

TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 10

Briterotic

Seductive, insatiable Tamara has an orgasmic week.

Mature

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Chapter Ten: The Coming Week

Jack woke up and for the first few moments he'd forgotten, then the events of the night before flooded back into his memory. His cock was already half swollen and now it became a fully fledged erection as he remembered his part in Tamara's role play the previous night. He propped himself up on his elbows and surveyed the debris of their night of kinky passion.

A very short black miniskirt and a four strap black suspender belt were hanging over the back of a chair. On the floor nearby was a pair of black stockings and a pair of size eleven black high heeled shoes. Still around his right ankle was a pair of lacy black panties. Underneath the suspenders and stockings on the chair was Tamara's spectacular red dress. Her stockings, stilettos and six strap suspender belt were also strewn on the floor.

Jack lay back down on the bed and grasped his erect cock. Images of the previous night revolved in his head as he started to play with himself. Tamara fondling his buttocks through the mini skirt, feeling for his suspender straps, cupping his balls in his lacy panties and ogling him at every opportunity whilst he served her a three course meal.

Tamara looking glorious in her red dress, pinning him against the wall and pulling up his skirt so that she could grasp his cock. Calling him Jackie and telling him what a naughty girl he was, what a dirty little tease he was. Calling him her waitress and pushing him onto his back on the sofa so that she could fuck her/him. Then taking him upstairs and binding his hands behind his back for one last spectacular hard fucking whilst repeatedly moaning 'Oh Jackie, you dirty fucking slut' into his ear as she came.

These deviant memories had Jack approaching an orgasm fast and he shot his come onto his abdomen and groaned quietly.

"Did you enjoy that Jackie?"

Came Tamara's teasing voice from the other side of the bed. Jack had thought that she was asleep.

"Don't forget what you agreed last night before we went to sleep."

Jack had promised to dress as a woman and have sex with Tamara at least four times a year. He pretended it was for her benefit but the thought turned him on immensely.

"Don't worry, I remember."

"What would you like to be next time? I fancy you as an air hostess, or maybe a nurse."

Tamara drifted off to sleep again still fantasising about how to dress Jack up. Jack got up, wiped his come off his abdomen and smiled at himself in the mirror. Life was good, he loved Tamara to

distraction and between her and Sheryl, he had the sex life he could only have dreamed of a few years ago. He realised that he'd never pass for a woman, but there was something highly erotic about wearing a miniskirt, stockings, suspenders, lace panties and heels while he fucked Tamara in her short skirt, stockings, suspenders, skimpy panties and stilettos.

Parents' evening on a Monday in mid May 1999, Tamara was dressed in her mid blue skirt suit with black four inch high heels. She looked smart, businesslike and subtly understated. She drew admiring glances from fathers and mothers alike as she sat showing just enough thigh to be considered mildly provocative, rather than deliberately seductive.

The last parent to sit at Tamara's table was the mother of a sixth former.

"Ms Fox, can we have a word about Jessica please?" said the woman in a soft Irish lilt that warmed Tamara's pussy.

"I'm sorry Mrs Hodges, she's legally an adult now and she didn't give her permission for us to discuss her progress. Off the record, you have no need to worry, she's doing well."

"I'm pleased Jessica is doing well, but can we discuss the crush that she has on you please?"

Tamara knew exactly what Mrs Hodges was referring to but didn't want to admit it.

"Oh! She's very attentive and willing to please but why do you think she has a crush on me?"

"Because I found a message to her friend on her phone saying how she felt in awe of you and how she turned to jelly recently when you wore a black skirt suit, very high heels and had your hair slicked back."

"Oh goodness! I had no idea, I did wear a black skirt suit a couple of weeks ago and my hair was arranged differently because I had a lunchtime business appointment. But I would have described it as a businesslike look. As an assistant head I have to look the part and dress appropriately."

Tamara was aware that she was talking too much in an attempt to justify herself in the face of charges that had not been laid against her.

"Look, I know she's eighteen and is considered to be an adult, but I'm concerned that her head has been turned by an attractive and very seductive older woman, and I'd like your assurance that you will not take advantage of her in any way."

Tamara was thrown off balance for a second or two, she wondered if she'd misheard what Jessica's mother had just said, "attractive and very seductive, take advantage." Could she really have just said that? She regained her composure.

"Mrs Hodges, you can rest assured that I have every concern for the safeguarding of your daughter. A crush on a teacher is quite common, but it usually passes fairly quickly. Like I said, she's a nice, polite girl and she's doing well academically. I really shouldn't be discussing her with you without her permission."

Jessica's mother gave Tamara a lingering, perceptive look.

"Perhaps we could discuss this in a less formal setting, I'd hate you to get the wrong impression, I can see why my daughter is so infatuated, could we perhaps meet for coffee somewhere and continue this discussion?"

A slightly flustered Tamara was trying hard to read the signals, if indeed there were any to be read. She looked closely at the woman opposite, she was in her mid forties, with red hair, a handsome face, deeply attractive green eyes, and a very firm well proportioned figure. She also was wearing a skirt suit, pale grey with black high heels, Tamara imagined that she was probably a senior manager in large business somewhere in the city. She looked so unlike her 'mousy' daughter that Tamara wondered if the girl had been adopted.

"Er, yes Mrs Hodges, perhaps we could, as long as we both... erm... understand what we... erm..."

"Relax Tamara, yes I know your first name, it was written all over a notebook that Jessica was using. Please call me Orla, and I understand your professional caution, but I didn't really think for one second that you had any designs on my daughter. Look, I'll just say it out loud, I find you very desirable and attractive, can we meet up for sex?"

Tamara was taken aback but the approach worked, she was flattered and she felt a rush of arousal.

"I don't think I've ever been propositioned quite as directly as that Mrs Ho... Orla."

"Well?"

In the short pause before Tamara answered, the growing chemistry between the two women was palpable.

"The answer is yes. Do you have a mobile?"

"Yes."

"Give me your number and I'll text you tomorrow."

Orla opened her classy 'Radley' handbag and took out her phone, found the number and gave it to Tamara.

Tamara's eyes followed Orla's perfect buttocks, perfectly accentuated by her short tight pencil skirt, and short fitted jacket, as she strode confidently out of the school hall on her five inch heels. With a tingle in her pussy and feeling that she'd just been swept away by Orla's sexual energy, Tamara packed her briefcase and made her way to her car, it was past ten o'clock and almost everyone else had left.

Tamara's car was on its own in a dimly lit area. She was tired but very aroused by her encounter with Orla, so she took her bullet vibrator from her handbag and slipped it under the hem of her skirt. She imagined Orla's large green eyes looking up at her from between her legs. It took several minutes for her to reach orgasm, but it was well worth waiting for. She grasped the steering wheel tightly with her left hand and raised her pelvis to greet the waves of pleasure that radiated from her pussy.

The next morning at break, Tamara texted Orla.

"Hi Orla, just checking I've got the right number?"

"Hi Tamara, yes you have, do you still want to meet?"

"Definitely, how about that pub on the bypass near Linley Woods tomorrow at 6?"

"Ideal, see you then, wear your black suit."

"Okay, wear stockings for easy access."

"Will holdups do? That's all I ever wear."

"Perfect, holdups are stockings. Can't wait xx"

"Me neither xx"

Later that night in bed, Tamara cuddled up to Jack and reached for his flaccid penis.

"Jack, guess what? I got propositioned by a parent last night and we're going to fuck. I'm meeting her tomorrow after work. Do you want to know what she looks like and what I'm going to do with her?"

"The answer's in your hand love," said Jack as his cock swelled rapidly until it was rock hard.

Tamara put her mouth to Jack's ear and murmured her description of Orla and what they would do to each other. Jack was soon at the mercy of her expert touch, he lay on his back while she masturbated him to the rhythms of her dirty fantasy and he shot his come over his chest.

Once she had milked him to her satisfaction, Tamara got on top and made use of his still hard cock. She smeared his spunk over him and put her fingers in his mouth to lick them clean then coated her fingers again and seductively licked the residue from them. She closed her eyes and imagined Orla, lying beneath her, connected to her by a double ended dildo, as she rode Jack's cock until she came.

Wednesday morning, as usual, Jack had left for work before seeing Tamara fully dressed. She was in her lingerie when he departed the bedroom and that was enough to give him an erection all the way to his workplace, forty five minutes away. Tamara finished adjusting the last of her six suspender straps, her red nail varnish looking very seductive against the welt of her barely black stockings.

She would be wearing a crisp formal white shirt, so she had opted for a white bra, panties and suspender belt. She looked amazing standing in front of the full length mirror and stepping into her tight black suit skirt. Then she stepped into her four inch high black heels and put her stilettos in a bag for later. Her perfectly ironed crisp fitted white shirt contrasted well with her black skirt. Finally, she put on her suit jacket and took in her own image as it stared back at her.

She felt magnificently sexy in contrasting black and white, offset by scarlet lips and nails, and a string of dark red beads at her throat. She tucked a cylinder of hair mousse into her handbag so that, after work, she could flatten her hair to complete the severe but sexy look that Orla's daughter so admired.

She created a quite a stir as she went about her business that day. She was the most lusted after women in the school. There were several other, younger, attractive female members of staff, but

they didn't tease pricks and pussies like Tamara.

Jessica looked at her like an infatuated lover, Tamara ignored her and delivered the lesson like the professional that she was, but this just left Jessica yearning for her even more.

Sheryl whispered in Tamara's ear in the staff room during morning break, "My God, I could fuck the tits off you today darling."

Tamara gave her a sultry smile, the bell rang and the corridors bustled with activity. Tamara was in her office for the next period taking care of her sixth form management duties. She couldn't resist texting Sheryl, who she knew would be in a meeting with the Head and several governors and LA advisers.

"Hoping to get my tits fucked off this evening, meeting hot parent for sex, will kiss and tell you all about it at your place tomorrow evening if you like? xxx"

"God yes you sexy bitch, I'll be all ears, and wherever else you'd like to put your tongue!"

"Dirty cow!"

"Who are you seeing tonight?"

"Nice try, You'll have to wait until tomorrow for me to confess all. xxx."

"At least tell me if it's a he or a she."

"No, wait until tomorrow you nosy cow."

"Okay, enjoy, think of me when you come. xxx"

Tamara and Sheryl bumped into each other twice more during the day and smirked knowing smiles at each other. Four o'clock arrived and the school fell silent, save for the odd vacuum cleaner in the distance. Tamara did some marking in her office until five forty five. She hadn't been able to concentrate for the last ten minutes or so. She'd got butterflies in her tummy and tingle in her pussy that she always felt before preparing to seduce a new conquest.

