# The DEAD BEDROOM Remedy

## PART 2: KIRSTY COMES A LONG WAY



A Second-Chance Kinky Romance by

JAMES & JANE HARDCOURT

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# The Dead Bedroom Remedy: Part 2

Kirsty Comes a Long Way

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# A Surprise Return



Kirsty stood at her front door, trembling a little in the evening's cool air. This was particularly noticeable, because for the first time in her adult life she wasn't wearing any knickers while outside. The wind was blowing up her skirt just enough to make her unable to ignore that fact.

It had only been a thirty-second stroll from Jennifer's house, but she felt a different woman from the one who'd walked there a few hours earlier. Back then she'd been rehearsing how she was going to break the news that she was considering splitting up from Mark, her husband. But her best friend's optimistic and extraordinary intervention had changed… *well, right now it seems like everything!*

Sex. That one area of her life and marriage she'd never been able to talk about with anyone, including her friend, and most of all, Mark. But things had got bad enough that Kirsty had broken her silence. Rather than let her wallow in pity, Jennifer, as she always did, lifted her out up and gave her a new path to try.

And what a start to that journey. Kirsty still couldn't believe what had happened. First, Jennifer sent her to the shower to make use of its vibrating massage head. With the remarkable outcome that she'd had her very first orgasm. But her friend wasn't done yet. All night long she'd hinted that she

and her lovely husband, Tom, had some secret that helped them keep their love life fresh and exciting.

But Kirsty wasn't told their secret, she was shown it; the extraordinary, and very kinky fact, that Tom's cock was kept all snug and safe in a steel chastity cage.

The shock of seeing it had nearly given away Kirsty's hidden viewing spot, peeking through the wardrobe door. It wasn't just the cage reveal that kept playing through her mind, it was the size of him, both in it, and even more impressively, when finally released.

Kirsty had led a very sheltered life; the idea of watching porn had always made her uncomfortable. But seeing them together, that brief glimpse of what positive, exciting and loving sex can be… It made her ache. Not just in the obvious place, but a deeper yearning — she wanted what they shared, the fun, the arousal, and most of all, the intimacy.

So now she was back home, having been ushered out in secret while Tom had gone to shower. Jennifer was clearly delighted with her evening's work but hungry for her husband. She'd admitted that sharing this part of their life with her best friend not only pleased her, but made her horny. Kirsty had been shocked at first, but now she understood. She'd climaxed a second time, in the wardrobe, as she watched her best friend give her well-endowed husband a blowjob.

And despite those two orgasms, Kirsty had never been hornier, or felt more alive. Most importantly, she felt hope that her love life, and marriage, could be rekindled.

Right now, she had something specific in mind. She wanted to go down on Mark. Inspired by Jennifer's attitude, and chagrined when she'd confessed, she only did them for birthdays, this was her first step to putting things on a fresh track.

She softly put the key in the lock, planning to surprise him. He was home after an evening out with Tom and other friends earlier. Kirsty snuck into the hallway and checked her hair in the mirror, it'd had got a bit windswept on the way back. Most noticeable was her lack of bra. Jennifer had sent her back home in a hurry without her underwear, now she suspected her friend had done it on purpose.

She looked at the reflection. One of the night's surprising revelations was how she'd envied Kirsty's breasts. She hadn't ever thought about it, although they did look good despite having a couple of kids. Even here, at home, about to see her husband, the lack of underwear made her uncomfortable. *But we have to start somewhere in stepping out.*

Kirsty rehearsed in her mind how it would go — opening the sitting room door then closing it behind her with a naughty smile, teasing him as she'd watched Jennifer do her hubby. Then light strokes and squeezes through his trousers before she encouraged him to come to bed for more. *Maybe I'll get him to sit like Tom did, and I can kneel between his feet for it.*

She took a deep breath, opened the door and closed it before she looked at her husband.

'Kirsty!' he cried in alarm as she looked at him.

‘Oh my God, Mark, what are you doing?’ It seems he’d decided to start without her. He was hastily trying to get his cock back into his trousers. Kirsty stared at the TV, it was some period drama from the look of it, although none she’d ever seen. A handsome black guy making love to a beautiful white woman on a four-poster bed.

‘I’m sorry, I was watching Bridgerton,’ he said, as though that were an excuse.

‘Mark, I… I don’t know what to say.’

She felt all her plans shatter, banging her knee on the door as she stormed out. ‘Oww,’ she shouted, making her all the angrier. *Thirty seconds. Thirty seconds for it all to go wrong.* She rushed up the stairs, quietening down by the top step for fear of waking either of the boys. Her cheeks were wet with tears by the time she sat down on the bed, the bedroom door firmly closed.

# Third Time's the Charm



She waited for him to knock, to come in, to explain what had happened. After waiting five minutes, it seemed he wasn't even going to bother to do that. The whole incident had taken the wind out of her sails. But as she sat there at the end of the bed, the irony of the situation couldn't help but hit her. *He was wanking to a TV show. He wouldn't believe I did it to the real thing just earlier.*

It was extraordinary timing; in all their years together, she'd never caught him masturbating. But now she had, she wondered how much he did it. *Jennifer does a few times a week.* It had been one of the early revelations of the evening that had made Kirsty realise just how different their sex lives were. She smiled at her own reaction as she had re-joined Jennifer earlier, still on a high from her very first orgasm. 'I'm tempted to know how come you only do it three times a week.' She'd loved Jennifer's delight at her comment.

Kirsty had always considered women who talked about their sex lives as totally alien to her. But after tonight she realised how liberating it was. Jennifer's attitude that it was fun and okay to talk about. She'd never seen her friend more excited to talk about anything, to the extent she'd pulled out some of her sex toy collection to show her. 'We're going to get

you one of these,' she'd told Kirsty as she'd shown off her favourite vibrator.

*I wish I had one now. Maybe I'd let Mark be the one who walked in on me!*

She felt slightly scandalised at even having the thought, but after her experiences this evening Kirsty knew two things. She liked sex, and she really liked orgasms.

*Screw it, if Mark can, I can.* Feeling very rebellious, she stripped her clothes off, which didn't take as long as usual. Normally at this point she'd go shower before bed, *but I had my shower already.* The thought of it helped put Mark's indiscretion out of her head. She remembered how it had felt, sitting in Jennifer's walk-in shower, the pulsating water from the massage head between her legs. *I'm going to have to get one of those too.*

Pulling on a comfy nightie and with some relief, a pair of panties, she slipped under the duvet, wishing she'd thought to turn on the electric blanket. Annoyance at Mark surged as his failure to come to bed compounded his guilt. She grabbed her phone and, without thinking too much, messaged Jennifer. 'Well, that didn't go great. Guess what happened when I got home?'

The message didn't get read immediately. She checked the time. It was twenty minutes since they'd left, 'Surely they're done by now?' she said to herself, knowing Jennifer was looking forward to sex with Tom. Finally, the indicator

showed it had been read and after a little longer, Jennifer wrote back.

‘You’re messaging me now? I want to hear what happened, but you know what we’re doing?’

‘You aren’t done yet?!!!!’ Kirsty was mortified at interrupting.

‘LOL no! Damn. Mark IS quick isn’t he!’

‘He was wanking when I got home.’ Kirsty had to get it out.

‘NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!’ Jennifer’s message was followed by lots of open-mouthed emojis.

‘I know right, what’s the chance?’ She tucked her feet up under the duvet.

‘Hold on a minute,’ Jennifer messaged, ‘I have a cock in me.’

Kirsty read it twice before the reality of the text hit home. She couldn’t type fast enough. ‘Oh my God, I’m so sorry. I’m an idiot. I’ll leave you to it.’

She was about to silence her phone when Jennifer replied. ‘LOL don’t worry, it’s super-hot telling you that.’

Kirsty was torn between stopping and seeing where the conversation went. ‘I can’t believe I messaged you while you’re having sex.’

‘It was my choice to reply. Not like it’s the first time.’

She stared at the screen. ‘Jennifer!!! What are you saying?’

‘I thought you discovered you like knowing this stuff.’

