

# TAMARA IN STOCKINGS CH. 12

## ***Briterotic***

*Domination, conquest and revenge in the final chapter.*

Mature

4.8

21.7k words

### Chapter Twelve: Full Circle

On a Saturday in mid September 1999, in the early afternoon, Tamara was at her dressing table getting ready for the visit of her lover, Orla, the red haired, green eyed Irish beauty. Jack had just left for a football match so he'd be gone for hours. Tamara applied her make up in light tan stockings, a white six strap suspender belt and five inch high, pointed toe, pale-gold stilettos.

Knowing that her bra and panties would be removed within seconds of Orla's arrival, she simply stepped, as she was, into her warm-pink fitted shift dress. She looked very desirable and she knew it. As she stood in front of the full length mirror she ran her hands down her curves to rest on her left thigh and her right hip; striking the pose of a model. She decided that she would 'do' herself anytime and her pussy tingled at the thought of Orla's fingers inside her.

Orla wouldn't be here for twenty minutes or so, but Tamara could hardly bare the excitement and anticipation at what would unfold between the two lustful lovers. To give herself something to do she prepared wine and nibbles that she knew would not be touched.

The doorbell rang, Tamara rushed to the front door, she could see Orla in all her magnificence through the clear glass. Orla was wearing a very expensive knee length unbuttoned camel coat, with a tan coloured knee length leather pencil skirt and black polo neck jumper. Her very high heeled ankle boots were black and she had black and gold Gucci handbag over her right shoulder.

Tamara throbbed with desire as she opened the door. She had to keep her hands off Orla until they got back through the glass porch into the hallway so she greeted her as a friend with a quick 'peck' on the cheek. They went through the inner front door, from the porch into the hall, where Orla immediately turned on one of her expensive heels and looked alluringly at Tamara.

"Well, what are you waiting for girl?"

Tamara took three strides and pushed the sultry looking Orla against the bannister. She held both of Orla's hands above her head with her left hand as their tongues explored each other's mouths. Tamara manoeuvred Orla to the bottom of the staircase, her right hand groped Orla's her left thigh and buttock as she felt for suspender straps. They kissed so eagerly that they both overbalanced and fell along the first few steps of the carpeted staircase.

Tamara fell on top and pressed home her advantage, she soon had her hand up Orla's skirt and was running her right hand up her barely-black stockings. Orla hadn't yet taken her coat off and Tamara had her hand on the bare flesh above the welt of her stocking. She clutched a black suspender strap and purred her approval into Orla's mouth. Orla was hugely aroused by the warm fingers so close to her panty gusset.

"Touch me Tamara."

The leather skirt was tight, but Tamara forced her right hand toward Orla's mound. She teased Orla's lovely pussy slit with her knuckles against the silky material of her panty gusset. Then she slipped three fingers inside Orla's warm wet hole and felt the smooth, slick surface of her vagina wall. Tamara's expert fingers probed Orla's cunt, Orla gasped when Tamara found what she was searching for and brought her quickly to her first climax of the afternoon.

"Oh Jesus Tamara, fffuckk, I'm commming already, you magnnnnificent wommm... oh, God. Ohhh ffffuckkkk, ahhhh."

Orla's crashing orgasm left her cunt in spasms and her hips thrusting. Tamara was wild with desire for her, she thought she'd die if she didn't come now.

"Orla please do me here, make me come now," said Tamara as she rolled off Orla, lay back on the steps and opened her legs to reveal a wet pussy and no panties. Orla, still wearing her coat and handbag, put Tamara's stockinged thighs over her shoulders and buried her face in her mound; kissing and licking her shaved pussy.

Tamara touched her own clit with her right index finger and said, "Here, here, please here, make me come."

Orla played her tongue around Tamara's clitoris and brought her within seconds to her first powerful orgasm. It was barely two minutes since Tamara had opened the front door.

Still breathing heavily, the two women ascended the stairs and stood kissing in a passionate embrace in the bedroom doorway. Then Orla reached behind Tamara and unzipped her dress. It fell to the ground around her stilettoed feet, a sight that turned them both on even more.

Orla pushed Tamara against the doorframe and, with her right hand, massaged her pussy. Tamara groaned her delight and opened her legs wider as Orla inserted her middle finger into her cunt and found her g-spot. With a finger curled inside her and a thumb pressing on her clitoris, Tamara came again with deep groans, just managing to stay on her feet.

Tamara pulled Orla over to the bed and manoeuvred her onto her back, still in her coat, the taut leather of her skirt stretched across her thighs. With her black jumper swathing her slim waist and the pronounced mounds of her breasts, Orla looked sumptuous and ready to be fucked.

Tamara hoped that Orla would be ready to try the double ended vibrating strap on cock today, or at least the double ended dildo. She laid on top of her fully dressed lover in just her stockings, suspenders and stilettos and kissed her lustfully. She ground her pussy into Orla's mound, Orla responded by placing both hands on Tamara's buttocks and pulled her in even harder.

Orla broke the kiss, "Let me up darling, I'll strip for you while you masturbate for me."

"God yes," breathed Tamara.

Tamara eased herself off Orla's body and pulled her onto her feet.

"Get on the bed and open your legs for me."

Tamara did as Orla bade her to do. She arranged herself with her back against the bed head, her wide open, stockinged and stiletto heeled legs, bent at the knee. The fingers of her right hand were poised over her pussy.

Orla purred with approval, she removed her coat sensuously and let it fall from her outstretched left hand. Then she smoothed her leather skirt with her hands and shimmied her hips, before sexily removing her jumper and tossing it away with a flourish. Still swaying her hips, as if to an imaginary raunchy musical accompaniment, she reached behind and sprung her bra clip open, then swirled it over her head and letting it fly toward Tamara.

By now, Tamara was fingering herself with enthusiasm. She'd started circling her clitoris with one finger, but as Orla's striptease progressed, she slid her fingers down to her clenching cunt hole and slipped three of them inside, keeping her thumb on her clit. Her half closed eyes and sultry moans spurred Orla on. Orla was good at striptease, she'd done it for several of her clients in the past, it had always left them wet and horny.

Tamara was captivated by Orla's performance and it showed, she was in a high state of arousal, a picture of erotic desire as she panted, squirmed and gyrated on the bed. Orla reached behind and unzipped her leather skirt and let it fall around her feet, then she lifted her right ankle boot onto the dressing table chair, rested her right elbow on her right knee and struck a pose for Tamara. Next she slipped off her panties and sauntered sexily with them over to the bed where Tamara was on the edge of an orgasm.

Orla, in just her stockings, suspenders and ankle boots, knelt between Tamara's open legs, sniffed her panties provocatively and gently pushed the gusset into Tamara's mouth. Then she reached down with both hands and started to masturbate herself. The two women fucked themselves with their fingers; eyes locked together in mutual erotic desire. Tamara came first biting on Orla's panties and shrieking with pleasure. Orla followed with juddering hips and loud moans before collapsing on top of Tamara.

As the two lovers rested Orla took the opportunity to tell Tamara her about a new venture that she had planned.

"Fuck, you're incredible Orla, I'd pay to watch you strip any day."

"Well you don't have to do you? I'm your very own escort girl, free of charge, so make the most of me. Actually, I've been waiting to tell you that I've only got one paying client left now."

"Oh! Well don't get rid of her whoever she is, I love being a prostitute's girlfriend."

"Paid escort darling, paid escort. I think you know who I'm keeping on the books."

"Miriam?"

"Yes, the very same. She wants to become a sleeping partner in my dating agency business if you'll excuse the pun. She thinks I should broaden the scope of the agency to include London and the south east, especially Westminster."

"Why Westminster?"

"Well, since the MP Angela Falcon came out as gay a couple of years ago, Miriam says the place is crawling with women who want to date women, and not all of them lesbians by any means."

"Well she's got a nose for business, and she knows loads of people in Parliament, if she thinks it's a goer, it probably is."

"That's right, and she's prepared to invest thousands as long as I keep her name out of the business plan. She's suggested a new name for the business as well. 'Rebecca's Room.' Apparently Rebecca can mean beautiful and to tie or bind."

"Racy!"

"Yes, although she's never confessed it to me, I suspect that Miriam has a thing for bondage."

"Oh, right," said Tamara in the most neutral tone she could muster.

"Yes, when we were in Oxford, you made a reference to her asking for permission to come, and then there was your little coded message, through her to me on the phone, about fucking her softly."

"Ah right, I shouldn't have been so indiscreet."

"No, it's all right, you know I wouldn't dream of divulging anything you've said to me. Anyway, what do you think? I mean, my agency is deliberately high end and exclusive. Do you think the new name would put anybody off."

"Goodness no, it's clever and alliterative, your clients probably won't know what 'Rebecca' means unless you tell them and, if you do, they'll probably like the subtle association with a bit of playful bondage. My experiences have led me to think that there's a huge untapped market amongst women for a bit of tying up and playful spanking. But you know your clients best, it's what you think that matters."

"Thank you, I trust your opinion, you've seduced a lot of women and you know what turns them on, or should I say you know what turns them?" chuckled Orla.

"There's no magic to it, I reckon that about three quarters of women have a desire, latent or otherwise, to have sex with a woman. They just need opportunity and encouragement, and that's where I come in," Tamara said with smile, "anyway, do it, it's a great idea. Miriam has sound business sense and a flair for making money, you can't go wrong."

"She's very good at what she does."

"Does that include in bed? Do you ever get the impression that she would want you to abuse her?"

"Yes and no, in that order."

"She's told me that it's just me that she submits to, I guess she's telling the truth. Orla, can I share a confidence with you?"

"Try me, I'll stop you if it feels wrong."

"A couple of weeks ago, I fucked her in the car, on top, from the rear, across the back seat, and we, how can I put it, lost ourselves in the moment, well I certainly did anyway. I had her pinned down and I ended up more or less raping her; it turned her on immensely. Now she wants our role play to go in that direction much more often, she wants me to get physical with her and to, well, 'rape' her. She's really getting off on the idea, but more to the point, I loved it too, it makes me feel so deliciously depraved and powerful." Tamara waited for a reaction, "does that make me a sexual predator?"

"No girl, of course not. Look, I'm sure you've agreed ground rules with her that include 'stop' and 'no means no,' and I'm sure you've promised her discretion and secrecy?"

"Yes."

"Then you're both playing roles that you enjoy and that turn you on. You're both getting an enormous amount of satisfaction and fulfilment from exploring your deviant needs and desires, and how deep they go. I'm sure she feels completely safe with you or she wouldn't want you to indulge her 'rape' fantasies now would she?"

"No."

"I've interviewed numerous agency clients that have struggled with similar 'moral' issues and we've always agreed that the answer is trust, respect and integrity. With those things in place, you can get as perverted and degraded as you like. Don't worry about it, do it, if that's what turns you both on, do it, take her by force."

"That's what I was hoping you'd say, thank you. We'd better not talk any more about Miriam, she's in both of our lives, but in very different ways. I take it that all of your contact with her is in private?"

"Hotels rooms in another midland city."

"Right, so we're never likely to bump into each other while she's with one of us."

"Yes, you're right. Let's leave it at that. But I hope you don't find me too boring by comparison."

"God no, I love you, and our love making is perfect as far as I'm concerned but I just might try to persuade you to try a two way dildo with me one day."

"You never know your luck girl, maybe next time eh?"

Tamara loved it when Orla called her 'girl' in her Irish accent, it sent shivers down her spine all the way to her pussy. A pussy that was now ready for Orla's oral stimulation.

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The following week, urgent work had to be undertaken in school to repair a major fault to the IT network server. The work, which was adjacent to Tamara's office, took two days. She couldn't help noticing that the technician was a very fit looking man in his early thirties. He couldn't help noticing the stream of long legged, nubile sixth formers that passed up and down the corridor. Tamara was amused at the irony that she, a forty eight year old woman, was ogling him whilst he was ogling her eighteen year old students.

Much to her delight, she realised that his interest was not restricted to younger women when, in her tight skirted, above the knee business suit and heels, she caught him watching her buttocks sway along the corridor after she had walked passed him. She knew this because his reflection in the glass fire doors, whilst on his knees, working on a length of cable, was clear enough to give him away.

As she returned a few minutes later, she paused at the small windowless room where he was now working on the server. She admired his firm backside and broad shoulders, and she suddenly had an overwhelming urge to be fucked by him. It was past four o'clock, the school day had finished for

her sixth formers and there were no other staff members in sight. Taking a chance, she slipped into the small room, half closed the door behind her and said the first thing that came into her head.

