

THE KISS

Briterotic

Could he persuade his wife to kiss her best friend?

Mature

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Waking up for the first time since her house had become an empty nest, Bev laid her head on her slumbering husband's chest and caressed his abdomen. She had got used to the idea of both of their children now being away in distant cities while they socialised, made friends and occasionally studied for their degrees. She'd expected to feel sad about their absence but she didn't. Just for the moment, she didn't feel the slightest bit guilty about not missing her son and daughter. Of course, she'd miss them in time but not overly much. They'd both set off on life's journey to grown up independence and she knew that she couldn't turn back the clock.

The only thing that the forty-five-year-old wanted right now was a good, uninhibited fuck. The realisation that they were on their own in the house and would be for months, had turned her on immensely. She nuzzled Alex's neck and let her hand drift over his abdomen until she made contact with it. There it was in all its glory, her husband's erect cock. She knew that he often had an erection as he lay slumbering in bed in the mornings. Usually neither of them had the time or energy to put it to good use but this morning was different.

She moved her hand further down and took hold of him. He was very hard, how was it that men could get such a massive stiff without being fully conscious? Not that she'd slept with many men, just half a dozen or so before she'd met Alex. Alex was always particularly hard and a decent size. She'd measured it once and it had come in at just a fraction under seven inches.

She shifted her position so that she could hold the shaft with her left hand and cup his balls with her right hand. He grunted, turned toward her and, still half asleep, put his left hand on her hip. She stroked the shaft of his cock several times so that he knew what was expected of him.

"Mmmm, that's nice but you'll have to get on top, I'm still knackered after all that driving yesterday."

"Not a problem big boy, let's not waste this beautiful erection, he's awake if you're not... you asked for this"

She eased herself up and straddled him. She was so wet that his cock slid into her with ease. She grinned at him and started to grip his cock with the muscles of her vagina.

"Mmmm, oh that's so good," he murmured.

She stopped smiling and grabbed his wrists and held them down on either side of his head then she started to thrust at him, slowly at first then more rapidly. Her hips began to gyrate as well as thrust and she started to pant and moan with pleasure.

"I'm going to fuck you, big boy, I'm going to make you come like never before."

"God you're amazing, is this how it's going to be now that the kids are away at uni?"

"We've got a lot of catching up to do, I hope you're up to it."

She had his wrists in a firm grip as she fucked him furiously and allowed herself to make as much noise as she wanted.

"Fuuuuck, Oh God, I'm going to fuck you haaaard, Fuuuuck."

"Oh yes, fuck me, fuck me hard, make me come, ohhh, ohhhh. Godddd."

"There's nothing you can do to stop me, fuuuuck, I'm going to make you come. Come now you bastard, come."

"Oh fuck, you've not taken me like this for years, I love it."

"Shut the fuck up, I told you to come, now come."

"Oh fuck, here it comes, oh God, yessss, oh yesss, fuck, I'm commmming."

"Oh yes, yes, fuckkk, fuckkk."

She screamed with unbridled pleasure and delighted at the thought that, for the first time in a long while, she'd fucked her husband with uninhibited forceful lust. Her orgasmic noises filled the room until she collapsed on top of him, impaled on his still hard cock.

It was Sunday, and after a long drive for Alex the day before, taking their offspring to university for the new academic year, they'd decided to have a lazy day. Only up to a point though, in mid afternoon they passed in the kitchen doorway, stopped, read the signals and kissed enthusiastically. He pressed her against the doorframe and she felt his cock swell against her abdomen so she unzipped his fly, took his warm hardness out and used it to lead him up to the bedroom; just like she used to do before there were children on the scene.

With jeans, 'T' shirts and underwear strewn on the bedroom floor, it was a slow dreamy session, at the end of which Bev fondled his limp cock and spoke to him.

"Do you remember when we used to fantasise about all sorts when we made love?"

"God yes, that's a long time ago, I can't remember when I last told you a dirty story."

"It was all light years ago, you used to whisper depraved filth into my ear as you played with me, I fucking loved it."

"We were young and naive then, it would be stuff like you being fucked by an anonymous milkman or us doing it in a department store fitting room."

"Yes, it was good fun though, we ought to do it again, maybe you could come up with something a bit more, you know?"

"Do I? What did you have in mind?"

"Oh I don't know, something a bit more kinky and erotic, we're proper grown ups now and we're secure enough with each other, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are, I'll have a think, see what I can come up with."

"Well what do you think about when you masturbate?"

"How do you know that I masturbate?"

"Come off it Alex, every man has a wank now and then."

Alex didn't want to own up to having a wank much more often than now and then. He usually managed at least once a week and had a whole fantasy library of scenarios to call on. The great majority of them involved his wife having sex with other women. Then there were several more about him having sex with his aunt and a miscellaneous 'shelf' of fantasies about his wife being fucked by male work colleagues, neighbours and friends.

"And women don't?"

"Maybe we do, very occasionally."

Alex's cock started to swell again at the thought of watching his wife masturbate.

"Okay, if you want to spice things up with a few sexual fantasies, you've come to the right man. How about Wednesday night?"

"I can't wait, but I want you to take me on the kitchen table tomorrow night and bent over the dining table on Tuesday."

"Count on it."

Alex and Bev were good friends with Martin and Hazel. Bev had known Hazel from when their kids were at nursery school together; they'd become good friends over coffee, dinner parties and social events in the village where they all lived. The two women were teachers by profession and taught at different secondary schools in the neighbouring city.

Bev was just below medium height, she had black bobbed hair, beautiful green eyes, and an attractive face. Her breasts were of average size, and she had a sturdy but shapely figure with a nice peachy bottom and firm thighs that looked great in a tight skirt. Hazel, by contrast, was just a little taller than average, had larger breasts and a firm round bottom. She had mousy hair and wasn't as facially attractive as her friend, but she had twinkling blue eyes and soft lips like pink cushions. Both women were intelligent, kind and funny and looked very desirable when they were dressed up. Bev had a better eye for fashion and would often give her friend advice on what to wear to make the most of herself.

Alex was tall and slim with dark hair and Martin was shorter, just a little overweight and beginning to go bald. They were all in their mid forties, but Martin's libido was on the wane, a fact that had begun to leave Hazel frustrated and unfulfilled. They had a daughter, Joanne, in her early twenties. She was a younger version of her mother with curves in all of the right places, she'd inherited Hazel's bust and backside and she looked stunning in a short, tight dress and stilettos. A fact not lost on Alex and, so it would turn out, Bev.

Alex and Hazel had a flirtatious relationship, she often hugged him when they met and placed her plush soft lips on his by way of a greeting. Bev didn't seem to mind, but then she didn't know how

much her husband wanted to fuck her best friend. He'd previously contented himself with fantasising about her while he masturbated, but since his chat with Bev about livening up their sex life, he'd begun to think about how he could introduce her into their joint fantasies. He'd never before fantasised to his wife about her having sex with another woman.

Bev had managed to get away from work just after four o'clock on Monday so she was home by four twenty. Alex wouldn't be home until six at the earliest. She had a reason to get home early, her sex talk with Alex over the weekend and their uninhibited fucking had flicked a switch inside her. Was it really all down to the kids leaving home? She thought it must be, she suddenly felt horny all of the time. She'd had a strange day at school, she constantly found herself looking at good looking male colleagues and students and feeling an urge to masturbate. By early afternoon she couldn't resist the urge any longer, she resolved to go home as early as possible and indulge herself with her old vibrator before Alex came home.

She found it in a box at the back of one of the high shelves in the wardrobe. Thankfully, Alex insisted on keeping a supply of batteries of all shapes and sizes, so she was able to remove her skirt, blouse, shoes and hold up stockings and get into bed with her toy. She turned the dial at the end of the device and it buzzed in her hand. She laid back and rested it against her panty gusset, slowly rubbing it around her pussy. Very soon, she was highly aroused, and she pulled the gusset to one side and slipped the vibrator into her cunt. She was wet and became even wetter as she imagined being fucked by Steve, a male sports teacher, from her school. She imagined him taking her on top of a vaulting horse, his firm bare buttocks thrusting his big hard cock into her with her heels digging into the leather cushioned top and her knees spread wide apart.

She was on the way to an orgasm but she wanted to get there faster so she started to think about John, her children's occasional baby sitter from years back. John was about thirty by now and lived around the corner with his very sexy wife, Zara. He was still young and good looking in her eyes, but she imagined him as he was when he was eighteen. In her fantasy, she imagined coming home from a night out with Alex. Alex had sat down in the lounge, kicked off his shoes and put the tv on. He'd left her to pay John and say goodnight to him.

She was in the kitchen with John. She was wearing a tight, stretchy dress, heels and hold up stockings and she could see him drooling over her as she took bank notes out of her purse to pay him. He put the money in his pocket, and she could tell that he had bulge in the front of his trousers. She led him into the utility room and put the flat of her palm against his erection and kissed him. Then she unzipped his fly and pulled out his hard cock. He lifted the hem of her short dress, and she opened her legs. Her five inch heels put her at just the right height to take his cock. He backed her into the washing machine and thrust into her and they both came quickly and silently as Alex continued to watch tv.

Bev came while thinking about her sexy fantasy and considered going for another orgasm but she was worried that Alex might come home early. She wondered what sort of fantasies Alex would come up with for her on Wednesday. He used to be good at getting her going with his dirty stories, but she wanted kinky rather than the fairly tame stuff of twenty odd years ago. She let herself hope that he'd introduce people that they knew into his stories. She got dressed and contemplated whether to seduce Alex into fucking her on the kitchen table before or after they had eaten.

Bev made a special effort with her attire on Wednesday morning. As she got dressed, she relived the fucking that Alex had given her when he'd bent her face down over the dining table the night

before. She wanted to feel sexy all day long and to make Alex hard as soon as he set eyes on her. She'd put on the shortest skirt that she dare wear for school. It was tight, black and finished six inches above her knees. Her two inch high, square heeled black shoes and black opaque hold ups made it an acceptable look. A loose knitted maroon top with long multicoloured beads dangling between her breasts looked sexy but not too sexy for school.

Her tight skirt and shapely legs attracted a lot of attention throughout the day from half of her sixth form students and most of the male staff. Not many of them looked her in the eye when they spoke to her. She couldn't resist allowing her skirt to ride up while she sat at her desk or in a staff room chair, she let it go just far enough to give the merest glimpse of lacy stocking tops. When Alex got home, he wanted to fuck her straight away, but she resisted his advances and said that she didn't want to spoil their planned night of sexual fantasy.

Bedtime came early and they were under the quilt by nine o'clock. He asked her to leave her panties and hold up stockings on. Bev laid on her back with her legs apart and Alex slipped his fingers just under the waistband of her panties. He began by tangling his fingers in the hair covering her pubic bone. They kissed enthusiastically and fondled each other. She wrapped the fingers of her left hand around his right bicep and made appreciative noises. Their tongues wrestled for several minutes before she gently pushed his face away and spoke to him.

"Wait, haven't you forgotten something?"

"I wondered when you'd ask."

"Don't put this all on me, you were just as up for it on Sunday."

He pushed his fingers into the wet crease between her legs and circled her clitoris. She shuddered for a moment then gave a contented sigh.

"So you don't want any fantasies then?"

"Oh stop it smart arse, you know I do."

"Okay, well, imagine we've been to one of your staff social events, an end of year party perhaps. You look sensational in a tight black dress, heels and stockings."

"Mmmm, you've got that right."

"Male colleagues have been flirting with you all night, pressing against you on the dance floor and making way for you at the bar and putting a hand in the small of your back just above your buttocks."

"Mmmm, I like the sound of this."

"You've had a bit to drink, most people have, except me, I'm driving."

"Oh, poor you."

He placed his thumb on her clit and massaged the opening of her vagina. She sighed deeply and urged him to carry on with the fantasy.

"The party draws to a close and you're feeling so horny that you suggest to me that we stop in a gateway on the way home. I tell you that your line manager, Adrian, has had too much to drink so

he can't drive home. I've told him that we'll give him a lift; there's him, his wife and their passenger, Jackie."

"Wow, this sounds like it's going to be very dirty but slow down a little with your fingers, you'll bring me too soon, I want to hear the full story."

He cupped her mound and applied gentle pressure on her labia.

"Okay, so we get in the car, you're half drunk and flirting like mad with Adrian and he stops you from getting into the front passenger seat and manoeuvres you into the back between him and his wife. What's her name by the way?"

"Wendy."

"So, you're between Adrian and Wendy and your feet are either side of the drive shaft housing so your legs are slightly apart. Also, your dress has ridden up so that your stocking tops are beginning to show. Jackie is in the front seat and she's so drunk, she's completely out of it. We drive through the city streets with you and Adrian laughing and joking; there's plenty of drunken innuendo between you. Wendy speaks to me on and off, but you're aware that both she and her husband's eyes are drawn to you struggling to pull the hem of your dress down to preserve your modesty."

"Mmmm, yes."

"The passing streetlights create a pattern of dark and light which plays across your sexy legs. Adrian presses his left thigh against your right thigh. There's a lull in the conversation and I say that I hope you're all getting cosy and having fun on the back seat. Adrian puts his warm left hand on your right knee and jokes that you're all just getting started. I laugh and tell him not to mind me, I'll try to keep my eyes on the road. He takes it as an invitation to slide his hand up to your stocking top. Without you even thinking about it, you open your legs just a little wider and you feel a deep, lustful excitement in your chest."

"Mmmm, God yes."

"We leave the city behind and we're driving along the dark country lanes. The only light inside the car is coming from the instrument panel, it's just enough for Wendy to see her husband's hand moving up onto the flesh above your stocking tops. It's silent in the car now but it's filled with sexual tension. I hear Adrian unclipping his seat belt so that he can turn towards you and run his right hand up between your thighs and onto your panty gusset. You're wet; he can feel it. I adjust the driving mirror and can see your legs parted with the hem of your dress around your hips and his hand between your thighs, I immediately get rock hard and start to breathe a little faster. You hear my ragged breathing and take it as consent and approval."

"Fuck yes..."

Bev became very worked up by the fantasy and pressed Alex's fingers into her pussy.

"...What happens next?"

Wendy can see that her husband is trying to get his fingers inside the leg of your panties so she unclips her seatbelt and turns towards you and with her left hand, she pulls your panties away from your mound so that he can get easy access to your cunt."

"Oh fuck yes, oh God yessss."

"He pushes his fingers inside you and kisses you. You're grinding against his hand and feeling beyond turned on by his wife's presence. He fingers you and it's nice but not as good as it should be. We're approaching the village where they live and Wendy can tell that her drunken husband's efforts to get you off leave something to be desired, so she lets go of your panties, slaps his hand away, then reaches inside your panties and starts to massage your clit. You're astounded but more turned on than you've ever been in your life."

"Oh fuck, don't stop, don't stop."

"Yes, that's just what you say to her. She moves her hand further down inside your panties and slides her fingers into your cunt. She pushes her tongue into your mouth and takes you to your first ever orgasm at the hands of a woman."

"Oh Jesus, oh I'm commmmmmingggggggggggg."

Bev came with an intense orgasm; Alex's fingers were inside her as she massaged her clit. It felt electric, like nothing she'd ever known. It took her several minutes to come back down to earth and when she did, she wanted to come again.

"God, that was so fucking hot, you dirty bastard, you can whisper your filthy fantasies to me any time. Have you got another one?"

"What, now?"

"Yes, I want to come again, put your cock inside me and tell me another one while you fuck me."

"Okay, right, let's see."

Alex hadn't been expecting this. He decided to take a risk. He felt elated that he'd made her come to a scenario of being fucked by a woman, so he took it a step further by introducing a woman very familiar to both of them.

"Do you really like the idea of making love to a woman, I mean really?"

"Yes," Bev whispered. Her reply hung there in the silence and they both became even more aroused as they contemplated the possible future implications of her confession.

Alex eventually broke the erotic silence, "Okay, so imagine we've been to the pub with Martin and Hazel."

"Oh God you filthy man."

"What? Don't you want to hear this one?"

"Yes, yes I do."

He was relieved and hugely turned on that she wanted to hear his fantasy. She was surprised at the tingle in her pussy as she thought about Hazel.

"Right, so anyway, we've all had a few and we invite them in for coffee, but Martin says he's tired, so he goes home. Hazel's still buzzing, she says the night is still young so, she'll have a coffee or anything else with us. She's drunk and her remarks are laden with innuendo. We're in the lounge drinking coffee, you and her on the long sofa, me on the three seater, and I ask her if she'd like a

brandy. We all drink brandy and get a little more drunk. The conversation gets smutty; you two start having a laugh about sex and penises when you mention that you've got a vibrator."

"Mmmm, I like where this is going."

Alex had his fully erect cock inside Bev right up to the hilt, but he was keeping absolutely still. She clenched at it with her cunt walls. Neither of them dared move for the fear of coming too soon.

"Hazel stops laughing and makes what she feels is the embarrassing admission that she's never even seen a vibrator. You're amazed and you tell her she doesn't know what she's missing, you have an idea; you tell her you'll get yours for her to look at and you dash upstairs to fetch it. While you're gone, she asks me if I'm okay with you using a vibrator and I shock her by saying that we often use it together."

"Oh God, we should, we must do that next time."

"I'd love that."

"Would you?"

"Absolutely, anyway, you come back downstairs with your vibrator, and you sit next to her and show it to her like a trophy. You tell her it's been thoroughly washed so she can hold it if she likes. Her eyes are like saucers as she tentatively takes it from you and says she thought it would be bigger. You say that they come in all shapes and sizes, even different colours but they don't need to be huge to take a woman to an intense, overwhelming orgasm."