Kirsty considered it, surprised to find she did. ‘How often are we talking about?’

‘Well, any messages on a Saturday morning are a good bet.’

‘But I often call you on Saturday mornings!’

Jennifer replied, ‘Yeah, you do.’ She added the tongue out emoji.

‘You’re not telling me you have sex while on a call?’

‘Yes. I’m telling you that. It seems I’m an exhibitionist.’

‘You’re only just learning that?’ It was Kirsty’s turn to add the same emoji.

‘It’s not *just you* trying new things, babes. You don’t think I hide people in my wardrobe all the time do you? Honey, that’s the first time I’ve done anything like that.’

‘Oh, I hadn’t thought about that. That’s somehow reassuring.’ There was a question Kirsty desperately wanted to ask, she decided to dare it. ‘Are you still having sex?’

‘LOL, yes. He thinks it’s hot we’re chatting. He’s teasing me and trying to distract me.’

Kirsty pictured it, just for a moment, before getting embarrassed. ‘Eugh, that’s hot. I love how fun you guys make it all.’

‘Thank you.’ There was a pause. ‘Do you want to know what he’s doing?’

‘Jennifer, oh my GOD. You’re so bad.’ *Yes, damn it, I do.*

‘You didn’t answer my question.’

She rocked back and forth in bed. ‘I don’t know, I don’t know. Oh my goodness. I think my brain is going to explode.’

‘You are so cute. And you still didn’t answer my question. Yes or no?’

Kirsty covered her face with her hands, trying to decide. ‘Okay, okay, yes,’ she replied hoping it was the right decision.

‘Hah, I knew it. I’m on my back, at the end of the bed. Just where you watched us earlier.’

‘Okay…’ Her breathing had sped up, she was hanging on every word.

‘He’s standing at the end of the bed, and he’s holding my legs up by the ankles.’

‘Are you serious right now?’

‘I mean, I *could* be making it all up and he’s sleeping here next to me… Does that make you feel better?’

Kirsty thought about it. ‘Weirdly, it really does. What is wrong with me?’

‘Nothing, you’re adorable. Shall I go on?’

She actually nodded then realised she had to type. ‘Yes please, I’m going to pretend it’s just a hot fantasy.’

‘If that helps, you do that.’ More grinning emojis.

Kirsty waited for another message but Jennifer didn't send anything. 'Is that it?'

'Nope, I just wanted you to ask for more.'

'You are such a tease, I can't believe it.'

'Really? I tease you all the time. I thought you'd have figured it out by now.'

Now she thought about it, it was true. Jennifer always seemed to take delight in gently teasing her friend. It was mostly about things she wore or 'cute' things she said. But yes, there was no doubt that she was a tease.

Kirsty finally asked, 'You're still waiting for me to ask aren't you.'

'You're catching on.'

'Fine, what's he doing, little miss legs akimbo?'

'LOL, so true. Well he's got the head of his big cock, you remember how big it is, don't you?'

Kirsty fidgeted at the thought. 'No comment.'

'Hah, he's got the head of it in me. And is teasing me, making me beg for more of it.'

'Oh my God, seriously?' Kirsty's pussy clenched as she pictured it.

'Mhmm, and every so often, oh God, like just now, he'll push it all the way in me.'

'Okay, wow. I don't think I can cope with more information. I might explode.'

‘You explode if you want to, babes. Now you’ve learned how.’ Three tongue-out emojis.

‘You are terrible!’

‘You love it.’ *I do, I really do. What’s happening to me?*

Jennifer messaged again. ‘I can’t stop thinking about earlier. I know it might surprise you but that was one of the hottest things I’ve ever done.’

‘Having me watch you?’ Kirsty checked.

‘Yes, and the big reveal. Oh, and you controlling the Lush of course. You were remarkably good at that.’

Kirsty closed her eyes and shook her head, she’d been ignoring that part of the evening’s experience. She had been given control of Jennifer’s remote-controlled vibrator in order to give her secret feedback. ‘I can’t believe I did that. I tried not to think about what it was actually doing.’

‘You mean the fact you made me come. Just you, controlling my vibrator.’

‘I think I’m going to die of shame or embarrassment right now.’

‘LOL you are so cute. How was it for you?’

Kirsty tried to ignore the question. ‘Are you still having sex?’

‘Does Tom licking my pussy count as sex?’

‘You’re kidding me. He’s doing that now?’

‘Yep, and he knows I’m telling you what he’s doing, FYI.’

‘What! What did you tell him?’

‘Just that you needed to talk and that I was messing with you describing what he was up to. You can call if you want, although I am going to come really soon, and I might be loud.’

‘Jennifer, you are unbelievable!’

‘And you’re avoiding my question. How was it for you to make me come?’

‘I’m still processing it.’

‘LOL Good, what are your early conclusions. Oh, wait a sec…’

‘Okay.’ Kirsty waited, pondering the question.

About a minute later Jennifer messaged again. ‘Sorry, was coming. God, that was a good one!’ Kirsty stared at the message. *What have I unleashed?* Her friend messaged in response to her lack of reply. ‘Sorry, is that too much information?’

‘No, no. I’m just… this is new to me.’ She thought she better say more. ‘I like it I think, I like knowing. And I liked everything earlier.’ She couldn’t bring herself to say exactly what.

‘“Like”, huh…’

*Dammit, she is unstoppable.* ‘Okay, I loved it. It was the most exciting and erotic experience I’ve ever had, by a very long way. Good enough for you?!!’

‘Very good! Orgasms help, don’t they? Speaking of which, be right back.’

‘What, AGAIN?!!’ Kirsty texted, and then wrote some more while she waited for her friend to come, apparently. ‘And yes, orgasms help, but it was more like they unlocked something. Something I’d been scared of. I want to be fearless of sex like you.’ She looked at her message before she sent it, the truth of it hitting home. *Fearless…* She realised how afraid she’d been. Of doing something wrong, of not being good enough, of being broken. She couldn’t believe how this one experience, initiated by just being honest with someone who she loved and trusted, could make such a big difference.

She sent the message.

It took a couple of minutes for Jennifer to see it and reply. ‘That’s so good to hear, babes. Also, Tom’s so turned on I’m chatting to you and you know what he’s doing.’

Kirsty felt more fearless now. ‘What’s he doing?’ she asked again.

‘Aren’t you getting bold and curious, I love it.’ *Damn Jen, you know me too well.* ‘He’s still kneeling on the floor, kind of where I was earlier, and going down on me. Cunnilingus is the proper word but a bit of a mouthful.’ She added a grinning emoji at her pun.

‘What’s that feel like?’

There was a little pause, it said Jennifer was typing but nothing came through. Then finally it did. ‘Incredible. Better

than any sex toy when done right. Better than fucking in some ways.'

'Oh wow, really?'

'Oh totally. If Tom was only allowed to do one thing for me forever, it'd be this. He's teasing me now though, edging me. I might not make a lot of sense, my messages I mean.'

*What on earth is edging?* Once again Kirsty felt like an outsider, the same way she had when she'd heard the two of them speak about things she didn't understand while looking from the wardrobe. 'I should leave you to it, I'm intruding.'

'Nonsense, this feels amazing and he's going crazy knowing I'm chatting to you. He's not allowed to touch his cock while he goes down on me.'

'What, why?'

'Because I like the thought of it jutting out, hard, and desperate, just dripping pre-cum while he pleasures me.'

*Oh my God.* 'I like the thought of that too,' Kirsty replied and couldn't believe she'd been so bold.

'Kirsty! Look at you getting so brave! I'm proud of you.'

As ridiculous as it was, Kirsty felt herself glowing at the feedback. But her doubts crept in. 'Is that okay though, can I say that?'

'Sweetie, Tom has a gorgeous cock. I adore you admiring it, and he will even more. It's not like you want to fuck him, right?'

Kirsty thought about it, and instantly dismissed the idea. ‘No, not at all. Just you’re right, it’s beautiful. Watching you earlier, that was beautiful too.’

‘Aww really, don’t! You’re going to make me cry.’ She sent the crying smiley to prove it.