"Do you think you'll be finished today?"

"Er... yeah, should be, why, will you miss me?" he asked cheekily.

Tamara felt for the door handle behind her back, eased the door shut, and gave him an alluring look. Without speaking, she hitched her skirt up around her waist to reveal her neutral stockings and white suspenders. She peeled off her panties, bent forward and placed both hands on the server cabinet, opened her legs invitingly and exposed her glistening pink labia.

"Fuck me. I don't care if you fantasise about one of my students on the end of your cock, just fuck me now."

The technician was taken aback, but he quickly realised that it was his lucky day. She heard him unzip his trousers and felt a hard cock probing the entrance to her cunt. She put her right hand down between her legs and guided his cock inside her. Once inside, he wasted no time in thrusting his hardness into her willing wet hole. She could feel her breasts wobble with the vigour of his thrusting and they both came quickly.

Tamara wasn't done yet, she craved for more so she turned toward him.

"Don't put that away yet. Get on your back."

He did as she instructed and she lowered herself onto his still hard cock and treated herself to another orgasm. When she had finished using him, she got up, stepped back into her panties and straightened her skirt.

"Don't breath a word of this to anyone and I might let you fuck me again."

"When?"

"I'll be in touch," lied Tamara.

That night in bed, she made Jack very hard, and herself very horny, by reliving her opportunistic fuck with the technician. It was just what Jack needed, that evening Sheryl had told him that she had found a man that she wanted to be with, and to be fair to him, she couldn't continue her love affair with Jack. Jack understood this, it had always been part of their deal that if Sheryl wanted to form a meaningful new relationship with someone she cared for, she could no longer see Jack.

Tamara told him not to be sad, she knew that Sheryl loved him really but she couldn't have the full commitment from him that she really wanted so she had to move on.

"In any case darling, I don't mind you using this as an opportunity for you to make new conquests, as long as you tell me beforehand," she said in an attempt to raise his spirits.

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Miriam had a moment between meetings so she listened to the voice mail message from Tamara that she had been desperate to listen to all morning. Tamara deliberately didn't identify herself by name as she played the role of a menacing stalker.

"Listen to me bitch, I've been watching you for a long time, I won't rest until I've taken you by force. Make sure that you are at home, alone, a week on Saturday evening as it gets dark. I've watched you long enough to know what sexy little outfits are in your wardrobe. Wear your tight blue skirt with the zip all the way up the back and a white silk blouse and white underwear. Put on those cream high heels that I've seen you flaunting yourself in and make sure you're wearing."

Tamara knew that Miriam understood what "wearing" meant to women who adored stockings.

The message ended, Miriam's cunt juices flowed into her panties, she felt another overwhelming desire to be dominated and taken by force. Her next appointment with an important customer was in five minutes and although she breathed slowly and deeply out of an open window, she still looked flushed when her secretary showed him into her office.

Two weeks previously, Tamara had agreed to kidnap and 'rape' Miriam. They both knew that, since Tamara had taken Miriam forcefully across the back seat of her car, this role play was inevitable. They both wanted it badly, they each wanted to gratify a primal urge, one to control and sexually abuse and the other to submit herself to sexual abuse. Tamara knew that sex could be about many things but, above all, it could be about power. And the thought of exercising sexual power over a confident, successful and highly desirable woman like Miriam, left Tamara's pussy clenching for all it was worth.

Tamara had given it a good deal of thought, she had ruled out the risk of overpowering Miriam in a public place, where she might be seen and attract unwanted attention. So, she planned to 'break into' Miriam's house, overwhelm her and enslave her into bondage, before taunting her and 'raping' her.

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Before her role play with Miriam, Tamara had another adventure to look forward to. On the coming Saturday, she and Jack had been invited to a party at the village pub. The popular landlord was leaving so there was to be a big farewell party. Zelda would be there and Tamara had already exchanged text messages with her.

"Looking fwd to the party this Sat Z, hope you'll be there"

"Defo Tam, wouldn't miss it for the world"

"Should be a boozy affair, might get my fingers inside you if I'm lucky. Wear something short with stockings"

"You too, accessibility all important. I'd finger myself now if I wasn't sitting at my desk."

"Gorgeous burgundy knee length wrap over dress and suspenders for me. You'll be able to slip your fingers inside easily"

"Fuck, stop it, you'll make me come at this rate"

"That would take some explaining to your headmistress, see you on Sat night"

"Can't wait, It'll be fun finding the right moment"

"Oh we'll find it, no worries"

Saturday arrived and Tamara fulfilled her promise. The burgundy wrap over dress, in expensive heavy jersey material, was cut in a revealing v shape to show off her cleavage, and fell sensuously over her breasts, hips and thighs. It finished just below her knee to reveal barely-black seamed stockings and black stilettos. Her lips were painted in a dark-burgundy to match her dress, and her dangling jet-black and gold earrings, and dark brown bob, set off her beautiful clear complexion.

It was a mild evening in late September, the moon was full and still low in the sky, like a huge pearl. Tamara looked radiant, she could easily have passed for a woman of thirty eight as she walked through the lamplit village streets on her way to the pub with Jack. Each time her right leg strode forward, she revealed a glimpse of stocking top. As she and Jack turned into the top of the road where the pub was situated, she heard a wolf whistle from behind. She glanced back over her shoulder to see Zelda grinning at her.

"You look fabulous Tamara," said Joe.

"My God doesn't she?" agreed Jack, "and you look stunning too Zelda."

Tamara and Zelda's eyes met for a moment. Zelda was wearing a short black shift dress over which she wore a red and black houndstooth jacket. Her long legs were swathed in black stockings and a pair of six inch stilettos.

"Mmm, sexy," said Tamara, attempting to conceal her lust with a sisterly compliment.

As the two couples made their way through the pub doorway Jack was talking to Joe and neither of them noticed Zelda's left hand briefly caress Tamara's left buttock.

Inside the busy pub with both men at the bar, Tamara kissed Zelda on the cheek in a friendly greeting and whispered into her ear, "Jack's in on this, he knows to keep Joe occupied."

Zelda's let her hand casually stroke Tamara's buttocks as she let it fall from the small of her back, then she surreptitiously brushed her knuckles around the side of Tamara's thigh and found a suspender clip, before letting her hand fall away.

"I'm guessing a four strap tonight."

"Yes, well done, Jack wanted a change, he fancied seeing me with long thin straps tonight. How about you?"

"Why don't you find out? Let's go and grab that table in the corner then you can have a feel."

The two women made their way through the party goers and sat with their backs to the wall, behind a table that had just been vacated. The invited guests had arrived in droves and the place was buzzing. The outgoing landlord had provided live music and a disco, and the band started to play.

Tamara sat on Zelda's left. She casually placed her right hand on Zelda's left thigh as she shifted her position and placed her handbag over the back of her seat. She found what she was looking for, two thick suspender clips.

"So, a six strap for you you sexy bitch," she murmured.

"Hmm, do you approve?"

"Fuck yes!"



Zelda shifted in her chair and allowed her short skirt to show a couple of inches of stocking top.

"Well you did say wear something short with stockings."

"I did, and you obeyed."

"God I want you to fuck me. We must make an arrangement for half term."

"In your office again?"

"Why don't we use your office this time. I promise to obey your every command."

Jack and Joe turned up with the drinks. The party was lively and everyone was having a good time. Jack danced with Tamara then her friend Hilda cut in and stole him away. Joe wanted to sit down so Zelda joined him just as the landlord's twenty five-year old son asked Tamara to dance. The disco was playing now and the good looking young man pressed his thigh then his erect cock into Tamara's thigh and mound as he danced with her.

"Be careful that doesn't go off accidentally," she said in a lascivious tone.

"I've always had the hots for you, will you come up to my room in five minutes," he asked brazenly.

As the dance number came to a conclusion she whispered to him, "No but you go to your room anyway and think of me while you masturbate. I'll be down here thinking of you shooting your load onto your chest. When you've finished wipe yourself off and come back down here. We'll have another dance, I'll make you hard again and you can go back up to your room for another wank."

With this, the slightly confused but highly aroused landlord's son did indeed go up to his bedroom and shoot his spunk onto his wardrobe door within seconds of entering the room.

As the night wore on more drink was consumed and inhibitions disappeared. Tamara and Zelda danced for ages and even stayed on the dance floor for a close dance when the music slowed. Joe was chatting to a group of friends and had no idea what Zelda was up to. Jack had Hilda wrapped around him during the slow number, he was finding it increasingly difficult to obey Tamara's order to never even think about fucking her best friend.

In fact, with Hilda's mound pressing firmly onto his erect cock, it was all he could think about. Hilda's husband had gone home half an hour earlier with a headache, so she decided this was her chance to get Jack's fingers inside her panties.

She'd long suspected that Tamara screwed around, just little slips of the tongue here and there, nothing concrete, but she'd formed the distinct impression that she did. So, on the basis of what's good for the goose is good for the gander, she decided to make a serious play for him. She'd noticed that Tamara was unusually intimate with Zelda, and she began to wonder if her friend, who had always made her heart flutter a little, might swing both ways.

Jack's cock had reached its full throbbing seven inches by now, he knew that he would use it to fuck Hilda before the night was out; Hilda was way ahead of him.

"Oh you naughty man. Shall we get a breath of fresh air?" she whispered to him.

Jack's heart leapt and he escorted her through the thronging party goes to the rear entrance to the pub.

"Let me go to the toilet first, I won't be long."

Hilda dashed into a cubicle lifted her dress and swiftly removed her tights, she was going to let Jack fuck her, she knew from what Tamara had said that he hated tights.

They met outside the back door and Jack led her around the corner into the car park, checked that the coast was clear, unzipped his fly, pulled out his throbbing erection, lifted Hilda's dress, and fucked her enthusiastically against the pub wall. Jack and Hilda went at it with abandon, they lasted long enough for Tamara and Zelda to catch them in the act as they too looked for a quiet spot to satisfy their lust. Tamara and Zelda had come round into the car park from the front door, so Jack and Hilda hadn't spotted them.

"Fuck! I told him never to screw Hilda," whispered Tamara.

"Oh don't be petty Tam, they've both had a drink and his guard was down, anyway, you're your about to do me so you can't talk."

Zelda reckoned that someone would have left a car door unlocked and she was right. The second door she tried was open. She slipped into the back seat of the big SUV with Tamara and they watched Jack slowly taking Hilda to an orgasm against the wall.

They were both hugely turned on by what they saw and as Hilda's head fell back and she came they could just make out her orgasmic cries. This set their pussies tingling and Zelda slipped her left hand under the flap of Tamara's dress, she wasted not time inserting her fingers into Tamara's cunt and she swept her to a rapid orgasm.

Tamara came loudly as Zelda, skirt hem up around her hips revealing the erotic sight of stocking tops and silk panties, brought her to a climax. Jack and Hilda heard the faint cries of Tamara coming and they were startled for a moment. Then Jack realised it was his woman in the throes of an orgasm. They crept silently over to the SUV and looked through the steamy windows. By now, Zelda was laying along the length of the seat with Tamara's tongue and lips teasing her clitoris.

It was Zelda's turn to come, Hilda watched all of this in a state of high arousal. Jack noticed that she pressed the fingers of her right hand into her mound as she watched Tamara and Zelda fucking. Jack's was aroused too, his cock was very hard again and he moved around behind Hilda and lifted her dress, before pushing his erection inside her. Hilda had both hands on the luggage rail and her forehead pressed against the rear door window of the SUV. Tamara laid back against the other rear door with Zelda's head between her open legs.

Hilda fixed her eyes on Tamara's as they both approached orgasm, Tamara's alluring, desire filled gaze sent shivers down Hilda's spine all the way to her cock filled cunt. They orgasmed simultaneously, Zelda, with a strand of saliva mixed with pussy juice hanging between her lips and Tamara's clitoris, looked up to see her staring through the window. She turned and saw what she expected to see, Jack and Hilda breathing heavily and still attached to each other. As Jack withdrew his cock and put it back inside his pants Zelda caught a glimpse of it in the moonlight.

"You lucky cow Tamara."

"I know, let's get out of here fast before the owner turns up."

Tamara and Zelda returned to the pub while Jack escorted Hilda home. She was full of questions about Tamara. Jack had had a couple of drinks but he knew not to let slip that Tamara had fucked

Hilda's daughter, Josie, on her wedding night. As they approached Hilda's front door he had some questions for her.

"Did you ever suspect that Tamara liked having sex with women?"

