pm. It would be at least half past before he made it home. When Tamara returned from school at 5.30 pm, she put a ready meal in the oven and got straight on with marking A level homework. She finished marking by 7.30 and settled down on the small sofa with a glass of wine.

There was nothing particularly interesting on tv as she channel hopped, her mind drifted to her current favourite fantasy, fucking Jack dressed in stockings and heels. She hadn't changed out of her work clothes and, almost unconsciously, she reached for the hem of her short black and white houndstooth skirt. She admired the welt of her expensive Welford, ten denier, barely black stockings and ran her red painted nails around the suspender clip on the top of her right thigh.

She hooked a finger under the thick black strap and pulled on it before running the back of her finger over her flesh. Her nipples slowly hardened under her thin black jumper and were soon poking into the fine material. She loved the look of her skirt hem cutting across her suspender straps and the clips attached to the welt of her stockings.

It was a very sexy sight and she could understand why it turned men (and women) on so much. Looking at her silky thighs in her sexy stockings and suspenders was turning her on more than she could bear.

Her knees parted enough for her to rub her thumbnail gently against her silky black panty gusset. She felt a swell of pleasure as she slowly massaged between her cunt lips. A small damp patch appeared on her panties, she could feel its warmth against the back of her thumb.

As she raised her high heeled left foot onto the edge of the sturdy coffee table, she replaced her thumb with her fingers, and gently stroked the ends of her nails over her silky panty gusset, sending intense erotic pulses through her labia and into her pussy. Then she pushed the panty material into the opening of her hole and let out a sigh. With her left hand, she then pulled her gusset to the left so that her naked pussy was exposed and accessible. The fingers of her right hand swept around her clitoris, along the inside of her pussy lips and teased the entrance to her hole. Her right foot now rested on the coffee table as well. With her knees bent and legs spread wide apart, she started to fantasise about her latest sexual obsession.

She imagined a scenario where Jack was preparing and serving a three course meal for her. She was sitting in the dining area, dressed to kill in her black stilettos, seemed black stockings and six strap suspender belt. The only other garment she wore was the tight, long sleeved, knee-length, pencil cut red dress. The very dress that had Jack shooting his come onto his chest, when she left him lusting after her, on the night she went out with the sisters in law.

Jack wore a short, tight, black mini skirt with black stockings and a four strap suspender belt. Tamara's imagination also dressed him in a white fitted blouse so that he looked as much like a sexy waitress as she could manage. But the finishing touch, that sent tingles down Tamara's spine to her pussy, was a pair of black four inch high stilettos.

Tamara settled into her fantasy, she wanted to savour it so she touched herself as lightly as possible and avoided inserting her fingers into her cunt for the time being. She imagined Jack approaching the table and serving her starter.

"What a sexy girl you are, what's your name?"

"Jackie, madam."

As Jack placed the plate in front of her, Tamara caressed his right buttock with her left hand.

"My my, what a gorgeous bottom, I hope you'll be serving me all night."

"I will madam."

"Good girl."

Tamara's arousal grew, she skipped forward to her waitress collecting her starter plate. She took the opportunity to stroke her buttocks again, this time feeling for a suspender clip and strap and emitting a sexy 'Mmmm' sound when she found them.

"That was excellent, you are a clever girl and you're wearing stockings, what more could I want."

As her waitress brought her main course Tamara admired her long legs and the sexy curve of her buttocks in her very tight mini skirt. This time Tamara let her hand run down, from the waitress's backside, to the welt of her stockings on the inside of her right thigh, then she lifted her hand and cupped Jack's balls through his lacy panties. Jack's cock had been half erect but now it throbbed and strained against the lacy material, the bulge at the front of his mini skirt became more prominent.

"My Goodness! Are you wearing a strap on young lady?"

"No madam."

Tamara imagined watching her waitress's buttocks move under her tight skirt as she walked back to the kitchen. When Jack returned to collect her empty plate, she fixed her eyes on the suspender straps showing through the front of his tight skirt, either side of the bulge of his penis. She 'accidentally' brushed his penis with the back of her hand and apologised by reaching under the back of the skirt fondling his lace covered buttocks.

Despite trying to hold it back, the real Tamara was now on the edge of an orgasm, so she ran her fantasy forward to the end of the meal.

"I'll take coffee and brandy in the lounge Jackie, bring it to me as soon as it is ready."

"Yes madam."