When she arrived at the large modern pub Orla was already there. She was sipping a glass of wine to calm her nerves. The lounge was large and almost unoccupied at just after six o'clock. Orla gave a friendly smile as Tamara approached her table. She was dressed in the same well cut grey skirt suit that she wore to parents' evening two nights previously. With her legs crossed, she showed enough beautifully formed thigh, swathed in nude holdups, to give Tamara's pussy a little pulse of excitement.

Orla's pale blue formal shirt and black stilettos completed a very sexy well heeled appearance, which was enhanced by a simple string of dark grey pearls at her throat. Her large green eyes flashed at Tamara's beautiful hazel eyes again and both women felt a surge of excitement and anticipation.

"I'm so glad you didn't stand me up, I was pretty full on with you the other night, I thought I might have frightened you off."

"You were definitely bold and confident, how come you were so sure that I would be interested"

I watched you most of the evening, you had an eye for the men, and they for you to be honest, but it was the way your eyes followed the deputy head when she walked through the hall. I mean, I don't blame you, she's hot, but I can usually tell whether a woman is just looking at how another woman is dressed, or what she might look like undressed."

"My God, was it that obvious?" said Tamara, not letting on that she knew exactly what Sheryl looked like undressed.

"No, it was just a moment, not everyone makes a living out of reading women's minds like I do."

"How come?"

"I'm a female escort... for women, and now and again, I like to make love to a woman that hasn't paid for my services. You look a little surprised Tamara, here sit down and I'll get you a drink. What will you have? Oh dear, I hope you haven't changed your mind about me."

"No, God no, you're... well you're..."

"I'm what?"

"Incredibly desirable and seductive, I'm just a bit stunned that's all. A large white wine please."

Orla went to the bar to order Tamara's drink. Tamara sat watching and admiring her, still a little shocked, but keen to know a lot more about the exciting Orla. She returned with Tamara's drink.

"I haven't said yet that you look stunning Tamara. So sexy, and you give off a forceful vibe, I can completely understand why Jessica turns to jelly in your presence. Don't take this the wrong way but you could make an absolute fortune as an escort for women. Loads of women want to be taken in hand by a strong woman like you."

Tamara knew this only too well, but she'd never contemplated charging for her services.

"Well I don't sense that you're the submissive type either."

"No, I think we're quite well matched. I'd love to have an affair with you. Are you married or in a relationship?" said Orla.

Tamara explained about Jack and their agreement. She also confessed to having fucked thirty or so men and women in the past two and a half years. She could tell Orla was impressed. She probed Orla on her 'work' and learned that she restricted herself to one client per week, that they were regulars and that she never took clients home.

"You don't have to answer this, obviously, but how do you earn enough to live on with just one client per week?"

"Oh I charge between £150 to £250 per date, depending on exactly what the client wants. I also have a small business running a dating agency exclusively for women who want to meet women, it's very high end, executive and professional only, the annual fees are eye watering, but you'd be surprised how many respectable women are looking for a discreet service like mine. That's my main source of income, I make a good living from it."

"And what do you do when you're being an escort?"

"Often we go out like on a date, sometimes I just visit them at home for sex. Some women are 'out' and they treat me like their girlfriend in public, but some are more secretive and only want intimacy in their homes. Some are lesbians, some are single and some of those like to be with men too, some are married and desperate for the love of a woman."

"It sounds complicated."

"Not really, I've probably had about a dozen different clients in the last two and a half years."

"And Jessica, does she know what you do?"

"She knows about the dating agency, but not the escort side of the business. I'll tell her when she leaves school this summer, I don't want anything to disrupt her progress just now."

"Very sensible, she really is bright and she'll do well."

"And you're sure you haven't been put off by my work?"

"Definitely not, I'm finding you fascinating now as well as devastatingly sexy."

"Good, so how are we going to go about this? I really do want to fuck you but the nights are drawing out now, so a quickie in the car is out of the question. Can we get together sometime soon?"

"We could get a room now."

"Oh, I'm sorry Tamara, didn't you get my text? I've got to be home for eight o'clock tonight, my mother is insisting on phoning me from Ireland at eight on the dot with news about my niece being pregnant. She left me a message this morning saying 'I've got some big news, be in at eight.' I've got to pretend I don't already know; my niece phoned last night. But I thought we could still meet this evening to plan a date"

Tamara looked at her text messages.

"Oh God, sorry Orla, I missed it. Never mind, look, it's half term in about ten days, my Jack's going to want the house to himself and his girlfriend for the first weekend, can you wait until then?"

"Yes, of course, I'm not seeing a client that weekend so I'll keep it clear"

"I'd love to make it a real date, you know, get a hotel room, go for a nice meal then the theatre then back to the hotel to deflower you."

"Ha ha, I like the sound of that Tamara. Will we be lovers in public or just in private?"

"Depends where we are. I'll sort out some tickets for a venue, and I'll book a restaurant and a posh hotel. But it'll be wise to avoid our home city, I know a charming hotel in the centre of Oxford if that's okay? I don't think we'd need to be overly secretive in a city where neither of us are known."

"That's wonderful, it makes a change for me to be dated and not to have to make the arrangements. But we're going halves on this remember, you're not going to be one of my clients."

"Okay, agreed, I feel a new dress coming on, and some expensive lingerie."

"Me too, and I'll ditch the holdups and wear stockings with suspenders just for you."

"You're definitely my kind of woman, while we're on the subject, I assume you're wearing holdups now?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well I know you said it's not dark enough for a grope in the car, but I honestly cannot wait until half term to get a taste of you. I know a very secluded spot where we can get cosy with each other. It's a disused canal bridge about three miles away. I can take you there now, so to speak, and bring you back here before seven thirty."

"I'll ignore the awful puns."

They both laughed. Orla put her left hand on Tamara's left knee. Her touch was electric.

"Okay, I trust your judgement and I'm longing to feel your fingers inside me. Let's go."

Tamara drove to the secluded location with Orla's right hand stroking her left thigh and suspender clip. The sexual tension between them was weighty and compelling. Tamara's skirt rode up as she changed gear, Orla placed her palm on the welt of her stocking, before teasingly slipping her little finger inside her panty gusset. Tamara felt a surge of desire and her fluids seeped onto Orla's finger. Orla withdrew her finger and fixed her green eyes on Tamara whilst she sucked it clean.

They arrived at the canal bridge down a narrow lane, it had been abandoned as a through route years ago and was very quiet and secluded. Tamara pulled into an old passing place just before the bridge. Beyond that was a gateway where she knew she could turn the car around later. She told Orla to pull her seat forward and she did likewise, then they got into the rear seat together, Tamara on Orla's right.

They gazed lustfully at each other for several seconds, each unsure as to who would start things off. Then, without a word their lips met and locked in a long sensuous kiss. With their mouths still locked together, Tamara pulled Orla's jacket off over her shoulders and Orla did the same to her. Now they both grappled frantically with each other's shirt buttons before breaking their kiss and, to save time, undoing their own buttons.

They looked admiringly at each other's breasts, Tamara reached around and unclipped Orla's bra, then she undid her own. They had both removed their shirts and were now completely topless. They presented a very erotic sight together with their skirts riding up their thighs and their nipples standing to attention. Orla took Tamara's right breast in her mouth and flicked her tongue around her nipple. Tamara took Orla's right nipple between the fingers and thumb of her left hand and slipped her right hand under Orla's skirt. Orla's legs parted as Tamara felt the lacy stocking tops followed by soft warm flesh.

Tamara, in ecstasy from the skilful massaging of her right breast by Orla's tongue, slipped three fingers inside Orla's panty gusset and pressed her knuckles against the area between her pussy lips. Orla gave a short gasp and her head fell back against the seat. Tamara pressed home her 'advantage' and pushed three fingers into her cunt whilst running her thumb over Orla's clitoris. Then she covered Orla's mouth with hers and probed vigorously with her tongue.

Orla's legs opened even wider as she welcomed Tamara's expert fingering. Her tongue started to take charge of Tamara's mouth. She placed her left hand behind Tamara's head and pulled her in until their teeth clashed. Now she grasped Tamara's right forearm and pulled her fingers out of her

hole. Her breathing was ragged as she broke their kiss and put Tamara's fingers into her mouth. She sucked her juices off Tamara's fingers then pushed them back inside her cunt.

With her right hand behind Tamara's head, she pulled her in until their lips met again and released her sweet salty juices into Tamara's mouth. Tamara groaned with intense pleasure at the taste of Orla's cunt. Tamara's pussy was soaking by now and gagging for Orla's touch. She grasped Orla's right hand with her left hand and pulled it up to the hem of her skirt which by now was almost around her hips. Tamara had to shift her position and sit astride Orla to allow better access to her pussy. Once in place, she grabbed Orla's hand again and shoved it between her legs. She pressed the hand into her mound and used it to arouse herself further.

Orla took over and forced four fingers into Tamara's soaking wet cunt. Tamara let out a loud, long guttural groan and her juices spilled over Orla's thighs. Neither woman cared, they were both in a high state of arousal and their carnal lust for each other knew no bounds. Tamara pushed four fingers of her right hand into Orla's hole and they fucked each other rhythmically. They watched each other's breasts move in time to their thrusting before locking lips again.

Loud sounds of intense pleasure filled the car as they fingered each other to climax, their orgasm's approaching like two express trains heading for a collision.

"Ahh, fuck me, fuck me Orla you magnificent bitch, ohh, God."

"This... is... in... credible." said a panting Orla between hard thrusting hand movements.

Tamara came first in a staccato burst of juddering pelvic movements.

"Ohh yesss, ohhh Goddd, ohhh Orrrrllahhh, fuck, fuck, I'm commminng, Orrrrllahhh oh Orrrrllllahhhhh, ohhhh."

Tamara collapsed on Orla but still managed to massage her cunt with her fingers.

"Now it's your turn you gorgeous woman, come for me."

Tamara pulled Orla down on her back lengthways along the seat, pushed her fingers back inside her and covered her pussy lips and clitoris with her mouth. Orla had almost beaten Tamara to an orgasm a moment ago and now her cunt was defenceless against the double assault of Tamara's fingers and mouth. The two women looked devastatingly erotic, their breasts swaying with the momentum of Tamara's motions, their glorious, sexy high heeled, stockinged legs fully exposed by their skirts around their waists.

Orla started to grunt and moan very loudly, she was very close to coming, Tamara played her pussy expertly, bringing her to the edge of orgasm and allowing her to subside again.

"Ohh Tamara what are you doing to me? It's exquisite, your playing me like a fiddle you bitch. Ohhh, yes, that's it, that's it, oh no, don't stop now I'm begging you, please bring me, ohh yes, yes that's it, ohh fuck, no don't stop, please bring me now."

Tamara had Orla at her mercy and she knew it. She decided to finish her off by massaging her clit with her tongue and finding her G-spot with her fingers. Orla's back arched and her pelvis thrust upwards.