"No... Well maybe, I don't know. She can be a prick tease when she puts her mind to it, I've seen men lust after her but..."

"Does it turn you on? You seemed very turned on just now as you watched her with Zelda."

Hilda looked trapped and didn't respond.

"Are you wondering why she never made a pass at you?"

"Yes, I mean no, I don't know, it's confusing."

"She's always said yours was the one friendship she didn't want to ruin. Now it's out in the open so to speak, would you like to go to bed with her?"

There was a long pause.

"Yes, maybe, I... Look, I've fancied you since the day I set eyes on you, I've often fantasised about having sex with you, even when I'm in bed with Murray. You taking me tonight was beyond my wildest dreams, and if that's not enough, it turns out that I've probably fancied my best friend all of these years without fully realising it. Now I don't know what to think."

Jack let the thought hang there for a moment then asked.

"Would you like a very discreet threesome with us sometime?"

"What? God! Jack I..."

Hilda looked lost for words.

"Is Murray playing golf tomorrow?"

"Yes, in the afternoon."

"Pop round for a chat with us, the three of us need to talk about this. She forbade me to mess around with you but, the way we've always flirted with each other, it was bound to happen eventually and I loved it. She loved it too, I could see the lust in her eyes as she watched me fucking you."

With that, a confused Hilda, who for the first time in her life had acknowledged that she was sexually attracted to another woman, a woman whose partner she had just been fucked by while the woman watched, kissed Jack passionately one last time and slipped silently inside her front door. She removed her shoes and tip toed to the kitchen where she retrieved an already open bottle of Pinot Grigio from the fridge.

Sitting alone in her lounge, her legs parted as her left hand lifted the hem of her dress and the fingers of her right hand slipped inside her panties and between the wet folds of her pussy. She'd masturbated often to thoughts of being fucked by Jack but now Tamara filled her mind as she imagined laying beneath her, being kissed by her warm lips and probed by her fingers.

Jack returned to the pub but Tamara and Zelda had gone. Joe was still there, looking slightly worse for wear.

"Have you seen the girls Joe?"

"They left a few minutes ago mate, said they were going for a coffee at your place."

The pub staff were clearing up as the last party goers started to make their way home. Jack helped Joe steady himself and they walked home.

"Sure you'll be alright from here Joe?"

"Yeah mate, great night, great night, be seeing you."

As Jack put his key into the front door, Zelda and Tamara came through the inner door into the porch.

"Had a good time girls?"

"Fabulous," said Tamara.

They both had a post orgasmic flush to their cheeks. Jack thought Zelda looked very fuckable, but another transgression on his partner's territory was probably out of the question.

"I can't imagine what you've been up to," laughed Jack.

"Don't forget, Monday of half term week, keep it clear."

"How could I possibly forget," said Zelda as she kissed Tamara goodnight.

Jack and Tamara watched the lovely leggy Zelda walk sexily into the moonlit night in her stilettos.

"What have you got planned?"

Asked Jack as his cock twitched at the sight of Zelda's slinky progress to the corner of the street.

"I'm taking her to my office this time. Anyway, more to the point, I need to punish you for fucking my best friend."

Tamara led Jack upstairs to the bedroom by his erect cock, she made him strip, tied his hands behind his back and spanked him half a dozen times, before teasing his cock mercilessly, until she eventually rode him to an explosive orgasm whilst whispering, "Oh please fuck me Hilda," into his left ear.

Zelda found Joe asleep on the sofa, still fully dressed. She removed his shoes, kissed his forehead and left him snoring while she went upstairs to bed and sweet sensual dreams of Tamara.

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The following Saturday whilst getting ready for her 'assault' on Miriam, Tamara started to plan her half term sexual activity. There would be another assignation with Orla before half term but she'd be away with Miriam during the holiday week, expanding her dating business for women working in London and the South East; especially Westminster.

Tamara would take Zelda to her office on the Monday of half term and lock the door while she fucked her with a strap on. On the final Saturday, she and Jack had been invited to Ben's wedding reception, where she was plotting to be his first fuck as a married man. She'd already sent a text message to Ben, claiming her right to his hard married cock, before he bedded his new wife. They'd made the agreement on the night that she'd fucked him on the Village Hall snooker table, and in a car outside his fiancé's house. Tamara was hoping to lure him into the meeting room behind the main function room at the wedding reception, so that he could fuck her against the partition wall, while his new wife was only a matter of feet away on the other side.

Tamara also looked forward to lazy morning masturbation sessions, with her vibrator, after Jack had left for work and she had already begun to dream up some new scenarios. Frazer, her very desirable former sixth form student was bound to feature heavily.

All of that was in the future but what of Hilda? She had called on Tamara and Jack for a cup of tea and a chat on the previous Sunday; just as Jack had suggested. It had been a strained affair at first, so Jack had invented an urgent task, and left the two friends to talk without inhibition. Hilda gradually relaxed and told Tamara that she was still shocked to discover that she was turned on by her. No other woman had ever aroused her carnal lust, but she realised now that Tamara had always set her heart racing a little, although she'd never worked out why, and had, in any case, shut all such thoughts out of her mind.

Hilda confessed to fantasising about Jack for years, and then apologised for what had happened at the party. Tamara told her that she had been angry for a split second or two, but, given that she and Hilda had gazed longingly at each other while they came, she knew that the basis of their friendship was strong, even though it had now shifted irrevocably. That being said, she didn't want to lose a good friend, or for Hilda to feel pressured into having sex with her.

"Now it's done, I don't mind you screwing Jack discreetly from time to time and if you want me to join in, I'd be willing, and flattered."

"Oh God, thanks Tamara, you're so understanding."

"Let's sleep on it, no pun intended, and see what happens. But if you're going to fulfil your potential, it'll be stockings and heels for you from now on. And some sexy skirts and dresses."

"But Murray..."

"I get it, don't worry, you can keep your sexy outfits here. And who knows, perhaps you'll gain the confidence to wear something smart and sexy when you're with him."

"He's never commented on what I wear, not even when I used to make an effort."

"Well let me tell you then that you're an attractive woman and you've got a great body."

"Oh, thanks Tamara, you're such a good friend."

Hilda stretched her hand out and put it on top of Tamara's. It was an affectionate gesture so Tamara didn't take advantage by drawing her friend in for a kiss. Kissing Hilda would have to wait, but it would happen.

That evening, Murray was surprised to get a good seeing to by his wife. Fantasies abounded in her mind as she rode him enthusiastically. She imagined Zelda's head between her legs, her head between Tamara's legs, and recalled Jack shafting her in the car park.

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Tamara had finished her make up and started to dress for her 'attack' on Miriam. Black leather was the order of the day. She had bought a pair of very tight leather trousers and a new eight inch strap on cock in black. She laid them out on the bed, then put on a black sports bra and panties, with a plain black singlet vest on top. Then she strapped on the large false cock and squeezed into her leather trousers. She had to pull hard on the zip to close it fully over the bulging false penis.

Finally, she stepped into a pair of Cuban heeled black leather boots with harness straps, silver hardware, zips and a silver toe cap. She stood in front of the mirror with a self satisfied smirk on her lips. There was nothing 'girlie' about Tamara this evening. She was all power and Amazonian strength. She'd been exercising hard with weights for the last few weeks and had noticeably toned up her biceps and shoulders.

A tight fitting biker style jacket and black leather gloves finished the look. When Jack saw her, as she came downstairs and picked up her car keys, his cock twitched frantically and he almost wished that it was him that would be on the receiving end from Tamara tonight.

"God you look magnificent. I'd love to be able to watch you take her with that," he gestured toward the bulge in Tamara's tight leather pants, "you look fearsomely strong and threatening."

"No chance, but if you're very good and you promise not to play with yourself while I'm out, I might tie you up you and fuck you when I get back."

Jack's cock was semi erect by now and he wondered how he would manage to leave it alone, before Tamara returned to lay waste to it; and him.

It was dusk as Tamara reversed her car out of the garage into the street. The sky was leaden and filled with dark purple clouds. Thunder rumbled in the distance as she set off on the twenty minute drive to Miriam's house.

They had agreed the ground rules by text message. Harsh physical force was desired by Miriam. She wanted rough treatment, she wanted to feel frightened and asked Tamara not to hold back. Tamara agreed but stressed she would only go so far, there would be no punching or kicking and she would not draw blood.

Tamara assumed the role of a menacing female stalker, intending to break into the house of her provocatively dressed, sexy feminine target and 'raping' her. The premise was that Tamara's character had spied on, and followed Miriam, but Miriam did not know her. All notions of the political correctness that they would normally observe, in their actions and relationships, had been abandoned to the requirements of the brutal, deeply depraved fantasy that had turned them both on so much. They were ready to give in to their base desires and each take their own form of satisfaction from the encounter.

As Tamara approached the city's southern suburbs the thunder storm broke. She felt nervous and trembled with erotic anticipation as she pulled up across the street from Miriam's very large six bedroomed house. She cut the engine and lights and waited for a moment to be sure that the coast was clear. There was a bright flash of lightening followed by a loud crack of thunder, the occasional large spot of rain smacked onto the roof of her car as she got out and moved stealthily toward the house.

There were no lights on at the front, so she crept around to the back of the house, in darkness, where she saw a large conservatory warmly lit with subdued lighting. She knew that, as instructed, Miriam had left the doors unlocked. As she crept toward the conservatory, she passed the kitchen and tentatively tried the back door handle. It opened, and she slowly made her way inside, just as torrential rain started to fall. This was a bonus, Miriam was expecting her to 'break in' through the conservatory, but now she was already inside and could heighten the surprise by approaching from an unexpected direction.

Tamara made her way on tiptoes through the large kitchen and stopped at the open door into the hallway. She could see a light on in the reception room where she expected her target to be sitting in nervous apprehension. She glided silently across the broad hallway, her chest felt tight with excitement; she stood at the open reception room door trying to breath slowly and steadily.

She looked through the gap between the door and the doorframe and caught sight of Miriam, standing in the double doorway into the conservatory, looking anxious and gazing into the stormy night with her left hand to her throat. Miriam was dressed just as agreed in a sexy tight knee length blue pencil skirt with a zip all the way up the back. The expensive well cut skirt draped her beautiful buttocks and thighs. She also wore a translucent white silk blouse; her large pert breasts and hard nipples were retained in a classy white lace bra. Her glorious legs were swathed in neutral, seamed stockings and shod with very high cream coloured heels.

The heavy rain pounded the conservatory roof, making a loud drumming sound. There was another flash of lightening followed by another loud crack of thunder. Tamara saw Miriam flinch and look even more anxious. Tamara entered the room and moved swiftly up behind Miriam under the cover of the noise made by the heavy rain. When she got to within six feet of her, Miriam sensed a presence and turned to face her. She looked genuinely surprised.

"W-Who are you... Get out at once before I call the police."

Without hesitation Tamara closed the gap between them, spun Miriam around by her right arm, twisted it up behind her back and clamped her gloved hand around her mouth. Tamara caught sight of their reflection in the glass conservatory door. She had Miriam's body arched backwards, the outline of her hard nipples visible through the silky translucent blouse, and her pussy slit and suspender straps showing in relief through the taut material of her skirt. Tamara's juices began to seep into her panties at the erotic sight reflected back to her.

Miriam tried to struggle against her as she forced her over towards a large sofa. She put up a good fight and managed to throw off Tamara's left hand that had covered her mouth, but Tamara was too powerful and she slammed her down onto the thick pile carpet with a thud.

Tamara lay on top of Miriam, her bulging strap on cock pushing into the cleft between her shapely buttocks.

"Please don't hurt me. What do you want? Take anything you like but please don't hurt me."

"It's you I want bitch," said Tamara.

She took out a ball gag from her jacket pocket and strapped it to Miriam's mouth. Then she produced a length of soft red bondage rope from the same pocket and bound Miriam's wrists; Miriam whimpered through the gag.

"Shut up bitch. I've been watching you, flaunting yourself in your expensive clothes, big car, big house. I've seen you get a good licking from the other whores in your smug social circle, They might be gentle with you but I won't be. You're no longer in control, I am and I'm going to make you beg for mercy."

Tamara pulled a bound Miriam up onto her knees by her hair. Then she got her onto her feet and dragged her forcefully over to a large coffee table in front of the sofa. She cleared the table of its contents with the sweep of her right arm. Miriam tried to struggle free so Tamara slapped her left cheek, placed a gloved hand behind her neck and forced her down so that she was on her knees with her upper body face down on the table. Then she pulled out more bondage rope and unzipped Miriam's skirt up to her panty gusset and tied her knees to the table legs.