‘I mean it, it was this glimpse of something I’ve never seen before, but part of me knew it must exist.’ Kirsty looked at the time. The TV had gone quiet downstairs but Mark still hadn’t come up. ‘Is Tom still, you know…?’

‘Sucking on my clit? Yep. He can do it for an hour, easy.’

‘An HOUR!’

‘Oh yes, he used to struggle for more than ten minutes. It’s amazing what motivation that cage is.’

‘I have so many more questions about it.’

‘Good, I can’t wait to tell you. But right now he’s edging me until I beg for his cock back in me. He’s very good at that too and I’m about to lose my mind.’

‘What’s edging?’

‘Oh yeah, sorry. It means he is keeping me close but not letting me come and I can’t take anymore so I better go. Google “female orgasm denial”’ if you’re curious.’

‘LOL Okay. Thank you again, Jen. For everything. It’s been amazing.’

‘You’re so welcome. Speak tomorrow. We’re going to make this all good, I promise.’

They both sent digital kisses and Kirsty slumped back in bed, re-reading their entire, extraordinary conversation. Then she read it a third time, with her hand kneading the ache between her legs through the thick duvet. This edging thing had her intrigued. After discovering the power of orgasms Kirsty couldn't comprehend why you'd deny them.

As instructed, she googled to find out more. Discounting the first result that was a porn site she read the Cosmo article that was listed next which helped with some definitions. The fact it suggested trying it tied up with rope immediately made it more interesting. But she also spotted the term she'd learned earlier, that those into 'vanilla' sex 'loved the added ingredient of having their pleasure controlled,' she read.

The thought of this new discovery, this sublime pleasure of a climax, being withheld from her on purpose. It did strange things to her, evoked emotions she couldn't describe. But instinctively there was a response she wanted to make.

Her hand crept under the cover, her heart pounding as she cupped it between her legs. She looked at the door, annoyed at Mark for being too cowardly to even come up. *His loss.*

As she began to rub herself properly she noticed two things. Her thin cotton panties were already damp. She'd read of 'wet panties' as a phenomenon, but had put it off as a metaphor or rare anomaly until now. *I have so much to learn.*

She also realised masturbation felt different. It wasn't just that she was more sensitive, or the wetness making it feel more pleasant. *I now have a destination.* Before, any self-

pleasure, whether touching in the shower or the very few times out of it, had just been… nice. It had felt good, a response to an unexplored pressure that her body instinctively told her to relieve with touching. But it had never gone anywhere. Either frustration, or guilt, stopped her after a while.

This time, though, it was as if the orgasms earlier had freed her. She knew there was a glorious goal to her fumbling. It felt surprisingly good, surprisingly fast. This time, in the comfort and privacy of her own bedroom, without the distraction of watching Jennifer and Tom, or the shock of the first orgasm, she could analyse the impact on her.

The first was obvious. It felt really good. Pleasure flowed through her, originating between her thighs but spreading like heat up her back. She couldn't stop herself from moving her hips in response.

She could see the second impact. Her nipples were hard, accentuating the tips of her breasts under her nightie. She remembered how good they had felt in the shower earlier, as she'd poured a little shower gel on them. Her other hand cupped her breast and instinctively gave it a squeeze.

Greater pleasure flowed through her torso as if suddenly released by her grip. She gripped her breast again but it didn't have quite the same effect. But squeezing the other one did. *What on earth? It's like they store it up. Is this normal?*

Her question was forgotten when she moved to try a nipple. Simply tracing her fingernail over the sheer fabric of her nightie sent a shock of intense pleasure like lightning bolts

to her clitoris, which made her gasp. This didn't diminish as she did it more, discovering that small, firm circles, almost scratched onto the fabric gave her a feel that almost rivalled what her other hand was doing between her legs. And it all worked together, building up to a crescendo.

She felt the urge to be naked. Conscious that Mark might walk in, she hoisted her nightie to above her breasts, surprising herself as they poked up, exposed above the duvet.

Below it too, she wiggled her bottom as she pulled her panties around her thighs and gave a contented sigh. Her finger slipped between her damp lips and played with her clit, rubbing fast circles with her hand. *Okay, that wins the competition of what feels best now.*

Even the cotton bedding felt amazing against her bare skin. She grabbed a handful and dragged the top of the duvet up and down over her breasts. None of it was as good as her fingernails through the nightie but there was a joy in cupping her breast, skin on skin. They felt heavier as she squeezed them, her fingertips rubbing them as best as they could.

The climax building between her legs meant anything else was just adding to the crescendo. She discovered a newfound joy. The knowledge that she could, and that she *would,* have an orgasm. It made her feel powerful, in control, and more than anything, happier than she'd felt in a long time.

And she came. Lost in the moment, abandoned to the orgasm as she fully embraced it, time seeming to slow. Rubbing harder, arching her back as wave after wave of sexual

delight flowed over her. It spread to every part of her, her hair felt like it was standing on end and her toes arched out, poking from the bottom of the duvet in her writhing.

She finally remembered to breathe, her fingers instinctively slowing as she became too sensitive for more. ‘Oh my God,’ she whispered to the eternity she’d just touched, ‘thank you.’ She didn’t know who, or what she was thanking, but her delight in this discovery filled her with gratitude.

# Rejection and Reflection



It was late, dark and quiet when Mark unsuccessfully tried sneaking back into the bedroom without waking Kirsty. She was always a light sleeper and debated whether to just pretend she was asleep. ‘Hey there,’ she whispered, deciding not to.

‘Hello.’ Mark sat on the edge of the bed, trying to pull his trousers off quietly and so taking ages about it.

‘I’m glad you came to bed,’ she added, getting no hints in the darkness of how he was feeling.

‘Thank you. It was getting cold down there.’ He paused, pulling his socks off. ‘Kirsty…’ he started.

She didn’t let him continue. ‘Shush, it’s late. We can talk about it another time but it’s fine.’

‘Really?’ The tone of his voice conveyed his surprise.

Kirsty patted the bed and pulled the cover back. ‘It’s been cold in here without you too.’ He lay down beside her and she put her hand on his shoulder. They usually slept on their sides, and whether by fate or just habit, it was mostly with their backs to each other. Mark raised his shoulder and gave her hand a kiss, and then turned away. But this time, and for the first in a long time, Kirsty shuffled closer and wrapped an arm around him, snuggling up.

He gave a little sigh which she couldn't interpret, and she kissed him on the back, tempted to ask him what it meant, but opting to stay quiet. She lay there, trying to think what to say, if anything. They had never been good at talking things through, and with her inhibitions about sex, those conversations had been almost impossible. *What would Jennifer say?* Her heart started beating faster as she thought about it, and without overthinking she slid her hand down around him, holding his still flaccid cock through his boxer shorts. He gave a little gasp. Something Kirsty could interpret, as his cock responded too. She channelled her inner Jennifer, 'If you'd asked me I'd have done it for you.'

She was pleased with herself for being so bold. It was possibly the most sexually aggressive thing she'd ever said. But he didn't reply, and worse, she felt him begin to wilt in her hand. *What's going on?* Still he was silent but she felt him curl up more, further away from her, pushing his face into the pillow.

'Mark?' she asked, mystified at his reaction.

'I don't want to have to ask,' he said, turning away even more, so her hand released him. She flopped onto her back, embarrassed at his rebuttal and angry that he'd turned the situation on her so fast. She rolled over to her usual position, back to him, nearer tears than she wanted to admit. All the confidence the last 12 hours had built in her, washed away in seconds. *Oh Jennifer, I'm going to need more help.*

To stop her brain going down darker paths she put in an earbud and listened to an old and familiar audiobook, getting back to sleep faster than she might have hoped.

* * *

Kirsty woke first and lay in bed next to a snoring Mark, going through a rollercoaster of emotions from the memories of the night before. She rolled on her side to face him. *How did we get to this point?*

They'd met on a graduate training scheme and started dating not long after. They'd both split up from a previous relationship during their university years. The only difference is Mark had lived with his girlfriend as part of his gap year. Kirsty, on the other hand, had come out of a very chaste relationship with a guy she'd fallen in love with at school.