"Oh God, I want you and my vibrator inside me now, fuck that would be heaven."

"Mmmm, what a delightful thought... Hazel looks at both ends, the base with its dial and the shiny metal tip, then looks at you with an obvious question in her eyes. You tell her yes, she can turn it on. She does, it kicks into life, and she almost drops it."

"Oh my, this is so fucking hot."

"You laugh and show her that she can increase the power by turning the dial. She squeals with delight, now you're both holding it and the strong vibrations pass through your fingers, along your arms, down your spines and into your pussies. There's a lust tinged look of uncertainty in her eyes as you suggest to her that she should try it. You both appear to have forgotten that I'm still there watching you. Then you notice that she's looking directly at me. You can tell that she wants to at least put it up underneath her skirt and hold it against her panty covered pussy for a second or two but she's clearly too embarrassed to do it in front of me."

"Mmmm, fuck, I suppose you'll have to leave us alone together then?"

"I do, you tell me to make myself scarce so I go out into the hallway, saying that I'll make more coffee, but I tiptoe back to the doorway into the lounge and watch you both."

"You naughty man, God I'm enjoying this."

"She tells you that she's not going to put it inside her, she just wants to feel it against her for a moment. You tell her to be careful because it'll take possession of her in an instant. She pulls her skirt up but it's tight, so she struggles. You help her and you manage to get it up over her hips. She's sitting there in her hold up stockings and a little damp patch on her panties and she doesn't

seem to know what to do next. She's still holding the vibrator, so you put your hand over hers and move it up between her legs until the buzzing toy is being held softly against her pussy."

"Fuck, oh fuck, this is fucking incredible, so hot, so fucking hot, I'm so turned on."

Alex started to move in and out of Bev very slowly, he was also very turned on by his fantasy and his cock was bursting.

"You'd better be near the end, I don't think I can last much longer," said Bev.

"As soon as the tip of the vibrator pushes into her panty gusset and probes her swollen labia, a jolt of arousal passes through her pussy and she's completely at its mercy. In fact, she's completely at your mercy now because you've still got your hand over hers and she's breathing raggedly and it's clear that she wants you to take control."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Oh my God, Oh I'm going to come, fuck meeee."

"You're so turned on that there's only one outcome in your mind, you want to see her come, you want to make her come. You pull her panties to one side and slide the vibrator into her slick wet cunt and you leave it there. You turn up the dial. She's completely overwhelmed, the toy has got her in its clutches and she's powerless against it. If she only meant to touch herself with it briefly to see what it feels like, then she's badly misjudged things. Her head falls back and her pelvis bucks and thrusts briefly before she lets out a feral cry and comes hard."

Alex fucked Bev deep and hard and painted her cunt walls with his come. They climaxed together in a cacophony of erotic noises. Bev felt wonderfully dirty and debauched at the thought of fucking her friend with her vibrator. It took her a while to come down from the high that Alex's fantasy had induced in her.

They eventually fell asleep but not before Alex tried to sow a seed in Bev's mind.

"If I'd known how much it turns you on I'd have been doing this for you years ago."

"You're a very, very dirty man and I love your fantasies. I want some more at the weekend."

"They don't have to be just fantasies."

"What?"

"Well, what if you really did fuck Hazel? I love the thought of it, it's such a turn on."

"Oh no you don't, it's 'fantasy' not 'reality' so don't get any ideas lover boy because the answer is no."

"Well, it was worth a try."

"Go to sleep."

The next morning as they get ready for work, Alex tries his luck again.

"Last night was pretty awesome don't you think?"

"God yes, I'll be wet all day thinking about your dirty fantasies."

"Good, my cock will be thinking of you and Hazel fucking each other. I'd love to watch you with her or any other woman that you fancy; there must be a few that you'd like to take to bed, you can't deny it now after last night's revelations."

"Nice try big boy but it's no dice I'm afraid."

"Are you sure? You really got off on the thought of fucking Hazel with your vibrator last night."

"Dream on."

"She might agree to it, you never know."

"Alex. Fantasy and reality, look them up in a dictionary. What you whispered into my ear in bed last night was very erotic but it wasn't real and it never will be."

The weekend came and went, and they fucked all over the house. On Saturday night, Alex whispered his fantasies full of friends, neighbours and work colleagues both male and female. Hazel and the vibrator featured again and, even though she'd heard it before, Bev thought it was the hottest of all of his hot fantasies.

She really did start to think of her long time best friend as someone to whom she was sexually attracted and wanted to fuck; it surprised her a little. She wondered why it hadn't been obvious to her before. In fact she had started to think differently about most of the attractive people they knew, before long, most of them had featured in Alex's fantasies and she'd started to have her own erotic thoughts about them too. The following week, she came home from work early on two occasions so that she could masturbate with her vibrator.

She thought about a very good looking eighteen year old student in her form group at school and she imagined being fucked by him up against the shelves in the storeroom behind her classroom. She also imagined taking the sports teacher's cock in her mouth and making him come in his equipment store. Both times though, she finished herself off by thinking about fucking Hazel with a strap on. She'd only ever seen a picture of one, but it fired her erotic imagination and left her thinking whether it would ever be possible for her to use one in earnest.

She admonished herself as she washed her vibrator under the tap. After all, hadn't she told Alex in no uncertain terms about the difference between fantasy and reality.

Another weekend of fantasy filled sex passed, and Alex again tried gamely to introduce the subject of a threesome with Hazel. Bev had asked him to tell her a fantasy involving Hazel but afterwards, she once more drew a line in the sand and made it clear that it would never happen in reality.

On the Wednesday evening, Bev had to attend parents' evening at school and had said she'd be late back, as a group of staff would be going for a drink afterwards. This set Alex thinking as he watched her getting ready to go out. She showered and changed into clean underwear. He watched her unfurl stockings up her legs and clip them to her suspender straps. He loved watching her put her stockings on. Hold ups were sexy but stockings and suspenders made him hard every time without fail.

"So how many of you will be going to the pub afterwards?"

"Oh about a dozen or so I should think."

"I can feel a fantasy coming on, help me out here, will you fuck anyone if you get the chance?"

Bev immediately felt a tingle in her pussy as he started to join in with his sex game.

"I might, Steve will be there, and you need to know that I'd let him fuck me if I got the chance, he's such a hunk. Then there's Dave, I really think I could have him if I put my mind to it. And if I don't get lucky with either of those two, I might entice Selina into the back seat of my car and fuck her in a quiet corner of the pub car park. Or better still, I think Adrian's wife Wendy will be picking him up from the pub so I might go back to their house and spend the night with her. We could dress Adrian as a maid, and he could bring us champagne and chocolates as we ate each other's pussies."

"My God, I'm as hard as rock, where did all that come from? You're quite a little story teller yourself."

"Well, if you're a good boy and you don't wank yourself silly while I'm out, I might let you fuck me in my stockings and heels when I get home."

"Wow, why don't you tie me up just to make sure that I don't shoot my load into a tissue while you're out?"

"Mmm, that's an erotic thought; one of these days I might just do that."

Bev stood up from her dressing table stool and came over to the bed where he was sitting and left a lipstick imprint of her lips on his cheek, then turned and sauntered sexily out of the bedroom on her heels. He watched her from the bedroom window; it was early October and just beginning to get dark outside. She opened the car door and deliberately showed a mile of leg and her stocking tops as she got into the car. As soon as she reversed off the driveway and set off up the street, Alex was on his back on the bed with his hard cock in his hand and an orgasm about two and a half minutes away.

Bev daydreamed as she drove to school for the parents' evening. The erotic game she'd just played with Alex was still going around in her mind. She began to wonder if he really would be turned on by her fucking someone else. Their fantasies had become all consuming. They had grown and developed in such a short time that she had to remind herself and her wet pussy that they were not real. She wasn't worried at all, she knew that they had a solid, honest relationship. She just wondered where all of the eroticism was leading. Wherever it was, she was enjoying the journey.

While she endured parents' evening and enjoyed herself in the pub afterwards, Alex sat half watching tv and fantasising about his wife being fucked by one of her colleagues after they had left the pub. He was intrigued that she had mentioned Selina; he'd always had the hots for her. He could imagine her in the back seat of Bev's car in a quiet country lane. She'd be wearing one of the brightly patterned dresses that he'd seen her in. Bev would have pushed the hem of the dress up to the top of her beautiful black skinned thighs and would be burying her fingers in her cunt. Selina's head would be thrust back as she came, then she would push Bev onto her back on the seat and tease her pussy with her full red lips and pale pink tongue until she made her come long and loudly.

He'd made himself hard again but there was no time for another wank, Bev could be home any minute and she might catch him in the act. That thought also turned him on, but he resisted the temptation, she was wearing stockings and heels and he desperately wanted to fuck her in them when she returned.

The following evening he arrived home from work to find Bev preparing their dinner. She looked sexy in her tight skirt, heels and an apron. He picked her up and put her on the kitchen table and kissed her amorously.

"Not now lover boy, I'm trying to prepare dinner, didn't you get enough of me in my sexy stockings last night?"

"I can never get enough of you in your stockings."

"Well you'll have to wait. Look, we've run out of plain flour. Pop round to Hazel's for me and see if we can borrow some."

"Okay."

"And don't forget, it's the flour you're borrowing, not Hazel. I'll be timing you."

"Don't worry, Martin will probably be home."

"She said he was going to the driving range after work today, so behave yourself."

Alex set off for Hazel's with the beginnings of an erection forming. He felt excited that she might be on her own; she'd at least greet him with her soft lips, he thought. She opened the front door and, his cock twitched several times as it became half erect. He hadn't seen her for five weeks or so, but he knew she'd been on a diet. The results were clear to see.

As he'd hoped, she let her soft lips linger on his lips just a split second longer than she would have done if Bev or Martin had been present. Then she spun around for him in a close fitting jumper that showed off her breasts and a slinky knee length skirt that twirled upwards and exposed her lacy hold up stocking tops.

"Well, what do you think? Fifteen pounds off in just over a month."

"Wow, you look great."

His cock started to misbehave even more.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of your most welcome company?"

He wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. He wanted to back her against the wall, put his hand up her skirt and feel his way to her warm pussy while she stood with her legs apart, her hooded eyelids half closed and her mouth half open, moaning with pleasure at the gentle caress of his fingers.

"We've run out of plain flour, Bev's sent me round to see if you can spare a few ounces."

"Of course darling, anything for you, how much do you want?"

She was in one of her flirty moods, her endearments probably meant little or nothing but he couldn't help pretending that she really wanted him. He hoped she hadn't noticed that his cock was almost fully erect. Luckily, his suit trousers were not tight fitting and his underpants were in control of the situation.

"Oh, I should think about four ounces will do thanks."

She spooned the flour into a plastic container and gave it to him.

"So, are you and Bev going to the pub on Saturday night?"

"Yes, will you two be joining us? I haven't seen you there for a few weeks."

"Yes, it's not always easy for Martin to work up the enthusiasm but I'll drag him there if I have to."

"I'm sure he'll enjoy it once he's there. How's Joanne keeping?"

"Oh great thanks, she's still not got a serious boyfriend but I think she's happy in her new job; she's meeting lots of important clients and she's only twenty one."

"Sounds impressive, has she filed for divorce yet"?

"Like everything else she's taking it in her stride, she doesn't seem to give two hoots about Luke now."

"That's good, she needs to find someone who can cope with her mercurial spirit."

"You're not wrong, she can be an absolute tyrant when she doesn't get what she wants, she doesn't forgive easily either."

"So, well I must be getting back, Bev'll be wondering what we're up to."

"Mmmm, well maybe we'll give her something to wonder about one of these days," laughed Hazel.

Alex hadn't expected that last remark, she'd said it with her usual casual sense of fun, so he didn't think there was anything in it but, as he turned to leave, she called out to him.

"Hold on, let me show you something, I've taken your wife's advice and been shopping."

She bent down, pulled a new red pencil skirt out of a shopping bag and held it against herself. It looked smart and tight fitting, Alex's penis twitched again as she did a little hip sway movement like a fashion model.

"Would you fancy me if I wore this on Saturday night?"

He didn't know what to make of her, was she coming on to him? She looked and seemed quite innocent, but he thought that he'd detected a slight undercurrent of seduction."

"God yes, anyone would," he thought of Bev, "I'm sure you'll look..." he wanted to say 'fucking hot,' "... very nice in that. But you know that I fancy you already sweetheart."

He'd decided to fight fire with fire and flirt with her then make his retreat. She caught up with him as he opened the front door and planted her warm soft lips on his lips again.

"Bye sexy, call round any time you need anything."

She smiled a wicked teasing smile and blew him a kiss. It was all designed to look like fun but his throbbing cock thought otherwise. There was about a hundred yards between their two houses, just far enough he hoped for his erection to subside before Bev guessed where his mind had been.

"So, what did you get? A quick snog and a grope or just the flour," teased Bev.

"Just the flour unfortunately. Mind you, she did show me her new skirt and asked if I'd fancy her in it. I nearly told her that I knew someone who would."

"Yeah right, and I suppose you didn't."

"Well yes, I can't deny it, she looked great, she's lost loads of weight."

"I know, I saw her yesterday afternoon in the local shop, I could see that her face was thinner but she was wearing that awful old baggy coat so I couldn't see the full effect. What was the skirt like? I've been nagging her to get something figure hugging and sexy for once."

"Well she certainly seems to have taken your advice, it was a knee length pencil skirt, quite tight fitting by the look of it."

"Mm, I'll bet she gave your little man some exercise."

"She did look hot love; I think your pussy would have been gladdened by the sight of her as well."

Hazel had made quite an impression on him. Later on in bed, when he was sure that Bev was asleep, he silently pulled a tissue out of his bedside drawer and treated himself to a self induced orgasm as he replayed his flirtatious encounter with Hazel. He was so aroused by her that his cock had a hair trigger; almost as soon as he touched it, it shot warm semen onto the tissue as he imagined thrusting into Hazel on the sofa in her lounge. Her legs were wrapped around his waist as she urged him to fuck her hard.

On the Friday morning, Alex set off to work early as usual leaving Bev to get herself ready to leave about half an hour later. They hadn't had sex when they'd gone to bed the previous night, but unbeknown to Bev, Alex had masturbated.

He'd slipped the wet semen-stained tissue back into his bedside drawer and forgotten about it. Bev had showered and wanted to blow her nose; the box of tissues in her bedside unit was empty so she walked around the bed to get one from Alex's side. The dried crusty semen-stained tissue was on top of his box of tissues. She picked it up and examined it, then the realisation hit her, he'd been masturbating while she was asleep.

The thought of him masturbating while lying beside her made her feel very aroused. She imagined him stroking his cock. She looked at the clock, there was just time for her to bring herself if she hurried her makeup routine afterwards.

She quickly grabbed her vibrator from the shelf at the top of the wardrobe. As she lay on her back slipping the gelled instrument in and out of her cunt, she began to feel very turned on. She turned up the dial and imagined Alex gently fingering his erect cock until it was rock hard. Then she imagined him pulling the solid shaft into more of an upright position and stroking it up and down until his eyes closed and his back began to arch.

She wondered what he'd been thinking about as he came, and she imagined that it would have involved Hazel and her making love to each other. Her vibrator called the shots and she started to come with thoughts of Alex's fluid oozing out into the tissue as he pumped his erect cock. This was followed, at the height of her orgasm, by images of her lying on her large sofa with Hazel, their fingers inside each other.

She quickly got ready for work, her pussy still buzzing from the attention that it had just received. She wanted Alex to know that she was on to him, so she left her vibrator unwashed, with the crusty tissue stuck to it, on his bedside table.

On her drive to work, she made herself wet again with thoughts of Alex masturbating. She'd never seen him do it and she wondered why not. The erotic thought consumed her so much that she decided that they would watch each other masturbating that night. She knew that Alex would readily agree to her suggestion and it gave her a considerable thrill to think that she was contributing to their erotic experimentation.

Alex's thoughts were on the following evening, he couldn't get Hazel and her new skirt out of his mind. He'd always fancied her but, since her teasing little flirtation with him the previous evening, he was almost obsessed with having her.

He couldn't believe how intense his sexual relationship with his wife had become since their kids had gone to university almost three weeks ago. Something fundamental had happened, maybe they were suddenly conscious of their advancing years and wanted to cram in as much erotic sex as possible.

They were bent on exploring the limits of their sexual desires through his fantasies. Although Bev had been adamant that they were just fantasies and not real and never would be, he'd begun to hope that deep down somewhere within her subconscious, she might succumb to the right trigger and make the leap from fantasy to reality. He felt so turned on at the thought of her fucking other women that he resolved to do everything in his power to make it happen. His thoughts came back full circle to Hazel. He wanted to fuck her, and he wanted his wife to fuck her too.

Bev had a free period in the afternoon, and she spent it pondering much the same thoughts as Alex. She too was surprised by the intensity of their resurgent sex life. She loved Alex's fantasies and she dearly hoped that he would keep developing them and exploring new areas of erotica that would take them both on a journey inside their most depraved thoughts.

She had a deep desire to explore bondage and domination with him through their fantasies. She also remembered an incest story that she once stumbled across in a porn magazine that she'd confiscated off a student several years ago. Never in a million years would she entertain the idea of incest within her own family, but she'd been taken aback by how deeply erotic she found the notion when it concerned some other fictitious family.