Tamara shivered with anticipation at the sight of Miriam bound and gagged and completely vulnerable in her unzipped tight skirt. She moved around to the side of the table so that Miriam could see her undo her tight leather pants and pull out the huge black bulging cock. Miriam's expression was a mixture of genuine fear and unbridled lust. Tamara gelled the shaft of the cock and massaged it several times and gave Miriam a salacious domineering look.

She moved behind Miriam and knelt down, "I'm going to 'rape' you and there's nothing you can do to stop me bitch."

Miriam let out a muffled sigh of protest. Tamara grasped the cock with her right hand and with her left hand moved Miriam's panty gusset to one side, found the opening to her wet cunt and slammed the cock inside her. She thrust vigorously and violently into Miriam making her body lurch back and forth on the table top. She kept this up for several minutes, grabbing a handful of Miriam's hair in her left hand and pulling her head and breasts up off the table. The bottom end of the cock pressed into Tamara's mound and added to her depraved arousal. Miriam started to groan with pleasure.

"You're enjoying this you dirty slut," said Tamara as she fucked Miriam even harder.

Miriam was definitely enjoying being forcefully fucked, she came with a muffled scream, her body jerked and juddered as Tamara finished her off by massaging her clitoris. As soon as she had finished, Tamara untied the bindings on her knees, zipped her tight skirt back up and dragged her up on to her feet by her hair. Then she spun her round, gripped her by the throat with her right hand and forced her back until she shoved her unceremoniously onto the sofa. Miriam's eyes looked startled at the force Tamara was using and her pussy clenched its approval.

Tamara, magnificent in black leather, with her huge false cock waving from side to side, bore down on Miriam and ripped her silk blouse open before forcing her tight skirt up to her hips to reveal her sexy stocking tops and suspender straps. A surge of wanton desire spread through her body as she ripped Miriam's panties away from her gorgeous shaved pussy. She removed Miriam's gag so that she could taunt her and make her beg for mercy.

Miriam looked incredible with her skirt around her hips, her legs invitingly wide apart and her blouse ripped open. She still had her arms bound behind her back. Tamara pushed down on her face with her left hand and guided the strap on cock into her cunt with her right hand. Again she thrust hard into Miriam and taunted her.

"You deserve this you fucking insolent bitch. What are you?"

Miriam forced the words out through the strong hand that held her face, "An insolent bitch."



Tamara continued to ride her hard.

"You dirty fucking slut, I'm your Mistress now and I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week... You're a dirty fucking slut, what are you?"

"A dirty fucking slut."

"What else bitch."

"A dirty fucking slut Mistress."

Miriam knew what Tamara wanted next.

"Please don't hurt me Mistress, please don't fuck me hard. Please Mistress don't."

"Silence bitch, you're getting what you deserve."

Miriam was highly aroused again and building to another orgasm.

"Oh please mistress, please don't fuck me har... Oh God, please mistress, oh please don't, please don't stop, ohhhh! Ohhh fffuckk, I'm commminng, I'm comminnng."

Miriam surrendered to a crashing orgasm and Tamara was beside herself with lust and yearning. She quickly removed the cock and her pants and panties then pulled Miriam off the sofa and made her kneel between her legs. Tamara pressed Miriam's face hard into her cunt lips.

"Eat me bitch and make me come."

Miriam began running her tongue around Tamara's sweet vulva. She nibbled her clitoris, sucked on her labia and pushed her tongue into her hole. Then she kissed and sucked vigorously on her clitoris again. She repeated this several times until Tamara's breathing became laboured and she pressed her cunt harder into Miriam's face. Now Tamara fingered her hole whilst Miriam tantalised her clit. Her orgasm took her by surprise and she yelled out her pleasure as her hips bucked.

Tamara wanted more, she knew she could come again straight away, so she pushed the still bound Miriam onto the floor on her back, sat astride her face and fucked it to another sublime orgasm, leaving her victim's face smeared in cunt juice. When she had finished, she put her tight leather trousers and Cuban heeled boots back on, bound Miriam's ankles and knees together, replaced the gag and left her lying on her side trussed and submissive. The last thirty minutes had flown by and she wanted to draw out Miriam's 'suffering' and humiliation as long as possible.

"I'm starving bitch, I'm going to see what you've got to eat."

Tamara found some chocolate ice cream in the freezer and helped herself to a bowlful, she poured herself a large glass of a rather expensive French Sauvignon Blanc premier cru, and went back into the lounge. She put her bowl and glass down on the coffee table and manoeuvred Miriam in front of where she was sitting, so that she could rest her feet on her hip while she fed herself.

Tamara instructed Miriam to be silent and not to move under any circumstances. She leafed through Miriam's 'Ideal Homes' magazine and enjoyed her wine and ice cream for at least half an hour. Eventually, she spoke to the trussed and immobile bitch on whom she was resting her legs.

"You've been lucky to escape without a severe spanking, perhaps you won't be so lucky in a while after I've had my way with you again."

Tamara finished her wine and returned to the kitchen for more ice cream, which she took into the hallway and left on a small table, while she arranged a chair from the dining room in front of a full length mirror.

She went back into the lounge to rouse her prone victim. After removing Miriam's gag she dragged her into the hallway and sat herself down facing the mirror. Then she positioned Miriam on her knees in front of her. She removed her jacket, leather pants and false cock and spooned chocolate ice cream onto her shaved pussy.

Miriam, bound at her wrists, knees and ankles, was instructed to eat her ice cream covered cunt. She looked in awe and admiration at Tamara's well toned biceps and shoulders before she greedily lapped away at the cold chocolate treat between her legs. The contrast between Miriam's warm mouth and the cold ice cream had Tamara in ecstasy. As she watched her reflection through half closed eyes she commanded Miriam to make her come.

"Bring me bitch, make me come hard. Ummph, ohh! Fuck me with your tongue."

The sight of Miriam bound and submissively licking her cunt brought Tamara to a glorious debauched climax. When the intensity of her orgasm had subsided, she lifted Miriam's face to hers, bent toward her and kissed her sensuously. Remnants of chocolate ice cream, cunt juice and Miriam's sweet saliva, blended in her mouth and aroused her again. She glanced at the mirror again and the sight of Miriam's perfect buttocks in her tight pencil skirt, bound and compliant, made Tamara's pussy even wetter.

"We're not finished yet slut, I'm taking you up to your bedroom for a spanking and another good fucking."

Miriam tried hard to stay in role and not show her ardour at the idea of being further degraded by her intimidating 'stalker.' Tamara refitted her false cock and pulled on her tight leather trousers. She stood Miriam up, then pulled a bondage collar and chain from her jacket pocket.

Tamara removed the ropes that bound Miriam's knees and ankles and attached the collar to her neck and, carrying the bowl of ice cream, led her upstairs by the chain; a slow, erotic ritual that served to enhance Tamara domination and Miriam's subjugation. When they reached the bedroom Tamara spoke to Miriam again.

"Prepare to suffer bitch, you're going to feel pain then I'm going to 'rape' you again."

"My husband will be home soon. You'd better go now, I won't tell anyone about what you've done to me."

"Pathetic lying bitch, we both know your worthless MP husband is in London fucking over the least well off in society whilst I'm fucking you. You've just earned yourself a severe spanking."

Miriam whimpered as Tamara unzipped her pencil skirt and let it fall to the floor. Then she removed her torn translucent silk blouse and gagged her again. She sat on the bed and pulled Miriam over her lap so that her head was to her left and her gorgeous stocking clad legs and high heels were to her right.

Tamara unclipped Miriam's bra and with her bare right hand then she started to spank Miriam's buttocks taking each one in turn. Thunder rumbled all around as she humiliated her bitch with resounding slaps. After a dozen hard spanks on each buttock, Miriam's backside took on a warm

pink flush. She was still bound at her wrists as Tamara pushed her face down onto the bed. She poured the rest of the chocolate ice cream onto Miriam's tender buttocks and let it and dribble over her as it started to melt.

With Miriam face down on the quilt, Tamara knelt either side of her head and lowered her tongue and lips onto Miriam's delicious buttocks. She licked the ice cream slowly and sensuously off Miriam rear end. When all traces of the ice cream had been removed, she came around behind Miriam and lifted her backside so that she could lick her hole from between her legs. Miriam's immediate arousal spurred Tamara on. She flipped Miriam over, still gagged and with her arms bound behind her back, and spread her legs. Then she unzipped her pants and set her huge cock free again before pushing it into Miriam's constantly wet and clenching hole.

Tamara thrust into Miriam again making her divine breasts sway to the motion. The eight inch cock stretched Miriam's cunt walls again as Tamara gave her another hard fucking, whilst squeezing her large, very hard nipples.

"You're enjoying this far too much you slut. You dirty bitch, come now, do as I say and come for your mistress."

Miriam grunted through the mouthful of ball gag. Her head arched back as her next orgasm grew from her loins and swept over her abdomen and quivering breasts. Tamara thrust the cock into her with renewed vigour, and made her come with a deep throated growl that turned into a muffled squeal. Miriam bucked hard against the cock for several seconds then her body collapsed into inertia and she lay perfectly still and spent.

Tamara withdrew from her, put away her assault weapon and stood gazing at the Miriam's inanimate body. A flash of lightening illuminated the bedroom. Tamara thought that her bitch looked magnificent, lying there on the bed in her heels and stockings, with her arms bound behind her back; ball gag still in place. She turned her over and, admiring the impression that she had made on Miriam's buttocks, she untied her wrists as thunder rumbled in the distance.

"I'm leaving now bitch. Don't breathe a word of what happened here tonight to anyone. You won't see me but I'll be watching you. Next time I'll take your pretty pussy when you least expect it. Make sure you keep looking over your shoulder as you skip along in your sexy heels and stockings."

With that, Tamara left the house as stealthily as she had arrived. As she drove home through the receding thunder storm, her pussy glowed with satisfaction at the depraved, but highly erotic, performance that she had acted out to perfection. Now all she wanted was Jack's cock and she knew that she would soon be binding his wrists behind his back and riding him to her kinky satisfaction and fulfilment.

Miriam's ninety minute 'ordeal' was over and she slept lightly for an hour or so then slowly forced her aching body from the bed. She wearily removed her stockings, suspender belt and heels, then she hobbled around in her silk dressing gown, securing doors and pouring herself a large glass of water to ease her parched throat.

As she started to climb the stairs again to go back to bed, she relished the sore, bruised feeling in her cunt; the warm sensations in her buttocks; the rope marks on her wrists, knees and ankles; the depraved, erotic, kinky feeling of being fucked and abused by her powerful assailant; and the euphoric perverted thought that she would be taken against her will again by the leather clad 'stalker' with the bulging cock.

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Monday morning of half term arrived. Jack had gone to work early as usual, and as usual, a cold cup of tea sat untouched on Tamara's bedside table. When she awoke, she stretched and yawned and thought about getting ready for her planned sexual escapade with Zelda, in her office this time. But she didn't need to get up yet and her right hand strayed to her pussy.

After a dreamy spell of self generated arousal with her fingers she reached into her drawer and took out a vibrator. It was her slender metal model with the twist control dial on the base. It felt lovely and cool as she sank it into her wet cunt. She turned the dial down low and evoked a fantasy about Frazer, her gorgeous ex-sixth form student who left school in the summer.

In her fantasy she was driving to school one morning and it was raining hard. The traffic queue came to a halt and her car stopped near a bus stop. Frazer was standing under the sparse shelter waiting for a bus. Quite unprofessionally, when he recognised her, she beckoned him to get into the car. Frazer, eighteen years of age, was wearing a smart suit to attend an interview that afternoon. With his mature film star looks, he could easily pass for twenty three.

"Come on, get in Frazer, you'll get soaked standing there."

"Thanks Miss, are you sure it's okay?"

"I won't tell if you don't."

Tamara was wearing a suit with a tight and inappropriately short skirt that revealed her stocking tops, suspender clips and a glimpse of her panty gusset as she sat in the driver's seat. Her blouse was unbuttoned, showing silky skinned cleavage and her hard braless nipples poked through the fine translucent material.

Frazer couldn't take his eyes off her legs, stockings and panties as they moved off in the traffic. Tamara could see a bulge growing in his trousers, he shifted in his seat trying to conceal it, but it was too big to hide. At the next roundabout, instead of continuing en route for the school, Tamara took the first left exit which took her under the ring road and out into open country.

The real Tamara turned the dial up on her vibrator as she anticipated the conclusion to her fantasy.

"Where are we going Miss?"