"Ahhhh, yesss, yess, yes, fuck yes, ahh, fuck me, ohh fuuuckkk m.. ahhhhhhhhh..."

Orla's orgasm lasted a full twenty seconds, she writhed and juddered under the expert influence of Tamara's tongue and fingers. When she eventually became still, Tamara lay on top of her and kissed her passionately. Orla could taste herself on Tamara's lips and they stayed locked together in an embrace for a while before sitting up and putting their bra's and shirts back on.

They laughed together at the sheer joy of the magnificent sex they had just had. When they got out of the back seat, Tamara pressed Orla against the side of the car and kissed her again with warm lingering lips.

They hardly spoke on the drive back to the pub, both women seemed to be musing on the surprisingly intense feelings that they had for each other.

"I've had sex with many, many women but you are just something else girl."

"That's a compliment coming from you."

"I mean it, I am so looking forward to half term," said Orla as she flashed her large green eyes at Tamara again.

Tamara was utterly smitten, she felt she could drown in Orla's eyes.

"Never mind half term, after that performance I might just spend the rest of my life in bed with you."

It was still light so they avoided any intimacy back in the pub car park. Tamara blew Orla a kiss as she drove away, having promised to text her the next day with the details of their date.

Half term week would be busy, she now had to accommodate Alena and Orla. She'd also promised to fuck Zelda who would be leaving the kids with her mother. She'd agreed to go to a party with Annie and Veronica in the hope that she would be able to watch them fucking in the back seat of Jack's car, while she and Jack masturbated in the front, a particularly hot fantasy that she wanted to become reality.

As if all of that was not enough, she also intended to pay another visit to the lighting shop, in a nearby town, where she had recently been fucked by the owner.

After a blow by blow account of her adventure in the car with Orla, Tamara treated a highly aroused Jack to another fucking. He fell into a deep, satisfying sleep while Tamara's mind was full of theatres, restaurants, sexy clothes and Orla.

After work on the following evening, Tamara visited Sheryl and kept her promise to kiss and tell. The telling came first, the kissing later.

"So come on, out with it, who was it, no secrets from me," said a lively, attentive Sheryl.

"Okay, put the kettle on and brace yourself."

"Have you come across Jessica Hodges' mum?"

"Oh yes, I know who you mean, fit body, captivating eyes... Don't tell me?"

"Yes, but that's not the best bit."

"Go on, I'm all ears."

"She's a sex worker."

"A prostitute! You've paid for sex?" asked Cheryl, incredulous.

"No, God no. Although if she'd sent me an invoice afterwards I'd have coughed up gladly."

"No, she's a female escort, she accompanies women on dates, and has sex with them if required. She also runs a high end female dating agency for women who like to be discreet about their desire for exclusive, or just occasional, female company."

"So how did you..."

"She was the last parent I saw on Monday night. I told her I couldn't talk to her about Jessica without her permission but she said that she was worried that Jessica had got a crush on me. I assured her it was harmless and would soon pass and in the next breath she asked me to get into bed with her."

"You lucky cow."

"Luck had nothing to do with it," laughed Tamara.

"She mentioned in passing that you were hot by the way."

"Mmm, that's nice, so how did things go last night?"

"We met in the Oak, on the bypass. That's when she told me about her 'work.' "

"There was a mix up and she couldn't stay beyond seven thirty so we're getting together at half term. Anyway, I persuaded her to go with me to a secluded spot and we got to know each other better in the back seat of my car. Sheryl, it was spectacular," said Tamara as she emphasised each syllable.

"Okay, let's forget the tea, I'm opening a bottle and you're going to show me just how spectacular on my sofa."

"I suppose that's a direct instruction from my line manager?"

"Yes. It is."

"Good, I'll be delighted to comply."

Tamara texted Jack to say she'd be home late because she was being 'entertained' by his girlfriend.

A freshly fucked Tamara kissed Sheryl goodnight at about eleven forty five and started her drive home. As she drove along a dual carriageway, past the business estate where she had previously met with Miriam, she noticed blue flashing lights behind her and slowed to let the emergency service vehicle past without hinderance. To her surprise, the police car pulled in front of her and stopped.

A wave of guilt washed over her as she wondered why she had been stopped by the police. The passenger door opened and a large male officer walked toward her car. Sitting in her driving seat, her skirt had, as always, ridden up to mid thigh level so she instinctively wiggled her hips a little so that it rode up even higher and revealed the beginnings of her stocking tops.

She let the window down as he approached her. The constable was greeted by the sight of a very attractive mature woman in an apparently very short skirt, showing him plenty of sexy stocking clad leg almost all of the way up to her pussy.

"Good evening madam, have you any idea why we've stopped you?"

"No officer, I'm sorry."

"So you didn't see the red light back there that you drove through?"

"Oh my God, I'm sorry, no, how careless of me."

Tamara opened her legs a fraction, her white silky panty gusset was just beginning to peep out from under her skirt. She looked at the officer with doleful eyes. She hoped that either her stockings or her eyes would do the trick and he would be lenient because he fancied her or felt sorry for her.

"I've never done anything like this before, it was purely accidental. Will it be okay if you let me off with a warning?"

Tamara smiled sweetly but he didn't look at her face.

"Go right at the next island and pull onto the 'Toys R Us' car park please madam and we'll deal with you there."

Tamara couldn't afford three more points on her licence. She drove to the car park with some trepidation. The officer had looked lustfully at her legs and stocking tops but had been inscrutable otherwise. She was wondering what else to do to avoid a penalty when the driver's door of the patrol car opened and a female officer stepped out.

"Please join us in our vehicle madam."

Tamara did as she was asked, she sat in the back behind the male officer while the female officer turned and spoke to her. With the interior light on, she could see that he was handsome and she was attractive with her blonde hair up in a knotted ponytail. They both looked to be in their mid to late thirties. They were in control and confident of their authority.

The female officer had her pad of 'one the spot fine' tickets in her left hand and a pen in her right hand as she spoke to Tamara.

"Running a red light is a very serious and dangerous offence madam."

"Like I said to your colleague, I'm really sorry, It wasn't deliberate, do you really have to penalise me?"

Sitting in the back seat, her skirt had unavoidably ridden up again, the female officer looked at her exposed thighs. Tamara was nervous now and she tried to pull the hem of her skirt down but, because she was sitting, she still left an abundant amount of thigh on display.

"It is also an offence to try to influence my colleague's judgement by flashing your pussy at him."

Tamara was stunned. The female officer pressed home her advantage.

"You have a choice of two options madam. The first is a £100 on the spot fine and six penalty points."

"I thought it was £60 and three points?"

"Please don't interrupt madam. If we deem that your driving was a serious danger to public safety we have the discretion to impose a £100 fine and six penalty points. In addition you will be cautioned for the serious offence of trying to bribe a police officer with sexual favours."

"Oh God. I'm sorry, it's a short skirt and it rides up when I sit down," said an alarmed Tamara.

"Your second option, and the one that we would prefer, is for you to be the dirty fucking slut that you obviously are and to bury your face in my cunt while my colleague fucks you from behind."

Tamara felt first shock, then humiliation and finally arousal.

"Well?"

"Okay, I'll do it but you promise to let me go afterwards?"

The engine started and without answering, the female officer drove further into the business estate until she found an overgrown rough track leading to nowhere in particular. She got into the back of the car, took off her trousers and panties, laid down on the back seat, opened her legs and instructed Tamara to, "Eat me you dirty slut."

Tamara's pussy was very wet as she leaned through a rear door, supported herself on her elbows, forced her tongue inside the officer's tight cunt and proceeded to give her the best oral fucking she'd ever had. At the same time, she felt her skirt being raised from behind and her panties being eased down to just below her knees. She heard an expression of approval and arousal before a hard cock slipped with ease into her willing wet cunt.

The female officer moaned with delight and her colleague grunted his pleasure into the night air. Tamara was also very aroused and groaned her warm breath into the woman's pussy.

"The slut's fucking loving it, and so am I," said the female officer breathlessly.

Her colleague's cock seemed to grow and get even harder as he began to increase the rate of his thrusting into Tamara, whilst holding on to her hips.

Tamara used her tongue and lips to bring the female officer to a luscious orgasm, she came screaming and clutching frantically at the driver's seat on one side and the parcel shelf on the other. This triggered her colleague's orgasm and he splattered Tamara's cervix and cunt walls with half a dozen jets of his warm spunk. Tamara lifted her head and gasped her orgasm into the abdomen of the female officer.

"Fuck, that was fucking amazing," said an impressed female police officer.

"She's the best we've ever had by a mile," said her colleague.

"Fuck me while you're still hard," said the female officer, "you sit in the front and watch, she said to Tamara."

Tamara did as she was instructed to do as the two officers fucked on the back seat. The male officer said that he didn't think he could come again, so his colleague told Tamara to caress his balls and massage his cock until he was about to come, then his colleague sat astride him to finish him and herself off. Tamara treated herself to another orgasm while she watched them both come again.

As she put her key into the front door at almost one in the morning, Tamara wondered if Jack would be awake and how to begin describing the most surprising sexual escapade in which she had ever been involved. She was relieved that he was asleep, she needed time to savour what had just happened to her and to enjoy reliving it again, whilst she sat on the sofa with a glass of wine in her left hand and her pussy in her right hand.

At the weekend, Tamara had a phone call from Alena. After exchanging endearments and pleasantries, Alena asked if she could rearrange her visit which had been planned for the last weekend of half term. Jed had surprised her with a proposed trip to Paris so now she wondered if she could visit Tamara a week earlier. Tamara agreed even though it meant she would have to rearrange her trip to Oxford with Orla. It also meant sharing the house with Jack and Sheryl but Alena didn't mind in the circumstances.

"It's high time I gave that man a good seeing to."

"If you can prise Sheryl away from him."

"I'm counting on your help there darling."

"Mmm, could be a very interesting weekend," said Tamara as her pussy warmed to the idea of three of her favourite lovers all in her bed at the same time.

Tamara need not have worried about the change in arrangements with Orla.

"Don't worry, I can easily go down to Devon with Jessica on the first weekend. I didn't take any bookings for my cottage for the whole week so we can go when we want."

"Thanks for being so understanding. It's worked out quite well for us actually, we've been upgraded to a deluxe executive suite at the hotel. Apparently the local football team are in some Wembley match and half of the city will be in London. The restaurant and Apollo theatre were easy to rearrange."

"Thanks for going to all this trouble."

"It's no trouble, I can't stop thinking about last Wednesday."

"I've seen a client since then, she told me that I'd excelled myself in bed. If only she knew that I spent the whole session imagining that your fingers were inside me."

"Lucky woman."

"Yes, it's odd actually, I've seen her once a month or so for several years now but the last three times she's texted her 'mistress' to ask for permission to have an orgasm. I never really had her down as the submissive type, she's a very confident, successful woman. Anyway, mustn't talk about my clients."