Her thoughts also turned to Hazel; she knew that Alex was tentatively trying to manipulate her into having sex with her best friend. She understood why he felt that way, after all, she'd come several times now to his fantasies of her fucking Hazel with her vibrator or a strap on cock. She considered it to be the hottest of all of his fantasies and she loved hearing it, but she was careful to keep a clear dividing line in her own mind between fantasy and reality. It was one thing to imagine fucking her friend's brains out with a strap on but quite another thing to do it in reality with all of the real world implications that that would entail. She knew that Alex liked to blur the lines between fantasy and reality so she took every opportunity to remind him that what happened in his fantasies would never ever happen in real life.

That evening, Alex came home and went up to the bedroom to change out of his work suit as usual. He spotted Bev's vibrator on his bedside table and was thrilled that she'd inadvertently left it there after masturbating with it once he'd left for work. Then he took a closer look at the tissue that was stuck to the smooth metal surface. Bev had managed to write 'yours I think' on a unruffled corner

of the tissue. He cringed at the realisation that she'd found the evidence of his secret wank and he knew that she would not let him live it down.

To his surprise though, instead of mock humiliation, she had a suggestion for him.

"You know, our little acts of self gratification have made me think; we've never actually masturbated for each other. You know, actually faced each other and made ourselves come while we watch. I think it would be so erotic if we did that, if we watched each other pleasuring ourselves. I'd wear my stockings and heels while I do it and maybe even a dress or skirt, you could wear a suit and shirt. It'd be so hot don't you think."

"Fuck yes, when do you want to do it?"

"How about tonight?"

"I was hoping you'd say that."

"You can fuck me with your fantasies tomorrow night, tonight we'll indulge ourselves in mutual masturbation."

They did exactly that and discovered another highly erotic activity that would become a central part of their sex lives. After getting dressed up, they sat in the lounge opposite each other, Bev on the large four seater and Alex on the three seater. There was a large heavy oak coffee table between them.

Alex thought that Bev looked very stylish, sophisticated and so fucking hot in her black jersey dress with a full flared mid calf length skirt, a tight bodice emphasising her waistline and breasts, a scoop neckline and long sleeves. He didn't know yet but all she had on underneath was a black deep panelled six strap suspender belt and black seamed stockings. Her stilettos were also black and very high. He wore a black suit with a plain white shirt, socks and Oxford style black leather shoes and nothing else.

Bev got things moving by pulling on her dress so that the hem lifted upwards and slid over her sexy stocking clad knees. She kept pulling on the material very slowly until the hem reached her stocking tops. She'd kept her eyes on Alex's eyes throughout the whole manoeuvre. His cock showed its appreciation by forming a conspicuous bulge in the front of his trousers.

"Well? Your move next my darling."

Alex took the hint and put his right foot up onto the edge of the coffee table and slowly pulled down the zip on his fly. When the zip was pulled right down, he reached inside his fly and squeezed his hard cock while moaning softly.

"Show me more."

Bev lifted both heeled feet onto the edge of the coffee table and opened her legs wide exposing a freshly shaved pussy with an elegant 'landing strip.' Alex sucked in his breath, she'd never shaved her pussy before, he thought she must have done it in the main bathroom while he was in the en suite shower.

"Fuck, that's beautiful, utterly fucking beautiful. I'll warn you I'm going to come very quickly."

"It's not a race darling, let me see whether your manhood is showing me proper respect."

Alex unbuttoned the waistband of his suit trousers and eased them down to just above his knees then took hold of his erection and pulled it upright before stroking it up and down in his clenched hand. Bev emitted a shuddering groan of pleasure and ran her tongue around her lips, then she slowly moved her right hand down over her pussy and pressed her fingers into the cleft between her pussy lips and groaned again.

Bev stimulated her clitoris with her thumb and curled three fingers into her clenching cunt and started to masturbate, still looking into Alex's eyes as she did so. Alex started to pump his cock rhythmically, sweeping up and down its full length with his thumb and fingers. Bev tore her gaze away from his eyes watched as his hand stroked his cock with a skilful erotic motion, she'd felt in control until now but watching her husband masturbating was mesmerising and she suddenly became very wet and highly aroused.

Her fingers started to work faster and she shoved all four of them inside her hungry cunt. Alex watched her through half closed eyes, she looked spectacularly sexy in her black dress, stockings and heels as she masturbated for his, and her own, benefit. Her head fell back onto the sofa and she started to moan breathlessly while finger fucking her cunt frantically. The fingers of her right hand were almost a blur, and she squeezed her bud between the thumb and middle finger of her left hand. Her eyes were almost shut and her mouth was open in a round 'o' shape.

She was close to coming as she fucked herself rapidly, opened her legs even wider and groaned with erotic delight. By now, Alex was stroking his cock very fast, and he started to lean forward and let out loud gasps and groans. Bev could see that he was beginning to come so she fucked herself even faster. There was a sudden loud throaty roar as her husband pumped strands of come onto the coffee table as he reached out and supported himself with his left hand on the edge. She watched in ecstatic delight as Alex's erotic performance triggered her own orgasm. She thrust and bucked her hips wildly and screamed with delight then she ended up flat out on her back with her pelvis slowly rising and falling to the rhythms of her long intense orgasm.

When, after several minutes, her body finally came to rest, Alex eased himself on top of her, completely naked, and fucked slowly her with his still hard cock until she came again in her black dress and stockings with a soft dreamy orgasm that felt so tender and loving that it made her cry.

He knew in that moment that he loved her very much and he carried her up to bed, her legs and heels dangling, and kissed her shaven pussy.

Alex spent Saturday morning at the supermarket and Bev spent the afternoon marking school books. They both had their minds on pleasantly arousing thoughts about their trip to the pub that evening, followed by Alex's fantasies in bed. Hazel featured heavily in their thoughts; without realising it, the same sentiments were being turned over in their minds. They both put the resurgence of their desire for sex down to the freedom and lack of inhibition that they felt now that the house was solely their domain, at least until the Christmas holidays.

The use of fantasies in their love making had been a revelation. It had done three things: firstly, it had given their relationship a huge injection of eroticism which had helped them to view each other with a fresh sensuous sexuality; secondly, they had embarked on a journey to explore the depths and limits of their own lascivious desires, how far into the realm of depravity were they prepared to go and who with; and thirdly, their lecherous fantasies had ranged far and wide over friends,

neighbours and work colleagues but there was no doubt that Hazel had become the focal point for their joint lust.

They'd both known and loved Hazel as a friend for almost twenty-five years. Apart from open and good natured flirting with Alex, there had not been any suggestion of sexual impropriety. Yes, Alex had always fancied her and he'd often masturbated to his own fantasies of him and, or, his wife fucking her, but they were the kind of private imaginings that he was sure that almost everyone had.

Bev had spent many hours with her best friend, especially when the children were young. Much like herself, she'd always known that, underneath the slightly overweight, sometimes dowdy, often tired mother was an attractive, sexy woman waiting to reveal herself. In fact, whenever they had gone out anywhere that required them to dress up, Bev had always been bound to confess to herself that Hazel was desirable and, had she been that way inclined, she wouldn't have minded getting cosy with her.

What had thrust Hazel to the front of their erotic thoughts lately was a combination of their joint admission of their fantasy desire for her, her weight loss and a newly toned physical appearance. The point at which their thoughts about Hazel diverged was in what for Bev was a clear division between fantasy and reality. She was adamant that the fucking of Hazel would take place only in their imaginations; Alex dearly hoped that one day the urge would become so strong that she would find herself in a position where she could no longer resist.

Alex listened to the football commentary, then made a meal for them and chose a bottle of wine. After they had eaten, they started to think about getting ready.

"What are you wearing tonight, darling?"

"I thought I'd make a special effort; I don't want to be overshadowed by Hazel in her new skirt. I think I'll wear my very tight black leather pencil skirt. It hugs my arse, stretches taut across my thighs and finishes just above the knee. You remember the significance of almost seven inches don't you? It's really soft material so you'll be able to feel my suspender clips with no problem. I know how you like to touch them when you think no one is looking. It also goes well with the tight lilac angora jumper that shows my breasts off. A nice pair of seven denier black stockings and those black four inch heels with the ankle strap and black lace underwear. Have you got an erection yet?" teased Bev.

"God yes, if you carry on like this, we won't make it to the pub."

"And you?"

"What?"

"What will you be wearing to turn me on?"

"My navy-blue linen suit and a white shirt."

"Mmm, nice, will you be bothering with underwear?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

"I don't."

"How about you?"

"I'll leave my panties in the drawer if the thought turns you on."

"It does."

"Good, so were agreed, you do realise that I'll be making it my business to embarrass you by ensuring that you get a huge erection at the most inconvenient moment?"

"I wouldn't have expected any less."

"There's only one problem."

"What's that?"

"How am I going to know whether it's me that's given you an erection? You might take one look at Hazel and stay hard all night."

"Well, if I do, you'll have to thank her for providing the means for satisfying your needs tonight."

"Mmmm, how would you like me to thank her?"

Bev's teasing had Alex so aroused that his cock felt like it was going to burst.

"By letting her kiss your shaved pussy."

"Naughty boy, you know that's only going to happen in your dreams."

"So you keep saying but I'm not so sure."

"Fantasy and reality remember? Don't get any ideas lover boy. You'll be disappointed."

The pub was beginning to fill up when they arrived just after eight o'clock. Hazel and Martin hadn't arrived, so Bev found a table for four just across from the bar while Alex got their drinks. They sat facing the bar with the entrance to the pub to their left. Alex was thirsty; he was soon half way through his first pint. He put his left hand on Bev's right thigh and felt for her suspender clip through the soft leather material of her skirt.

A few minutes later, Hazel came through the door and caused quite a stir; Martin followed behind her. Several friends and acquaintances standing at the bar made a fuss about how good she looked; two or three men glanced covertly at her magnificent breasts and her shapely arse swathed in her tight red pencil skirt. Bev looked at Alex, he hadn't taken his eyes off her friend since she'd entered the pub.

"Whoa, down boy, she's off limits remember."

"I'm just making mental notes for our fantasy later."

Alex thought that Hazel looked 'fucking gorgeous' as she caught his eye, smiled broadly and swayed her hips sexily through the crowded bar to join him and Bev at their table. Her new tight, knee length, red pencil skirt, black fine knit polo neck jumper and black stilettos and stockings looked stunning on her.

Hazel leaned over the table and planted her soft plush lips on Bev's mouth, then she turned her attention to Alex and treated him to the same warm greeting. Alex's cock had been flush with excitement at the thought of his wife's stockings but now it started seriously to harden at the sight of Hazel. Her skirt rode up above her black stockinged knees as she sat down opposite him. Hazel's blue eyes sparkled as she looked from Bev to him and back to Bev.

He felt his wife squeeze his hand under the table, a sure sign that she was sexually aroused by her best friend. Bev had no reason to deny it now, not even to herself as she had done for years. It was no longer a question of whether she was turned on by her friend, the answer was clear enough to her; it was now all about keeping those lustful feelings in a box labelled 'fantasies' and keeping the lid firmly shut.

Martin was queuing at the bar, and he checked with Alex and Bev what they were drinking before turning back to catch the barman's eye.

"So, how are you two tonight?"

"Good thanks darling, all the better for seeing you, you look gorgeous. I see you took my advice with the skirt."

"Do you like it? I showed it to Alex the other night when you sent him round for flour and I asked him if he'd fancy me in it."

"I hope he had the decency to say yes," teased Bev, "mind you, I think he'll have to join the queue; you've got a lot of admirers in here tonight. That nice looking young man at the end of the bar keeps looking at you."

"Let him look, I'm here with my boyfriend tonight aren't I Alex?"

The two women chuckled at Alex's expense, he loved it, he knew that their good natured teasing was a sign of affection.

Martin had managed to get served at the bar and had just realised that he hadn't asked his wife what she wanted to drink. He called to her, and she turned in her seat so that her right arm was over the backrest and her supple torso and pelvis were twisted around. Her skirt pulled taut across her thighs and revealed a suspender clip on the top of each one and one more on the side of her left thigh as she crossed her left leg over her right leg for comfort. Her breasts strained against the tight black fine knitted top and emphasised her flat stomach.

Bev and Alex both felt a surge of lust at the enticing sight before their eyes. He squeezed her thigh under the table, and she leaned across, put her right hand on his hard cock and whispered in his ear.

"Yes, I know darling, she's turning me on too, but I only get to screw her in your fantasies, nowhere else right?"

Hazel was still turned in her seat clarifying what it was that she wanted to drink.

"My God, you're hard and it's all Hazel's doing, isn't it?"

"Not all, you're a very tempting little piece of skirt yourself; I'm a very lucky man."

"Well, your luck will run out if you try to get up now with this enormous shaft poking through your trousers, you'd be arrested for outraging public decency," whispered Bev as Hazel turned back to face them and she quickly released her hold on Alex's cock. She wasn't quite quick enough.

"Mmmm, naughty girl Bev, what have you got under the table? Is it something you want to share?"

"There's definitely enough for both of us darling."

"Mmm, Yes, you've always hinted that he doesn't come up short in that department, but you know what they say, 'seeing is believing.'"

"Would you like me to arrange a viewing for you sometime madam?"

"Yes please, will I be able to see it fully extended?"

"Yes, I'll give you the instructions and you can erect it yourself."

"God Bev, stop it, you're really turning me on."

"I'd hoped that I was."

They looked into each other's eyes for several seconds, and world of meaning seemed to pass between them until Alex saw Martin about to return from the bar.

"Good grief, what would you two say if two men spoke like that in front of a woman?"

That was enough to break the spell. Both women dissolved into fits of laughter as Martin arrived with the drinks. Alex was still as hard as iron, he thought he'd detected a serious edge to Bev and Hazel's banter. Perhaps he was wrong, perhaps it was all just in fun, but he'd never before seen them so unsmiling or heard them be so specific. It seemed like more than just their usual humorous innuendo, there had been a sultry tone to their voices and a lustful look in their eyes.

Bev was grateful that Martin's arrival had rescued her. She'd felt that she was in danger of losing it and making a suggestion to Hazel that she would have regretted later. Hazel's pulse took a while to return to normal, she'd never been so aroused in the company of Bev and Alex before. Catching her best friend with her hand on her husband's erect cock was beyond erotic and her pussy danced in a pool of lust.

It was music night, and by nine thirty the DJ was in full swing, the friends had had three rounds of drinks and Alex got up and danced with Bev and Hazel; Martin had a headache and didn't want to join in.

After a sit down and another round of drinks, they were back on the dance floor, it was ten thirty by this time and the DJ slowed things down a little with 'Sylvia's Mother' by Dr Hook and the Medicine Show. Hazel went to sit down but she didn't take her eyes off Alex and Bev as they danced closely and sensually. Bev ground her pussy into Alex's cock and he quickly became hard. Hazel looked on enviously, and as the number drew to a close, she was on her feet and squeezing past couples on the dance floor. The first bars of 'Wonderful Tonight' by Eric Clapton played as Hazel tapped Bev on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, would you mind if I had a slow dance with your husband?"

"Be my guest," Bev replied with a sly grin.

Alex looked embarrassed but Hazel leant into him and embraced him, they started to sway together, she pulled him in closer.

"Oh my God Alex! ...Your wife's a very naughty lady, she must have known that I'd be able to feel that."

"I'm sure it was quite deliberate, she knows I'm not wearing underpants."

"My God, have you got a license for that thing? It's not getting any smaller, you'd better walk closely behind me back to the table when this song has finished."

They moved gradually to the far side of the dance floor so that they couldn't easily be seen by Bev and Martin from the table at which they were sitting. They swayed intimately together, both enjoying the feeling of his erect cock pressing into her thigh; he could feel the heat of her pussy on his thigh. It was electric, they almost trembled with desire for each other. They'd slow danced together previously but never like this. They would normally have only been touching at the waist and shoulders.

"At least you know the answer to your question now."

"What question?"

"Whether I'd fancy you in your new skirt."

The number finished and they looked sheepishly at each other, they'd had plenty to drink but they knew that they'd crossed a line and been inappropriately sexually intimate with each other. Hazel took his hand and led him off the small but crowded dance floor.

"Stay close to me, we don't want you scaring anyone with that monster."

As she swayed her sexy hips between the dancing couples, someone stepped in front of her and she had to stop dead. Alex didn't realise that she had stopped, and he bumped into her accidentally pressing her knuckles into his erect cock. He heard her sigh and felt the very faintest of strokes on his penis from the back of her hand before she set off again and put some space between them both.

Still feeling guilty and sheepish, Alex waited for his erection to die down then went to the bar to order a last round of drinks. Martin went to the toilet and Hazel sat down opposite her friend.

"You sly bitch, you knew what you were letting me in for."

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist pressing yourself against him, you dirty cow. Impressive isn't he."

"I'll say, look Bev, I'll be honest, I almost forgot myself out there but things didn't get out of hand, they might have done though if I'd had a couple more drinks."

"Was that supposed to reassure me?"

"No, not really, but don't forget you deliberately set me up, you might not have known that I was going to cut in but you did nothing to stop me when I did."

"I thought it might give you a thrill, Martin's hardly the life and soul tonight is he?"

"You can say that again, but be careful, the next time you throw your husband at me, you might not get him back."

"Is that a promise?"

"Do you want it to be?"

"No, probably not, as long as you return him in good condition, I won't mind."

They looked searchingly at each other for a moment, trying to work out whether either of them were being as serious as they sounded. Bev could feel the sex play between them getting out of control, but she was turned on and she knew she was turning her friend on. The drink was making her feel uninhibited, it was taking her to places that she had previously told herself were out of bounds. The wall that she had carefully constructed between fantasy and reality was being removed, brick by brick.

Hazel's twenty-one-year-old daughter Joanne arrived on the scene and came to Bev's rescue. She looked utterly radiant in a tight, mid-blue dress and heels, with shiny hair and mesmerising blue eyes. She was a younger version of her mother, all perfect breasts, arse and waistline; Bev had never seen her look so sexy and desirable."