"We're going to find out if you know how to use that."

She said, gesturing toward his by now full blown erection.

Frazer didn't speak, his bright red face spoke for him. She knew at that moment that she was in control of the situation. She drove a couple of miles and turned off along a quiet narrow road that ran alongside a canal. At about a hundred yards along the road she pulled the car out of sight onto a track in the woods adjacent to the canal. It was still raining heavily and the trees were dripping large drops onto the car roof.

The real Tamara turned up the dial again as she imagined unzipping Frazer's trousers and pulling out a magnificent large cock. Frazer gasped and looked ready for the taking. Tamara reclined his seat as far back as it would go then sat astride him and fucked him for all she was worth. He came very quickly and she imagined that she did too as the vibrator took her to a magnificent orgasm.

Tamara basked in the afterglow and smiled at herself in the full knowledge that she really would have fucked the eighteen year old Frazer, if she'd had the opportunity, and she could have guaranteed that nobody would ever know. She didn't need to get up yet so she turned the dial down and played the vibrator over her mound. It was a pleasurable sensation and it soon had her imagination working overtime once more.

This time, she imagined that she was shopping in a large department store and had spotted a very attractive young female assistant. Tamara noticed the lovely curve of her buttocks in her tight pencil skirt, and her shapely legs in high heels. She had the kind of body that made the tired corporate uniform look like the height of chic fashion.

Tamara pretended that she was dress shopping, she tried a dress that was deliberately too large for her. When the young assistant passed the row of cubicles, Tamara attracted her attention and called her over.

"Do you have this in a size 12 please?"

"I'll go and see madam."

"Thank you so much."

Tamara quickly took off the dress that she had tried on, then she removed her bra and panties to reveal her shaved pussy. She stood there waiting in just a suspender belt, stockings, heels and her earrings.

"I've found one madam."

Called the assistant in Tamara's fantasy.

"Oh be a dear and bring it into the cubicle for me."

"Of course madam... Oh! I'm sorry madam, I didn't realise..."

"Yes but I did," said Tamara as she moved round to block the assistant's exit.

Tamara's vibrator was set at maximum now as she imagined what her next step would be. She was close to coming so she went for a speedy conclusion.

"I couldn't help noticing what an extremely attractive young woman you are. How old are you."

"Twenty four madam, please let me pass," she said in an embarrassed whisper.

"What's your name?"

"Rebecca madam. Please let me go," she said as she eyed Tamara's toned physique and gave herself no chance against the charismatic and alluring woman in front of her.

"Well Rebecca, you can go when you've served me properly and not until then."

"Pardon madam?"

Tamara stepped close to her and kissed her sensually. As she did so, she let her left hand caress the curve of Rebecca's right buttock and squeezed her left nipple through her blouse with the fingers of her right hand. Rebecca didn't resist the kiss but her mouth stayed closed. Tamara reached down

with both hands and lifted the assistant's skirt up to her hips, she was delighted to see hold up stockings.

She imagined slipping the fingers of her right hand inside the waistband of Rebecca's panties and massaging her, until the lips of both her mouth and her pussy parted to allow Tamara's tongue and fingers to do their work. This was as far as she got with this new fantasy, her vibrator had beaten her again and she came sensationally. It was always an uneven contest between Tamara and her vibrator and there was only ever one outcome.

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Later that morning, Tamara, dressed for sex, in her usual attire of tight skirt, stockings and heels, took the firm bodied Zelda to her office at school, then took her in her office with a double ended strap on. Zelda looked irresistible on her back on Tamara's desk with her grey tailored skirt up around her hips and her knees in the air. Her flimsy black lace panties lay cast aside on the floor, her matching black suspender straps and metal clips left scuff marks on the desk top as Tamara jolted her body back and forth.

Zelda wrapped her legs around Tamara and her black stilettos prodded into her bottom like spurs as Tamara lay thrusting between her legs. Tamara had to admit that sex with Zelda was superbly erotic and satisfying. As she built to a climax, she half wished that she had left the office door unlocked. She loved the thought of the danger of being discovered having an affair with a very sexy married woman.

Tamara came first, propping her upper body up on straight arms, she ground her end of the strap on deep down into her cunt and let out a loud shriek of pleasure. This set Zelda off and she reached down and masturbated her clitoris to heighten her orgasm. On the way home they both confessed to still feeling horny so Tamara took a detour along a quiet lane so that they could put their hands up each other's skirts and finger each other to another delicious orgasm.

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The next day, Tamara had an optician's appointment in town. When she arrived she was informed that the owner of the business, her regular optician, had broken his wrist the day before and a replacement optician had been drafted in to cover for him. Tamara took the news in her stride as she walked into the consulting room, but she was taken aback when she saw the very good looking young replacement optician. Her pussy clenched and she knew that, if she had her way, she would not leave the room until she'd had an orgasm.

Tamara viewed this as a challenge and set about charming and seducing the man who looked to be in his early thirties. She was glad that she'd, as usual, taken the trouble to wear a skirt and stockings and was already imagining his hand reaching up for her wet mound.

The optician greeted her professionally but gave away tell tale signs that he fancied her. His eyes darted from one of her eyes to the other and he was extremely attentive to her comfort as he set up the test. Then his eyes stole glances at her legs and the half inch of stocking top visible when she sat in the examination chair.

Tamara knew her best chance to start something furtive would be when he had to turn the lights off, and put his face close to hers to examine her eyes with his otoscope. As he sat shining the light from the instrument into her eyes and looking into the other end, she reached in the darkness for

his right thigh and left her warm hand close to his penis. He cleared his throat and continued to examine her eye. She knew immediately that his inaction was consent for her to go further.

She took hold of his right hand, removed the otoscope, guided his hand up her skirt and left it resting on a suspender clip on top of her right thigh. Then she put the otoscope down on the side table and reached for his penis. It was already hardening and he let out a groan as she made contact with it through his trousers. The pitch blackness in the room made the encounter all the more erotic, as did the fact that they didn't speak a word to each other.

Tamara reached with both hands to unzip his trousers and pull out what was by now a fully engorged cock. She massaged its length a couple of times and he gave a low murmur. He hadn't moved his hand so she put her right hand behind his elbow and pulled his hand further up under her skirt until his knuckles rested against her wet panty gusset. She opened her legs wider and, to her delight, he took the hint and eased his fingers inside her panties and started to massage her slick pussy.

Before long his fingers were inside her and she was masturbating him vigorously. She used her left hand to stimulate her clit while he pushed three fingers up inside her cunt. Her right hand was pumping his penis furiously and she heard him groan as he shot his load against his computer screen. This triggered her orgasm and she stifled her normally loud cries of pleasure as she came hard onto his hand. Her juices dripped off his fingers and onto the floor.

They sat in darkness and silence for a good minute until he tucked away his limp penis, zipped up his trousers and switched the light on. Tamara stood to straighten her skirt then sat down again to continue with the examination. The rest of the test passed without incident or any reference to what had just taken place between them. By the time they had finished, the flush had left their faces and they looked cool and collected again. Tamara thanked him for giving her such a thorough examination, shook his hand and with a smirk inquired whether he enjoyed his work. He replied that this was one of the more memorable days.

As she was in town, Tamara decided to have a browse around Debenhams and treat herself to tea and cake in the store cafe. As soon as she passed the staircase and walked into the cafe she spotted Andrea the solicitor sitting alone at a table with her back to Tamara. She decided to go straight over and intimidate her.

"Well, if it isn't my little bunny rabbit."

Andrea was taken aback and didn't respond. Tamara sat down at her table.

"How's things bitch, can you take the afternoon off so that I can humiliate you again," she teased.

Andrea tried to gather her composure, "You were lucky, you took me by surprise."

"Oh I don't think so, you couldn't knock the skin off a rice pudding without Captain Davenport's help. Talking of the lovely Lucinda, have you heard anything of her?"

"As it happen's she'll be back here in two weeks time. I'll get her to look you up for old time's sake," said Andrea in a gloating tone.

"I told her what happened and I bet she'll be delighted to put you back in your place."

Tamara gave a derisive laugh, "Ha, if you've really told her the full story she'll want a ringside seat to watch me do it to you again."

A defeated looking Andrea got up to leave.

"Wait, give her this and ask her to get in touch with me."

Said Tamara as she scribbled he mobile number on a scrap of paper from her handbag. She knew that Andrea would comply, because she'd be hoping that her friend would do her bidding and make Tamara submit to her again.

"I hope for your clients' sakes you're better at bluffing in court," was Tamara's parting shot.

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After her tryst with Zelda and her unexpected fingering by the optician Tamara invited Hilda for a threesome with her and Jack. Hilda didn't have the nerve to participate in the knowledge that Murray would be there when she returned home with her guilt written all over her face.

On Friday evening, Tamara held Jack to his promise to dress as a woman for her pleasure and delectation. In truth, it turned him on immensely as well but he was loath to admit it. This time she dressed him as an estate agent in black size eleven heels, stockings and a very tight skirt through which his suspender straps and the bulge created by his cock showed clearly and provocatively. A blonde wig made him look a little less masculine; but not much.

Tamara played herself, a confident, sexually dominant woman intent on taking any opportunity to seduce and fuck anyone she found desirable. Jack played Jacqueline, the unsuspecting property professional who would submit to the fucking of her life. There was something about Jack in a tight skirt (that failed to conceal his erect cock) that drove Tamara to deep seated lustful longing.

When the estate agent showed her the master bedroom, Tamara took her by surprise and forced her face down on the bed. She tied Jacqueline's hands behind her back then flipped her over, raised her skirt up to her waist, released her hard cock from her lace panties, then lifted her own skirt and impaled herself on her victim.

The next morning, they awoke to a bedroom littered with sexy underwear, discarded tight skirts and stilettos, and Jack still wearing a suspender belt and stockings. This was a sight that Tamara found so erotic that she pulled him on top of her and had him fuck with her fingers hanging on to his suspender straps.

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After Jack had finished seeing to her needs and they had partaken of a leisurely breakfast, Tamara's mind turned toward that evening's wedding party where she had plotted to be the young groom's first married fuck. She had taken Jack into her confidence and he had willingly agreed to keeping an eye on the bride's movements, while Tamara fucked with her new husband. She had also texted Ben to make sure that he was not thinking of backing out of the promise she had blackmailed him into, when she had seduced him into fucking her on the snooker table, and outside his fiancé's house earlier in the year.

"You haven't forgotten that I'll be the first to 'congratulate' you later?"

"How could I forget?"

"Good, when the time comes follow my lead."



"Okay."

Jack was aroused at the thought of Tamara being fucked by Ben while the wedding disco was in full flow. He also knew that Hilda would be there and hoped that she would wear something sexy and accessible.

Tamara wore a midi length purple velvet dress with a large boat neck that showed off her toned shoulders. It was soft and stretchy, clung to all of the right places, as well as showing a daring outline of suspender clips, that would lead to lustful stares and stiffened cocks; not to mention the odd wet pussy.

Her dark hair was bobbed, and her combination of silver stud and dangling Swarovski earrings dazzled almost as much as her sparkling hazel eyes. Dark purple lipstick and beautifully made up eyes completed her look. She was forty eight years old, she looked ten to twelve years younger and she would be easily the most desirable woman at the party.

The dress narrowed at the hem and finished just below her knees. She had to take short steps in her black stilettos and seamed black stockings. She walked into the wedding disco like a glamorous forties film siren and quickened pulses around the room. Jack looked handsome in a navy blue linen suit and an open necked white shirt. He was proud of Tamara but still had time to notice Hilda, looking more slinky and seductive than he'd ever seen previously.

After giving their good wishes to the Bride and Groom and their families, Tamara and Jack joined Hilda and Murray at their table. The men went off to the bar leaving Tamara and Hilda to talk.

"You look utterly stunning Tamara, you're not trying very hard to keep me on the straight and narrow."

Hilda emphasised the word 'straight.'

"What about you, you sexy minx."

Hilda had bought a new good quality red dress, tight on the bodice with a flowing skirt. It finished just an inch or two below the knee, but what really caught Tamara's eye were the new five inch black heels, and what looked like tan stockings.

"Are you wearing stockings?"

"Yes."

"Does Murray know."

"Yes and he said he didn't know I'd got any. I told him they were new together with a black suspender belt and he asked me why I was wasting my money."

"No!"

"I'm afraid so."

"The miserable sod."

"Yes, my sentiments exactly, so we've had a disagreement before we got here. I'm hoping he goes home early as usual because I'm in the mood to start an affair with someone."