But Mark had respected that, they'd taken their time, and had sex when it had felt right. It had been, nice. It was romantic, pretty much what Kirsty had imagined. She had hoped it might make her orgasm but it didn't and he didn't seem to see it was a problem. Not that they ever discussed it.

She couldn't help wondering, if that had been different, if she'd known what it was to climax — maybe she'd have been more demanding, set things on a different course.

But then, they never really talked about sex. It was, in Jennifer's terminology, very vanilla. They'd had intercourse before she gave him a blowjob. The idea had never really

appealed to her. Until now. Until she'd seen just what it could be like when Jennifer worshipped Tom's cock the night before.

Just the thought of it, the way she toyed with it, teased it, enjoyed it. 'Worshipped' was the best word for it. And okay, it was big. Shockingly big. But she didn't think that changed the essence of it. It was just so sensual, it wasn't about making him come, *in fact she didn't even do that while I watched.* She recalled the conversation overheard in the wardrobe. *I wonder if she let him come at all.*

That was the bit Kirsty had liked least about giving a blowjob. Mark had this unreasonable expectation that she would swallow his semen. She could see how much it turned him on. But she just thought it was a bit gross and surely spitting it out politely was just as good. *I wonder what Jen does?* Something told Kirsty she was a swallower, *but there's probably other stuff they do with it I don't even know about. I have so much to learn* – her conclusion was the same as the night before.

One other lesson from Jennifer was what she decided to take hold of this morning. She recalled her friend's words. 'We can't change the other person, we can only change ourselves. And then maybe give them some help if they want to meet us in the middle.'

She looked at the gap between Mark and her in the bed, a divide that was so rarely filled with anything but poorly kids. As if the thought somehow summoned them, she heard the boys begin to stir.

Kirsty had the beginnings of a plan for the morning so she quietly got up, wrapped herself in a dressing gown and got the kids in front of Saturday morning TV with some breakfast. Once she'd done that she went to the backdoor and found what she was looking for, a door wedge that kept it open when the kids were playing in the garden.

Just as she slipped it into her pocket her phone vibrated with a message. It was Jennifer, 'Hey you, good morning, how was your night.'

'Very mixed. How was yours?'

Jennifer didn't bother replying, the phone rang instead. 'What happened?' she said.

'Hold on, I'll shut the kitchen door, just making coffee. Then I'll tell you.'

She made coffee and sat in the conservatory drinking it as she told Jennifer all about the night before, both her exploits and then the incident with Mark.

'Oh honey, don't you worry. This was never going to be some quick fix. But remember what I said…'

'I need to work on myself first, I can only change me.'

'Damn, you're a fast learner.' Hearing Jennifer say that made Kirsty proud of herself again.

She blew out a big breath. 'I wish I was more like you. I have no idea what to say, or what to do. I'm sure you wouldn't have messed up like I did last night.'

‘Hey now, you didn’t mess up. He’s just not in the right place to hear it. What you said was great, don’t go thinking it wasn’t.’

‘Thank you, but I still feel totally clueless. I have no idea what I’m doing, I don’t even know how to give him a good blowjob.’

Jennifer was quiet for moment. ‘Then I’ll teach you.’

‘Huh, what will you teach me?’

‘All of that. If you’ll let me. I’ll teach you what to say, what to do, how to have fun with it all.’

‘Fun. Fun would be good. But how are you going to teach me?’

‘Well, I have some ideas, but I can tell you what to do. I can give you ideas of things to do and say. Heck, I can show you how to suck cock like a pro.’ Somehow Jennifer made some very sexy slurping sounds to demonstrate.

Kirsty burst into laughter at Jennifer’s enthusiasm. ‘You are extraordinary, you know that? “Be more like Jennifer” that’s honestly my motto from now on.’ She paused. ‘Hold on, when you say you can *show* me to, you know…’

‘Suck cock like a pro?’ It made Kirsty laugh again although the slurping sounds were now combined with a kind of groan.

It made her think of watching them like she had last night but she didn’t dare say anything. ‘Yes… that. Do you mean, like, what do you mean?’

She heard Jennifer draw in a big breath, maybe pretending to be shocked. ‘Kirsty, are you asking me if you can watch me suck Tom’s dick again?’

‘Jenny! Oh my God!’ Now it was her friend who was laughing. Kirsty’s heart was pounding and she was sure she’d just gone bright red. ‘I don’t know what I meant.’

‘Well, I was thinking about just demonstrating on a dildo.’

‘Ohhh,’ said Kirsty, a little disappointed.

‘But now you mention it, I’m sure Tom wouldn’t mind.’

‘Jennifer!’

‘Would you believe I can get him all the way down my throat?’

Now her mind was filled with a new image. ‘No! That’s not possible!’

‘It’s not easy, and it’s definitely more fun for him than me. But yep. Hold on one minute, Tom wants something.’ There was a laugh in the background.

Kirsty stood up, taking her empty mug to the sink, ‘Am I ever going to stop being amazed at your sex life?’

There was a pause then her friend answered after she coughed. ‘I hope not. I’m doing something wrong if you are. So, you up for it, you want me to teach you?’

She thought about it for just a few seconds. ‘Yes. Yes please, I’d like that very much.’

‘Fab, what are you doing this afternoon?’

Kirsty glanced at the calendar on the wall. ‘Umm, nothing planned.’

‘Then you can tell Mark you’re going shopping with me.’

Kirsty raised an eyebrow. ‘To get what?’

‘You’ll find out. It’ll be fun though, I promise.’

‘Oh really? Can’t you give me a clue?’

‘Where’s the *fun* in that?’

Kirsty resigned herself to not knowing. ‘Thanks Jen, honestly, I don’t know what I’d do without you.’

‘You’re my best friend, and like I said last night. I adore sharing this side of me with you, it’s been the only thing I have regretted about our friendship. Tom’s super happy about it too, he says you’ve inspired me.’

‘Oh, well, that’s good. But he still doesn’t know about the wardrobe?’

‘Nope, although we should tell him at some point.’

‘Tell me what?’ came Tom’s voice in the background.

‘Never you mind, big ears!’ Jennifer gave her sexy chuckle. ‘But yeah, if you assume I tend to tell him everything unless you tell me not to.’

‘No, no, that’s fine, I trust you guys and appreciate it so much.’ Kirsty suddenly remembered the secret Jennifer had shared before. ‘Hey, it’s Saturday morning, you’re not…?’

‘Sucking Tom’s cock?’ There was a big slurping sound. ‘Yep, ever since I called.’

Kirsty realised what all the sounds from earlier had been. ‘Holy shit. You guys are crazy.’

‘It’s not crazy, it’s fun. Isn’t it baby?’ She was obviously talking to her husband. Kirsty just heard a mildly desperate, ‘Uh huh,’ in the background. There were some long, sloppy sucking sounds which froze Kirsty to the spot now she realised what they were. Jennifer spoke again, ‘Oh honey, you can’t be close again. How is there any left? Didn’t you leave it all in me last night?’

Kirsty didn’t know what to do. It all took her back to being in the wardrobe last night, and the incredible arousal that came with it.

‘Maybe I should let Kirsty decide if you can come again.’ Again there was some kind of needy pleading from Tom she couldn’t quite make out.

‘What do you think, Kirsty?’

‘Yes,’ she said, instinctively, carried away with all that was going on.’

‘Oh, she says yes. No honey, I only said I’d maybe let her decide.’ There was a definite grumble at the other end to which Jennifer laughed, and then Tom said something else. ‘Oh, umm. Tom says if you decide, you can pick where it goes.’

‘Where what goes? Oh, my God. You mean… wow!’ Kirsty clutched her hand to her chest, hear heart was pounding. She turned around and pressed herself against the

work surface. Even the dull pressure of it on her mons made her let out a little sigh.

‘Dammit,’ Jennifer confided, ‘but why is it so hot when he turns the tables on me?’ Tom definitely laughed at that.

Her heart was pounding. ‘What are my options?’ Kirsty asked, getting caught up in game.