There was a silence.

"Are you still there Tamara?"

"Oh, y-er yes, yes still here. Look I must dash, I'll ring you again soon and I'll see you a week on Saturday, Jack will drop me off."

As Tamara ended the call she muttered under her breath.

"Naughty Miriam, this could get interesting."

Tamara had a couple more arrangements to make so that her week of wall to wall sex would go as smoothly as possible. She needed to fix a definite date with Zelda, and she decided to phone the lighting shop owner to make sure the shop would be empty when she paid him a visit. She exchanged text messages with Zelda.

"Hi Zelda, still up for a get together next week?"

"Yes, looking forward to it v much. What's the plan?"

"Hope you'll indulge me, I've had a fantasy for a while about fucking you in your office at school, seeing you dressed as the gorgeous office totty that you are makes me weak at the knees."

"Okay, J at work and school empty on Tues, I've got keys."

"Tuesday morning is fine, about 10.30?"

"No probs, kids at my mum's."

"Great, see you then."

"Yes but I'll text you when I'm ready for you, will need to change first."

"Okay."

Tamara knew that Zelda would normally go to her office in casual attire in the school holidays, she'd watched her sexy arse walk by in tight jeans on many occasions in the past. She'd do the same next Wednesday so as not to attract unnecessary attention, then she'd get dressed for sex when she got there.

The lighting shop owner answered Tamara's call.

"Goddard's Lighting."

"Hello, I... erm... obtained a table lamp from your shop a few weeks ago and I'd like your help with inserting a suitable fitting into a socket. Are you by any chance closed for lunch next Wednesday?"

"Ahh, er yes, of course. Next Wednesday, yes I'll definitely be closed for lunch at, shall we say, twelve thirty?"

"Yes, good and I expect you to give me excellent service Mr Goddard."

"Don't worry madam, I can assure you that you will be thoroughly satisfied."

Tamara replaced the phone in its cradle and smiled to herself. All was now in place: Alena, Jack and Sheryl for what would surely turn out to be an orgy on the first weekend; sexy Zelda up against the wall of her office and over her desk on Tuesday; wearing just her heels, stockings and suspenders under her mackintosh to vamp the lighting shop owner on Wednesday; Annie and Veronica with their hands up each other's skirts in the back of Jack's car, while she and Jack watch and masturbate in the front, after the party on Friday; and, sophistication, seduction and sex with the deeply desirable Orla on the second weekend.

She'd planned to spend half term having sex with eight different people. A lively week even by Tamara's standards.

The final week before half term was hard work for Sheryl and Tamara, there had been no time for covert flirting or furtive, affectionate, fondling. They'd both been bogged down with difficult parents and staff problems, so it was with some relief that they put their feet up in Sheryl's office with a cup of tea when school finished on the Friday afternoon.

"Jack's told you that Alena and I will be there over the weekend I hope?"

"Yes, it's not a problem is it, your house is big enough for us to get some quiet time, you and Alena, me and Jack."

"Yes, but I hope it'll be a 'fluid' situation, I'd like to be alone with you at some point."

"I'd love that, to think what my life was like before you opened up new possibilities."

"You don't have to answer this Shez but have you slept with any other women?"

"No, how would I find time with you and Jack making me come all of the time."

"Don't exaggerate."

"I'm not, you've had me millions of times between you."

They both laughed.

"It's just that Alena would like to get to know you better."

Sheryl and Alena had only worked together for one term, a year ago. They didn't come into contact much but they respected each other. It was several months later, after Alena had moved away, that Tamara seduced Sheryl and opened up her mind and body to the delights of a woman's touch.

"I think I'm ready for it, if she's as good in bed as you say, I might run off with her."

"Don't worry, I probably won't notice, the coming week is going to be a little hectic in the bedroom department."

Sheryl listened attentively to Tamara's plans for wall to wall sex during half term.

"Wow, it really will be the 'coming' week," smirked Sheryl.

The next day was warm and sunny, Alena and Sheryl arrived together by chance, Jack and Tamara had them settled into their rooms, and a glass of wine in their hands, in no time. The three women sat under the sun umbrella on the back patio, drinking a good bottle of Gewurtztraminer and enjoying the warm weather, in summer dresses and bare legs. They talked about teaching and their shared acquaintances, then moved on to their poor choices of husband before Tamara had them listening intently to a detailed account of her seduction of Sam and Jaz.

Later they changed for dinner and Jack and Tamara received compliments for their cooking. Tamara said it was mostly Jack's work and he thought that all of his birthdays had come at once as he sat with the three beautifully dressed sensuous women. It was just getting dark, Jack asked whether anyone wanted coffee. Alena had been sitting next to Tamara and opposite Sheryl. She got to her feet and walked slowly around the table to where Sheryl was sitting, took hold her hand and led her into the lounge. Both women moving like elegant felines in their high heels.

"It's our turn to entertain you."

Jack and Tamara followed them, Alena was sitting on Sheryl's right on the large sofa. Jack and Tamara sat together on the two seater sofa. Alena cupped Sheryl's left breast with her right hand and kissed her softly. With their lips still locked together she traced her hand along Sheryl's petit left flank, down over her waist and hips and placed it on her left knee. Slowly, gently she slipped her hand under the hem of Sheryl's lilac bodycon dress and slid it along her stocking clad thigh.

Alena's fingers played with a suspender strap, the back of her hand stroking warm flesh. She held her hand in this position for several teasing minutes as she continued to kiss Sheryl's lips and throat with sensual tenderness. Sheryl's breathing quickened and her left hand made it's journey up under Alena's tight, fitted black dress until it was within a hair's breadth of her silky, wet, panty gusset. By now, Jack was touching his erection through his trousers and Tamara's legs had parted, and her dress had ridden, up as three fingers of her right hand answered the cravings of her pussy.

Alena and Sheryl stood up and removed each other's dresses, bras and panties in a sensual and beautifully choreographed series of moves. Then they sank down together again on the sofa and kissed and caressed before finding each other's pussies with their fingers. With fingers buried deep inside each other, they came with voluptuous orgasms that seemed almost to take place in slow motion. Tamara and Jack were mesmerised by the arousing display.

When they finished Alena whispered something into Sheryl's ear and went upstairs to her room. Sheryl moved over and sat on Jack's knee while she kissed Tamara and told her that she was in for a special treat. Tamara was wearing a long soft dark red jersey dress that clung to her curves and finished just below the knee. Underneath the dress she wore only a red suspender belt with tan stockings, red panties and black high heeled court shoes.

The three lovers kissed and fondled for a short while until Alena re-entered the room. Tamara's jaw dropped, Alena was wearing a short black leather biker style jacket, a white t-shirt that struggled to contain her large breasts and tight black leather trousers with black Cuban heeled ankle boots. Tamara recognised the trousers, her pussy tingled and went into spasms as her eyes settled on the large bulge made by the strap on cock that Alena had on underneath them.

Alena crooked her finger and beckoned Tamara to her. Tamara needed no second invitation, her pussy juices had already soaked her panties, she had never been so ready. Alena pushed her up against a wall and kissed her forcefully, she groped and mauled her breasts and kissed her neck as she used her left arm to hold Tamara's hands against the wall above her head. Tamara was being

taken by her biker chick and she loved it, she kissed Alena back with enthusiasm but Alena kept her pinned against the wall whilst clutching her arse and pulling her mound forcefully into the solid hardness of the false cock.

Tamara's head was swimming with lust and desire, Alena's dry humping of her pussy had her craving the false cock, she longed for it to take her.

Jack and Sheryl couldn't take their eyes of the lascivious scene in front of them. Sheryl, still on Jack's knee, delved into his by now open fly and pulled out his hard cock. Jack responded by pressing his left hand into her mound.

Alena pulled Tamara away from the wall and turned her to face Jack and Sheryl. She held her from behind, her left arm wrapped around underneath Tamara's breasts, her right arm around her right hip with her hand pressing into Tamara's mound through the material of her dress. It was an incredibly arousing sight, Tamara's eyes were half closed, her whole body alive with lust and ready to be taken.

Alena pushed her down onto the large sofa on her back and pushed the hem of her dress up to her waist, then she peeled off her skimpy panties. Tamara was full of anticipation, she looked sexily vulnerable as she surrendered to her leather clad biker.

Kneeling between Tamara's open legs, Alena unzipped her tight leather trousers and pulled out her large cock, she sank down on top of Tamara and pushed the cock into her welcoming, wet cunt. Tamara gasped, Alena thrust into her and fucked her vigorously. Jack turned Sheryl to face away from him, sat her on his erect cock and proceeded to fuck her. Her soft accommodating vagina suddenly clenched and seized his hard member as she tantalised him with pelvic gyrations.

But the main event was taking place on the large sofa. The sight of Alena, all woman, but dressed in macho black leather, trousers around her knees, bare backside pumping her false cock into Tamara's cunt; giving a seeing to with her stockinged legs and heels wrapped around Alena's waist, was all Jack needed to explode his come into Sheryl.

As Jack's orgasm subsided, Tamara came loudly, then she came again, and again. Then she pushed Alena off her and against the back of the sofa, where she removed Alena's trousers and strap on, and gave her a fervent licking whilst pushing the toe of Alena's right boot into the opening of her own clenching hole.

The four lovers pleased one another well into the night in what became the orgy that Tamara had hoped for. The lovemaking continued through the next day and night with plenty of fucking in pairs, threesomes and foursomes. By Bank Holiday Monday, completely sated, Tamara and Jack said goodbye to their lovers and spent the day sleeping and recovering.

Jack had to go into work on the Tuesday. He left early, Tamara took her time getting ready for her encounter with Zelda. She decided to go for the respectable dominatrix look, her hair moussed close to her head and behind her ears, black knee length skirt suit, white shirt, white bra, panties and suspender belt, nude stockings and black five inch heels. Her ruby red lips, scarlet finger nails and red beads at her throat completed the look.

As she put the finishing touches to her make up, she heard Zelda's voice through the open window giving a cheery hello to a neighbour. Zelda was walking past on her way to school in her jeans,

trainers and a short sleeved top. She carried a large bag, the contents of which Tamara would soon be familiar with.

As promised, fifteen minutes later, Tamara's phone buzzed with a text message.

"Ready now."

"Okay, on my way." She replied.

Tamara drove the short distance around the corner to the school. She didn't want to be seen, dressed as she was, walking to the school. She was spotted by her next door neighbour's son as she moved sensuously across the driveway, swinging her legs into the driving seat and showing just enough stocking top to stop him in his tracks. He'd been polishing his car but, as Tamara pulled off the driveway, giving him a sweet smile and a cheery wave, he turned, went inside, locked the door to the downstairs toilet and masturbated vigorously. With one arm against the wall to support himself, his come spattered onto the tiled floor within thirty seconds.