"So am I. Who did you really make the effort for Hilda?" said Tamara placing a hand on Hilda's thigh and finding a suspender clip.

There was a pause.

"Well?"

"Okay, I confess, it was for you and Jack. I know you both think I dress dowdily and I wanted to impress you for once."

"You've done more than that Hilda darling," said Tamara with a wink.

"Perhaps we'll invite you both for a coffee later."

"Murray won't want to come."

"I know."

Hilda blushed as she realised what Tamara meant.

The disco got into full swing. Tamara had had several dances with Jack and had aroused both men and women with her sexy velvet dress and radiant allure. Jack spotted an opportunity and manoeuvred her into Ben's path as he was about to leave the dance floor.

"Ben, my lovely partner is dying to dance with you."

"Of course, Tamara."

"You look more fuckable than ever," he said into her ear as he embraced her.

Jack had moved off to keep the bride occupied in conversation. Tamara behaved impeccably with Ben throughout the dance, she was the epitome of a mother's friend having a polite dance with the son, except when, with a smile on her face, she spoke into Ben's ear.

"I'm going to slip into the room next door when this number finishes, leave a decent interval then join me."

"I thought we were using your car?"

"No, change of plan, don't disappoint me."

At that moment the dance number faded out, Tamara smiled and thanked Ben graciously then turned on her heel and walked out into the corridor running alongside the function room. She checked that coast was clear and slipped into the meeting room next door. The two rooms were divided by a movable partition wall. She removed her panties and waited in lustful anticipation.

Just as she was becoming impatient, and wondering what Ben's idea of a decent interval was, the door opened quietly and Ben stepped into the room. Tamara was leaning against the partition wall, she struck a sultry pose, supporting her weight on her right leg with her left leg bent and the heel of her shoe against the wall.

Ben drank her in, she looked sublimely sexy in the half lit room, his cock started to harden as she beckoned him over.

"Well Benjamin, how does it feel to be married and to give yourself to someone other than your wife?"

By now he stood very close to Tamara and breathed into her neck.

"It's something I could get very used to with you."

She put her left hand around his neck and drew him in for a lusty kiss. With her right hand she found his hard cock through his trousers and gave it a squeeze.

"God Tamara, you're so fucking hot."

She unbuckled his belt and released the object of her desires. It sprang out to greet her as his pants fell to the floor. She hitched up her stretchy dress to her waist and pulled him in until she'd devoured his cock with her needy cunt. She still stood on her right leg with her back against the wall and now he held her left leg up with her heel wrapped around the back of his knee.

"Fuck me Ben, make me come."

It wasn't lost on him that she'd uttered the same words when she'd let him have her against his bedroom door eighteen months ago. Ben rammed his cock into her, the illicit nature of their act of infidelity, and the possibility that they might be caught out, took their arousal to new heights and inspired them both to convulsive orgasms within less than a minute. Tamara came first and very hard, pulling Ben's hair with her left hand and clutching at his balls with her right. He followed, gripping at her left buttock and thudding her rhythmically against the partition wall and pumping every last drop of his semen into her cunt.

"Think of me later when you come inside your wife," Tamara said in sultry tones to her newly married conquest.

"In fact, let's make a date to fuck on your first wedding anniversary."

"You're a very naughty lady."

"I know, now let's get out of here before your wife comes to see who you were banging against the wall."

Tamara 'plugged' her vagina with a tissue and went straight to the ladies toilet to mop up Ben's semen. Having done so and replaced her panties, she smiled at her reflection in the mirror as the afterglow of her orgasm still lingered in her pussy. She rearranged her hair, smoothed down her dress and swept serenely back into the function room in short sexy strides. Jack could tell from the knowing smile on her face that she had successfully seduced the Groom.

Jack was dancing with Hilda whilst Murray stoically refused to enjoy himself. Even Tamara failed to encourage him onto the dance floor, so she gave up trying and went to talk to some of the other guests. She continued to draw admiring looks and leave cocks twitching in her wake as she 'circulated' the room.

Jack and Hilda laughed and talked as they danced.

"Murray's even more of a grump than usual tonight."

"I don't know why I bother. I'm sure that if we fucked here and now on the dance floor he wouldn't bat an eyelid."

"I'm sure you're right but we'd better not test your theory."

Hilda laughed at Jack's humorous remark. She was by nature a happy soul and was clearly enjoying herself.

"We'd better go and keep him company," said Jack.

"If we must, with any luck he'll set off home soon."

Jack managed to engage Murray in a conversation about football, it was about the only thing that stirred his passion. The two men went off to get more drinks and Tamara returned to the table to speak to Hilda.

"Murray's a live-wire tonight Hilda."

"I know, but I'm not letting it spoil my enjoyment."

Tamara placed her hand on Hilda's thigh again and fondled a suspender clip.

"Speaking of which, you're coming to us for coffee afterwards, yes?"

"Like I said, we'll invite Murray as well, and when he declines, you'll come with us; in more than one sense," said Tamara with a lewd grin, "you can't let all of this effort go to waste."

She continued, looking her friend up and down and admiring her appearance.

"I've never seen you look so good. I mean I always knew that underneath that frumpish disguise was a hot, sexy woman, anyone could see that. You've got a lovely body and a cheerfully attractive face and I fancy you like mad tonight."

"I never dreamt I'd be talking dirty to you. You're so beautiful and you've oozed sexual confidence these last few years Tamara. You were always very attractive but never this sexually charismatic when you were married to Gordon. You know you've always made my heart flutter a little, but I put it down to just very fond friendship. Funny really, I've obviously been sexually attracted to you for years and I had no idea. No other woman does this to me, although, now I think about it, I must confess that I wouldn't mind getting intimate with Zelda now I've seen her in action."

"One step at a time, tonight we'll make you feel like the sexiest woman on earth. What am I saying, you already are the sexiest woman on earth"

At this point, Hilda's now divorced daughter Josie joined them just as Jack and Murray returned with drinks. Tamara greeted Josie with a warm hug and kissed her cheek. Their eyes lingered on each other as both women remembered Tamara's seduction of Josie on her wedding night. What Josie wouldn't give now to be embraced from behind and fingered to a delicious orgasm by Tamara.

Tamara was careful not to let Josie see that she had got her mother in her sights tonight. She encouraged Jack to go and dance with Hilda again just as Murray went off to the toilet.

"I'm sorry that you and Darren didn't work out Josie. Are you seeing anyone now?"

"Yes I am as a matter of fact."

"Who's the lucky person, is it a he or a she?"

"Oh it's a fella. He's so unlike Darren thank God."

Tamara wondered whether Darren and Josie had ever confessed to each other that she had fucked them both on their wedding night. It didn't appear so and this was not the time to ask.

"So my little transgression with you didn't damage you for life?"

"On the contrary, I imagine your fingers inside me often, it helps me come sometimes when I'm not really in the mood. My boyfriend has every reason to be grateful to you but he'll never know it."

"Have you dallied with any other girls or was I just a one off."

"I've had a few in my dreams but that's all."

"Who have you had in your dreams then?"

"Well you obviously."

"And some of your girl friends?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Call it intuition."

Tamara had come to realise that most women fantasied and even masturbated at the thought of making love other women; quite often their friends and acquaintances.

Jack and Hilda rejoined Tamara and Josie drifted off to speak to a couple of friends. Tamara watched her and wondered if she had fantasised about bedding either of them.

More drinks and dancing filled the rest of the evening. Murray was still disinclined to shake a leg, so Jack danced with both women together in what he hoped was a prelude to a dance of a different kind.

The DJ started playing the end of night slow numbers so Hilda rejoined Murray at the table and Jack cupped his hands around Tamara's buttocks and pulled her mound into his expanding cock while they smooched.

"Hmmm, what's that big boy? Is it a present for me?"

"You know it's yours whenever you want it."

There were several couples smooching on the dance floor, including the Bride and Groom. Tamara's eyes boldly met lecherous glances from other guests as she and Jack revolved slowly in their embrace. None of the men were brave enough to keep eye contact with her. She still looked fresh and stunningly sexy in her clinging velvet dress, seamed stockings and heels. Jack's large hands lightly caressing her suspender clips provided a steamy masturbatory image for several onlookers but Tamara's mind was on Hilda.

"She's definitely up for coming home with us, but I know she's nervous and I don't want to scare her off, so we'll take it slowly. I want you to kiss and fondle her, then fuck her on the large sofa while I watch."

"It'll be my pleasure."

"Make it last a long time, one of those very slow sensual fucks that you're so good at. Then, when it looks like she's close to coming, I'll come over and slip my hand between you both and play with her clit. Hopefully, she'll turn her head toward me and I'll kiss her while she comes."

After listening to Tamara's erotic plan, Jack's cock was rock hard. The slow dance finished but he held Tamara close so that he could conceal his erection against her abdomen.

"Come on, Murray's getting up to leave, let's go and invite them for coffee."

Said Tamara.

As expected Murray decline the invitation but said that Hilda should go if she wanted to. Tamara was delighted, it was all going to plan as Murray wended his way home leaving the threesome to head for Jack and Tamara's house. Once Murray was out of sight, Tamara put her arm around Hilda.

"Don't be nervous, just let us look after you, you won't be disappointed."

"How did you know I was nervous?"

"Because you were the life and soul of the party and now you've gone quiet."

"You won't rush me into anything will you? It all seems a bit weird you and me having sex."

"We won't do anything you don't want to do and if you'd rather just go to bed with Jack I'll understand. Or if you just want a coffee and then to go home, that's okay too."

"Oh I love you Tam, you're so considerate, such a good mate."

"I love you too H and I really won't pressure you, but I must be honest, I really do want to get my hands inside your knickers."

"Oh I love it when you talk dirty to me," laughed Hilda.

Jack unlocked the front door and they made their way into the lounge. Hilda looked a little lost so he sat her down on the large sofa and went to pour some brandies. Tamara went into the kitchen to put the kettle on and after a short pause, Hilda jumped up and said she would go and help her. Jack caught hold of her arm and pulled her into him, then he kissed her and fondled her buttocks, his cock had hardly subsided from his dance with Tamara and it grew quickly to its full size pressed against Hilda.

Hilda relaxed at last, she put her right arm around Jack's neck and pulled his mouth harder into hers. Their tongues wrestled and Jack slowly lifted the skirt of her flowing dress so that he could loop his fingers around the suspender strap at the front of her left thigh. His fingers were tantalisingly close to Hilda's warm pussy. They both murmured their delight and he lowered her so she sat on the sofa showing plenty of leg and stocking top.

Jack sat on Hilda's left, she pushed his jacket off over his shoulders and unbuckled his belt as he let the jacket fall behind him. He stood to remove his trousers and she eagerly pulled off his shoes and

socks. Jack ripped his shirt off while Hilda peeled his briefs down, allowing his cock to spring up into her face. She expressed her approval and delighted in the knowledge that she had been the cause of his large erection.

Jack sat down again on Hilda's left and kissed her at the same time easing her back onto the sofa.

"Let me get this dress off."

They stood up, still kissing with Hilda gently massaging Jack's erect cock at the same time. Jack turned her around and unzipped her dress. It fell to the floor and she stepped out of it whilst removing her bra. Jack's eyes were like saucers.

"God Hilda, I always thought you had a nice body but you're amazingly firm for a woman of forty seven."

"That's one of the benefits of being a physical education teacher Jack," she smiled.

She was elated, she'd never been so admired by anyone. Jack eased her down onto the sofa again and had her lie on her back while he got on top of her. Tamara had made the coffee and was letting it settle in the cafetière, she came from the kitchen into the hall and saw Jack easing his cock into Hilda's warm wet cunt. She wished she'd been there to see the striptease as she settled down on the other sofa and watched proceedings with growing arousal.

Tamara refrained from touching herself, she wanted to focus on her best friend being fucked by her partner. The sight gladdened her heart and sent tingles up her spine.

Jack and Hilda's mouths were locked together as he circled the tip of his cock around the entrance to her vagina several times then sank it deep into her so that it pushed up against her cervix. He repeated his slow, sensuous gyrations, alternating with deep slow strokes, for fifteen minutes or so. By the little gasps and moans that she breathed into his mouth, he knew that Hilda was very aroused. She wrapped her stocking clad legs and high heels around his waist, a sight that led to Tamara's juices seeping from her cunt into her panties.

"Jack you're so big, it's wonderful, don't ever stop."