‘Damn girl, you are a fast learner.’ She asked Tom. ‘Seriously?’ Jennifer was speaking to him. ‘You want me to tell the poor girl that?’ Kirsty didn’t know what her options were going to be, but she was bouncing with excitement at Jennifer’s resignation to his suggestions. There was a sigh on the phone. ‘He says, my face, my mouth, my pussy or my arse.’ She blew a big breath down the phone. ‘I kind of hate it on my face most of the time just so you know.’

‘Oh, interesting. Ummm, I pick mouth,’ Kirsty declared, having just noticed how time was flying. She still couldn’t help wanting more information. ‘Does that mean you swallow it?’

‘Good girls always swallow, Kirsty.’

‘They do?’ The low, slow way Jennifer had said it had entirely switched the power dynamic back.

‘They do, although I’m not always a good girl. But I bet you are.’

Once again Kirsty felt like she didn’t quite understand what was going on, but something about it all made her heart pound. ‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean, if I’m going to suck and swallow Tom, how about you go give Mark a blowjob too?’

*Jen’s not the only one having the tables turned on her…* ‘Do I have to swallow?’

‘Not today.’ There was some kind of promise in the way she said it but Kirsty didn’t want to ask.

The feeling of rejection from last night began to resurface ‘But he may not even want to do anything after last night.’

Jennifer made a sympathetic noise. ‘Mhmm. But I suspect he will. And here’s what you do. Last night, you had a dream.’

‘I did?’

Jennifer went on to tell her just what the dream was, and what she was to do, and the whole idea took root in Kirsty’s head. She bid her goodbyes to her much raunchier friend and checked in on the kids before heading back upstairs. As she climbed them, she noticed once again she was damp. *How many panties must Jen get through?*

She knocked on the door, not wanting to risk a repeat of the surprise last night, but Mark was still half-asleep. Remembering the door wedge, she quietly shut the door and pushed it under the closed door frame, pleased with her innovation and annoyed she didn’t tell Jennifer about it earlier. *Oh well, there’s another way to make her proud.*

She sat on her side of the bed and leaned on her pillow, recalling the words Jen said to use. ‘Mark, are you awake? I had the craziest dreams last night.’

# Wildest Dreams



Mark stretched and yawned. ‘Hello,’ he said, ‘a dream?’

‘Mhmm.’ Kirsty lay down on top of the duvet, close to him. ‘It’s a bit embarrassing though.’ She wasn’t lying, the fact she was doing this, reciting the words Jennifer had given her, was already making her blush.

And he reacted just the way she’d predicted. As soon as she mentioned it was embarrassing his interested doubled. ‘What was it, you can tell me.’

‘Honestly, I can’t. It’s really embarrassing. I don’t know what could have caused it.’ She paused for a minute, as though coming to a realisation. Only she wasn’t, she was remembering what Jennifer said to say. ‘Oh, I wonder if, last night…?’ She glanced down at the duvet covering his crotch. To her delight she saw him blush too.

‘I’m sorry about that.’ *Hmm, really? I think you’re just sorry I caught you. Stay positive Kirsty!*

‘Yeah, I bet that’s what caused the dream,’ she said, prompting him back onto her little story. She saw it click, that the dream was definitely sexual. Embarrassing, and sexual.

‘Kirsty, come on, please tell me.’ He was trying not to show how desperate he was to know, and it thrilled her. She

was actually doing this, taking the lead, and he was responding just the way Jennifer said he would.

‘I guess it is *just* a dream, right. I can’t control that.’

‘Yes, yes, absolutely.’

‘But, it’s sexual.’ She carefully placed her hand on the little mound she could see his cock was making, and was very pleased to find he was hard under there. His eyes were open wide now and his breathing in little pants. *Oh God, is it really this easy?*

‘Oh Kirsty, you have to tell me.’ To see him like this was thrilling. It brought back memories of how Tom had been with Jennifer the night before. She was supposed to tell him the dream now, but she decided to go a little off-piste.

‘You tell me something first, about last night.’ He turned away from her, staring at the wall. *Oh damn, that killed the mood. It’s just as easy to kill apparently.* She’d been about to ask him what he was jerking off to but sensed that would make things worse. *What would Jen say?* ‘Would it have been hot if I’d stayed and helped?’

That was clearly not the question he’d been expecting. His head shot back to her, ‘What? Are you serious?’

*Oh well, that worked then.* ‘Mhmm, because that was kind of the dream.’

‘Oh my God, really?’ She felt his cock twitch through the duvet. *Okay, so keep it sexual and all is well. Men…*

‘Yeah, I’m remembering more now. I found you, and was cross, but only because you hadn’t asked if I’d help.’

Kirsty had guessed that phrase wouldn’t go down well after saying it last night, and she was right, but this time she was prepared. It was clearly an issue she hadn’t even appreciated. ‘I don’t want to have to ask.’ He repeated, folding his arms.

‘I know. But…’ she paused for dramatic effect and because I knew this was way out of my comfort zone, ‘But it would turn me on if you did.’

‘Really?’ he looked puzzled. *This is some gripe he has about having to ask for sex, that I didn’t even know about.*

‘Well, that’s kind of what the dream was. And the dream got me horny so, yeah…’

It was the first time she could remember ever having used that word with him. Its impact surprised her. *Is telling him I’m horny such a big thing? I could have said ‘I’m an alien’ and not seen a bigger reaction.* He didn’t actually say anything, but the wide eyes, raised eyebrows and twitching cock told her she had his attention.

Kirsty continued, ‘Yes, so I was cross, so I told you off. “You know the rules, Mark.”’ His cock jumped at that. *Interesting.* She put on what she thought was a sexier voice, a low whisper. ‘You have to ask me, not do it yourself.’ *Okay, I’m back on track with the story now.*

‘Wow, alright.’ He finally regained the ability to speak. ‘And what then?’

‘Well then, I think, you surprised me.’ She gave his cock a couple of strokes through the duvet and was pleased with his little sigh.

‘I did?’

‘Mhmm, you still asked, but not for what I expected.’

‘What did I ask for?’ He was completely spellbound. To have him so enthralled was energising her. She didn’t answer his question straight away. She slid off the bed and walked around to his side, pulling the duvet that covered him out of the way. With a tap on his feet he got the message, swinging them around to face her, feet off the side of the bed now. She stood over him, her heart racing. She continued the storytelling. ‘You asked, if I’d suck your cock.’

He drew in breath so fast it was more like a squeak than anything. ‘I did?’ Really?’

‘Yes. But if you don’t want to ask…’ She put her hands on her hips. *This standing over him thing is surprising hot.*

‘No, no. I can do that.’ Kirsty tried not to giggle at his sudden turnaround.

She waited, apparently he needed every little step explained. ‘So, why don’t you try asking.’

‘Now, really?’ he asked. Kirsty pushed back mild irritation at his reticence. After all she’d already gone through this with

Jennifer, who was apparently psychic because he was reacting almost exactly the way he said she would.

‘Why don’t you try?’ She turned and twisted a little, wondering if that was sexy.

‘Would you suck my cock?’ He sounded so nervous about it she almost laughed, but then realised that his hesitancy was at least partly down to her past reactions.

Kirsty followed Jennifer’s script. She knelt down and pushed his knees open. ‘I think you were more polite in the story.’ She grinned. *This is fun.*

‘Darling, would you suck my cock, please?’ She looked up at him from her knees, the look of wonder and arousal on his face encouraging her.

She bit her lip. ‘In the dream you had it out, and were holding it…’ she prompted with a nod of her head.

This time he got it. He opened up the flies of his boxer shorts and out popped his hard on. He gripped it around the base with his hand. For the first time in her life Kirsty was excited by the thought of giving a blowjob. She put her hand on top of Mark’s, pressing his palm down into his pubes so she had as much as possible to work with. ‘Say it again.’

It had been hot the first time he’d said it, but this time there was a note of desperation to it that made it even sexier. ‘Please, Kirsty, please suck my cock.’

She didn’t need any more from him. Gripping her hand around his shaft, she began kissing the head of it, recalling

how Jennifer had teased Tom the night before. There wasn't nearly as much to play with but she did her best, rubbing it on her cheek a little, making small kisses and then sucking the head of it into her mouth.