Zelda met Tamara at the main entrance and locked the door behind them.

"Wow, you look amazing, very severe and sexy, should I be worried?" smiled Zelda.

"Perhaps. You look pretty stunning yourself," said Tamara, her chest heaving with anticipation.

Zelda led Tamara into her office. It was a good sized room behind the reception counter with two desks and a single filing cabinet.

"Which is your desk?" asked Tamara as she moved toward Zelda.

"This one," replied Zelda as her pulse quickened.

Tamara eased Zelda back against the wall, put her right hand on her left buttock and her left hand behind her neck, and kissed her deeply with a penetrating tongue.

"Oh God, Tamara, I've longed for this," murmured Zelda when at last, Tamara broke the kiss.

Tamara fondled and caressed Zelda's firm body, she loved her neat pink blouse and her smart grey pencil skirt through which she felt for her suspender clips. She found one and gave a deep sigh of arousal. She loved her perfect legs in black stilettos; she kissed Zelda deeply and passionately.

"Oh Ms Fox, what are you doing to me?"

Tamara undid the top three buttons on Zelda's blouse and fondled her breasts through her pretty white lacy bra. Zelda's nipples were like bullets, she moaned with pleasure as Tamara rolled them gently between her fingers and thumbs. Zelda was letting Tamara take the initiative and she allowed her to remove her blouse completely, then with a daintily wiggle she stepped out of her skirt as Tamara eased it down her thighs.

Tamara removed her jacket, she still had Zelda against the wall. She kissed her again and slipped her right hand into the top of her panties. Zelda gasped and wrapped her right leg around Tamara's left leg. Tamara played with her clitoris for a while before pushing two fingers into her cunt and finding her G-spot. Zelda immediately sunk back against the wall, legs wide apart, barely able to stand, she gave a loud groan as she came, seeping her come over Tamara's hand.

Tamara removed Zelda's bra and panties and led her over to her desk. She pushed her onto her back on the desktop, then removed her own skirt, panties and shirt. Then she fitted her two way vibrating strap on and climbed on top of Zelda's gorgeous body. They locked eyes as Tamara teased the tip of the cock around Zelda's opening, before plunging it into her, and fucking her rhythmically with deep penetrating strokes. A stapler, filing tray and telephone crashed to the floor as Tamara's thrusts had Zelda clutching at the edge of the desk, and raising her heeled feet in ecstatic delight.

"Oh fuck, what are you doing with that thing, fuck it's amazing, the vibrations have got me on the ceiling, oh fuck Tamara, I can't last, I'm going to come again, ohhh fffuckkk, ahhh, Tamaraaaaaah!"

Tamara had been close to coming but she wanted a big finish. She'd spotted a wheeled typists chair without arms. She pulled Zelda up from her desk and sat herself on the chair. Zelda straddled her strap on cock while they kissed passionately again.

"Please Tamara, I don't think I can go again, let me bring you with my tongue."

"Oh you're going to do that later don't worry, but now you're going to ride this cock and come again for me."

Zelda was fit and athletic, she had no trouble thrusting herself up and down on the cock in this position. As she did so, Tamara massaged her clitoris and murmured into her ear.

"Come for me Zelda, come for Tamara, you know you want to, you know you will. Come for me in those sexy breathless dulcet tones that turn me on so much, come for me now Zelda"

Tamara's expert fingering, and erotic exhortations, together with the strong vibrations, and Zelda's thrusting movements, eventually took both women to thunderous resounding orgasms and shunted the chair across the office floor until it jammed up against a wall. Both women eked out every last drop of stimulation from the buzzing double strap on before Zelda collapsed onto the floor, spent. Tamara's pussy wanted more, she'd enacted her fantasy and it was even better than she had imagined.

The sight of Zelda at her feet, looking highly arousing in her stockings and heels, made Tamara crave one last orgasm. She removed the strap on and spread her legs.

"Eat me, Zelda, make me come again."

Zelda obliged skilfully and willingly, her mouth and lips coated in Tamara's juices which she transferred to Tamara's mouth when she kissed her after she had made her come.

They both got dressed again but, seeing Zelda dressed in her tight knee length pencil skirt, blouse and high heels, she couldn't resist embracing her and kissing her longingly. Before long, their hands were up each other's skirts and they were crying out to each other in orgasmic pleasure.

As they eventually tore themselves away from each other, Zelda said, "I would never have believed that a woman could make me come four times in such a short time. I mean, you are a complete sex goddess, Joe's good but you're better. I've never been so turned on by anyone. Please let's do this again soon?"

"I could come just looking at you in your office wear. Let's fix up a date for the summer holidays."

With that, Tamara kissed Zelda on the cheek, playfully patted her backside, turned and swayed her hips out to her car thinking about her trip to the lighting shop the next day. As she tucked her lovely heeled legs into the driver's footwell, she glanced back at the main entrance to see Zelda giving her a knowing look accompanied by a desirous smile.

Wednesday morning, the half way mark of half term, Tamara had hoped it might rain. Even she was a little self conscious about going out wearing a mackintosh on a warm spring day. But her biggest decision, as she stood in front of the full length mirror, was whether to add any other items of lingerie to the suspender belt and stockings that she was wearing. She looked impressive in her six inch high black stilettos, this would put her at eye level, or perhaps a fraction taller than the lighting shop owner. She caught herself smirking because at five feet four inches, it wasn't often that she could look down on her male sexual conquests.

Tamara made up her mind, she decided to go for a little more sexy feminine mystique. She removed her six strap suspender belt and put on a beautiful black basque with four suspender straps. With this, she wore a pair of delicate lacy black panties. She stuck with the fishnet stockings with seams because she felt it, together with the stilettos, conveyed the sexy vamp look that she was going for.

She had no doubt that nails and lipstick had to be red, as did the beads at her throat. Her ensemble completed, she took one last look at herself in the full length mirror.

"He'd better get on his knees when he sees this," she said to herself.

Her long mid grey gabardine trench coat revealed only her lower leg in fishnet stockings and stilettos but even this was out of place on a warm sunny morning in May. Sitting in her car she would not look too conspicuous, but she just needed to get into her car, and get across one road from the car park to the shop, without drawing attention to herself.

Tamara looked out of her front window to check that the street was clear then she moved swiftly out to her car and got into the driving seat. It was a relief that no one had seen her, although, she would have enjoyed giving the next door neighbour's son an inevitably uncontested erection. The shop was in a town about five miles from her home. As she drove there, she focussed her mind on the next challenge, getting across what could often be a busy road in what she was wearing. Hopefully, she would be able to skip across quickly without having to wait at the pedestrian crossing.

She pulled into the car park, she'd forgotten it was 'pay and display', she scrabbled in her purse for the right change. The front right flap of her mackintosh had fallen open revealing a suspender strap and a sexy fishnet stocking clad leg. Just at that moment, the driver of the vehicle next to her returned to his car and was treated to the most erotic sight he'd seen in a long time. Tamara smiled politely as he got into his car seat with a growing stiffness in his cock.

After he had driven off, Tamara surveyed the car park and judged that it was now or never. She got out of her car and strode over to the nearest pay point. On her way back, a young woman in a business suit did a double take but otherwise, it was so far so good. With her parking ticket placed on view in the car, the next challenge was to get across the road with the minimum of fuss.

She opted for a convenient gap in the traffic rather than walking further along to the pedestrian crossing. A short hold up behind a car making a turn gave her an opportunity, she skipped across as fast as she could on six inch stilettos. A lorry driver gave her a wolf whistle through his open

window as she reached the door to the shop. At least she hadn't seen anyone she knew. Nigel Goddard, the lighting shop owner was looking out for her, the 'closed for lunch' sign was already up and he opened the door for her as she approached.

Tamara slipped into the shop and breathed a sigh of relief. Nigel looked handsome in his smart chinos and casual shirt. He gave her a lascivious smile and offered to take her coat. She ignored him and walked over to the far left corner of the shop where there was a doorway to the back office come storeroom. She waited expectantly for Nigel to open the door for her and was delighted to find that, in her stilettos, she was taller than him.

"Please, go through."

Once inside the back room, with its desk and large leather sofa, Tamara untied her belt and allowed her coat to slip off her shoulders onto the floor. Nigel's face was a picture of lust and pure delight as he took in the gorgeously attired sexy vamp that stood in front of him.

"Wow!"

"Well, what are you waiting for? Fuck me."

They closed the space between them in an instant. Lips locked together, Tamara struggled with his buttons so she just ripped his shirt open to reveal his well toned chest and abdomen. At the same time, he swung her round and shoved her into the shelving units, a box of halogen light bulbs teetered and fell to the floor, followed by two small lamp shades and several packs of electrical fuses.

Nigel had her forced up against the shelves, they were kissing hungrily and mauling each other's bodies. Tamara knew her nails were leaving their mark, she managed to get a grip on his belt so that she could unbuckle it and get his fly open. As she did this, he ripped her panties off and sunk three fingers of his right hand into her cunt. She gasped and opened her legs, then she regained her composure and pulled his trousers and pants down to his knees. They kissed eagerly again as he fucked her with his fingers. Tamara now had her left hand on his cock and two fingers of her right hand pushed into his mouth.

She tried to guide his cock between her legs but he fingered her forcefully and she came with a loud groan, just managing to stay on her feet. As soon as her orgasm had subsided, she pulled him into her and penetrated his mouth with her tongue then she pushed him away. With his trousers now around his ankles, he got into a tangle and fell backwards onto his arse. Tamara swiftly fell upon him and pushed him to the floor grasping his cock and guiding it to her hole. Still kissing furiously, they wrestled with each other to get the upper hand.

Tamara suddenly changed tack and scrambled up over his chest and pinned his shoulders down with her knees. She looked magnificent in her basque, stockings and heels sitting astride her 'opponent.' She reached behind and grasped his hard cock and started to massage it rapidly.

Monetarily, the fight had gone out of Nigel, he was close to coming and was prepared to let Tamara milk his cock. She had other ideas, she let go of his member, grabbed him by the hair and thrust her mound into his face.

"Eat me you bastard, eat me."

She felt his strong hands on her buttocks as he pulled her pussy to his mouth and sucked on her clitoris. Tamara was wild with lust and highly aroused. She was now on her hands and knees, gasping loudly as he ate her cunt. He grabbed her left arm and pushed on her right shoulder to flip over her so that she was on her back. With his mouth still locked onto her, Nigel treated Tamara to spellbinding oral sex and she came again with pants and groans while pushing his face hard into her pussy.

Nigel managed to kick off his trousers and socks while Tamara got to her feet.

"Now I want your cock, with me on top."

"We'll see about that."