"Hello mother I hope you're not getting drunk tonight."

"Oh stop it. You're being so self righteous just because you've gone teetotal."

"How are you Bev? You're looking very lovely tonight."

"Why thank you Jo, you look very nice yourself."

"Give the mutual admiration society a rest you two, you didn't tell me that I look nice."

"Well you're not my ex form teacher who I had a massive crush on are you?" Bev's pussy spasmed, "but I must confess, you do look especially sexy tonight though mother."

"Too late now, that should have been the first thing you said. Are you off home now? Your dad's here."

Bev couldn't take her eyes off the lovely young woman.

"Yes, I just saw him on the way to the toilet, he said he'd got a headache. I don't fancy your chances of getting laid tonight mother.

"I beg your pardon madam, don't be so inappropriate about your parents."

"See you soon mother, bye Bev keep her in order won't you?" She winked at Bev and turned to talk to Alex at the bar.

"No sign of a new fella yet?" Asked Bev.

"No, I'm not sure that's the direction she's going in, she more or less told me this morning that she's thinking of asking a female work colleague out; reckons she's always felt that she's bisexual."

Another flurry of arousal swept through Bev's pussy.

"Wow, lucky woman."

"Who?"

"Her work colleague of course."

Hazel looked uncertain.

"I'm pulling your leg," lied Bev, "anyway, how do you feel about it? Can you see the attraction of a sexual relationship with a woman? I mean can you see the benefits?"

"Well it's not exactly what I'd hoped to hear, but as long as she's happy. At least she's already given me a granddaughter."

"And you."

"Me?"

"Does the idea have any appeal for you."

"What a woman."

Bev nodded, she knew that she was being deliberately ambiguous, trying to draw her friend out on a topic that had recently become very close to her heart, or at least her pussy.

"Well at least I might get a good seeing to now and then."

"Martin's not..."

"No, not for a long while no."

Bev put her hand on her friend's right knee sending tingle along her thigh and into her vagina.

"I don't know what to say darling, I'd die without sex. Have you tried counselling?"

"There's no way he'd agree to that... I don't want to have an affair but..."

"If you decide to go down that route, make sure I'm the first person you come to."

"Oh you're such a good friend, you always lift my mood with your humour."

Bev smiled a kind smile and resisted the temptation to tell her friend that she was being serious.

Joanne was still talking to Alex at the bar. Bev looked at them both then turned her eyes on Hazel and her pussy tingled. The three people in the world that she most wanted to fuck were within a few feet of her. If her pussy had actually been a cat, it would have been purring to its hearts content at the moment. The drink was going to her head and she knew that another one was on the way. The pub would close in thirty minutes and she hung on to the hope that she'd be able to clear her head a little in the fresh air on the walk home.

It was an unusually warm evening for early October, the four friends walked home laughing and joking. Alex and Martin walked a few paces behind their wives, so that Alex could enjoy the scenery. The women sauntered sexily in their heels and tight skirts, often leaning on each other in a pretence that they needed support. Alex's cock started the journey back in a soft dangle, but soon began to solidify into a semi drooping appendage; not yet half erect but definitely stirred into action.

As they approached the corner where the two couples would normally go their separate ways, Bev began to feel that she'd had a lucky escape from her flirtation with the boundary between fantasy and reality. She'd had probably the most sensual night out that she could remember and she'd been very close to suggesting a threesome to Hazel, or even a private encounter with her. She looked up into the clear night sky and thanked her lucky stars that the drink had not left her full of embarrassment and remorse at what she was certain would have been Hazel's humiliating and indignant rejection.

As she basked in the relief that she felt, and she looked forward to telling Alex to include Hazel and Joanne in his fantasies, she heard him declare that the night was young and ask their friends if they'd like to come in for a brandy, or a coffee, or both.

She held her breath hoping that they'd say no, or at least if they said yes, that they'd both be there.

"Thanks for the offer mate but I've had a stinking headache all night, I think I'll turn in if you don't mind."

"Oh Martin, come on, we've had such a good night, let's make it last a bit longer."

"I'm sorry H, you go and enjoy yourself, I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight you two, throw her out if she misbehaves or overstays her welcome."

"Okay, goodnight Martin, I hope you feel better in the morning."

Bev's pulse quickened, this was just the scenario that she was afraid of, she knew that Alex would be delighted with this turn of events, she could imagine his cock hardening with every step toward their front door with Hazel now by his side.

When they'd got inside and Alex had gone into the kitchen to put the kettle on, Bev left Hazel in the lounge for a moment while she made sure that her husband had a very clear understanding about fantasy and reality.

"Don't even think about it lover boy, you've had your fun with her tonight and that's your lot. Just make her a coffee and we'll wind down for half an hour then you'll walk her home, and I'll be timing you."

Then as an incentive she said, "The sooner she leaves, the sooner we can get to bed and you can tell me how much you'd like to fuck her."

"Take it easy darling, what are you frightened of?"

They both knew that her resolve about the line between fantasy and reality had taken a beating, and she wanted to avoid the erotic temptation that Hazel had become.

Bev joined Hazel in the lounge and sat on the four seat sofa with her. Alex brought the coffee in and sat opposite on the three seater.

"Hazel, how about a small brandy while we wait for the coffee to brew?"

"Oh I'd love one Alex, thank you."

Bev watched another brick topple from the wall.

"Are you joining us Bev?"

"Just a small one darling," she said as another brick disappeared.

They sat drinking coffee and brandy and eating home made cake for fifteen minutes or so. Alex felt elated, his sexy wife and her sexy friend were sitting opposite him in tight skirts, heels and stockings. He knew that Hazel had eschewed her hold ups for normal stockings because he'd been able to feel her suspender straps, while he had his hands on her buttocks, when they were dancing.

Although the conversation had so far lacked innuendo, and the incident on the dance floor hadn't been mentioned, he sensed that this might be his best opportunity to get them both into bed. He struck while the iron was hot and suggested a game of cards. Hazel loved playing games and had often been the driving force behind games nights with friends in the past.

"How about a few hands of gin rummy girls?"

"Yes, great idea Alex, I'll beat the pants off you."

She suddenly realised what she had said and they all laughed.

"They're already off remember?" chuckled Alex.

"Oh God yes, Bev you're so naughty."

Bev thought that she might as well join in the spirit of the evening, more bricks tumbled.

"Me? You were hardly 'Miss Goody Two Shoes' when you felt him against your thigh; I'm surprised you didn't look for somewhere to hide it."

They laughed again, more bricks fell away.

"Oh God Bev, stop it, you're making me all hot and bothered," said Hazel.

It was all going in the right direction as far as Alex was concerned. He began to think that he would get lucky. Bev sipped her brandy and tried to repair the damage to her wall between fantasy and reality. She resolved to resist the sexy package of temptation sitting next to her. A few hands of cards, and she'd yawn and say she was ready for bed, Hazel would leave and she'd be safe from herself again.

Bev won the first hand, Hazel won the second and third, and Alex won the fourth. Bev was about to announce that the next hand would be the last when Alex beat her to it.

"Okay, one more hand ladies but well make it interesting this time. The two losers will have to make a forfeit, and the winner will decide what it will be."

Bev wondered what he was up to, but didn't want to appear like a wet blanket in front of her friend who was clearly enjoying herself. Bricks began tumbling again.

"What kind of forfeit Alex?" Asked Hazel.

"Any kind as long as it's physically possible and doable here in this room tonight, but we have to agree now that if we lose, we'll carry out the forfeit, it's no fun if anyone backs out."

Alex had been surreptitiously removing cards from the pack as he spoke.

"Okay but then it's bedtime Alex," said Bev, before realising what she had said.

"Ooh, lucky girl Bev, do you want me to go now?"

"No of course not, you know what I meant."

Bev felt for her friend, she was having fun joining in with the sexualised banter but Bev wondered when she'd last had an orgasm.

Alex dealt the cards and slyly added the hidden cards to his hand. The game got under way and Alex had it won in no time.

"Ha, excellent, do you want to know your fate?"

"Oh go on then, put us out of our misery," said Bev in mock suspense.

"You have to kiss each other."

"What?" I see your dirty mind's been working overtime," said Bev.

"Yes, you heard me right, you agreed to make a forfeit if you lost, and the forfeit is that you have to kiss each other."

Hazel hadn't spoken yet but Alex could see her breasts heaving slightly.

"Okay, come on H, lets get it over with."

Bev turned to her friend and kissed her lightly on her cheek.

"No, no, no, you have to actually kiss each other, on the lips."

"I don't mind Bev, just a kiss on the lips and we've made our forfeit."

"Okay then, said Bev," still intending to thwart Alex's ploy.

This time they their lips made contact, and Bev felt the soft red cushion of her friends mouth in tender contact with her own for half a second. The wall stated to topple.

"Do you really think you're going to get away with that?"

Hazel took a large sip of her brandy and looked nervous.

"Look you said a kiss on the lips and that's what we've done."

"No Bev, I meant a proper kiss and you know it. Okay, let's be more specific, you have to kiss each other passionately on the lips for thirty seconds; a proper snog."

"Five seconds," said Bev.

"Twenty," said Alex.

"Ten"

"Fifteen."

"Okay, fifteen seconds if it'll make you happy."

Alex was definitely happy, Hazel watched his cock bulge in his trousers and turned her face toward her friend. Bev turned to face Hazel and they reached for each other's hands.

"Let's do it for him Bev, I'm not so repulsive that you can't bear to kiss me am I? It's just a kiss, that's all he wants."

"No darling, you're the opposite of repulsive and that's the problem."

Their knees touched and they clasped their hands together, then Bev reached up with her left hand and stroked her friend's cheek. Alex squeezed his erect cock as he watched the absorbing erotic scene in front of him. Bev's left hand rested on Hazel's neck, she leaned towards her as she gently pulled her in, so that their lips met in a soft sensual kiss that lasted for several seconds. Their lips parted for a moment then met again; the wall was demolished.

They held each other's faces and kissed so tenderly as Alex looked on spellbound. After a while, they started to kiss ardently, their tongues probing each other's lips and teeth. Then they took each other in a full embrace and pushed their tongues into each other's mouths, their heads moving from side to side as they kissed passionately. The passion gave way to raw sexual desire as they went at each other's mouths enthusiastically.

Still kissing with an impassioned urgency, they gradually started lean to the side as Bev slowly eased her friend down onto her back. Their lips broke contact for a moment, so that Hazel could make herself comfortable and Bev could lie across her, then they resumed their steamy, sensational kiss while running their hands over each other's shoulders and arms.

By now, Alex had unbuttoned the waistband of his trousers, unzipped the fly and was sitting with his rock hard cock in his right hand. He squeezed it but he daren't stroke it for fear of coming too soon while he watched the most intensely erotic love making that he'd ever seen.

The amorous girlfriends were now stretched out along the sofa; a tangle of high heeled, black stockinged legs at one end, eager breathless kissing and breasts pressing together at the other end, and tight skirts with pussy mounds grinding into thighs in the middle.

Bev ran her right hand over her lover's breasts, and down to her midriff where she slipped it inside the black polo necked jumper. Hazel gave a muffled moan of satisfaction as her friend massaged her left breast and squeezed its nipple. She put one hand behind Bev's head, and the other on her shapely buttocks, and drew her leather skirted hip into her mound; they were still kissing as though their lives depended on it.

Bev could feel the warmth from Hazel's pussy as she ground her right hip into her pubic bone and continued to massage her breasts. They kissed and kissed, slowly grinding their bodies into each other, never for a moment letting their sexual energy drop. They squeezed each other's breasts, ran fingers through each other's hair and gripped each other's thighs and buttocks in a never ending cycle of fervent fondling. Alex looked on with envy, his wife often made love to him with intensity, but this seemed to be on another level.

The never ending kiss went on and on. Alex looked at his watch on the coffee table, he'd placed it there to time fifteen seconds, that was fifteen minutes ago. The two women were now so highly aroused that the next step was inevitable. In their tight skirts, it was going to be difficult to get their hands on each other's pussies. So, still kissing enthusiastically, Bev eased Hazel far enough onto her right side, so that she could get the fingers of her right hand on to the clasp and zip at the back of

her skirt. She struggled with the clasp as they continued to kiss. Hazel reached behind and helped her with it, then Bev pulled the zip down.

They both breathed little moans of pleasure into each other's mouths as Bev eased onto her left side, so that she could get her right hand under the waistband at the front of Hazel's skirt. Alex was breathing raggedly as he watched his wife's hand disappear underneath the slackened red material. Bev made a half hearted attempt at unfastening the button and zip at the back of Bev's tight black leather skirt, but she couldn't undo it. Bev made a muffled noise that seemed to tell Hazel to lie back and let her move her hand down between her legs.

Alex watched as the mound made by his wife's hand made its way down under the front of Hazel's skirt towards her pussy. Bev slid her fingers under the waistband of her lover's skimpy panties and tangled them in her lush pubic hair.

Bev hadn't had time to think of the consequences of what was happening. When their lips had met she knew immediately that her desire to fuck her best friend was going to become a reality. In a last desperate attempt to stay in control, she'd started to count to fifteen but she didn't even get as far as five. The kiss was spectacular, it was mind blowing, Hazel's soft warm lips welcomed hers and she knew in that instant that she'd never been kissed so sensually or so erotically by anyone. She'd been swept away on Hazel's kiss and she didn't want it to end.

When Alex had announced the forfeit, Hazel's heart had skipped a beat. After an evening of increasingly sexually intimate flirting in the pub, she'd come home with her friends in the hope that something inappropriate would happen. She'd even allowed herself to hope that she'd end up in bed with them both, but she'd been a little afraid of the prospect and had felt out of her depth until the brandy had started to loosen her inhibitions once more.

In fact, the brandy had given her the courage to say to Bev that she didn't mind carrying out the forfeit by kissing her. The kiss was breathtakingly beautiful and utterly thrilling, it was tender, erotic and voluptuous all at once. Now, here she was with her best friend's hand inside the waistband of her skirt, inside her panties, her fingers tangled in her bush. She willed Bev to slide her hand further down onto the wet gash of her tingling cunt. She wasn't disappointed.

They kissed vigorously now as Bev's fingers reached Hazel's clitoris and she gave a snort of ecstasy. Breathing rapidly through her nose and squealing into Bev's mouth, Hazel's back arched and her pelvis lifted off the sofa. Bev circled her clit several times with an expert touch then slid her fingers along the slick valley between her swollen labia and into her hungry cunt. She probed Hazel's cunt walls and found her 'g-spot' just inside the roof of her vagina. At last they broke their kiss and Hazel threw her head back.

She grunted and gasped as her first orgasm in over a year, and her first at the hands of a woman, started to rise from somewhere deep inside. A feeling of elation swept through her pussy and inner thighs. Bev brought her to a thundering climax then stroked her pussy softly as her thrusting pelvis subsided and she gave a long contented sigh.

It had all been too much for Alex, as Hazel began to come, he leaned forward and shot strands of semen onto the coffee table for the second night in succession. One strand cleared the table completely and landed on Hazels' skirt close to the hem.

Still lying along Hazel's right flank, Bev smiled at her friend and kissed her on the forehead. But Hazel looked troubled.

"Let me up please Bev."

Bev sat up straight and Hazel suddenly stood up and started to fumble with the zip to her skirt.

"I've got to go, I'm sorry Bev, I've got to go."

"What's wrong darling?"

"It's too much, I got completely carried away, but I've got to go, I'm really sorry."

"You've nothing to apologise for, that was the most beautiful thing ever, and I'll never forget that kiss as long as I live."

"I'm sorry but I can't handle it just now, I feel overwhelmed, let me go home please."

"Okay, if that's what you want, but at least let me sponge Alex's come off your skirt."

"No, no it's okay," said Hazel as she wiped it off with a tissue, "I'll sort it when I get home."

"Alex, walk Hazel home please."

"No, it's alright, I'll be okay, I just need to clear my head, I'm sorry if you're disappointed Alex, and you Bev. I feel awful leaving you both frustrated, but I hope you understand, I feel so guilty about what has happened tonight and, well I don't know what else I feel, I must go."

"At least let me see you out darling."

Bev accompanied her friend to the front door and gave her a hug as she was about to set off home.

"I'm sorry if I've done anything to upset you," said Bev.

"No, don't think that, it's not that, you've been..."

A tear came to Hazel's eye.

"Don't worry darling, you know you can talk to me any time about this."

"I know Bev, you're a lovely friend and normally I'd have no problem talking to you, but you're part of what I can't handle at the moment. Please don't try to get in touch with me, I need some time and space. Promise me you won't try to get in touch."

"Okay, I promise, but please come and see me when you're ready to talk."

With that, Hazel rushed off on her high heels, and Bev tried to work out what was troubling her. But, she also had a more urgent need to attend to.

"What was wrong, did she say?"

"No, but I'm guessing that what we've just done was so emotionally overpowering that she can't handle it at the moment, and she's probably feeling guilty about being unfaithful to Martin. For all of her fun loving flirty personality, I know that she's never slept with anyone else. Put yourself in her shoes, she's never been fucked by a woman before, and if that's not enough to unsettle her, that woman in question was me, her best friend for the past twenty five years. She's starved of sex at home, she was probably contemplating committing adultery with you, and she's just had a mind

shattering orgasm that she clearly enjoyed enormously, but now she'll also be feeling guilty about that."

"I should never have suggested that you kiss each other as a forfeit."

"Don't blame yourself, we were all so turned on that something like that was bound to happen, it's not your fault. You could just as easily blame me, to be honest, I wanted her tonight the moment I laid eyes on her. I know her, she'll come round in her own time, we've just got to be patient. What's more important at the moment though is that I'm still very aroused so you're coming upstairs with me.