The real Tamara's pulse quickened, she hadn't reached the end of her masturbation fantasy but she knew she needed to come now, so she pushed her fingers into her hole and found her G-spot. She came quickly as an orgasm broke over her in waves. Imagining Jack in heels, stockings and a tight mini skirt left her more indecently aroused than she could ever remember. But her pussy was not yet fully satisfied, it was still clenching in search of another orgasm. She returned to her fantasy.

Jack brought the coffee into the lounge.

"Has your waitressing shift finished now?"

"Yes madam."

"Then be a good girl and sit with me while I drink my coffee, I'd like to get to know you better. You're a very sexy young lady."

"Thank you madam."

For a little extra pulse of arousal, Tamara imagined her waitress dropping a coffee spoon and bending down to pick it up. An action that revealed Jack's balls straining against his panty gusset.

Jack sat on Tamara's left on the large sofa. Tamara put down her coffee cup and turned to face her waitress. She put her right hand on Jack's right thigh. His skirt was so short when he sat down that he revealed several inches of stocking top. Tamara's pussy was fit to burst, she looked at her waitress's thighs with greedy arousal and slipped her hand under the hem of her skirt.

"My God girl! What on earth is this? Oh my, it's a gorgeous hard cock."

Tamara imagined the sight of Jack's huge erection straining against his black lacy panties, she pushed his skirt up around his hips and released his cock from the confines of the material. She grasped it with her right hand and breathed deeply. Her waitress's suspenders, long stocking clad legs and high heels sent her into ecstasy.

"You're a very, very naughty tease, I'm going to have to fuck you hard Jackie."

Tamara imagined asking her waitress to unzip her tight red dress, she stepped out of it, pushed Jack onto his back on the sofa and raised his skirt around his waist. She saw, in her mind's eye, Jack's suspender belt clipped to his stockings with his cock standing hard and erect, waiting for her to impale herself on him. She looked again at his sexy heels, peeled his panties down to his knees and lowered herself onto his cock and began thrusting at, and fucking, her waitress hard.

By now the real Tamara had four fingers inside her cunt, she came time after time in a crescendo of intense orgasms, her hips bucked, every nerve in her body tingled and her pussy was in spasms of sheer delight. She emitted a long and sonorous moan to accompany her protracted, powerful orgasms.

It took several minutes for her pulse to return to normal, her body felt lighter as though she was floating on a cloud of sexual ecstasy. It was a euphoric high that she was determined to savour to the full. She sat for several moments going over her fantasy in her head. She'd never known anything like it, she had taken her masturbatory ability to a new level. eventually, she poured herself

another glass of wine and added its heady effect to the cocktail of pleasurable sensations that still pervaded her mind, and her pussy. She glanced at the clock and was surprised to see that it was now 8.30. She'd aroused herself, masturbated and enjoyed its lingering after effects for almost an hour.

By the time Jack arrived she had almost finished the bottle and was feeling horny and uninhibited. He had hardly put down his document folder and taken off his jacket when she was imploring him to come to bed and listen to her new fantasy that she hoped would become a reality. With Jack's hard cock in her hand and a glass of wine in his hand he listened to her fantasy in detail and became increasingly aroused despite appearing to keep a lid on his enthusiasm.

They fucked passionately, both hugely turned on by Tamara's dark fantasy and they came together in perverted, lustful orgasms with images of Jack, dressed as Tamara's waitress, in both of their deviant minds.

The very next day, Tamara phoned Alena during morning break and gushed enthusiastically about her fantasy and Jack's willingness to participate. Alena was delighted, it was she who had suggested to Tamara that she'd never look back if she could manage to get Jack into stockings, suspenders and a little skirt.

"But where the hell will I find size eleven heels Alena."

"Oh come on Tammy, use your imagination. There are costume shops and theatre wardrobe suppliers in the city, failing that, you could always speak to Jenny Smith in the maths department, isn't her brother a drag queen?"

"God yes, you're right, clever girl. Oh Alena, I am missing you. Can you come and stay at half term? I want to taste and smell your pussy again."

"Steady Tamara, we'll be having phone sex at this rate, and I'm sitting in a corner of the staff room at the moment. I haven't got a posh office like you. I like the sound of half term, I'll phone you on Sunday lunchtime when Jed is out at the pub and we'll sort out some dates... and have phone sex."

"I can't wait, hugs and kisses, bye?"

Tamara wasted no time finding Jenny Smith at lunch time, she got the answers she was looking for and the next morning she was in a costume shop buying a pair of size eleven black court shoes with sexy four inch heels. She couldn't wait to get home to show Jack.

"Look what I've found darling."