She lunged at him and shoved him into the shelves. They kissed and mauled each other wildly again. Her elbow made contact with his eye and he winced. Gradually he overpowered her and managed to get her in a bear hug. He forced her across the room, her feet hardly touching the floor, and pinned her down on the desk top on her back; pens, papers and a small table lamp were sent flying. His cock was hard and long, he held her down by her hair as he climbed on top of her intending to fuck her hard. Tamara grabbed his hair and pulled his head away from her, then she caught his nose hard with the heel of her palm as she tried to twist his head to one side.

Nigel was stunned for a moment and she seized her chance by pushing him off her and wrestling his naked body to the floor. His cock was still erect, she quickly grasped it and engulfed it with her cunt. She subdued him with her warm wet cunt walls, rhythmically massaging his cock with her pelvic gyrations. He completely submitted to her and allowed her to pin his arms down as she fucked him. She increased her thrusting and Nigel, nose bloodied and completely overwhelmed by her forceful onslaught, came spectacularly. She joined him in coital bliss with her third and most intense orgasm of their encounter.

Tamara peeled herself off him and got to her feet. Nigel still laid prone, basking in the warm afterglow of the most erotic orgasm he could ever remember. She surveyed the scene, both of her stockings were laddered, she had abrasions and bruises on her arms and knees, her hair was all over the place and a fingernail was broken. But she felt glorious, she looked as though she'd been in a fight that she had won.

Odds and ends from the shelves were strewn on the floor together with her coat, Nigel's trousers and ripped shirt, and the contents of the desktop. This man, who's name she didn't know, and who didn't know her name, lay fucked and bloodied on the floor. He got to his feet groggily, his nose a mess and a black eye beginning to appear.

Tamara put her coat on and tied the belt, moved in close to him, kissed him tenderly on the forehead and said, "Round two to me I think. Next time we'll be a little more civilised and I'll ride you on the sofa."

The road outside the shop was clear so she trotted across daintily to her car. As she got in she showed a mile of laddered stocking clad leg, just in case Nigel was watching, and headed for home and a warm restorative bath.

Tamara spent Thursday recovering from her bumps and bruises. The night before she had told Jack the full story to reassure him that it was unbridled lust, and not malice, that had led to her scratches

and bruises.

"Anyway, you should see the other fella," she joked.

Jack made tender love to her and lay contented in each other's arms as they drifted off to sleep.

On Friday morning, after Jack had gone to work, Tamara treated herself to a couple of intense orgasms with her vibrator. In a week of spectacular sex, she needed some pretty special fantasies to really get her going.

Her first orgasm was a perverted, deviant imagining of four of her most attractive eighteen year old female sixth form students, in their short little black school skirts and high heels, breasts jutting and jiggling in tight fitting white shirts and striped college ties, holding a naked Frazer down on the padded medical table, while she rode his cock to oblivion. She followed this by imagining herself on the medical table with three of the four young women's mouths pleasuring her pussy and breasts while the fourth one kissed her deeply and passionately with an agile tongue. The young women masturbated themselves while they lavished their attention on her body. Tamara surprised herself with this lusciously dirty, depraved fantasy; her toes tingled when she came.

After a dreamy ten minutes of gentle fingering, her pussy was ready for another epic, dirty adventure. This time she imagined Jack dressed in a fifties style gathered, housewife dress with petticoat. In this fantasy, she'd done Davenports' bidding and bound his hands behind his back before pushing him onto a bed and exposing his stocking tops and suspenders. With Davenport waiting in the wings, she pulled down Jack's panties and exposed his erect cock. Then Davenport entered the bedroom in a black basque, black stockings, black stilettos and her military cap. She rode Jack majestically to the edge of orgasm then left him teased and frustrated in his dress.

Davenport looked down her nose at Jack as she fitted a large eight inch strap on cock. Then, in the full realisation of his sexual subjugation, he watched her take and fuck his woman on the bed next to him. Tamara imagined that she came several times as Jack watched Davenport triumphantly asserting her dominance over her cunt.

In a final act that brought the real Tamara to a gushing orgasm, she imagined Davenport nonchalantly wanking off the bound and helpless Jack in his dress and stockings; his come shooting out of his obedient cock in long strands, all over his petticoat.

After two wonderfully depraved fantasies, Tamara got up and dressed for a trip into town. She'd promised herself a new dress for her night out with Orla. To her surprise, she found just what she was looking for and went home to prepare for the party that Annie and Veronica had invited them to in the evening.

The party was being given by one of Veronica's work colleagues and she'd asked if it would be okay to invite Tamara and Jack. Annie and Veronica were still getting used to their burgeoning sexual relationship and, although Veronica's colleague was supportive and open minded, they felt even safer with Tamara and Jack around.

It was a house party but people had still made an effort to dress up. Tamara wore her long red jersey dress that she had worn the previous weekend. It hugged her figure perfectly, showing off her breasts, buttocks and thighs to great effect. Underneath she wore black lingerie, including a six strap suspender belt and barely black stockings. Her four inch high black court shoes put the

finishing touch to her elegantly sexy look. Annie wore a cream short sleeved shift dress with nude stockings, white lingerie and cream high heels. Veronica wore a little black dress just above the knee, with black opaque hold up stockings and red lingerie.

The party was enjoyable; the mature, well heeled guests were always unlikely to misbehave. Tamara kept Annie and Veronica's glasses topped up so that there would be no inhibitions later on. She had arranged for them to go to the party in Jack's car and they would be getting home by the same means. She had more than hinted to her friends that she wanted to watch them pleasure each other in the car when Jack drove them home.

Veronica flirted with Jack and told Tamara that she was a very lucky woman. Tamara and her friends drew admiring glances from all quarters; she greatly enjoyed fondling Annie's buttocks surreptitiously. Otherwise, the sisters in law were careful not to allow anyone but the hostess conclude that they were lovers. Their divorce settlements were proving difficult and they wanted to avoid giving their estranged husbands additional excuses to be angry and vindictive. They planned to live together when their divorces were absolute but, until then, they were being cautious.

The foursome left the party at eleven o'clock, not too early and not too late, so that they didn't appear rude. They settled into the black leather seats of Jack's large car, Tamara telling her friends, "Have fun in the back girls."

Jack knew where he was going and soon found the dead end lane that had been the scene of his own historic assignations with Tamara, and where she had fucked several of her subsequent sexual conquests. As the car came to a halt, Annie and Veronica, who had so far been fondling each other's thighs, undid their seat belts and started the 'show' that Tamara had fantasied about so often, and that they had promised to put on for her and Jack. They'd kept their hands off each other at the party and were now desperate to make up lost time.

Veronica was on Annie's right. As they kissed passionately, they caressed each other's breasts through their dresses. Tamara, turned in her seat, pulled up her dress and opened her legs. Jack's cock started to throb, he didn't know where to look first, his woman was revealing her gorgeous stockinged legs and pussy, and her friends were kissing and fondling sexily on the back seat.

Veronica's hand moved slowly down over Annie's waist and hips to the hem of her dress. She placed her right hand on Annie's left knee and pushed her hand under her dress, along the outside of her thigh. Still kissing passionately, Annie's left hand moved underneath Veronica's dress. Veronica opened her legs to allow access to her pussy. Annie responded likewise and opened her legs for Veronica. Then Veronica lifted her left leg over Annie's right leg, so that they could both open their legs as wide as possible for each other.

Tamara watched in highly aroused fascination, then she watched Jack unbutton his pants and take out a very hard cock. Her pussy instinctively clenched at the sight of Jack's member, but her attention was soon drawn to the back seat again when Annie gasped as Veronica slipped her fingers inside her panties. Annie returned the favour and now both women were fingering each other, suspenders and pussies on full display.

This was Tamara's fantasy coming to life, the sisters in law with their hands inside each other's panties, building rapidly to an inevitable climax. She felt a surge of arousal as she pushed her fingers into her cunt. Jack looked from the sex show on the back seat to Tamara on the edge of orgasm. She was an erotic sight, her legs spread wide open with her hand moving between her legs

like a blur, but still turned with eyes fixed on the sisters in law. A loud orgasm suddenly overwhelmed her and drowned out Annie and Veronica's moans and groans.

As soon as Tamara's orgasm subsided, she started to fuck herself again; she came immediately for a second time. To Jack's astonishment, as her second screaming orgasm subsided, she moved seamlessly into her third; her face contorted, she was completely overwhelmed by a series of intense orgasms. Her eyes were still fixed on the sisters in law, who were now both hugely turned on by Tamara's performance. Their gasps and groans reached a crescendo as first Annie then Veronica came hard, their orgasms overlapping. As Annie plateaued and started to subside, Veronica jerked her pelvis forward and came with a throaty series of grunts and groans.

Jack had watched all of this with his cock on a hair trigger, he had only touched himself lightly to avoid coming over the leather seat. Veronica realised his predicament and got smartly out of the back seat, opened the driver's door and swallowed Jack's cock and come whilst cupping his balls. He gasped with sheer delight and kissed her come coated mouth when she finally released his cock. His salty fluid swirled around their lips and tongues.

Tamara had closed her eyes and was still swept away by the arousing images of the sisters in law and by the effort of coming three times in succession with such intensity.

"Did you enjoy that Tamara?" asked Veronica with an ironic tone.

"Oh my God, that was incredible, watching you two fucking each other, just magnificent, so hot I can't tell you. Will you both come home with me and Jack now."

"We thought you'd never ask," laughed Annie.

"Get in the back with us and enjoy the ride home," said Veronica.

It would only be a ten to fifteen minute journey but Tamara's pussy was crying out for more attention, and the thought of being fingered by the sisters in law, as she sat between them, only heightened her arousal. She got into the back seat, her feet were either side of the drive shaft, her legs wide open. It was clearly an invitation to the sisters in law to put their hands up her dress.

They soon had the hem of her dress around her hips, and she was able to lift her left leg over Annie's right, and her right leg over Veronica's left. She had already slipped her panties off, so her cunt was exposed and unprotected; just how she liked it. The sisters in law worked on her pussy while Jack set off for home. Veronica pushed three fingers inside Tamara as Annie massaged her clitoris. Tamara was floating on a cloud of ecstasy, she came again and again with soft little orgasms that followed one after another.

"You are a complete revelation darling, I've heard of women being multi orgasmic but I could never have imagined this was possible," whispered Veronica into Tamara's ear.

Tamara reached either side of her and slipped her hands inside the top of her friends' panties finding their pussies simultaneously. Jack adjusted the driving mirror and saw the most amazingly erotic sight. Three women with sitting back together with their legs spread wide and stockings, suspenders and pussies on display. Tamara in the middle with Annie working her clit and Veronica her vagina, and Tamara's hands inside their panties.

Jack listened to the cacophony of erotic sounds emanating from the back of the car. He took a detour adding another fifteen minutes to the journey. As they approached the village, the three

women came simultaneously. By the time they arrived home, Jack's cock was bursting again. He wasted no time fucking each of them in turn on the large sofa starting with Veronica. He came deliciously inside her, but remained rock hard whilst he brought Annie and then Tamara to climax with his thrusting cock.