I'd never have thought it possible for two people to stay locked together in a kiss for such a long time, it was so fucking erotic, what was it like?"

"Like warm honey. Come on lover boy, no fantasies now, just think of that kiss, you'll be hard again in no time and ready to fuck my brains out."

Bev heard nothing from her friend during the following week. She knew that she would eventually, but she just needed to bide her time. What happened between them had been seismic and it was no wonder that Hazel had been so affected by it. It would have been momentous enough for her to have let Alex fuck her, but for it to have been Bev that made her come was beyond unexpected.

Hazel had been putting two and two together and it had all become very clear with hindsight. From the moment she had sat down opposite her friend in the pub on Saturday night, Hazel had sensed an attentiveness and interest in her that she'd never felt before. She'd caught Bev with her hand on Alex's erection, and then Bev had obviously known that she was going to press up against his erection on the dance floor.

Bev had seemed to be trying to set her up with Alex, it had been wrapped up in innuendo, but she'd more or less let her know that she wouldn't mind if she slept with him. Then she'd asked her whether she could see any benefits in a relationship with a woman, and she'd pretended to be joking when she'd told Hazel that if she was looking for an affair, she should look no further than her.

Hazel had been deeply unsettled by her intimacy with Bev and the knowledge that Alex had watched her come so spectacularly. She had felt ashamed and guilty, particularly toward Martin. But as the week wore on, she began to see things in a different light. The sky hadn't fallen in, there was still no prospect whatsoever that Martin would ever make love to her again, and two attractive people that she loved and admired had obviously found her sexy and attractive enough to want to seduce her.

Was it so bad that she'd carried out a sex act with a woman? She'd found Bev utterly irresistible on Saturday night and it wasn't all down to drink. The kiss was incredible, she laid in bed listening to Martin snore, and feeling the wetness between her legs as she relived it, she wondered if she'd get the chance to kiss her like that again.

The world was changing, her own daughter had had the courage to tell her that she was into women, so why should she feel so bad about her new found sexual desire for Bev? There were still more questions than answers, but at least she was working through them and no longer feeling

overwhelmed. In a few more days, she thought that she'd be able to talk to Bev about what had happened between them, and what it might mean for their future relationship.

Then there was Alex, if there was a man anywhere in the world that she wanted to fuck her it was Alex. It always had been, years of flirting with him, dreaming about him in bed when she was being fucked by Martin, imagining him inside her, watching his easy male sexuality at barbecues, dinner parties, and other social events.

The broad shoulders, the lean buttocks, the hungry look in his eye when she'd held her new skirt against her and asked him if he'd fancy her in it. The way he looked at her when he'd laid eyes on her in the pub on Saturday, and oh, that dance with his large erect cock pressing into her thigh, and his hands on her buttocks; she'd felt as though she'd died and gone to heaven.

For his part, Alex kept replaying the Kiss in his mind like a video; morning, noon and night. He thought about the come stain that he'd shot onto Hazel's skirt. He wanted even more desperately to get the chance to fuck her now. One door had opened with his wife's fall from fantasy into reality, but another had closed with Hazel's reaction to their sublime love making. He hoped it would only be a temporary set back now that Bev was willing to take another woman into their bed.

Bev wasn't knocked out her stride for long by Hazel's reaction to being kissed and fucked by her. She came home from work early on Monday evening, and used her vibrator to pleasure herself as she recalled the kiss with Hazel in all its detail. She even used it again on Wednesday morning and almost made herself late for school.

On Wednesday evening, she told Alex that she wanted him to tell her a fantasy that involved Hazel's twenty-one-year-old daughter, Joanne. He didn't disappoint her once they were beneath the quilt.

"So, you told me that Joanne said on Saturday night that she'd had a crush on you."

"A massive crush, I think she said," Bev gloated in jest.

"Okay, a massive crush. I also remember the time that you came home when you'd made her cry because she wasn't fulfilling her potential and was just coasting through lessons. What was that? Three years or so ago?"

"Yes, she was eighteen."

"Right, well imagine her as your eighteen year old student again. I can remember her waiting at the bus stop in a black jumper, and a little pleated white skirt just above her knees with black stockings and a pair of low heels. She looked really foxy, she used to give me a smile as I drove past. She was so sexy, and very well put together, and she exuded an air of innocence but I'm not sure that she was."

"I know what you mean, but she definitely wasn't innocent, she was fucking Luke even then."

"Well maybe one day, she sneaks back into your classroom during morning break and she finds you tidying the storeroom at the back of your classroom. You're wearing that long black skirt that you used to wear. It's snug round your hips and flares out in heavy folds down to just above your ankles. You're also wearing your red jumper over that cream blouse with the big collar, and you're in black hold ups and three inch black heels."

"Mmmm, I almost fancy myself."

"Well she certainly fancies you, it's the day after you made her cry and her crush on you is out of control. You sense a presence behind you, and you turn around and she's right there, very close to you. You ask her what she's doing in the classroom at break and you remind her that she should be in the sixth form lounge."

"She always was a rebel, I used to imagine putting her over my knee."

"God you've just made me hard. Anyway, she's so close to you, you can tell that she's a couple of inches taller than you now and you feel strangely intimidated but also turned on by her blend of innocence and tantalising allure."

"Mmmmm, I like this."

"She likes you but in a scary way. She tells you that she needed to speak to you to apologise for acting like a little cow yesterday, and she's so sorry. You thank her and tell her that her apology is accepted, then you remind her that it's not appropriate for you to be alone with each other in the storeroom. She asks 'why not Miss' in an innocent little voice, and you're flustered so you just say 'because it isn't.' She says 'Is it because something like this might happen?' and she pushes you against a shelf and kisses you while she squeezes your breasts. You secretly hoped that she'd force herself on you and you don't try to resist."

"Oh fuck, you know which buttons to press."

"She stops kissing you and takes hold of your right hand, lifts her skirt and pushes your fingers inside her little white cotton panties."

"Oh fuck Alex, you've got me, I'm going to come if you carry on like this."

"Her pussy is warm and wet, she uses your fingers to massage herself and pushes you against the shelves again. Then she tells you that she's always wanted to feel your hand inside her panties. You don't try to stop her when she pushes her hand inside the waistband of your skirt and reaches down to slip her fingers inside your panties and onto your pussy."

"Oh Alex, this is amazing, I want her to fuck me, she turned me on so much on Saturday night, I want her to take me against a wall with her hand inside my panties."

"She tells you to put your fingers inside her cunt and she does the same to you. Very soon, you're frigging each other off with your fingers and panting and groaning with pleasure."

"Jesus, oh God keep going please."

"She tells you that you're going to come first and you try to hold out but she's right, you do come first, moaning her name into her neck as you collapse onto her. But she's not finished with you, she sweeps a pile of papers off a table top and pushes you onto your back. Then she climbs onto the table and straddles your face."

"Oh God, I'm commmmminnnngggg."

"She puts a hand around the back of your head, pulls her little white cotton panties to one side and face fucks you until she comes hard."

"Oh fuck Alex, that was wonderful, you've got such a vivid and filthy imagination. You must be as hard as iron by now, put it inside me and fuck me please."

Alex continues to massage Bev's 'g-spot.'

"She gets off the table and lets you get up, you both rush to get your clothes straightened up. Just as the bell rings, she reaches up under your flared black skirt, pulls down your panties and tells you that she's keeping them because she loves you and she wants something to masturbate with while she dreams of fucking you."

"Oh God you're a dirty bastard and I love it, I'm going to come again, fuck."

"You watch her white pleated short skirt sway with the movement of her hips as she leaves the classroom. Her gorgeous legs on her little heels are the last thing you see as she disappears into the corridor just before your next class starts to queue at the door."

"Fuck me now Alex, I'm going to come, fuck me please you bastard."

There were more fantasies on Saturday night, Joanne featured again as did Bev's sports teacher colleague and her line manager's wife. Sunday was a quiet day, they were curled up together on the sofa watching a film on tv in the afternoon when the phone rang. Alex answered it.

"Oh hi there gorgeous, is your lovely wife in?"

"Hi Hazel, lovely to hear from you, she's right next to me, I'll pass the phone to her."

"Hello H, how are you darling?"

"Better, much better, Martin's out golfing so I've taken the opportunity to ring you, I need to talk to you but I want it to be face to face; somewhere neutral and fairly private."

"Okay, tell me where and when and I'll be there."

"You know the Hilton on the edge of town, on that business park opposite the Showcase cinema?"

"Er, oh yes, I know where you mean."

"Can you meet me in the lounge there on Tuesday after school? We can get a coffee and have a quiet chat, I'm sure we won't run into anyone we know, it's usually full of business people from elsewhere. Joanne sometimes uses it to meet clients but she's in Northampton on Tuesday."

"Yes, good, I can be there for about four fifteen."

"Make it four thirty, I've got to get through the city centre don't forget."

"Yes, okay. See you on Tuesday."

"Yes, and Bev?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you for being so understanding."

"You're worth it my darling."

Bev got to the hotel at just after four fifteen and ordered a coffee. She wore a smart grey fitted skirt suit so that she'd fit in with the rest of the clientele. The skirt was knee length, but rode up nicely to show a glimpse of sexy thigh when she sat down, her stockings were beige and her heels were black. A good looking young waiter of south Asian heritage brought her coffee over to her table and she gave him a seductive smile then watched his tight little buttocks as he made his way back to the bar.

She watched Hazel as she came through the main entrance into the lobby ten minutes later. She was wearing a beige Burberry mackintosh over a pale green blouse and a tight dark green pencil skirt that Bev hadn't seen her in before. They smiled and waved to each other when Hazel spotted Bev in the distance. Bev's pussy tingled as she watched her friend sashay sexily on high heels to where she was sitting.

She got up and they greeted each other with a lingering embrace and a warm kiss on the lips.

"Oh it's so good to see you darling, I've been worried about you."

She caught the barman's eye and gestured for another coffee.

"Hazel took her coat off and sat down next to her on a two seater leather settee, they settled themselves and crossed their legs, both showing shapely stockinged thigh to the waiter when he brought the coffee over. They both watched him walk back to the bar.

"Mmm, I'd have no trouble amusing myself with that," said Hazel.

"He is a bit yummy isn't he? Do you think if we booked a room that he'd let two mature ladies fuck his brains out?"

"Naughty girl, I don't know what's come over you lately."

"I think that's one of the things we're here to talk about isn't it?"

"Yes, and my embarrassing behaviour at your house the other night."

"No, okay, I understand that you might have felt embarrassed but there was no need for you to, really."

"But what must Alex think of me? Coming with such wild abandon, then rushing off before he got so much as a kiss out of me. I think we can be honest with each other now after what happened between us, don't you?"

"Yes, completely."

"When he asked us in for a coffee, I was...well, I was slightly drunk to be honest, but that's no excuse, I was hoping that it might lead to some more flirting and maybe even a grope, like I say, I'd had a drink or two. You'd both got me so turned on, I imagined we'd all end up in bed, it was a thrilling prospect but it was a fantasy really, I didn't expect it to happen. You know that Martin hasn't...well, I was yearning for attention and a bit of affection, well to be honest, it was more than that, I was desperate to be fucked."

"It's alright, let me explain something to you then it'll help you put that night into context. We both need to understand what happened and why."

"Okay."

"Alex and I have had a bit of a reawakening since Ben and Sophie went off to university. I started it really, we had the house all to ourselves for the first time in years and I felt reinvigorated, I just wanted sex all of the time."

"Lucky Alex."

"We made love in every room in the house in those first few days, just because we could. Then I asked him to tell me some dirty stories, he's very, very good at it. He murmurs into my ear in a seductive tone while he plays with me. In the first fantasy he came up with, he very cleverly had me being made to come by a woman."

"Mmmm, now that I know what that feels like, I'm not as shocked as I might have been."

"I have to admit that it was very erotic, I didn't really see it coming, then, before I knew it, I was confessing to being curious, well more than curious, I was telling him that I liked the thought of going to bed with a woman and I did, I really did, it was a revelation. That's when you became quite a regular feature, he made up a scenario not unlike what happened the other night. In fact, you were our hottest fantasy, and he came up with lots of others I can tell you."

"I'm flattered...no really."

"We we're exploring our mature mid forties sexuality, and we found that it was much more kinky and depraved than it was in our mid twenties. I could tell that he wanted me to invite you into a threesome with us. I kept explaining that it was never going to happen, it was a very erotic fantasy but it could never be a reality, too many hard to control real world consequences. But he was very clever at keeping the idea alive without directly pressuring me."

"My God, I had no idea that you both felt that way about me."

"Why would you. Neither of us had seen you for about five weeks then I bumped into you in the shop on the Wednesday afternoon, but I couldn't see just how good you looked because you were wearing that horrible baggy old coat, but Alex was raving about you after I'd sent him round for flour on the Thursday."

"The coat's been given the heave ho now"

"Good. Anyway, then it all came to a head on that infamous Saturday night at the pub. You looked beautiful and so, so sexy, you blew us away with your toned figure and your new skirt and heels. The alcohol and the flirting did their bit, and by closing time, I think we were both ready to jump on you. By the way, I see you've been clothes shopping again, I love your new look, that skirt is very sexy and the coat is really stylish. How come you're suddenly dressing so trendily?"

"You've been on at me for years to smarten myself up, and Joanne has been singing the same tune; she went shopping with me to Birmingham last Saturday. God, I spent a fortune but I needed it, it was cathartic, the reason I went on a diet was because I'd been feeling unattractive, Martin hasn't been near me for over a year. I didn't do it for him though, I'm afraid our sex life is officially dead now, I did it for me. I wanted men to look at me and fancy me again, it's ironic and I wouldn't dare have confessed this to you before what happened the other night, but I wanted your husband to fancy me, I wanted him to show desire for me, I thought that if I could arouse a man like Alex, then I must be okay to look at."

"God, you're more than okay, you're gorgeous, if he were here he'd tell you that himself, and I know he's always had a bit of a thing for you, a wife notices these things."

"I don't mind admitting to you now that I've always fancied him."

"I know darling."

"I think I knew that something had changed between us when I caught you feeling his erection, and you reacted like he'd be available if I wanted him, then you left him rock hard on the dance floor and you knew I'd be able to feel how much you'd turned him on, oh God, then you almost asked me to have an affair with you, and I nearly said yes Bev, I nearly did."

"I know I gave mixed messages that night, even when we started to kiss, I was still clinging to the hope that I could keep my desire for you in my fantasy cupboard. We'd all agreed to a fifteen second kiss and I was determined to make sure it wasn't one second longer. Silly really now I look back, to think that I thought I could stay in control once our lips had met. I started to count to fifteen in my head and I don't think I got as far as five."

"It was so erotic looking into your eyes, knowing that we were about to kiss properly, I just lost myself in the moment."

"So, where do we go from here Hazel? Now it's all out in the open, how do you feel about what happened between us."

Hazel put her hand on her friends knee and left it there.

"I'll remember that kiss for the rest of my days...but I don't want it to be the last kiss that we share. I needed space to make sense of what happened, and to deal with my feelings of guilt, but I'm okay now. I've thought it all through and I want to go to bed with you and Alex. There, I've said it."

"My God, that'll be music to his ears, and I can't tell you how turned on I feel right now; I want to kiss you."

"Well why don't you? It's dark out in the car park now and I'm parked in the far corner where the lamp is broken."

"Or we could go for a short drive together along the lane that runs by the canal."

"Okay let's go," said Hazel putting on her coat and picking up her bag, "listen, there's one more thing I didn't tell you, Martin's away on Saturday and Sunday, he's driving up to visit his mother and I've told him I'm not going with him this time."

"Perfect, Alex will be very pleased, it goes without saying that we'd like you to be our guest on Saturday night."

They trotted through the rain in their heels and got into Hazel's car. She drove them to a dark secluded spot and turned off the engine.

"So, I think I owe you something," said Hazel as she leaned across and held Bev's left cheek tenderly in her right hand. She moved her friends face towards her and kissed her passionately with her warm soft lips.

They enjoyed a long unbroken kiss that lasted several minutes. Bev's pussy was already alive and expectant, and now it spasmed as she felt Hazel's right hand on her left knee. Her skirt had ridden up quite a long way, revealing half an inch of stocking top. She breathed deeply through her nose as she took hold of Hazel's wrist and pulled her hand underneath the hem until it made contact with her damp panty gusset.

Hazel gave a muffled moan and slipped her fingers inside Bev's panties, her fingers swirled in a flood of pussy juice before she pushed them inside her best friend's cunt and curled them onto her 'g-spot.'

"Oh fuck Hazel, darling, oh God, you'll bring me in no time if you keep doing that."

"Good."

"Oh Goddd, do you know what this is doing to me? ffucckkk Hazel, fuuuckk, ahhhhhhhhh."

Bev's hips gyrated and she grabbed her friend's forearm to make sure that her fingers stayed inside her while she came long and hard.

"Oh God H, I'm sorry, I don't know what happened, I came so quickly, not even Alex has brought me that quickly."

"I'll take it as a compliment, now we're even, kiss me again and I'll drive you back, time's getting on and I don't want any awkward questions when I go home smelling of your pussy."

"But you haven't come, don't you want..."

"Like I said, we're even."

Their lips met again, they were reluctant to part, but it was very dark and the rain was drumming down on the car roof. Hazel drove Bev back to the hotel car park, in the short distance of a mile and a half, the rain had eased off but everything was dripping wet as she pulled into a parking space near to Bev's car.