Jack increased the speed and force of his thrusting enough to take Hilda to a higher state of arousal. He and Tamara could tell now that she was ready to come. Tamara had been glued to the erotic coupling in front of her, she hadn't been able to take her eyes off the couple as they gyrated rhythmically almost as though they were performing a horizontal dance. She felt a rare pang of jealousy as she realised what a perfect sexual fit they were for each other.

She rose slowly from where she was sitting, swayed her hips across to the lovers and knelt down before them. Hilda didn't appear to have noticed that Tamara was within inches of her breasts, with their rock hard nipples being squeezed by Jack. He sensed her presence and he raised himself just enough to allow her to slip her hand between their abdomens. She slid her fingers onto Hilda's clitoris and Hilda gasped, broke off from kissing Jack and turned her face towards Tamara.

Hilda's mouth opened wide and she let out a long groan of satisfaction as Tamara expertly manipulated her clitoris and cunt lips. Jack continued to thrust into her with long deep strokes and Hilda's breathing became ragged. Tamara bent her face to Hilda's and kissed her lustfully as she increased the speed of her finger strokes.

Jack was stimulated even further because he could feel Tamara's knuckles make contact with his shaft as he fucked Hilda. His rock hard cock filled Hilda's hole and she reached the point of no return.

The erotic charge that the dual effect of Jack's cock and, Tamara's fingers had on her increasingly salacious mind, took her to the most intense climax she'd ever experienced. She threw her head back and her athletic body arched as she came in waves that satisfied her lustful animal urges.

An unrestrained and sexually euphoric Jack released his load and coated her cunt walls with his semen. After he had come and was still hard, he gently stroked his cock in and out of her clenching wet hole until, with a long sigh, her body went limp.

"Will you come to bed with me Hilda? I want to start teaching you how to make love to a woman."

"I've never come like that in my life, if that's what sex with you two is like I want it as often as possible."

"Come up stairs with me then and let me teach you a few things. It's only half past eleven, Jack will join us later for another threesome before he walks you home. If you're sure Murray won't miss you that is."

"Who cares about Murray, take me to your bedroom," said Hilda as she squeezed one of Tamara's nipples through her dress.

Jack threw on a dressing gown and waited to be called. Tamara led Hilda upstairs in her heels and stockings. She sat Hilda on the bed and performed a sensual striptease for her. She peeled off her velvet dress and bra and pushed Hilda onto her back with her heeled feet still on the carpet, then she opened Hilda's legs and treated her to sumptuous licking. Hilda writhed with pleasure throughout and came when Tamara licked her clit, while rapidly massaging her cunt walls with her fingers.

"That's twice you've come within fifteen minutes, do you think you could come again now?"

"Not a chance, I've never come more than twice in a night and that was years ago when Murray still had some ardour in him."

"Have you ever found your g-spot?"

"G-spot? That's a myth surely."

"Get right onto the bed, we're going hunting for it now. You'll enjoy this more if you join in. Put your hand down here and keep your cunt lips open. When I tell you, push your middle finger into yourself and massage the exact spot that I'll be touching."

"Okay. But you're an optimist."

"Now lie back and relax, close your eyes and breath deeply and slowly."

Tamara lay alongside Hilda and licked the fingers of her right hand, then she gently inserted them into Hilda's vagina. She worked slowly and expertly probing the top of Hilda's muscular cunt with the tips of her fingers.

"Mmmm Tam, that's lovely but no cigar I'm afraid."



"Be quiet and relax, you've got such strong muscles in here you could keep my hand prisoner."

"That's an idea."

"H, for fucks sake shut up and relax your vagina... That's it."

Tamara continued to probe for her friend's sweet spot, she moved her fingers in a circular motion and pushed the tip of her middle finger into the top of Hilda's vaginal wall.

"Oh this is lovely, you can do this to me all nig... Oh Jesus! Fuck! That's it, that's it. My God you've found it and it's incredible. Ohhh!"

"Now put your middle finger in and touch the exact spot that I'm touching."

Hilda slid her finger into her hole and found Tamara's finger. Tamara removed her hand and Hilda groaned and moaned with delight as she played with her new found g-spot. It didn't take her long to come for a third time, Tamara gave her a helping hand, literally. She massaged around Hilda's clit and squeezed her right nipple with her free hand. Hilda's left hand reached for her left nipple as she brought herself immediately to another intense climax.

"Wow! If you'd told me I could come three times in less than half an hour I'd have thought you were mad."

"There's plenty more yet. We've got loads of stuff to do together. Your going to discover that a sixty nine position with a woman is the best sex you'll ever have. Have you ever used sex toys?"

"Er no."

"Well then you don't know what your missing. I'll fuck you with my vibrating strap on, that's guaranteed to send you into orbit. And we can try a bit of mild domination and submission if you like. But all of that's for another time, now I want you to practice oral sex on me,

bring me with your mouth you gorgeous sexy woman, then we'll get Jack up here and take turns riding his cock until he begs us to make him come."

"I've been dreaming of doing this to you since I watched Zelda eat you in the back of that car."

Tamara guided Hilda in every aspect of cunnilingus and enjoyed an amazing orgasm at the hands and tongue of her newly bi-sexual friend. Jack was called up to the bedroom and he agreed to have his hands bound behind his back for Hilda's erotic delectation. The two women took turns in riding him close to an orgasm then leaving him in limbo, and teasing him by kissing his balls and the base of his cock.

Sure enough, as Tamara had predicted, Jack eventually could stand it no longer and he begged them to make him come. Hilda took pity on him and her cunt walls were covered by his semen for the second time that night. Tamara followed on immediately and pleased herself on his still hard cock while Hilda sat behind her, across Jack's thighs, and fondled Tamara's breasts, while she pressed her own breasts into Tamara's back.

Hilda was so grateful to both of her 'tutors', she kissed them warmly and flirted with Jack as he walked her the three hundred metres to her house. She led Jack quietly through the side gate where they couldn't be seen and kissed him passionately for several minutes against the house wall. She made him promise to fuck her whenever the opportunity arose and eventually let him go home

as she crept quietly inside her front door still blowing kisses to him. She couldn't resist playing with her new found toy again, so she located her sweet spot and brought herself quickly to a panting orgasm, before going up to bed and dreaming of being fucked by Tamara with a strap on.

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Mid November 1999, it was almost three years to the day that Tamara had been dominated and fucked, at first reluctantly and then willingly, by the Sergeant and the then Lieutenant now Captain Davenport. It had been a profound and transformative sexual experience.

With her partner Jack's encouragement to stiffen pricks and moisten pussies, she'd gone in high spirits to the fiftieth birthday party of one of her work colleagues. Jack had instigated many fantasies in bed with her where she fucked, and had been fucked, by other men and women that they knew.

She had begun to think that Jack would find it highly arousing if she really did fuck someone else. So she'd set off to the party feeling emboldened to make herself appear available; surely this was what Jack wanted she'd thought. He constantly encouraged her to wear tight skirts, stockings, suspenders and high heels because it turned him on to think that her pussy was accessible and that everyone else might find her as desirable as he did.

She'd arrived at the party with a head full of Jack's fantasies and the faint hope of having the nerve to make one of them come true. In the presence of half a dozen close work colleagues, she couldn't be too overtly 'on the pull,' but she hoped to attract the horny attention of an attractive man. She'd told herself that she was prepared for anything, from an intimate embrace on the dance, floor to a sound fucking somewhere secluded.

In the event, she had resigned herself to being the object of the desires half drunken men that didn't begin to compare with the characters that Jack had imagined for her in bed. But her teasing had taken an unexpected turn when she had almost ended up being fucked by Annie's nephew Daniel. It had turned out that he was one of her former pupils, almost twenty years younger than her, but had still been very close to slipping his fingers into her gagging pussy in her car after the party. Unfortunately for Tamara, before he could take possession of her cunt, they had been disturbed by other partygoers leaving the venue.

She'd panicked and told him to get out of the car then had immediately regretted not getting her hands on his cock and letting him finger her to an orgasm. Then, on the way home, highly aroused by her close encounter and looking forward to relieving her frustration by riding Jack, she had got lost in thick fog and ended up being 'detained' for attempting breach security at the local Army barracks.

Completely bewildered, vulnerable and disoriented, she had been taken advantage of by Lieutenant Davenport; a lesbian dominatrix. Davenport had watched her male sergeant fulfil her order to fuck Tamara before she dismissed him, and had then introduced her to orgasmic sapphic sex and bondage beyond her wildest dreams. Tamara was blown away, it marked the start of her journey as a prolific and charismatic seductress and, once she had confessed it to him, she realised that Jack was as aroused as she was by her submissive and very erotic sexual encounter.

Before Davenport had been posted abroad almost two years ago, she had ensured that Tamara was frightened and aroused by her in equal measure. Tamara was anxious about meeting her again but she wanted to confront her demons. Having heard nothing from Davenport, she had begun to think

that, out of spite, Andrea had not passed on her mobile number when, one Friday morning at school, during an 'A' level lesson, a message flashed up on the screen.

"Only in UK for 48 hrs, meet me in Debnm's cafe tomorrow at noon."

"Looking forward to seeing you," replied Tamara.

In truth, she had not felt so discomfited for a long time. She knew that Davenport could be cruel and was at her most dangerous when she appeared to be friendly.

She didn't tell Jack of her plans in case he felt that he should protect her from her former nemesis. She said that she was going shopping in town and wouldn't be back before he set off for the football, but he could be sure of a tight skirt, stockings and heels welcome when he came home. Jack immediately booked a table at a local restaurant so that he could indulge in the lengthy wooing of his gorgeous sexy woman, before taking her home for a long night of passionate sex.

Tamara spent ages getting ready for her meeting with Davenport. She had a plan and the first part of it was to make herself so alluring and irresistible to Davenport, that she'd want to take her somewhere private. She washed and styled her hair and put on her most lavish gold earrings. Her eye makeup was stunning and her lips were painted bright red.

Although it was a lunchtime meeting in a department store cafe, she wore a clinging satin red dress cut on the bias, that followed every curve of her gorgeous body and showed a hint of the suspender clips that held up her seven denier black seamed stockings.

Her panties and four strap suspender belt were also red and, without a bra, her nipples showed clearly through the satin dress material. The off the shoulder dress revealed her increasingly toned shoulders and the tight long sleeves clung to her well sculptured biceps. Her physique was still very feminine, but she had begun to look muscular and imposing at the same time.

The dress gathered in low cut boat neck folds about her cleavage and clung to her waistline, before falling sensuously over her buttocks and hips, then swathing her thighs and lower legs to open out into a flare just beneath her knees. She stepped into sexy little black ankle boots, with four inch stiletto heels, that would almost put her on an eye level with Davenport in her two inch military heels.

Tamara looked voluptuous and alluring. She swished the hem of her dress back and forth in the full length bedroom mirror and was certain that Davenport would take the bait.

It was a cold November day so, in order to attract as little attention as possible, she wore a smart long grey coat over her dress with a large black shoulder bag. She still stood out and looked very sophisticated as she walked from the multi storey car park to Debenhams. She arrived a few minutes early at the cafe, but Davenport was already sitting at a table near the back wall drinking coffee.

Tamara was disconcerted and a little intimidated but she was determined not to let it show. She paid for a coffee at the counter and strode confidently over to the table and greeted her former mistress, before unbuttoning her coat and letting it fall open as she sat down. Davenport's eyes lingered on her breasts and thighs before she made eye contact with Tamara.

Tamara felt good, she'd already outshone the attractive, athletic and very desirable Davenport. Davenport was in her uniform, a tunic which narrowed at the waist over a shirt tucked into a

sensible straight skirt and two inch heels. She couldn't hope to compete with Tamara in the glamour stakes today and she knew it.

Even so, Tamara thought that the regulation military attire looked sexy on Davenport, especially as she knew what she would be wearing underneath. Without doubt, Davenport would be in a white six strap suspender belt, skimpy panties and a front fastening bra. In fact, if she were to don the military cap on the table next to her, Tamara might feel inclined to surrender herself.

But this was a day for revenge served cold, Tamara was determined not to submit to Davenport, she no longer had a hold on her and, today, she was going to teach her former mistress a lesson that she wouldn't forget. Tamara knew that in a fair fight she still had no chance against Davenport, but she had no intention of fighting fair.

As she sipped her coffee and seductively crossed and uncrossed her legs. She could see Davenport's arousal growing. She let her coat slip off her shoulders and it fell onto the floor so she made a performance of bending down in front of Davenport so that she could see her breasts and nipples swinging freely inside the front of her dress. She gave Davenport a flirty grin, then she threw her coat over the back of her chair and sat back down, carelessly crossing her legs and 'accidentally' revealing a mile of stocking clad thigh.