She'd been worried Mark would question why this was so different from before. 'Just blame it on the dream, it's genius,' Jennifer had assured her.

*It* is *genius*. She remembered more of Jen's tips. 'Eye contact, keep it as much as possible.' This didn't prove as easy. Mark's cock seemed very upright compared to Tom's yesterday, but Kirsty gave it a bit of a pull down and met Mark's eyes. The look of wonder that greeted her made her grin, which isn't as easy when your mouth is full.

She popped the tip out of her mouth and smiled at him. 'So do you like my dream?'

'Best dream ever. Wow, do you know how hot you look?'

Kirsty suddenly felt shy. She couldn't remember the last time he'd looked at her like that. She didn't reply, but went back to simple sucks on the head of his cock which made him groan with pleasure. *Be brave, she* reminded herself. 'How hot do I look?' she asked him in a pause between sucks.

'Mind-blowing. A dream come true.' It was a little strange hearing her husband talk about her like this. *But I could get used to it.* Kirsty compared this to any other blowjob she'd given him. This time it was just as much for her as for him. She was having fun, in control rather than obligated. She paused as a realisation hit. *I like sucking cock.* This was such a

foreign idea that she had to give it time to sink in. ‘Are you okay?’ Mark asked.

‘Yes, sorry.’ She laughed. ‘I was just thinking we should do this more often.’

‘Hell, yes we should.’

She put one elbow up on his thigh and leaned her head on her hand, using the other to stroke him now. ‘Is it okay it turns me on if you ask?’

‘Now I know it turns you on it’s totally different,’ he said.

‘Really, why?’

‘I like being able to turn you on. I feel like I’m not sure how to do that very well.’ She was surprised at his honesty.

Kirsty gave his cock a few more kisses, brushing her lips over it as she mused. ‘Perhaps we should make that a challenge. Find some things that turn each other on.’

‘That sounds amazing. I’d love that.’

Kirsty gave him some more strokes, reviewing the final bit of Jennifer’s plan, the ‘advanced bit’. She’d said to only do it if she felt it was going well. It definitely was. ‘So, there was one last bit of my dream.’

‘There was?’ His enthusiasm made her giggle.

‘Yes, I don’t know where it came from, but it was kind of naughty.’

‘What, really?’

‘Yeah, it was just you asking for something else.’ I knew his mind was going to go places I didn’t want it to with that phrasing, so I didn’t wait for him to guess. ‘You asked me if you could come.’

He did seem slightly deflated when he heard it. I was very curious to know what he’d imagined but now was not the time. I said, ‘Yeah, I got you very close to… you know, and you had to ask if you were allowed.’

As the idea sunk in I felt his cock respond. Apparently he liked the idea. ‘Okay, wow. I guess, that is kind of hot.’

‘It is?’ she said. She really hadn’t been sure what he’d think of it and was relieved with the positive feedback. ‘Why don’t you lie back then, and when you get close, try that.’ She couldn’t bring herself to say it again.

‘Okay!’ Mark lay back his arm resting on a hand so he could just about look up and see her, but Kirsty felt much less under observation. And that was good, because it wasn’t the only part of Jennifer’s advanced plan.

‘See if you can come while you suck him, but secretly,’ Jennifer had challenged her as they’d discussed this plan. With Mark lying back she reached her hand down between her legs, and began to rub, inside her panties from the start. The sudden urge to suck his cock again surprised her, and she let herself give into it. *Good Lord, I’m so wet.* Kirsty even reached a little deeper to get her fingertips wetter and use those on her clitoris. She sucked his cock, deeper than before, and her little moans joined his.

*Why has no one ever told me how much better this makes a blowjob?* She pressed her mouth deeper onto him now, deeper than she ever had before. The urge to take it all, to somehow swallow him, filled her mind. Jennifer's claim she could take all of Tom didn't sound so insane now, although it still seemed physically impossible. She wiggled her head, pushing him deeper, as she had seen Jennifer do.

It felt so good, her fingers masturbating furiously, the noises she was eliciting from her husband. *I love this!* She was as surprised as anyone. Mark was saying something, she looked up, his cock still in her mouth. He was propped up on his elbows.

'Please let me come, please!' she realised he was begging. Her plan had been to say 'no' for a bit, to tease him the way Jennifer had teased Tom. But that wasn't on the cards. Mark gave a deep groan and she felt his cock spasm in her hand and her mouth.

Kirsty just managed to pull her mouth off him and say 'No!' when the first load shot right up her nose.

It burned. She immediately let go of his cock and it flipped to its normal position, just as the second, seemingly even bigger load jetted out. Kirsty watched it arc up over Mark's chest and it hit him right in the face. The burning in her nose was nothing to this. Somehow it had turned from fantasy to farce in just seconds. She laughed out loud as a third then fourth jet splattered over his chest and stomach.

He was only just comprehending what was happening, letting out desperate moans. He grabbed his cock, trying to recover the pleasure that was what he'd expected. It only caused more sperm to pump out onto his stomach.

Kirsty couldn't help it, she burst out laughing. He looked at her with a mix of confusion and annoyance. Unfortunately, the laugh made her sniff, and that only increased the burning in her nose. 'Oww, oww, it went up my nose!'

Thankfully that made him refocus, and he began laughing as well. Kirsty stretched her face around as though her sinuses were aching. He was laughing at the faces she was pulling. 'It really went up your nose?'

'It totally did. And it burns.' She finally thought to grab a tissue and blow her nose. The burning eased a bit. 'Well, *that* wasn't part of the dream.' They both laughed. 'It's on your face you know,' Kirsty pointed out.

'Yes, thank you, I know. I'm trying not to think about it.'

Kirsty looked at the splatter of it on his cheek, beard and neck. *That's kind of hot.* She didn't dare tell him.

'So, how was it for you?' Mark grinned.

'That was fun.'

'It was,' he agreed.

*Encourage him.* She remembered more of Jennifer's advice. 'And hot. I did like you asking.'

'Really? Why?'

She shrugged. ‘It made me feel, wanted, I guess?’ From the way his face fell, her unguarded reply was not what he wanted to hear. *Oh shit. Recover, recover!* ‘And, um…’ she wrapped her hand around his now flaccid cock, it was warm and wet with his cum, ‘… hearing you beg, turned me on.’ She gave his cock a squeeze. Apparently, that was the right answer. Not only did his face light back up but his cock started to grow in her hand.

‘How did it end? The dream?’

‘Oh well, *not* like that.’ She tried a wink, but it felt more awkward than naughty. He seemed to like it though. He waited for an answer. ‘Maybe you’ll find out later.’

That simple tease seemed to make his cock spring up again. But it wasn’t the only thing that was up; little footsteps were pounding up the stairs. Kirsty grabbed her pack of wet wipes, there were always some to hand. She pulled out a few and threw them at Mark and then used them on her own hands.

The kids whacked into the door, expecting it to open. Mark was puzzled why it didn’t until Kirsty stood and pointed to the door wedge. He looked impressed. ‘I thought you could put a lock on this over the weekend.’ She bent over and took out the wedge as he wiped his face.

‘That sounds like a very good idea.’ He paused, smiling at the kids whining about the door being locked. ‘You should have more dreams like that.’

‘Something tells me I will be.’

# Coffee Confessions



Jennifer was laughing so hard that Kirsty worried she was going to have a seizure. Or at the very least, they might get thrown out of the coffee shop.

She'd been trying to quietly tell her friend what happened earlier and Jennifer had found it so amusing she'd spat out her coffee, and now her laughter was infecting Kirsty too.

'It's not funny!' she objected, catching the giggles. 'I can smell cum every time I breathe in.'

That was it, the line that might kill her best friend. 'Stop, stop it. I can't take anymore. This is too good.' She really was gasping for breath. She broke into a coughing fit, ignoring the stares of all the yummy mummies who seemed to make up most of the cafe's clientele. Her cheeks were shiny with tears. 'You ruined it, that's so brilliant.'

'Why is it brilliant? And I don't think I ruined it, it just didn't go the way we planned at the end.'