Their arrival in the car park had not gone unnoticed, Joanne was standing in the foyer looking like sex on legs. She was wearing a skirt suit. The skirt was very short and her heels were high, she was twenty-one so she could carry it off with ease. She'd just arrived from Northampton for a hastily arranged late business meeting with a client and was looking for the woman when she noticed her mother's car. She could see that there appeared to be two people in the front so she went out to say a quick hello.

Bev had agreed a time for Hazel to come round on Saturday evening and had told her that she knew it would be appreciated by Alex if whatever she wore was accessible and included stockings. She'd just put her left hand on the handle and opened the door a mere fraction when Hazel took hold of her right arm and pulled her in for a goodbye kiss. They kissed passionately as the passenger door opened a little further and the interior light came on.

Joanne was about twenty feet away when the interior of the car suddenly lit up and she saw her mother and Bev kissing so intimately. It was obvious that they were kissing like lovers and they didn't stop when the light came on. Joanne turned on her heel and quickly retreated to the hotel foyer feeling shocked and angry but also a little turned on.

She realised very quickly that she was jealous of her mother, she'd fantasised about fucking her old form tutor so many times, and her mother had apparently been doing just that for goodness knows how long. After her meeting with her client, she reflected back on what she had seen and decided that she would not confront her mother.

That morning, she'd asked a female work colleague out on a date, the woman, who was in her late thirties, had agreed and they'd kissed briefly in Joanne's car. She realised that it would be hypocritical of her to be angry with her mother but she couldn't let go of her sense of grievance. She knew that Bev would probably be home for an hour or so before Alex on the following evening and she planned to pay her a visit.

Bev had kissed Hazel goodbye and driven home with her exciting news. She parked her car on the drive and came in through the front door. Alex greeted her in the hallway, keen to know how the meeting with Hazel had gone.

"Hi Love, how did it go with H? Is she okay?"

"She's very much okay, we had a really good heart to heart, we talked through all of our feelings about what happened between us, then we went for a drive and she made me come in the front seat of her car. It was so erotic, we kissed each other's faces off and I came very quickly; my God that woman knows how to kiss."

"Wow, I'm getting hard."

"So I see."

"Come upstairs with me and describe what happened in detail."

Bev stroked his stiffening cock through his trousers. When it had reached its full extent, she unzipped his fly and took it out then turned and led him up to the bedroom by it.

"I'm going to fuck you to a standstill you horny bastard."

She was good to her word. She rode him for twenty minutes in her stockings and heels, varying the pace and teasing him to the edge of orgasm several times. She came twice, the second time she fucked him so hard that his toes curled as he came with her.

As they laid together enjoying the afterglow of their orgasms, she gave him the good news that Martin would be away on Saturday night and Hazel had accepted her invitation to go to bed with them both. Alex was so turned on that he quickly became hard again, bent his wife over her dressing table and fucked her from behind.

The next morning Bev woke up feeling very aroused, she fitted a liner to the gusset of her panties to soak up her pussy juice. She'd never experienced such a prolonged stirring in her loins, the feeling stayed with her throughout all of her lessons, and she hoped that she didn't smell too much of sex.

It was Wednesday, so she a free period after lunch. She still felt horny and couldn't stop think about Hazel. She decided that she would go shopping on Saturday and treat herself to a new basque, a new pair of very high heels and a new dress.

As she sat at her desk marking her students' work, she pulled up the hem of her short black skirt and pushed her hand between her thighs above her stocking tops. Her fingers grazed her panty gusset and she felt a surge of extra arousal, so she pushed her fingers inside her panties and felt slick wet fluid ooze out of her cunt. This was a dangerous thing to do, she felt another erotic charge at the prospect of being caught in the act.

She remembered Alex's story about her being fucked by Joanne in the storeroom and it turned her on even more, by now she was almost intoxicated with lust. She got out of her chair and walked smartly into the storeroom at the back of the classroom and closed the door behind her. She felt incredibly wet between her legs. She leaned back against an old desk and lifted her skirt up to her waist then she opened her legs wide. She thought about Alex's fantasy of being made to come by Joanne and masturbated frantically until she came so hard that she could hardly stay on her feet. She quickly mopped up her pussy with tissues and discarded the saturated panty liner.

Later, on the drive home, she still felt horny, she thought about what she done earlier in the storeroom, and the risk she'd taken of being caught in the act. The thought turned her on immensely, she thought about Hazel again, then she imagined riding Alex as soon as he walked through the door later on. She felt so wet that she pulled a tissue out of the glove compartment and pushed it in between the top of her thighs.

At around the same time, Joanne was walking out of the Ann Summers store in the city centre. She still nursed her grievance that her mother was clearly having an affair with Bev. She reasoned to herself that if Bev was willing to be unfaithful to Alex with her mother, then she was fair game.

Bev had been home for about half an hour when she heard a car pull up outside. It was a little too early for Alex to be home yet, so she got up to look out of the front window and was surprised to see Joanne's long shapely legs swivelling out of the driver's seat of her car. As her legs parted slightly in her miniskirt, Bev had a good view of her lacy black stocking tops and her white panties. She got to the front door as a determined looking Joanne was about to ring the bell. She'd seen that look before and she knew that it didn't bode well.

"Hello Joanne, this is a nice surprise."

Joanne wasn't smiling.

"Come in, is everything okay?"

Bev closed the door and the two women stood in the hallway, Joanne put her bag on the hall table. She still didn't smile, in her higher heels she was a good four inches taller than Bev. She looked purposeful and imposing. The hallway was wide and spacious but Joanne seemed to dominate it.

She took three paces directly toward Bev, put her right hand in the middle of her chest and pushed her back against the wall near the lounge doorway and held her there. Bev was intimidated yet turned on, she made no attempt to challenge her.

"When I told you that I'd always had a crush on you, I wasn't kidding. I've masturbated over fantasies of you more times than I can remember. The first time was when you made me cry in the classroom when I was eighteen, I knew you were right, you were the only teacher in the school that would dare to take me on, I respected you for that, and afterwards I just wanted you to hold me in your arms and tell me everything would be okay. I put you on a pedestal..."

"Joanne you..."

"Please don't interrupt me. Last night you fell off your pedestal when I saw you kissing my mother, how long have you been fucking her?"

Bev was stunned.

"Cat got your tongue Miss?"

"I-I, How did you...?"

"It doesn't matter, all that matters now is that the tables have turned, you no longer have any kind of hold on me, and I'm claiming my slice of your pussy."

She reached under Bev's short skirt, grabbed her pussy and squeezed it.

"Mmmm, nice, a shaved pussy, I'll bet my mummy loves getting her lips around that."

"Jo, no, we haven't..."

"She put her left hand over Bev's mouth and squeezed her pussy harder, "Is this turning you on you dirty bitch?"

"Fuck yes," thought Bev, but she stayed silent.

"It's okay. You don't have to answer me, I can feel how desperate you are for a good fucking."

Joanne reached for her bag with her left hand, and still holding Bev's pussy with her right hand, guided her backwards through the doorway into the dining room. Once inside the dining room she released her grip.

"Take your panties off and give them to me."

Without hesitation, Bev did as she was told, then she watched awestruck as Joanne took a strap-on cock out of her bag, raised her little miniskirt to her waist and fitted the strong harness to her pelvis. It was a good sized false cock, it looked realistic, and was slightly longer and thicker than Alex. Joanne removed a chair from its place at the head of the table.

"Bend over the table."

Bev couldn't take her eyes off the cock, she was so wet now that she had no concern about accommodating its size. She turned around and Joanne pushed her face down on the table top. The hem of her black skirt curved across the top of her thighs and revealed the soft satin skin above the welt of her stockings. She felt Joanne tug roughly at the hem, and pull it up to reveal her bare buttocks framed by her black suspender straps and black stocking tops. Her pink labia glistened invitingly as Joanne guided the cock into Bev's clenching, hungry cunt and started to shaft her rhythmically.

"Are you a better fuck than my mummy, bitch?"

Bev was breathing hard, the cock had stretched her wide and was doing something magical to her 'g-spot.' She could hardly speak.

"I asked you a question, are you a better fuck than my mummy."

"Would you like to find out?"

"You impertinent bitch, I'm going to fuck you senseless."

Joanne pulled Bev's wrists together in the small of her back and held them tightly as she drove the cock into her helpless victim. She fucked her so hard that Bev's whole body lurched back and forth with each thrust. Bev was in heaven, she couldn't believe what was happening to her, she loved the feeling of being dominated by this young woman less than half her age. She'd masturbated numerous times over the years about being force fucked by one of her male students, and this was as close as she'd ever get to living out that fantasy. She was approaching orgasm rapidly.

"Ohhhh yesss, take me, take me."

"So, the dirty bitch loves a girl with a cock, come for your hot new girlfriend bitch."

Bev lifted her head and looked at their reflections in the glass doors at the end of the dining room, that was all it took, the sight of Joanne ramming the cock into her tipped her over the edge into a sublime orgasm. She came twice, panting, grunting, moaning and catching sight of the triumphant look on Joanne's face in the glass reflection.

Joanne pulled the cock out and unstrapped it from her pelvis.

"Stay there bitch. Don't move."

Then she put the device back in her bag together with Bev's panties, straightened her skirt and and slapped Bev buttocks.

"Mmmm, we're nowhere near finished, I'll be calling again and next time you'll be servicing my pussy with you tongue. I might just smack your bottom as well. In the meantime, enjoy my mummy's pussy, but remember I'll want to hear all about what you've done to her when you see me next. But whatever you do, don't you dare tell her that I'm fucking you now. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Right, I'm going home to wear your panties and play with myself. I'll see you around bitch."

With that, Joanne strode majestically across the hallway and out through the front door. Bev gradually eased herself up from the table, her back ached but not as much as her sore cunt. She made her way unsteadily out of the dining room and was holding onto the doorframe just as Alex came through the front door.

"Hi darling, got off early today. Was that Joanne's car that I just saw leaving? Are you alright, you look like you've just had a dizzy turn or something."

"Yes, it was Joanne... another of our fantasies has just become reality. She's just put me over the dining table and fucked me from behind with a strap on. I wish I could say that I was forced but I wasn't, I didn't offer any resistance at all, I wanted her to take me, I hope you don't mind, she gave me a ferocious fucking. I need a sit down with a stiff drink then I'll wank you off later while I give you all the details but there's no way that I'll be able to take your cock inside me tonight."

"My God, are you sure you're still okay with all of this. We can put a stop to it if you think it's getting out of control."

"Do you think it's getting out of control?"

"No, it feels very fucking erotic but I want you to feel safe and to enjoy all of these new sexual experiences."

"That's sweet darling and that's why I love you so much. Don't worry about Joanne, she's not malicious, she was role playing the spurned lover with me because she saw her mother kissing me last night in her car at the Hilton."

"Fuck!"

"Yes, quite. To be honest, I think she was turned on by what she saw and she used it as an excuse to put me in my place. I've known for a long time that she's wanted to show me who's the boss and I can tell you there's no doubt about that now. She told me that she'll be calling on me again. It's a sex game, I'm sure that if I bumped into her in the pub or at Hazel's, she'd act quite normally toward me."

"Okay, as long as you're still enjoying our sexual explorations, everything is good."

"Agreed, now open a bottle of wine and pour me a large one, I'm going to try to sit down for a while."

"I've been thinking about Saturday, I think we should go out for a meal with Hazel, somewhere remote where we're not known. It'll mean that we don't have to bother with cooking and clearing up, and it'll give us an opportunity for a bit of foreplay in the car on the way home."

"Great idea, she should be home by now, I'll give her a ring and tell her."

Bev picked up the phone and rang her friend.

"Oh hello Martin, it's me, is your lovely wife there please?"

"Yes Bev, hang on I'll get her for you."

"Hi darling, I know you can't talk freely now so pretend I'm ringing you about the new yoga class in the village hall next week."

"Oh yes, I was thinking of going too."

"Clever girl, Alex is booking a table for Saturday night, somewhere far enough away so that we don't bump into anyone we know."

"Yes, well we can always give it a try."

"I'll ring on Saturday when Martin's left to tell you what time we'll be round for you."

"Okay that's great, I'll see what I can find out and I'll be around after eleven on Saturday if you want to give me a ring."

"Well done H, you're a natural at this, I can still feel your fingers inside me by the way."

"Yes, that's called muscle memory I think, we'll probably get the hang of it if we stick at it."

"Oh we'll stick at it alright. Bye darling."

"Bye, speak to you soon."

Hazel had been to the hairdressers on Saturday morning and had her shoulder length, thick mousy hair dyed a warm golden blonde that really suited her. In the afternoon, Bev took her shopping in Solihull near Birmingham. They each bought a dress and shoes, together with stockings and other items of lingerie. Bev had picked out a sophisticated shift dress and jacket for Hazel as well as a new outfit for herself. They tried on the garments in adjoining fitting room cubicles. Hazel loved what Bev had chosen and she crept quietly into her cubicle to show her how it looked on her.

"What do you think?"

"It's sophisticated and very sexy, you look fabulous, and I can't believe I'm giving style advice to a woman who wants to seduce my husband."

"Not just your husband, I'll be your present as well so you're getting a sneak preview of my packaging."

"Well you're nicely gift wrapped I must say, you look very sexy and sophisticated. Here, give me a hand with this zip and tell me what you think to my packaging."

Hazel slowly zipped Bev into the dress and looked over her shoulder at her image in the full length mirror.

"Perfect my gorgeous girl, Alex will be like a kid in a sweet shop when he lays eyes on us this evening."

Bev turned to face Hazel and sought out her soft pink lips. They kissed passionately for several seconds, soft murmurs of arousal were just audible to a passing fitting room assistant.

"Is everything alright in there madam?"

"Yes, yes, all good, I'll be out in a moment," called Bev as she stifled a giggle.

"Do you know where your friend is? She's not in her cubicle."

"Yes, she's in here with me, she's just showing me what she's trying on."

They also called in to the local Ann Summers store. Neither of them had been in one before and they felt a little apprehensive. They made sure that there was no one that they knew close by and took the plunge. They were spell bound by what was on offer as they looked around the shop.

"Good afternoon ladies, can I be of assistance?"

"Er, yes," said Bev as her cheeks flushed, "We're, I mean I'm looking for a realistic strap on dildo that a friend of mine...I mean that I've seen in a..."

"Don't worry madam, we sell them all day long, and we don't ask for any explanations from our customers. This is our newest model, it's very realistic looking, eight inches long and the harness is very robust so it stays in place very well."

"You're not going to ask us if we'd like to try it now are you?" said Hazel.

There was a pause, then the three women laughed heartily. Bev and Hazel relaxed and felt enough at ease to buy themselves a vibrator each. They left the shop with their new purchases and laughed

happily all of the way home.

As usual, Alex was ready before Bev, he sat on the end of the bed and watched her apply her makeup. She sat at her dressing table in her black satin strapless basque with its suspender straps dangling and waiting to be attached to her barely black seamed stockings. She'd shaved her pussy again and trimmed her landing strip. She'd tried to persuade Hazel to do the same as they drove home from their shopping trip, but she was worried that, despite his lack of interest in her pussy, Martin might just accidentally notice that it had been shaved.

Alex became very hard as he watched Bev carefully ease her seven denier stockings along her thighs, smooth them in place and clip them to her suspender straps. Then she stepped into her new black sheath dress with its square neck and cap sleeves. Alex's cock bulged as he zipped her into the dress and she stepped into four inch black stilettos and struck poses in the full length bedroom mirror. She turned and smiled seductively at him as she picked up her black clutch bag. Her finger nails and lips were scarlet, and her only adornment was a thin gold necklace with a small diamond at her throat.

Alex, in a classy black suit and crisp open neck white shirt, held her bolero jacket for her to slip into, and then followed her dainty progress down the stairs in her high heels. He put a bottle of champagne in the fridge to cool, and escorted his stunningly dressed wife to his 'S' Type Jaguar and opened the passenger door for her.

They drove the short distance to Hazel's house and Alex got out to ring the doorbell, but before he got to the door, it opened and Hazel sashayed out in her heels and new outfit. Alex fell for her on the spot. When she got to the car, he opened the rear door for her, his cock starting to swell again. He got into the driver's seat and adjusted the driving mirror so that he could see Hazel's legs, and her pale blue suede stilettos, as he drove to the restaurant. It took them just over half an hour to get there and as they had hoped, they were not recognised by any of the other diners.

As they were led to their secluded table, Alex got a good look at Hazel in her knee length pale blue shift dress. It was sleeveless with a round neckline and over it she wore a matching tailored jacket. As she sat down, the sexy six inch split at the front of her dress gave a glimpse of stockinged thigh. Alex noticed the faint impression of a suspender clip as the dress pulled taut across her thighs.

"My God Hazel, you look stunning in that dress, what are you wearing underneath?"

"Well I knew that you'd want me in stockings, and they're attached to a sexy strapless basque, if you're a good boy, I'll let you see it later, and if you're a very good boy, I'll let you keep my silk panties. I hope your lovely wife has hidden all of your underpants this evening."

"I certainly have, his lovely big cock and his nice little bottom are completely unfettered underneath those trousers."

Hazel gave him a seductive look, "Mmm, try not to get too excited Alex."

"I'm afraid that's going to be a losing battle. At least there's no dance floor here."

"Yes, that's a shame," said Hazel, "perhaps we can go on somewhere afterwards, I'll ask the waiter."

They ordered drinks and their starter and main courses, and discovered that there was a dance floor at a classy hotel on the edge of town.

"So when are you expecting Martin to return?" asked Bev.

"Tomorrow evening I should think, so that gives us plenty of time in the morning, we won't have to rush."