Jack took the sisters in law home the next morning, then he drove Tamara to meet with Orla at 1pm before calling on Sheryl for the afternoon.

Orla and Tamara arrived at the chic Oxford hotel and checked in to their suite. It was huge, two rooms and a large luxurious bathroom.

"All we need now is a maid to unpack our clothes and see to our every need," joked Tamara salaciously.

"Well we might just pick one up later," smiled Orla.

"We've got three and a half hours to get ready for dinner, what on earth shall we do?" asked Tamara, pretending innocence.

"I'm going to shave my bush first."

"Wow! That'll be a first for me."

"Some of my clients like it shaved, I was with one last week. It takes a couple of weeks for it to grow back to anything decent so I'll make myself nice and smooth for you. Have you ever shaved yours?"

"No, never, I've thought about it but never taken the plunge."

"Would you like me to shave you now?"

"Oh gosh... Yes, why not. I'm sure Jack won't object."

"He'll probably love it," said Orla as she started to strip.

Tamara admired her lover's toned body and perfect breasts as she undressed. She could certainly see what her clients saw in her, feminine yet athletically sculpted perfection.

"Well come on then girl, get naked and come with me."

"I hope so," chuckled Tamara.

As Tamara entered the bathroom, Orla's pussy was already lathered and she had set about shaving herself. It didn't take long before she was as smooth as silk again. Tamara had watched fascinated but now it was her turn. Orla sat her on the bidet and produced a pair of scissors to remove most of the hair, then she lathered what was left with a small shaving brush. Tamara's arousal grew as she did this.

"I can see this is turning you on, good, you'll enjoy the next bit even more."

Orla, with her lovely red hair and green eyes, gently and carefully shaved around Tamara's pussy. As she pushed and pulled at her mound to stretch the areas she was shaving, Tamara started to seep

telltale fluid from her clenching hole. She bit her knuckles and simpered with pleasure.

"Not long now, then we can get into the shower."

This did nothing to dampen Tamara's ardour.

Orla finished her task, got up from kneeling between Tamara's knees and turned on the water in the large walk in shower.

"Come on, I've been looking forward to this."

"You and me both," said Tamara as she joined Orla in the shower.

They both stood under the large shower head for a moment letting the warm water run over their bodies. Orla squeezed shower gel over Tamara's chest and started to massage her sensuously. She embraced Tamara from behind, kissed the nape of her neck and massaged her soapy breasts and hard nipples. Tamara groaned and let her head fall back onto Orla's shoulder. Orla moved her right hand down to Tamara's abdomen and continued to wash her thoroughly. Tamara was willing her to put her hand between her legs and massage her newly shaved mound.

Orla knew what she wanted, she teased her mercilessly by moving her hand very close to her mound then back up to her breasts. Tamara grabbed Orla's wrist and pulled her hand down between her legs.

"Okay, I'll stop teasing," whispered Orla into Tamara's right ear.

She ran her soapy fingers over Tamara's smooth mound; Tamara arched her back and groaned with deep, warm pleasure. Orla's fingers on her smooth hairless mound felt electrifying. She slipped two of them between Tamara's cunt lips and fondled her clitoris. Tamara reached up behind her with her left hand and grasped the back of Orla's head, then let out a sensuous moan as her orgasm seemed to grow out of Orla's fingers and swell deep inside her vagina.

Orla held her tight as she came in waves, the warm water beating down on both of them served to heighten her pleasure. As her orgasm subsided, she turned to face Orla and kissed her lusciously, gradually easing her back against the wall of the shower. With Orla leaning back against the wall, Tamara went down on her and savoured the delightful experience of oral sex with a shaved pussy. Orla came quickly, holding Tamara's head to her mound. The two women then fingered each other to another dreamy orgasm, before drying each other off with large luxurious towels, and spending the next thirty minutes in bed eating each other's shaved cunts in Tamara's favourite, sixty nine position.

They lay together fondling each other for a long while, Tamara regaling Orla with the tales of some of her conquests over the last two and a half years. She was careful not to disclose all of their names, particularly as she'd fucked several former and current members of staff at Orla's daughter's school.

"Are you in love with any of them?"

"Ha, I didn't expect you to ask me that. Er, no, not in love, very fond of some of the women but not in love. I've got a special girlfriend that I'm close to emotionally, but she moved with her husband just north of Liverpool last year, so I don't see much of her now."

"So how many of your conquests are you still fucking at the moment?"

"Let's see... Probably three men including Jack and six women not including you."

"So there are nine people, ten including me, who would drop what they were doing for a chance to get inside your knickers?"

"I suppose so, if you look at it that way. Hey, I'm touched that you included yourself."

"I meant it, I really like you, we're not so very different, I think we could have a great connection. Maybe I'll become your special girlfriend."

"If you can fit me in with all of your clients," laughed Tamara.

"I'll definitely make room for you, I need a bit of love and affection in my life. Jack's lucky to have you and just think of the pleasure he gets from your adventures. Anyway, let's not get too sentimental. So come on, how many lovers did you say you'd had since Lucinda took you by force?"

"At the last count, fifteen of each, men and women."

"Good going girl you're a vixen all right."

"But you sound as though you knew Lucinda."

"There's no point lying, yes I did know her, she's gone now and won't be back so I'll tell you that I had to remove her from my dating site. The rules are strict and one of the most important ones is that any sex acts must be consensual, if anyone wants to indulge in bdsm, they must agree beforehand and they must have a safe word, I insist on it. But Lucinda couldn't resist the temptation to sniff out a couple of my more vulnerable women and take them by force. I think it worked with one of them, I believe she became Lucinda's bitch, an honour bestowed on several women at any one time apparently, and the occasional man."

"Anyway, I found out when one of my customers complained, so I asked Lucinda to come and see me in the office and put the allegation to her. She gave me a disparaging look like she could take me whenever she wanted, got up and walked out without a word. I was scared of her, I barred her straight away. This is about six years or so ago, when I was just getting the agency started."

"Obviously you can't talk about the clients that get your personal attention but how did that come about?"

"Well I started to build up the agency, it really took off, in no time I had over a hundred women on my books, it's over 350 now, from all over the Midlands. You need that many to make it viable so that there's plenty of choice. My women aren't looking for love and marriage, although it has happened. They're looking for the company of a woman, usually for sex and above all, they want discretion. They tend to be on my books long term"

"I insist on vetting prospective members so I, or my assistant, meet them face to face. You can guess the rest."

"Well those green eyes had me hooked immediately so I can image you have to fight them off."

"Not quite but I do get propositioned now and again."

"What are their backgrounds."

"Doctors, company directors, politicians, a couple of well known former athletes, a successful author, a tv presenter and a weather girl, the editor of a large regional newspaper, chief executives of local authorities and health boards, you name it. What it does show is that women are beginning to break the glass ceiling and these clever, strong, women know what they want and that's often other women."

"Or to be dominated by other women?"

"Yes, that's what some want. I don't go in for that but I can, very discretely, find someone to take care of their needs if they ask. Hey, you don't fancy the job do you? From what you've just told me, you'd be a sensation."

"No, I prefer the thrill of the chase and the moment of conquest."

"While we're on the subject Orla, I must tell you that one of your escort clients might well be my current sex pet."

"Oh!"

"I think you mentioned her in passing on the phone the other day and it's only fair that you know what I know. I don't want you to think I'm going behind your back."

"And?"

"Well you remember you mentioned a client that has been phoning her dominatrix for permission to come?"

"Yes."

"Well I suspect she's called Miriam. You don't have to answer me but if it is her, at least you know now."

"Thank you Tamara your discretion is appreciated. Shall we get ready for dinner?"

Tamara couldn't resist a final quip.

"Next time she's on the phone asking for permission to come I'll ask her if she's with anyone. If she says yes I'll tell her to give her lover a message to 'fuck her softly.' "

It would have been easy for Orla to deny the connection, but she didn't, her silence spoke volumes.

Tamara had booked dinner in a restaurant just across the street from the hotel, followed by a play at the Apollo Theatre. She wore her new long, sleeveless red dress. It had a scalloped neckline and hugged her breasts and waist. Then it fell over her hips and buttocks and flared into gathered folds. The hem was just below mid calf allowing glimpses of her nude stockings and black suede high heeled shoes with a lattice pattern.

Underneath the dress she wore a black bra with transparent straps, lacy black panties and a six strap suspender belt. Her ears were decorated with gold studs, and jet and gold teardrop earrings. Scarlet lipstick and nail varnish, together with her beautiful hazel eyes and short dark brown back-combed hair, meant that Tamara looked breathtaking.

Orla got ready in the second room of their suite so she didn't lay eyes on Tamara until she had finished getting ready herself.

Orla wore a classy navy and green patterned jersey wrap over dress, which finished at mid calf and had three quarter length sleeves. The dress was made from a fine heavy material that flowed with the movements of her body. With it she wore four inch high black suede stilettos and nude stockings. Her lingerie, including her new four strap suspender belt, was navy-blue. Navy ear studs were paired with jade teardrop earrings which complimented her soft pink nails and lipstick.

Just as Tamara turned away from a full length mirror, having smoothed down her dress from her hips to her stocking clad thighs, she caught sight of Orla moving sensuously toward her. Orla took one look at Tamara and stopped in her tracks.

"You look beautiful Tamara. Absolutely beautiful, I'll be basking in your glory tonight."

Orla knew that she looked stunning too, her dazzling green eyes made Tamara take a breath and her heart seemed to miss a beat.

"Oh Orla, you look so gorgeous and alluring. If you flash those eyes at me again I'll come in my panties."

It was a warm sultry evening and showers were expected. Tamara took a black and red wrap, and Orla had her green wrap, in case it got chilly later. They walked across the road from the hotel to the restaurant that Tamara had booked. It was medium sized place full of character and staffed mainly by students.

Tamara and Orla were very taken by their waitress. She was taller than average with long dark hair put up in a clever loose chignon. Her crisp white shirt and very tight, just above knee length, black skirt swathed her lovely firm curvaceous body. The curve of her buttocks and her prominent breasts had both women making salacious remarks about getting her between the sheets. Her name was Jocasta and she moved serenely on her three inch high heeled court shoes.

"How old do think she is?" asked Orla.

"Mid twenties, yes twenty five or so I'd say."

"You like them young don't you."

"Yes, youngish, and not so young too."

"So how old was the youngest woman you've made love to."

"Twenty one. She's my friend's daughter. Used to be a student of mine, long story, but I had her on her wedding night, and the groom, separately, but within a couple of minutes of each other."

"I'm intrigued, how did you manage that."

Tamara told Orla the details of how she'd been responsible for the first orgasms of Josie and Darren's married lives.