'No, no…' she heaved in a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down. 'It's what it's called. A ruined orgasm. Where you stop just as he spurts.'

'Jennifer, oh my God, will you keep your voice down?' It appalled Kirsty how loudly she'd said that.

‘Oh, don’t worry about it. They could all do with learning this stuff.’

Kirsty rolled her eyes, although she had a point. ‘So a ruined orgasm…?’ She still wasn’t quite clear.

‘It’s a useful trick in play like this. Just you seemed to have discovered it already by accident.’

She furrowed her eyebrows. ‘But why? Why would you do that?’

‘Well, a few reasons. First, it’s mean. And mean is hot. Say it with me, ‘Mean is hot.’

Kirsty blushed. ‘Mean is hot,’ she said under her breath.

‘Very good. Second, I suppose it’s giving him a bit of what he wants but not all of it.’ She smiled, ‘Always keep him wanting more,’ she said, leaning forward waiting for the echo.

‘Always keep him wanting more,’ Kirsty said. She could feel the giggles coming back.

‘And then definitely the other reason to ruin orgasms is because while it hits their libido for a little while, give it ten, maybe twenty minutes and he’ll often be hornier than ever.’

‘No way! Why?’

‘I don’t know, something to do with all the sex hormones, I guess. It doesn’t always work, but with Tom it’s almost comical. I’ll make him beg for a ruin instead of what he really wants. He thinks it’s better than nothing, but really he ends up

worse off. But oh, the noises he makes when I just tip him over the edge and then let go. So hot.'

Kirsty thought back to the noises Mark had made this morning when she'd done it by accident, and her pussy gave a little clench of approval. 'Okay,' she said a little breathlessly. 'I get that.'

'It's so sexy with the cock cage too,' Jennifer continued, clearly making no effort to be quiet. 'You can ruin their orgasm in it without even taking it off.' Kirsty glanced around at one mum, bouncing her toddler on her knee but clearly listening in.

'Jen,' she hissed, 'people can hear.'

'I hope so. God, I wish someone had told me about these things after we had our kids. Well, before! I swear, if the NHS had a pill that had the same impact on a relationship that locking up a guy's cock did, everyone of these women would feed it to their hubbies daily.'

That set them both off laughing again. 'Can we maybe, you know, have a codename for it?' Kirsty suggested.

'The Silver Pill, we could call it that.' She was clearly pleased with her marketing prowess.

'Fine, whatever, just I'm going to have to hide under the table if you're not a little more subtle.' Kirsty grinned at her friend.

'Ah, you love it really.'

'You know me well enough that I'm not going to argue.'

‘Forget knowing you well enough, your bra’s thin enough to show me.’

‘Jenny!’ This time it was Kirsty’s voice that drew attention. She pulled her cardigan closed. ‘What are you like?’

Jennifer gave it some thought. *‘This* is what I’m really like. And I don’t think I realised until today just how much I was missing being able to talk to you so openly about it.’

‘Really?’ Kirsty hadn’t expected such a profound answer. She had given little thought to what this meant for her friend.

‘So yes, while I’m a little carried away with the newness of all this, if it’s okay with you, I’m just going to be very real with you, make the most of this. And if anything’s too much, just tell me. I’ll dial it down. Just as I have the rest of the time I’ve known you.’ She looked away, sipping at her coffee.

‘I hadn’t considered this was so important to you, too. I’m sorry, I should have seen that,’ Kirsty said.

Jennifer smiled and it turned into something more cheeky. ‘Don’t be silly, you were too busy having your first orgasms.’

‘Jen!’ Kirsty felt like pulling her cardigan right over her head. ‘It’s almost like you get off on embarrassing me.’

She didn’t reply for a minute, but then pulled her chair closer and finally said in a hushed voice that wouldn’t be overheard. ‘You know, that’s an interesting observation. I think I might.’

‘What, really? How do you mean?’

‘Well, I love teasing Tom, as you saw.’ Kirsty muttered something about it being an understatement under her breath and giggled. ‘But I do like embarrassing you, in a cute way,’ she hastily added. ‘But my spidey-sense tells me it’s more complex than that. Maybe that’s what I’m responding to.’

‘How so?’ Kirsty was fascinated to see her friend analysing herself.

She quietly asked, ‘Does being teased turn you on?’

Kirsty wanted to refute the idea immediately, but the sensible way she was asked forced her to consider it. *I mean, my nipples are hard, and it’s not cold in here.* ‘I don’t know.’

‘Your pokies suggest otherwise.’

Kirsty glared at her. ‘I wasn’t going to mention that.’

‘See, now you’re blushing and it’s adorable.’ That only made Kirsty go more red. ‘You know what, I think you’re right. Damn, I get off on embarrassing you. But the reason why, is you get off on me doing it!’ She looked triumphant at her conclusion.

‘I wish I’d never mentioned it,’ complained Kirsty.

‘No, you don’t. I think you like it. And see, isn’t this cool, being able to talk about it and actually discuss this stuff. I hadn’t even thought about it before.’

‘Are you secretly some kind of dominatrix?’

That made Jennifer lean back and laugh loudly again. ‘That is quite the picture. No, I don’t think so. Although I bet

Tom wouldn't complain.'

'Is he, submissive? That's the right term?'

'Tom? God, no. He just loves me having fun and being creative I think. I mean having his cock caged messes with his head for sure, but that's all part of the fun.'

'What kind of messing?'

'It reverses our usual roles. I wouldn't use dominant and submissive but maybe top and bottom fit better.'

'How are they different?'

'Tom's naturally very alpha in life, and in bed. If things are just "vanilla"', she did air-quotes, 'then he'll take the lead, throw me around and make sure I know about it.'

Kirsty couldn't help feeling a twinge of jealousy at the description. 'Sounds fun.'

'Oh it is, but a lot of that was the energy that came with youth, NRE, heard of that?'

Kirsty shook her head.

'New relationship energy. You know, the early passion, and sex, that can't really last forever as it's just not sustainable.'

'That's interesting. I was thinking about how different things are now, but hadn't framed it like that.'

'It's important to be aware of, because for some, they expect the sex, or at least the romance, to just keep at that level forever. Hollywood's partly to blame for sure. But that's

unreasonable. Life comes along, kids come along. Sickness and health, richer and poorer.'

Kirsty nodded. 'I hadn't thought about the wedding vows in that way.'

'Yeah, whoever wrote them knew what they were talking about. Anyway, the point is, life happens. But that doesn't mean you can't put new things in place to mix it up. To force you to be creative. A big one is our date nights.'

'Ah yes,' Kirsty said, 'Mark knows that Tom is a lost cause if he wanted to go out on a Friday.'

'Yep, they're sacred,' she laughed. 'But that was a bit of advice my aunt gave me at our wedding and maybe the best gift we got. They force us to have a little "us" time set apart. They help Tom remember to be romantic, which is never a bad thing. And at the very least, we'll have sex, of some kind. Which let me tell you, when the kids were younger, was often all we did.'

Kirsty really wanted to ask what, 'sex of some kind,' included, but she was too shy to ask. 'So where does the…' she coughed and dropped her voice, '…cage, fit in?'

'It's just another thing to spice it all up, really. Like I said, it has such a wonderful effect on him… on us.' Jennifer sat back, studying her friend and nibbling on the biscuit that came with their drinks. She seemed to reach a conclusion. 'You know, babe, if any of us would look good in leather and heels, it's you.' Jennifer chuckled, 'Oh dear, did that make you blush too?'

Kirsty nodded. She couldn't even picture it. Jennifer had always been very encouraging, and almost got annoying with how often she told her she was beautiful. But this was not the kind of compliments she'd ever had before. She ignored the clothing suggestion. 'Do you think I can do it though, be a "top" like that?'

'Sure you can. Relax, relax, my instinct tells me you'll be a natural.'

'I think my natural inclination is to be a…' Kirsty shook her head at how silly it sounded, '…a bottom, though.'

'Top, bottom, try it all out. See what you like best. Right now we're following the rule that only you can make a change, and that requires taking the lead, right?'