"Good, Alex likes a leisurely fuck on a Sunday morning don't you darling?"

"God yes, I keep having to pinch myself to realise that this is actually happening. The two sexiest women in the county on a date with me, and each other of course. Life can't get any better."

"Well now we know that we can have a dance afterwards, I can look forward to your cock pressing against my thigh again. Who's going to start the launch sequence this time Bev?"

"Your turn H, and I'll check your handiwork."

"As your guest this evening, will I be able to initiate lift off when we get back to your place?"

"Hazel, you're making me wet down below, and I'm imagining your fingers inside me."

"You came so quickly in my car the other night but I had to wait till Martin fell asleep before I could masturbate to the memory of your orgasm."

"You won't have that problem tonight darling, I can't wait to get cosy with you in the back seat of the car on the way home," said Bev.

"Mmmm, you beautiful sexy slut, you can open your legs for me any time."

"If you girls keep this up, I'll be coming in my pants before we get to the main course."

"I'm very tempted to get under the table and suck you off but I think it would be rude to do so in front of our guest."

"Don't mind me Bev, but I think the other diners might not be so understanding."

"Well, I like this seating arrangement, maybe we can have a little fun before we leave."

They were seated on a plush semi circular bench seat at a half round table in one corner of the restaurant. Alex was in the middle, Bev on his left and Hazel on his right. After the main course, they moved fractionally closer together, so that the two women could reach between Alex's legs underneath the tablecloth. His cock hardened again as he felt one hand squeeze it and the other tugging at his zip. It was Bev who managed to get his zip down and Hazel wasted no time delving inside his trousers and pulling out his rock hard cock.

Hazel felt a shiver of intense arousal travel down her spine to her pussy as she took hold of his cock for the first time.

"Oh my God, that's incredible, you've got such a beautiful penis Alex, mmm, it's so big and hard," she said as she pulled it into view from under the tablecloth, "Bev you lucky woman, Martin's only about two thirds this size, promise me you'll let him fuck me first tonight."

"Okay, I'll make a deal with you. If you kiss me and make me come in the car on the way home, you can have him first when we get there, and I'll masturbate while I watch you both."

"You're on."

By now, Alex had Bev and Hazel's hands around his shaft and a small drip of come appeared at the end of his penis.

"Ladies, please stop, you're going to make me come and we'll all get arrested if that happens."

Hazel saw a waitress approach the table and she swiftly pushed Alex's member underneath the tablecloth and removed her hand, Bev left hers where it was, trying to make it look as though she'd just got her hand on his thigh. The waitress didn't seem to notice anything untoward. She was an attractive woman in her mid thirties in a white shirt and a buttock and thigh clinging knee length black skirt with black tights and low heels. She garnered appreciative looks from all three of her customers at the lust charged table that she was attending.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking Hazel?"

"Probably, I've come to realise that I've always enjoyed looking an attractive women up and down, but since our 'kiss' I've got a deeper understanding of why."

"I'll take that as a compliment from my newly bisexual friend."

"Bisexual, I like the sound of that, Joanne told me that she was bisexual but as far as I can tell, she's just been chasing women recently. She seems to respect you Bev, does she ever tell you anything about her love life? I know I shouldn't ask really."

Bev looked at Alex as he carefully put his cock back inside his trousers and zipped them up. He raised his eyebrows as if to say 'you might as well tell her.'

"Hazel I'm not going to lie to you and you probably won't like this, but Joanne called round on Wednesday afternoon and took me over the dining table."

"What! You mean she fucked you?"

"Yes."

"How? Why?"

"She saw us in the Hilton car park when we kissed goodbye. She said that she'd always wanted to fuck me, and now she wanted her slice of my pussy as she put it."

"The strap on, I thought it was odd that you knew what you were looking for in the sex shop. She's got one hasn't she? And she fucked you with it."

"Yes, I'm sorry, I could have resisted but I wanted her to humiliate me, it felt so good to let someone else have complete control, and I'm almost ashamed to say that I've fancied your daughter for a long time now. She's the image of you at the same age and it's disconcerting to realise after all these years that I must have fancied you back then and been in complete denial about it."

Hazel stayed silent so Bev reached over and put her hand over Hazel's hands.

"I'm sorry Hazel I hope this hasn't ruined our evening or worse still our friendship."

"What? No, of course not, I know what she's like, come to think of it, I thought that she was coming on to you in pub the other Saturday night, now I know why. I'm sure she must have been swapped at birth, she's the spawn of the devil that girl," said a rueful Hazel"

"You're taking it very well darling."

"I've had to become very liberal in my outlook these last few months since she separated from Luke and started playing the field. She seems to be fixated on sex, she's even pawed me a couple of times in the kitchen, slapping my backside or coming up behind me, giving me a squeeze and pressing herself against me when I reach up to a high shelf. Nothing overtly sexual but I'm beginning to wonder. I'm just glad she doesn't live with me anymore."

Bev's pussy twitched at the thought of Joanne fucking her mother, she quickly banished the thought from her mind. Alex had already stored the outline of a fantasy of Bev with the waitress in his memory and now, as his cock swelled again, he imagined another fantasy, this one was of Hazel committing incest on the kitchen table with her daughter.

"How old is her work colleague that she's dating at the moment?"

"It never occurred to me to ask, do you think she might be a bit older than Joanne?"

"Yes, I've got a feeling that she is."

None of the amorous friends could possibly know that Joanne was, at that very moment, pinning her thirty eight year old 'girl' friend to the quilt and fucking her with her strap on.

"So you're sure it's okay and you don't mind if she pays me a visit now and again?"

"No, I don't mind Bev, at least I know you've got her best interests at heart and she won't come to any harm with you."

"She told me not to tell you about it but I know where my loyalties lie."

"Thanks Bev."

"Well then, let's pay the bill, get ourselves off to the dance and get our erotic threesome back on track," said Hazel

"Thank goodness for that breathed Alex."

The hotel was less than ten minutes away, there was a good crowd in but no one they recognised. They found a table about ten feet from the dance floor and Alex went to the bar for some drinks. When he got back, Bev and Hazel had got their heads together in close conversation.

"Okay, what are you two cooking up?"

"Nothing darling, we were just agreeing what a lovely man you are and that we're going to treat you to the night of your life. Just do everything we say and you won't come to any harm," laughed Bev.

"Yes, and it starts right now, come with me."

Hazel grabbed his hand and led him to the dance floor as the band started playing a slow number. She folded herself into him and ground her pelvis against his cock. He immediately started to respond and within twenty seconds was as hard as iron.

"My God, I wish I could always have that effect on a man."

There were enough couples on the dance floor for Alex to surreptitiously reach between them and press into Hazel's pussy with the knuckle on his thumb.

"Oh fuck Alex, don't you sexy bastard, you'll make me come,"

"Okay, how about this?"

He pressed his erect cock into her abdomen and caressed her right buttock with his left hand.

"Can we stay like this forever?" she breathed.

They oozed sensuality as they moved to the rhythms of the music. Bev watched from her seat and smiled at the hungry desire that was plain to see in her friends eyes. After another slow number, the band picked up the pace again and they went back to their table with Hazel walking in front of Alex to hide his erection.

"I'm sorry Bev, I'll have to take him up again when the slow numbers start in earnest, so that I can pass the 'baton' on to you," smirked Hazel.

Bev laughed, "we'd better make sure it's a clean handover, we don't want to be disqualified for letting the baton slip, by the way, now that you've had an exclusive viewing, what do you think to the merchandise?"

"Well I'm very, very impressed with what I've seen, but I still need a trial run to be absolutely sure that it fits my requirements."

"I think we can arrange that for you later on madam, would you like me to 'come' with you on your test drive?"

"Oh yes, your 'coming' would be an essential part of the deal, I might need to 'pin you down' on the price though."

"Will you also want to try the special artificial model, it's a little larger but I'm sure it wouldn't be too much for a woman of your experience. The only condition is that I'll insist on driving it."

"Yes, I think I can agree to that, I will expect to be completely and utterly satisfied though."

"Count on it madam, it'll be the ride of your life."

"But there's nothing like the real thing Hazel, my model has the extra attraction of a warm lubricant to keep you well oiled for a nice long drive."

They sat together at their table whispering dirty erotic desires into one another's ears until the band announced that they were coming to the end of the evening and slowing things down. Alex went back up for a dance with Hazel, they danced as lovers and shared their first kiss as the music ended.

"Hazel, wherever did you learn to kiss like that? You could make a man your slave for life with that kiss."

"Just wait until later on sweetie."

Bev joined them and Hazel handed the 'baton' over.

"Now we'll have some naughty fun, dance with me like you did with H then kiss me like you kissed her at the end, let's see if anyone notices that you've got two women waiting to be fucked."

The dance floor was still crowded but a woman close by dancing with her partner, who had already had her eye on Alex, wishing that her man was as amorous with her as he was with his partner, was now looking on with astonished envy as he ground into Bev's thigh with his erection. They danced sensually together and kissed passionately at the end. As they left the dance floor, the woman leaned over to Bev and spoke to her.

"Do you hire him out or is he just for your private entertainment?"

"I'm afraid he's spoken for love... twice."

"Well enjoy the rest of your evening you lucky ladies."

"Oh we will."

There was a chill in the air as they walked out to the hotel car park. They each took one of Alex's arms and snuggled into him for warmth. When they reached the car, he opened the rear door for them both to get into the back seat together.

"Don't worry ladies, the car will soon warm up once we get going."

"We're not worried darling, we're going to keep each other warm aren't we Hazel?"

"Oh definitely. There's no rush Alex, you can take your time with the journey back."

Alex turned on the ignition and drove out of the car park, back into the town centre, and then out again on the road that led to their destination. Bev sat in the middle of the back seat with Hazel on her right. He adjusted his driving mirror so that he could see from her shapely ankles up to her hips. Hazel's left leg and hip were also in view.

As they drove through the town centre, the two women contented themselves with holding hands or stroking each other's knees and thighs. They talked about the people they had seen during the evening that they had fancied, and they joked about Alex being an object of desire for the woman on the dance floor.

Soon, they had left the street lit town behind, and were heading along dark country roads with other vehicles occasionally passing in the opposite direction. Alex switched on the rear courtesy light so that he could still see the erotic scene beginning to unfold behind him. He heard soft breaths and moans as his wife and her best friend started to kiss so he readjusted the mirror so that he could see their faces.

"Remember to glance at the road occasionally darling," was Bev's sarcastic remark as she noticed his lust filled eyes in the mirror.

He angled the mirror so that he could see her lower half again, and was treated to the sight of her opening her legs while Hazel helped the hem of her dress ride up to allow access to her pussy. Bev gave a sigh as she felt contact from Hazel's fingers between the top of her thighs. Hazel kissed her sensuously and rubbed her clitoris through her panties.

"Let's get these off so that I can get at you properly," said Hazel.

Alex watched Bev lift her hips slightly so that Hazel could pull her black panties off. He watched them being pulled down over her knees and heels then Hazel tossed them into the front of the car. They landed on the driving mirror and swayed there for a moment or two.

"There you are stud," said Hazel, "a present to keep you amused until we can get our hands on you."

Alex took his wife's panties from the mirror and held the gusset to his nose. The pleasant scent of her pussy gave him a feeling of elation that filled his chest and made his cock tingle. He looked in the mirror again and watched Hazel's hand disappear under the hem of his wife's dress. Bev's legs were spread apart, and he could see the warm silky flesh above her stocking tops. She was still being treated to one of Hazel's soft, sensual kisses; she breathed a long sigh through her nose as her lover swept her fingers around her pussy.

For the next ten minutes, Hazel's luscious kiss was accompanied by a masterclass on the erotic stimulation of her friend's pussy. Alex watched spellbound as Hazel's fingers travelled around his wife's mound from her clitoris to her perineum and back again. The motions of her hand were accompanied by a soundtrack of soft breathless sighs and lips and tongues lapping against each other.

Gradually, Bev's breathing became rapid and her murmurs of pleasure grew louder. Hazel finally slipped her fingers inside her clenching wet cunt. Alex squeezed his hard shaft, he watched the rhythmic movement of Hazel's wrist as she began to finger fuck his wife. Her supple fingers teased around Bev's most sensitive spot. Hazel knew exactly what she was doing, she pressed her long middle finger into the roof of her friend's vagina and released a torrent of orgasmic delight in her as Bev thrust her hips forward and screamed in sheer ecstasy.

"Oh H, that was sensational, thank you."

"Watching you come has really turned me on, you're such a pleasing and rewarding fuck, the noises you make go right through my pussy and make my nipples hard. I never realised how amazing it would be to make a woman come, just think of all those years that we could have been fucking each other if only we'd known what we know now."

Alex pulled his car onto the driveway and they wasted no time getting themselves inside the warm house. He poured them each a glass of champagne and they settled down on the sofas. Bev asked him to put on a Barry White cd, and said that she wanted to watch him smooch with Hazel. As they embraced and danced to 'Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe,' Bev embraced Alex from behind then slowly removed his shirt, shoes and socks; she teased Hazel as she did so.

"Can you feel him against you darling?"

"God yes."

"Is he very hard?"

"Mmm, very."

"Would you like me to take his trousers off so that you can see it?"

"Oh God yes, yes do it."

Bev reached around him and undid his belt and the waistband of his trousers. Then she unzipped his fly. Hazel was shaking with lustful desire, and impatient to see his hard cock again. It's image had been emblazoned on her mind since she'd pulled it from underneath the restaurant tablecloth earlier in the evening. Bev slowly lowered his trousers and removed them completely. He was now dancing completely naked with a fully clothed Hazel. She was still in her pale blue dress with its matching jacket and her pale blue stilettos.

Bev watched them sway to the rhythms of the music and Barry White's deep, sonorous voice then she came up behind Hazel and removed her jacket. As Alex pressed his large cock into Hazel's pubic bone and kissed her, Bev slowly unzipped her dress and eased it over her shoulders before lowering it slowly to the floor then she removed her panties. Hazel stepped out of the dress in her strapless, ivory coloured, satin basque, ivory stockings and her stilettos. Alex felt a surge of lust in his balls, he pulled her in close and ground his cock into her as the music finished. The fact that Bev had undressed them both as they danced had left a intense erotic atmosphere in the room.

As her best friend kissed her naked, muscular husband lustfully, and stroked her right hand up and down the shaft of his erect cock, Bev quickly removed her bolero jacket and dress to reveal her black strapless basque, stockings and stilettos. She sat on the three seater sofa and began to play with her pussy as she watched the erotic sight before her eyes. Alex picked Hazel up with ease and carried her to the large sofa, she clung lovingly to his neck before he put her down on her back along the length of the sofa and lowered himself on top of her.

They kissed sumptuously and Hazel continued to stroke his stiff cock before he lifted his hips and she guided it into her cunt. She let out a long satisfied moan as his cock slid into her wet hole, he sank it slowly at first, getting her used to the feeling of her cunt walls being forced open for the first time in well over a year. She'd never felt so full of cock before, he sank it deep, the tip pressed up against her cervix and she felt as though she'd been stretched to the limit.

He started to move in and out of her tight warm hole, slowly at first then just a little faster. Bev watched the muscles in his shoulders, back and buttocks flex as he rode Hazel's grateful pussy. They kissed tenderly as he massaged her cunt walls with his cock. She breathed appreciative sounds of gratification into his mouth. Bev watched the erotic enfolding of their bodies on the sofa opposite her. Her husband made love to her best friend so tenderly and so erotically that Bev felt emotional and aroused at the same time.

She'd always wondered what it would be like to watch her husband fucking another woman. She'd fantasised about it from time to time. Now she knew, the subdued lighting reflected off his tall muscular frame as his buttocks slowly rose and fell to the rhythms of their sexual dance. Two people moved as one, Hazel's hips matched his movements and gyrations in perfect harmony.

A hugely turned on Bev watched mesmerised for several minutes, then she quickly left the room and went upstairs to fetch her new vibrator and strap on dildo. When she came back into the lounge forty seconds later, Hazel was on top, propped up by her arms either side of his head, riding her husband's cock enthusiastically with pulsating strokes of her rounded buttocks. Bev sat down on her sofa again and played her buzzing toy over her cunt lips before inserting it.

She watched avidly as Alex easily turned Hazel onto her back again with his cock still embedded in her. He drove into her and she wrapped her heeled legs around his waist.

"Alex, I want your come inside me."

Alex thrust even harder and Hazel started to shriek and moan with delight. Her inner thighs felt like warm jelly and her toes began to curl as her saturated vagina became the focal point of all of her erotic sensations. She was so full of long hard cock, it filled her, plunging in and out of her, sweeping along her cunt walls, stretching her wide open with strong regular thrusts. It seemed to radiate from her buttocks and anus, along her perineum and into her vagina, a surging tide of orgasmic delight rose inside her and flooded her senses.

"Make me come Alex, make me come... oh, ohhhh Godddd, I'm commmmminnnngggggg..."

Alex had gone past the point of no return, he groaned loudly, came hard and shot his load against her cervix, he coated her cunt walls in his slick warm semen. As soon as she felt it inside her, she threw her head back and came with breathless orgasmic cries.

An elated Bev surrendered to her sex toy and came to its magical vibrations. Eventually the three lovers laid completely still and silent, savouring the afterglow of their orgasms.

After several minutes, Bev joined her husband and best friend on the large sofa. She sat at the end nearest Hazel's head, lifted it onto her lap and stroked her thick golden hair. At the same time, Alex 'spooned' her and slowly stroked the hair around her pussy.

"Did the earth move for you darling?"

"God yes, your man is an amazing lover... Oh Alex, don't stop doing that, it's lovely, I'm getting all turned on again."