"Mmm, well Jocasta there has taken a shine to us both, she can't do enough for us. What do you think? Are your powers of seduction up to it tonight?"

"What did you have in mind? A threesome back in our hotel suite?"

"No, I want exclusive access to you later on. Let's try our luck here, it's not too busy yet, she might be able to take you somewhere private."

Tamara and Orla flirted with their waitress and told her that they were going on to the theatre. They didn't say overtly that they were on a date, but it was obvious to Jocasta that they were, and she could easily see herself in bed with either of both of them. She was an experienced, worldly, twenty-six year old postgraduate student, who loved sex with men and women. Tamara's eyes followed her around the restaurant as she eased her lovely, tight skirted backside between tables.

"Goodness me Tamara, we'd better put you out of your misery."

They finished their meal and paid the bill, as Orla signed the payment slip she said to Jocasta, without looking up, "You keep asking whether there is anything else you can do for us."

"Yes, madam, and is there?" Said Jocasta, giving the clear impression that she knew exactly what Orla was driving at.

"Yes, there is as a matter of fact, I shaved my friend's pussy this afternoon, and now she'd like to know if your tongue is as soft and warm as mine," said Orla looking teasingly at Jocasta.

Jocasta looked at Orla for a moment, switched her gaze to Tamara, then looked at her watch and scanned the restaurant.

"Follow me please madam."

Jocasta picked her way seductively through the tables followed by Tamara's swaying hips. She led Tamara through a door marked 'private' at the back of the restaurant and up a short flight of stairs. There were three rooms on the landing at the top of the stairs, one of them was labelled 'Office.' Once they were both inside, Jocasta closed and locked the door, moved in and kissed Tamara seductively. Tamara couldn't believe her luck, Jocasta was clearly going to eat her shaven pussy.

"We don't have much time for niceties madam," said Jocasta as she wheeled a large office chair from behind a desk, "forgive my abruptness, but take your panties off and sit on this."

Tamara was treated to a divine licking by the eager yet accomplished waitress. Her lovely tongue slithered and slipped over her newly shaved mound, as Tamara watched her, through half closed eyes, she came deliciously as the young waitress's tongue probed her clitoris. It took only three minutes to bring Tamara to a climax, so they were soon making their way back down the stairs to the restaurant.

"I'm sorry there was no time to return the compliment," said Tamara as she opened her purse and took out a twenty pound note, "but here's a little something to say thank you, it's the least you deserve."

"Madam, there's no need, really, it's not necessary."

"Nonsense, when did it become unnecessary for a satisfied customer to leave a tip for such an excellently attentive waitress?"

"Okay, thank you, and please remember that if you're ever in Oxford again, and you're 'hungry,' you know where to find me. Oh, and tell your friend that I've heard hundreds of pick up lines, from men and women, but that was the best ever."

Orla, who had been waiting patiently for Tamara to return, was surprised that she was back so soon. As they left the restaurant, she asked her lover about the encounter, "That was quick, what happened?"

"God, my pussy's still buzzing. She took me upstairs to an office, sat me on a chair and made me come with her face between my legs; it was sensational, but she had to get back downstairs before she was missed."

"You're positively glowing, I hope you're grateful to your 'pimp' for fixing you up with her?"

"I feel so depraved, I made her take twenty pounds; like I was paying for her services. I think I know how your customers feel now," joked Tamara.

"You won't get much from me for twenty pounds darling; I might just blow on one of your nipples for that price," laughed Orla.

A glowing Tamara and a slightly envious Orla made their way, arm in arm to the theatre. They could have been lovers, or just friends, from the relaxed and familiar way that they leaned into each other, smiling and laughing in intimate conversation.

After a quick glass of wine, and having taken care to order interval drinks, they took their seats in the auditorium. They were in the upper circle, where there were a couple of rows of empty seats, right at the back. When it became apparent that everyone was seated, Tamara realised that they could find a little privacy in the back right hand corner. She motioned Orla to go along the row of empty seats and sit up against the side wall. It wasn't long before Tamara's hand was on Orla's thigh, feeling the sexy outline of a suspender strap.

Orla's wrap over made it easy for Tamara to slip her right hand inside the dress, and to place her fingers gently onto Orla's mound. For a long time, Tamara, just slowly and lightly, moved her fingers over Orla's silky panty gusset. Orla's breathing became steadily shallower, she squeezed Tamara's right thigh. The play was interesting but they were more interested in each other.

After fifteen minutes of gentle probing, and with Orla by now desperate to be brought to an orgasm, Tamara slipped three fingers inside the gusset and curled them up inside her girlfriend's wet cunt. With her thumb, she lightly massaged Orla's clitoris.

"Ohhh, fuck me Tamara, ohhh, mmmm, oh God," whispered Orla into Tamara's neck.

Tamara checked that they hadn't aroused suspicion and curled her index finger onto Orla's g-spot.

"Aaahhhh! Ohhh, Tamaraaaaah, ohhh fffucckkkk, ohhh pleaseee don't stopppp. Ohhh my Goddd, aaahhhh, yes... yes, yes."

Orla came, her pelvis gyrating slowly to the waves of pleasure that had overwhelmed her; with no one within ten feet or so, it remained their secret fuck in public, and it turned both women on immensely.

The interval arrived and they sipped their wine, gazing into each other's eyes and touching hands, no longer attempting to hide their desire for each other. Tamara felt relaxed in the worldly, sophisticated city, where neither of them were known. It seemed perfectly normal for two women to be on a date, and to show desire and affection for each other. Perhaps it was not so normal to fuck your girlfriend in a crowded theatre, but that was their secret.

"It's so nice to be on a date and not to feel responsible for keeping someone happy, or being paid for providing a service," said Orla.

"Do you really need to continue the escort work given that your dating agency brings in so much money?"

"Not really, I do love sex though, and variety, but I could probably still get enough of that without being under an obligation to please. I've been trying to run that side of the business down by not taking on new clients when old ones leave."

"Do you worry about what Jessica might think of you if she knew about your escort work?"

"Yes, and that's another reason to stop doing it, she's nineteen in October and I'm going to have to tell her after her exams. I'd rather tell her that I used to be an escort rather than I am still an escort."

"You've said before that she knows about your all female dating agency?"

"Yes, she's okay with that, she even thinks it's cool. She's known since her dad walked out when she was twelve that I'll never again be in a relationship with a man, so she's worked out that I like women, she just doesn't know how big a tart I've been."

They both laughed.

"How many clients do you have now, escort I mean?"

"Six, I'm hoping to reduce it further, but a couple of them are so obviously in love with me, and I don't want to hurt them. It's strange really, I'd never expected that, falling in love with your prostitute. I don't know what they think will come of it. I've impressed on them that I can't love them back and that it's only business."

"Don't call yourself that, you're a very classy, high-end, female escort, I think there's a big difference."

"No, not really, it's all the same when it comes down to it, people pay me for sex."

"Well I don't, surely that's something?"

"Yes, it's been a revelation, I now realise I can have a normal girlfriend without financial obligations."

"Is that what I've become do you think? Your girlfriend?"

"I hope so darling."

"So do I, and we hardly know each other."

"Well we can put that right can't we?"

The bell sounded for the second part of the play and the two women held hands as they watched.

After the play, they found a charming pub, full of character, Orla went to the bar and ordered two pints of local bitter. They drew attention; two beautiful, well dressed, sophisticated women sitting together at a table, sipping at their pints. A middle aged drinker and his mate tried their luck.

"Hello ladies, mind if we join you?"

"Yes, were not looking for company thank you," Said Orla.

"Come on girls, we could show you a good time."

"No thank you, were already having a perfectly good time."

"What's up, are you a pair of dykes then?"

"Well, as it happens, my friend is a fantastic fuck, which I'm sure is more than anyone will ever say about you, including your wife."

A trio of girls, most likely students, on a nearby table burst out laughing and the two men slunk off with their tails between their legs. The girls expressed the opinion that Orla and Tamara were 'cool.'

"How did you know he was married?" asked Tamara.

"It was a guess. But they usually are."

They left the pub and decided to take the long route back to the hotel, through the quaint colleges and halls. It was still warm and humid but a sudden cloud burst had them both running for cover with their wraps over their heads. They found a narrow covered alleyway which they used as shelter. Laughing and panting, they walked further into the alleyway and realised that they were alone. A solitary light from a window cast a warm yellow glow at the far end where the alley opened up to the night sky.

They stood perfectly still and silent, listening to the rain pouring down outside in the street. Orla leaned in to Tamara, embraced her around the waist with both arms and kissed her, softly at first. Tamara responded, their kiss became passionate and all consuming, with tongues probing and tasting each other's sweet mouths. Orla's right hand reached for the folds of material in the skirt of Tamara's dress. She lifted the hem of dress so that she had access to Tamara's pussy. To her surprise, Tamara was not wearing panties, she'd put them in her clutch bag after removing them for Jocasta at the restaurant.

Orla slipped three fingers into her cunt and massaged her g-spot, Tamara was beside herself with lust and desire, she opened her legs wider. Orla was also highly aroused, with her left hand, she pulled Tamara's right hand inside the wrap of her dress. Tamara needed no encouragement. Now Orla had Tamara pushed back against the wall as her own legs opened wider and Tamara found her cunt. They fingered each other frantically and both came, loudly, in the echoing alleyway, in a wonderfully erotic, cacophony of come noises.

They clung to each other, the rain still pattered down out in the street, but it was easing off. Orla went down on one knee and, lifted the hem of Tamara's dress again and licked her shaven pussy with a warm smooth tongue. She licked all around Tamara's mound, driving her wild with desire again. She slipped her tongue inside her cunt lips and traced circles around her clitoris, before moving down and probing the opening of her hole. Then she moved up along the inside of her labia and traced a path to her clitoris.

Still sucking and kissing her clit, she slipped two fingers inside her and brought her to an orgasm. Tamara called out loudly in sensuous gasps and moans as she leaned back against the wall and put both of her hands on the kneeling Orla's head. As she came with a long deep orgasm, she turned her head to the right to see the three girls from the pub, standing at the end of the alleyway, looking awestruck at the sight of Tamara coming long and loudly, with Orla's face between her legs.

She gave them a sultry glare through hooded eyelids, they left quickly with damp patches in their panties. Tamara overheard one of them say, "My God, that was the fucking hottest thing I've ever seen."

It was midnight, the rain had stopped and Tamara and Orla picked up their clutch bags and wraps and walked back arm in arm to their hotel where they spent the next four hours fucking each other with a passion.

Three weeks later, Tamara received a text from Miriam.

"Please may I come Mistress?"

"Are you with anyone?"

"Yes Mistress, is that okay?"

"Yes, but tell her to fuck you softly."

Miriam looked at her phone slightly bemused.

"Is everything okay?" asked Orla.

"Yes, I think so, she said to tell you to fuck me softly."