Davenport's pussy was in spasms by now, her juices started to seep into her panties and her nipples hardened underneath her tunic. She involuntarily stroked and caressed her own left thigh, then crossed her legs to try to tame her pussy's bad behaviour.

"My my, Tamara, Andrea was right, well her description was a little grudging but you do indeed look like a woman transformed. Not that you weren't a delectable little tart already, but you look as though you've grown into a formidable seductress since I last saw you. And you've toned up"

"Yes, if I could be bothered I'd make Andrea my bitch, but I find strong confident women more of a challenge these days."

Tamara could see Davenport appraising her toned arms and shoulders and deciding that she could still take her any time she wanted.

"Don't forget that you were my bitch until I released you. If I had a mind to take you as my bitch again, well... let's not go there. Why do you want to see me?"

"I wanted to thank you for transforming my sex life. Since you took me at the barracks I've had sexual encounters with twenty five men and twenty three women. You opened the door and I rushed through it with complete abandon."

"Well I must say that I'm not altogether surprised, you took very readily to my sergeant's cock and my cunt when you had finished your little lost princess routine in the guardhouse."

Tamara was angered by the jibe but she didn't let it show. She stayed cool and calm and stuck to her plan.

"How long are you here for Lucinda?"

Tamara used Davenport's first name to show that she felt herself to be an equal. She could see that this irked her a little.

"Just 48 hours, I came back to attend a retirement presentation for my old commander yesterday afternoon. I had some time to kill in the evening, so I decided to impose some discipline on one of my former associates. She'd lost respect as a mistress and had to be ritually converted to a bitch in front of an audience. You're a teacher so you know that correction is an important disciplinary tool."

"Hmm, so Andrea has lost your confidence."

"How did you know that I was referring to Andrea?"

"Because about six months ago I destroyed the weak pathetic woman when she presumed to try to take me for her bitch."

"Yes, I didn't get the full story from her, but you certainly made an impact on her. She hates you and she tried to get me to teach you a lesson."

"Lots of people that I teach lessons to say they hate me but I don't lose any sleep over it."

"Ah! Yes, your students, I see. Anyway, enough of this chit chat, I think we should talk about what you're doing dressed for sex on a Saturday afternoon in Debenhams cafe."

"Can't you guess?"

"Right, I see, well as it happens, I've got a couple of hours to kill, my flight isn't until this evening."

"Where are you based these days?"

"Still in Germany, I would have stayed longer, but there are one or two frauleins that will be missing my firm direction if I stay away too long."

"Mmm, I'd always pictured you with some submissive, pretty little officer's wife." I can just see her in her floral patterned Sunday dress listening to the vicar drone on in church and dreaming of being bound, gagged and fucked by you."

"You're very perceptive Tamara, but she was the Colonel's daughter and she's back at college now. My current bitch of choice is a major, she's senior to me in rank only," smirked Davenport.

"Look, we both know you've come here to tease or seduce me. Which is it to be? If you want a good safe fucking, no ropes attached, you can come back with me to the camp for a couple of hours and I promise not to abuse you; in fact I'm finding you very, very desirable at the moment and I'd love to take you home with me. But if you're just here to tease and show me what I'm missing, then I'll be on my way. What's it to be Tamara?"

This was all going to plan for Tamara. It was obvious that Davenport couldn't resist her and was trying and failing to sound indifferent. She had come to tease Davenport, and she'd come to lure her into a sexual encounter. She felt as though she was entering the spider's lair. She didn't believe Davenport's promise that she wouldn't take advantage of her and humiliate her again, but she needed to get her alone for her plan to work, so she agreed to go back to the base with her.

"I'll take a good safe fucking, that's if you mean what you say."

"Of course I mean it, I'm staying in a vacant apartment at the base. Where are you parked."

"In the multi storey."

"Right, me too, come on and you can follow me into the base. Your vehicle will have to be searched at the checkpoint, but it won't be as thorough as the strip search that I subject you to afterwards."

Davenport couldn't resist taking control. Tamara thought it was a good sign, she was complacent and was not likely to suspect that Tamara was preparing to exact her revenge. As they both got up from the cafe table, Tamara put on her coat and gathered up her large black shoulder bag and felt for the reassuring hardness of the metal handcuffs contained inside. She felt more nervous than she had been so far in Davenport's presence, but she knew that if she stuck to the plan that she had rehearsed in her mind a thousand times, she had a chance to get the better of her arrogant former mistress.

Tamara followed Davenport to the checkpoint and then around to a block of apartments at the far end of the camp. They pulled up into an almost empty parking area. It was eerily quiet as she got out of her car. Davenport told her that this part of the camp was virtually unoccupied. She was sure from the set of Davenport's jaw, and the look of determination on her face, that she was planning to overpower her at the first opportunity. She thought it wise to leave her coat in the car so that she couldn't be accosted and pinned down while removing it in the apartment.

Davenport led Tamara up two flights of stairs to her apartment. Tamara felt as though she was being led to the gallows. The two women had stopped talking to each other and the atmosphere was tense. Tamara had planned not to turn her back on Davenport or let her get between her and the door to the apartment. She'd also decided to strike at the earliest opportunity. She knew that she would only get one chance and if she failed to subdue her opponent, she would end up on the receiving end of a humiliating act of sexual domination which, although potentially enjoyable, would leave her beaten and her plans of revenge in tatters.

Davenport open the door and asked Tamara to go in first.

"No, please, after you," said Tamara.

Tamara followed Davenport down a short passage that opened out into a lounge. There was a door to a bathroom then a bedroom on the left and a kitchen on the right.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No, please let's get into bed, I've been looking forward to this."

Davenport had taken her tunic jacket off and her magnificent breasts suddenly looked larger, emphasising her flat muscular stomach and abdomen. She moved toward the bedroom door and Tamara almost lost her nerve as she watched her tall, strong, athletic form moving lithely across the room.

"The bedroom's in here, we've got a couple of hours so there's no rush. Come and take your dress off, you know how I love to see you in your stockings and suspenders. I'll just hang up my dressing gown."

As she hung the garment up in a wardrobe on right hand side of the bed, Tamara noticed her surreptitiously removing the belt. There wasn't a moment to loose. Davenport came back around the end of the bed, the dressing gown cord concealed behind her back in her right hand but this put her at a disadvantage. She couldn't bring her arm around quickly enough when Tamara, clutching the handcuffs, rushed at her and wrapped her arms around her. Tamara's momentum

knocked them both onto the bed, before Davenport fell face down into the gap between the bed and the wall on the left.

Tamara was on top of her in an instant in the narrow space. She'd managed to keep hold of the handcuffs and before Davenport could move, Tamara had clipped the cuffs onto her right wrist. Davenport managed to get her left hand onto the floor but she couldn't lift herself out of the confined space with Tamara on top of her.

Now all of the weight lifting and bicep curls paid dividends as Tamara put her right elbow into the back of Davenport's neck as she twisted her left arm behind her back. The struggle was intense and it looked like Davenport might free her left arm but Tamara dug the point of her elbow harder into her neck. Davenport screamed with pain and Tamara quickly forced home her advantage by pulling her left wrist further behind her back and clipping the self locking cuffs in place.

The two women lay there for a moment getting their breath back. Davenport called Tamara a devious bitch, but she knew the game was up. She had underestimated Tamara's strength and she was about to pay the price.

"Get up, it's no use resisting, I'm in control now and it's payback time."

"What are you going to do?" asked an uncharacteristically nervous Davenport.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget you nasty arrogant bully."

Tamara pulled Davenport out from between the bed and the wall by her hair, and forced her onto the bed. Even though she'd got her handcuffed, Tamara could feel her raw, underlying strength and was greatly relieved that she had managed to out manoeuvre her. She quickly tied her ankles and knees together with bondage rope from her bag and strapped a ball gag to her mouth. Now she could relax, the dangerous Davenport was trussed and there was no escape.

Tamara took a pair of scissors from her bag and cut Davenport's shirt away from her body, then she removed her skirt. She had to admit that Davenport looked extremely fuckable, lying on the bed trussed and gagged in her stockings and suspenders. But the two inch military heels didn't create the effect that Tamara wanted so she searched the wardrobe and found a pair of six inch stilettos which she swapped for the military issue shoes.

Tamara reached into her bag again and pulled out a small digital camera. She took several photos of the bound Davenport. Her grunts of complaint were useless, she couldn't utter a word because of the ball gag so she gave up and accepted her fate. It was a crushing blow for the Captain, she realised that if news of this got out, she'd never live it down. But there was worse to come.

"It's a good job that Andrea didn't give you the full details of what I did to her. If she had, you'd have known what to expect now."

Tamara pulled out a large battery operated dildo. Davenport tried to stop her turning her over so that Tamara could insert it into her vagina from behind, but the fight had gone out of her. Tamara got her face down on the bed, smeared gel on the dildo and forced up into enemy's cunt; Davenport shuddered as it went in. Tamara secured it in place with a leather chastity belt that fitted around the waist and between the legs. The hapless Davenport was now cuffed at the wrists, bound at the knees and ankles, gagged, and had a large vibrator strapped into her cunt.

Tamara turned her back onto her side.

"So this is what's going to happen Lucinda. In a moment, I'm going to turn that beast on and video you while you succumb to your first orgasm. Then I'm going to leave you here to be fucked into oblivion by it, and in about ten minutes, you'll be praying that the battery runs out. I'll keep the photos and video footage as insurance. Don't ever bother me again or the whole world will see your humiliation."

"Just so you know that I can be merciful, in two hours time, I'm going to ring Andrea and let her know where to find you and the keys to the handcuffs and chastity belt. That will be embarrassing for you won't it? Your new bitch coming to your rescue... let's hope she doesn't decide to exact revenge on you herself. Are you sorry you ever laid eyes on me now?"

Davenport nodded and tears filled her eyes.

"I do hope you don't miss your flight, and I hope you're travelling first class, those economy class seats would be much too hard for a tender little pussy like you'll have in a couple of hours time."

Tamara turned the vibrator up to half power, enough to have the desired effect and to ensure that the battery didn't run out too soon.

Davenport immediately responded with a muffled groan, in no time she was letting out stifled screams and writhing in shame and anger before she surrendered to arousal of the vibrator; Tamara captured the moment for posterity. After around three minutes, Davenport had her first orgasm, her eyes had a desperate defeated look mixed with sorrow and sadness as she immediately built towards her second orgasm. Tamara left before she came again but there was no let up and soon she was climaxing for a third time. Each orgasm became less pleasurable, she sank into a numb uncomfortable state until the battery mercifully ran out after thirty minutes.

Tamara drove the short distance home and opened a bottle of Chardonnay. She sat drained and exhausted by the nervous tension that she had felt all day. After a couple of glasses she began to feel more like herself and she reflected on the last three years of her life. In some small way, she really was grateful to Davenport for setting her off on the road to sexual liberation, experimentation and fulfilment.

Tamara had come full circle, she had tamed and humiliated the woman who had held so much power over her, and it felt thrilling. What's more, she had become a sexually confident seductress who could have almost anyone that she wanted, whenever she wanted.

Her thoughts drifted to some of her conquests and encounters: Daniel with the largest cock she'd ever seen; her lively and very dirty friend Alena who was now in Australia; Danita her former pupil and cleaner whom she took as her first bitch; Ben who she coerced into fucking her on his wedding night; being swept away on a sexual tsunami by her young Polish friend Marta; the lovely Annie, aunt to Daniel and a dreamy afternoon fuck; flirting with and teasing Evan before letting him tantalise and fuck her after the staff Christmas meal; Miriam her current bitch, with whom she enjoyed deeply depraved but consensual sex; her affair with Yummy Mummy Zelda; Orla her green eyed Irish lover and high class prostitute; and, at long last, her best friend Hilda, emerging from her cocoon in her late forties to become a liberated lustful butterfly.

There were many others that had become trapped in Tamara's orbit but above all it was Jack that she loved dearly. He would be home soon so she drained a third glass of wine and went upstairs to prepare herself. She remembered that he'd booked a table and she knew exactly what he wanted: tight skirt; heels; stockings; and suspenders. She couldn't deny that she loved to dress up in sexy outfits and she got a buzz from turning on other men and women.



Jack had once explained to her that it was just as arousing to know that she was wearing stockings as it was to see her in them. Tamara had come to understand what he meant as she stepped into a tight leather pencil skirt and high heels, then smoothed her hands down over suspender straps and clips while admiring the seams of her black stockings.