"Well I've got a treat for you now darling," said Bev, "it's a treat for Alex too, he's going to watch while I fuck you with the strap on that I bought this afternoon."

"God yes, I want to surrender to you."

"H, you're making me feel so kinky, I want you from behind, get on your knees and bend over the coffee table."

A naked Alex took hold of his cock and watched his wife in her black basque, stockings and stilettos. She had the dildo strapped to her pelvis as she got down on her knees behind her best friend in her ivory basque, stockings and stilettos and kissed her pink labia. Bev pushed her tongue between the swollen cunt lips and licked around Hazel's hole then knelt up and guided the huge false cock into her vagina, an inch at a time.

"Oh fuck Bev, that's enormous, go easy on me please."

"I haven't gelled it because your still slick with Alex's come."

"Oh God it's so big, I love the thought of you fucking me with it while Alex's come is still inside me."

Bev started to ease the cock in and out of her as she pressed her face down on the coffee table top. Hazel sighed softly and Bev bent over her to murmur into her ear just loudly enough for Alex to hear as well.

"Your daughter did this to me, she put her hand up my skirt and took hold of my pussy. Then she pulled me into the dining room and made me bend over the table."

"Oh God Bev, don't, please don't."

"She'd already made me take my panties off then she shoved her strap on into my cunt and fucked me hard, she made me come Hazel, your little girl made me come."

"Oh God, oh God,"

"I wanted it Hazel, I wanted your daughter's cock inside me, she fucked me so utterly and completely I could hardly walk. I want her to do me again, I want your daughter to take me whenever and however she wants."

"No, no, Bev no, this is too much, I can't go there, oh God."

"Can your imagine her wearing a strap on and fucking me?"

Oh no, no, Oh God Bev please, I can't, not Jo, I can't. Make me come now, I want you Bev, it's you I want, not Joanne."

"Are you sure darling, are you sure that just a tiny little bit of you wouldn't like her to fuck you?"

Hazel didn't answer so Bev raised herself up straight again and thrust into her and took her to the crest of her orgasm then said to her as she came, "your daughter fucked me, she was magnificent."

Hazel cried out and reached between her thighs to masturbate while Bev continued to thrust into her. Her next orgasm started almost before the last one had finished. When she finally stopped coming, Bev withdrew the dildo and kissed her gently on the nape of her neck. Neither of them said a word about what had made Hazel come twice in quick succession. Bev knew that she had pushed too far and resolved never to invoke Joanne again while having sex with her mother.

Hazel pushed any thought of her daughter out of her mind, and told herself that her intense arousal was down to being so well fucked by Alex and his wife. Alex had enjoyed the titillating scene that he had just witnessed and couldn't wait now to masturbate about Hazel and her daughter.

The three lovers sat drinking champagne and canoodling together on the large sofa for a few minutes until Alex announced that he wanted them both in bed. They climbed the stairs with Alex holding Hazel's hand, and Bev holding his erect cock. As soon as they got into the bedroom, Alex got onto the bed and watched them both strip naked. They kissed for a long moment then got onto bed with him, Bev on his right and Hazel on his left. Then they leaned over Alex and continued to kiss each other before Bev spoke to her friend.

"Hazel, your kiss is like warm honey, it makes me weak at the knees."

Alex turned his face toward Hazel and she kissed him. He felt first one then two hands on his erect cock then another hand cupping his balls. Before long his tongue was in Hazel's mouth and his cock was in his wife's mouth. Bev could taste Hazel's pussy on her husband's cock. Moments later, Hazel moved down the bed and treated Bev's shaved pussy to an exquisite licking.

Alex leaned against the headboard and watched his wife sucking his cock and Hazel licking her cunt. He felt his next orgasm beginning to build, his balls felt light and warm. An exquisite tingle spread from his balls to the base of his cock. Bev sensed that he wasn't far away from coming. She was becoming more and more aroused by Hazel's tongue, but she had a yearning to watch her best friend suck her husband's cock until he came.

She pulled Hazel's head away from her pussy and looked into her eyes then looked at Alex's erect cock. Hazel followed her gaze and understood immediately. She wrapped her soft pink lips around his glans, and used her tongue to stimulate his most sensitive area just underneath the tip of his penis. Alex groaned with ecstatic pleasure.

"Oh fuck Hazel that's amazing."

While Hazel concentrated on the head of his penis, his wife started to stroke the base. Alex was overwhelmed, the sensations at the base of his cock intensified as he watched himself being masturbated by his wife's hand whilst being sucked off by her best friend.

His inner thighs, abdomen, balls and cock thrilled with anticipation. Bev's hand moved rapidly and Hazel's head bobbed rhythmically. His toes curled and he roared as semen surged along the shaft of his cock and exploded into Hazel's mouth. She breathed heavily through her nose as she held his come in her mouth, still slowly moving her head up and down. His wife licked up a thick dribble of come as it leaked from Hazel's mouth and ran down his shaft. She continued to squeeze and stroke his cock with tantalising little movements as he wrung the last few pulsing sensations from his magnificent orgasm.

With their heads almost touching, Hazel let his cock slip from her mouth, turned her face toward Bev and kissed her. He watched tantalised as their lips and tongues met and his fluid oozed out onto their faces. With their lips and cheeks covered in his come, they began fingering each other enthusiastically and they rapidly became aroused again. Suddenly, Bev broke their kiss and turned herself so that their mouths and pussies were aligned.

They went to work on each other's cunts with their tongues. Bev was on top and she drove home her advantage, her face now covered in Alex's come and Hazel's pussy juice. She slid her lips and tongue all around Hazel's pussy before pushing three fingers into her and massaging her 'g-spot.' Hazel pulled her friends pussy down over her mouth and shoved her tongue into her cunt as she flicked her bud with her thumb. Bev started to breath wildly through her nose and her pelvis started to shudder.

She screamed her orgasm into her best friend's cunt. Then, as the aftershocks still coursed through her, she drove her fingers back inside Hazel and sucked her clitoris. Now Hazel started to come loudly, pussy juice oozed from her cunt and swamped Bev's mouth. She jerked and jolted before finally lying at rest, completely spent.

The three lovers laid together, smiling, satisfied and content. With Bev on one side, her head rested on his abdomen and Hazel on the other side, her head on his chest. It was half past midnight, Alex watched his wife tangle her fingers in her girlfriend's pubic hair and smiled inwardly as he thought back to her resolute pronouncements that they would only ever fuck Hazel in their dreams.

There was enough room in the super king size bed for them to spend a comfortable night together. Hazel slept in the middle and awoke to Bev's lips around one of her nipples. She treated her friend's nipples to a sensuous licking and sucking. Hazel's pussy and toes tingled and she started to feel very aroused. At the same time, Bev reached over her, and took hold of her slumbering husband's cock, it was half erect and she wasted no time making it grow to its full length. Once she'd achieved this and had turned Hazel on sufficiently, she threw back the quilt, got up and announced that breakfast would be served in half an hour.

Alex lifted his body on top of Hazel and fucked her to a slow sensuous orgasm. Their limbs entwined and their pelvis's moved in perfect synchronisation as his cock filled her and made her

come. They laid in each other's arms, she kissed his neck and told him that she never wanted to leave his bed. He kissed her forehead and told her that she was welcome to sleep with them whenever she wanted.

"You wouldn't believe the number of times that I've masturbated about you and Bev fucking each other. This is like a dream come true."

"I bought a vibrator yesterday."

"Bev told me."

"I'll be thinking of you whenever I use it. Your cock is magnificent though, I'll want it inside me as often as possible as well."

"I never realised what a sexual being you were."

"I think about it a lot, I think about you a lot and now I'll be thinking about your wife as well."

"She's really into you, I think she's a little bit in love with you."

"The feeling's mutual, if you're not careful I'll steal her from you, or I'll steal you from her, I'm not fussy which," laughed Hazel.

"Well you've got us both lusting after you now so you're sitting pretty."

They had breakfast then Bev and Hazel showered together, soaped each other's breasts and made each other come one last time before Hazel had to go home. Bev and Alex had no trouble finding the energy and desire to fuck each other that night. They didn't need Alex's fantasies this time.

The next time they saw Hazel was the following Saturday night at the village pub but she was with her husband and there was no music for dancing. The following week Bev and Hazel were both on half term holiday, and they managed to get into bed together on three of the afternoons. Bev worried that Joanne might keep her promise to turn up again, she did on the Wednesday afternoon but Bev was in bed with Hazel and they ignored the doorbell. Bev got out of bed and sneaked a look at the street outside. She was just in time to see her mini skirted nemesis folding her long shapely legs into the driving seat of her car.

"Who was it?"

"Joanne, she looked really pissed off, I think I'll be in trouble when she does catch up with me. Still, not many people can say that they're fucking their gorgeous best friend as well as being fucked by her daughter."

"Come back to bed, I want you again."

"Has the thought of your little girl fucking me turned you on again?"

"No stop it, come and lick my pussy...please."

"If you insist darling."

A week later Joanne called again and this time Bev had just got home from work. She was still in her work attire, a long, tight, dark-grey, calf length skirt with slits up to the knee on each side, heels and hold up stockings with a fitted dark pink shirt. Joanne swept past her in the doorway and strode into the lounge in her short navy-blue skirt suit and black stilettos. She sat herself down on the large sofa and crossed her legs.

"Come in here Beverly and kneel in front of me."

Bev got down in front of where she was sitting and knelt in an upright position.

"Put your wrists together behind your back and do not move unless I say so... Now, last time I was here, I established my authority over you, I think you enjoyed it more than you would be prepared to admit, anyway, our roles have reversed from when you were my form tutor so, from now on, I am going to call you Beverly and you will call me Miss. Is that understood?"

"Yes Miss."

"Good, now keep your hands behind your back and lick my shoes," said Joanne as she uncrossed her legs and showed Bev a glimpse of hold up stocking tops and a naked shaved pussy.

Bev bent forward and started to lick the patent leather of her left shoe, then she licked her right shoe. Joanne was satisfied.

"Good girl, if you continue to be obedient I won't need to discipline you today. Now kiss my shins and work your way up to my knees. Mmm, that's it, very nice, you're proving to be a diligent pupil Beverly.

Joanne stroked Bev's hair and enjoyed the soft, tender contact of her lips on her stocking clad knees.

"Mmm, good girl," Joanne got to her feet, "I want to feel your lips on my bare skin, pull my stockings down and be careful not to ladder them."

Bev looked uncertain, "You can use your hands foolish girl."

She put her hand up Joanne's short skirt and took hold of the elasticated welt of her stocking tops and eased them down one by one until they fell loosely around her ankles. Joanne sat down again and opened her legs, her skirt rode up and exposed her pussy.

"Now, where were we, ah yes, you were kissing my knees, carry on and then kiss my thighs all the way up to my pussy, you must keep your hands behind your back now."

Bev kissed her knees then slowly moved up her thighs kissing them alternately on top and inside. She heard Joanne give a satisfied sigh as she approached her pussy. As she got closer, she could smell its arousing aroma, it made her own pussy twitch involuntarily. Joanne opened her legs as wide as she could.

"Lick me Beverly, lick my pussy all over then suck my clit."

Bev loved the feel of the smooth skin around Joanne's mound, she began by kissing all around her pussy, then she teased her tongue into the groove between her labia and licked her all the way up to her clitoris. When she reached her clit, she started to suck and nibble her bud, Joanne loved the feel of her warm tongue sliding around her cunt, she signalled her approval.

"Oh fuck yes, good girl, oh keep going... what time will Alex be home? I'd love him to catch us like this."

With a mouthful of pussy, Bev assumed that it was a rhetorical question but her own pussy leaked into her panty gusset at the thought of Alex catching them in the act.

"You can use your fingers now Beverly, put them inside me and make me come...Ohhh fuck yes, ohhh God, that's it girl, fuck your teacher, Mmmm good girl."

Bev began to move her fingers rapidly.

"Oh God, Beverly tell me what you do to my mother when you fuck her."

"Okay Miss," she drawled as she continued to finger fuck Joanne, "I like to get her in my car with her legs open, then I reach under her skirt and fuck her with my fingers like this."

"Oh God, oh God."

"We go down on each other in bed and make each other come with our tongues in each other's cunts."

"Fffucckkk, God yes, more, more."

"I bent her over this coffee table in a basque and high heels and I fucked her from behind with a strap on cock, she fucking loved it Miss, she just came and came and came."

Ahhhh, ahhh."

"Your mother's a sweet little fuck Miss, she's got a kiss like warm honey and she's always gagging for it.

"Ohh Godddd."

"She can take Alex and me one after another, she insatiable, and my God Miss she gives good head to both of us. You should see her with her tongue inside my cunt and pumping Alex's shaft, making us come at the same time."

"Oh fuckkkkkk."

Joanne felt the rush of her orgasm burst forth and she coated Bev's lips in her pussy juice. She sat back on the sofa for a couple of minutes until her breathing returned to normal. Then, slightly shame faced at revealing how much she was aroused by hearing about her mother's sexual prowess, she hurriedly pulled up her stockings and got ready to leave. Bev licked the sweet, salty juice from her lips and waited for Joanne to speak.

"Next time, and there will be a next time, if you co-operate like you did just now, I'll pin you against the wall and fuck you with my strap on cock. You'd like that wouldn't you girl?"

"Yes please Miss."

"Good, you may continue your affair with my mother, goodbye."

"Goodbye Miss."

Joanne strode out to her car looking cool and sophisticated, no one would have guessed that she had just had Bev's mouth around her pussy. Neither would anyone have dreamed that she was stimulated by hearing about her mother having sex. Bev couldn't be sure that Joanne wanted to fuck her mother but she was certainly very turned on by her in some way or another.

An hour later, When Alex returned home from work, he found his wife very aroused by Joanne's visit. She gave him all of the details and he became hugely aroused on hearing about Joanne's keen interest in her mother's sex life. They fucked on the same sofa that Bev had eaten Joanne's pussy on a couple of hours earlier. When they went to bed, he couldn't stop thinking about Joanne and Hazel. He waited for Bev to fall asleep then he started to stroke his already erect cock.

He felt so turned on that he just needed to support his penis with his thumb and touch himself just underneath the glans with two fingers, he felt as though he could come in a moment. He stroked himself lightly as he imagined Hazel coming home from work to find her daughter in the kitchen. She would ask her what she was doing there and Joanne would get up and say, "I'm sorry mother, this has got to happen or I'll go insane." She would push her up against the fridge door, place the flat of her hand on her pussy and kiss her.

Hazel would freeze for a moment then the feel of her daughter's warm hand through the material of her skirt would take possession of her pussy. Her tongue would take possession of her mouth and she would surrender to her. Blouses and bras would be strewn on the kitchen floor as they kissed and fondled their way through to the lounge before falling together onto the sofa in a tangle of heels and stockings with their skirts up around their waists.

They'd suck each other's breasts and finger each other frantically before coming hard and that was enough for Alex to shoot his load into a tissue. He took pleasure in the afterglow and the dirty eroticism of his fantasy as he squeezed the last droplet of come from his penis. Then he put the tissue in his drawer and settled down to sleep. As he drifted off, he decided that he would never share this fantasy with anyone, not even his wife. It would be his alone and he would make use of it in quiet moments when he was by himself.

Joanne never did fuck her mother, she masturbated often to mental images of her mother and Bev fucking each other but she kept a lid on any desire that she felt for her own blood. For the same reason, she didn't visit Bev again. Bev was the person most likely to work out how she felt about her mother, if she hadn't done so already.

Alex and Bev continued their affair with Hazel. The weeks and months rolled by and they managed to somehow get her into their bed once every couple of weeks. Then, out of the blue, Martin announced to his wife that he'd taken a job with an energy company based in another city almost two hundred miles away. He knew that he wasn't responsible for her fashion make over and the rosy glow in her cheeks so he offered her an amicable divorce which she accepted. She stayed friends with him, as did Alex and Bev.

He'd worked out that Hazel had established a rather closer relationship with her best friend and her husband than had previously been the case but he saw no point in making a fuss. He was still very fond of her and he knew that they loved her and had her best interests at heart.

In the spring, Martin and Hazel sold their house and Hazel bought a smaller house that backed onto Alex and Bev's and that had come up for sale at just the right time. Alex put a small gate in the fence, out of sight behind his garden shed, so that they were able to come and go to each other's

houses without being seen. Except for a few weeks when their son and daughter were on holiday from university, they lived and loved as a threesome.

Locally, they took care not to arouse suspicion and they found themselves going further afield on nights out and even spending weekends away together so that they could relax and not worry about being seen by anyone who knew them.

Two and a half years later, Alex and Bev's offspring had graduated and left home. They wouldn't become aware of their parents' ménage à trois with Hazel until several years later. When they did, after the initial surprise, Joanne helped them to accept it with good grace. By then Joanne was living with a woman of her own age. They each brought a daughter to the relationship and, at the age of twenty-nine, Joanne had become a highly successful and wealthy business woman. She still had a passion for Bev and the feeling was reciprocated but they didn't act on their mutual desire.

Alex still occasionally whispered fantasies into Bev and Hazel's ears as they made love. Their favourite fantasy was of jointly seducing the twenty-six-year-old son of a mutual friend, then seducing his father and then the friend herself, all in the space of three debauched days. None of his stories made the transition from fantasy into reality, there was no need, they each got what they wanted from their three way love affair. They experimented with bondage, domination and submission, spanking and role play. They made each other come in public settings: on trains; in libraries; in the cinema; in restaurant toilets and in dark alleyways.

Throughout their rich erotic sex lives, they never forgot the forfeit kiss between Bev and Hazel that had launched a thousand orgasms; a kiss like warm honey.