'I guess so. But I have no idea what to do.'

'Were you mean at all this morning?' Jennifer asked.

Kirsty thought back. 'Not really. Making him ask for it a few times. That was hot. And I made him get it out like you said to. Those weren't very mean but I could see the impact.' She drank a sip of her coffee. 'Why is mean, hot?'

'That's a good question.' Jennifer drank more of her coffee too, the bit she hadn't spat out laughing earlier. 'I guess it means you're in control?'

'And why is that hot?'

'Power, I suppose. The transfer of it, the negotiation of it. At the very least, it's interesting and complex. What's it been like for you? I've kind of taken charge, telling you stuff to do.'

Kirsty rubbed her arms as she thought about it. ‘It’s been liberating, I guess. At first, because you were so optimistic and sure there was a way forward. But also it made me feel safe. And encouraged. But I feel so out of my depth.’

‘We all have to start somewhere. Plus, you have me helping you.’

‘But I don’t know what to say. Everything you said to Tom yesterday was so hot, but I’d never think of it. You can’t be there in the room with me.’

‘Oh, can’t I?’ She wiggled her eyebrows. ‘Are you done?’ She nodded towards Kirsty’s coffee mug. ‘Cool, then time to go shopping, and the first thing on the list is my cunning plan to do exactly that.’

‘Cunnilingus plan did you say?’ said Kirsty, getting up from the armchair.

‘Kirsty Nelson, did you just make a sex joke?’ said Jennifer, loudly again.

‘I did, and I’m rather proud of it.’ Kirsty laughed.

‘My goodness, whatever next?’

‘I have no idea, but I’m sure you’re going to tell me.’

She wasn’t wrong.

# Toy Time



Much to Kirsty's surprise, the first shop that she was led to was an electronics store. Jennifer led her through the aisle until they got to the audio section. 'What are we looking for?' she asked as they searched the shelves.

'Bluetooth earpieces. Ah, here we are. Now do they have…? Yes!' She reached up and picked a small packet off the shelf. On the fancy packaging it showed a pair of tiny little earphones. Nothing more than a rubber bit to go in your ear with a small cylinder on top. 'These are the ones,' she said, handing it to Kirsty.

'Those are remarkably small. What are they for?'

'Well, this morning I loved sending you off on your little mission with Mark. And that got me thinking, what if I could talk to you even more directly, even, tell you what to say and do?'

Kirsty frowned. 'Tell me what to do, when?'

'When you're actually, doing it.'

It clicked. 'Oh my God, you mean doing *it.* Speaking to me, while I actually, do stuff?'

Jennifer laughed. 'Yes! The kids had Mission Impossible on the TV earlier and it inspired me. This thing is tiny, barely bigger than the ones in the movies.'

‘But what if Mark notices it?’

‘Oh, I thought about that. We tell him some cover story about how you discover that listening to music helps you relax and feel sexy. But really, with what you’ll be doing the last thing he’ll be wondering about is what’s in your ear.’

Kirsty acknowledged that was likely true. ‘But is it okay? You don’t think it’s too much of an intrusion?’

‘Well, that’s up to you. If you’re worried about that then obviously not, but let’s remember, this is about saving your marriage. If you want me to help and teach you, this could be a very cool way to try it.’

‘That’s true, you’re going to be telling me things to teach me, and he’ll get all the benefit. Okay, let’s try, we can always do an experiment with something less intense.’

‘Good idea. Now we needed one more thing. Batteries.’ She went off to hunt for them without explaining what they were for. Kirsty caught up with her as she found some at the end of the aisle.

‘What do we need those for?’

Jennifer grinned. ‘The thing we buy in the next shop.’

* * *

They stood outside the next destination. Kirsty wouldn’t budge. Jennifer folded her arms, ‘Kirsty Nelson, you get your perfect arse in that store now before I spank it.’

‘Jen!’ She was genuinely shocked.

Jennifer looked a bit sheepish. ‘Sorry, got carried away. But given the shop it’s kind of appropriate?’ She grinned like a wolf. The sheep was only an act.

‘But people will see,’ Kirsty objected.

‘Who cares if people see, and they are far more likely to see if we’re just standing here outside.’

‘But it’s a sex store!’

‘It’s a high street lingerie store, only the back has sex toys in. It’s classy.’

Kirsty looked at the posters in the window. Unbelievably beautiful women, all of them skinny of course, wearing preposterous lingerie.

‘You need to relax about sex a bit. You’ve somehow managed to make it too big a thing, but also not enough. Just try having some fun.’ Jennifer pulled her phone out. ‘Hey Siri, how many people are having an orgasm right now?’ Kirsty snorted at the question.

The artificial voice announced, ‘According to a Quora question between 420,000 and 650,000 people will be having an orgasm at any one time.’

‘Thanks Siri.’

‘You’re welcome,’ said the phone.’

Jennifer shrugged, putting it back in her pocket. ‘You see what I mean. Everyone’s doing it.’

Kirsty started laughing as she processed this wild bit of information. She tried to imagine that number, guessing it was about the population of a large city in England. *All of them are coming, right this moment. All of them are feeling what I felt yesterday. Wow.* She looked at Jennifer. 'How does *anything* get done?'

Jennifer cracked up and smacked her thigh. 'I love you, you know that? But that's the point. It's just a normal, wonderful part of life. Don't make too much of it, but also make the most of it and for sure have some fun with it.'

'Does it have to be…' Kirsty recalled Jen's favourite description, '…kinky like you do it?'

'Goodness no, that's something that's developed for us , along with using toys and other things to keep it fresh. Before we had kids we had lots of sex but it was relatively vanilla.'

'Vanilla?'

'It's the wonderful word used for non-kinky sex.'

'Is vanilla… bad?'

'No, not at all. We've just found that especially after having kids we needed some extra help to pep things up. We had our share of really hard years, especially with Rupert, remember?'

Kirsty nodded, she'd never known anyone get less sleep with their child. It was ironic, as their firstborn had been a dream.

‘We didn’t have sex for months at a time, and when we did it wasn’t any fun. I felt pressured because I knew Tom was horny, and it was clear he was learning to rely on porn and himself.’

‘How did you know that?’

‘He wouldn’t come to bed. He would stay up late at his computer or watching stuff on TV. And most of all, he stopped trying to initiate.’

‘Oh.’ Kirsty fiddled with her fingers. ‘That sounds awfully familiar.’ She sighed and turned to Jennifer, her voice louder now. ‘But why is it down to us to fix this? Why is everything always down to us?’

Jennifer shrugged. ‘You’re right. It’s unfair. But so is life. If I just waited on Tom to fix this I think I’d be waiting forever.’

‘Is it too much to ask for them to make the first move?’

Jennifer smiled and laughed. ‘Apparently so. Kirsty, how long have you been waiting for Mark to do that?’

‘Too long.’

‘As I said yesterday, the only person we can change is ourselves, and that means we need to make the first step. In this case, into there,’ she nodded at the shop in front of them. Jennifer grabbed her hand. ‘Come on, they’ll just think we’re underwear shopping anyway.’

‘Are we?’

‘God no, we’re getting you your first vibrator. Although, you’d look great in that.’ As they walked in the entrance she pointed to the most revealing bra Kirsty had ever seen, her cheeks burned just looking at it.

‘Wait, we’re getting a what?’

* * *

Inside, to her surprise, it was actually quite elegant. There wasn’t a sex toy in sight, and much of the bra and knicker sets were far tamer than the ones highlighted in the window. Kirsty found herself drawn to them, for the first time in her life actually picturing wearing some. ‘Why do they have so many straps?’ she said more to herself than anyone as she browsed a rack of knickers.’

‘The more straps the sexier it is, it’s a rule,’ declared Jennifer.

‘Really?’

‘So you’d think, looking at these. Quite honestly they look good the first time but if you put them in the wash good luck figuring out how they work after that.’

Kirsty laughed, her friend was ever so practical sometimes. ‘So, you really think I should get a set of something?’

‘A set? Babe, if I had your figure, stuff like this is all I’d wear.’

‘Oh, don’t be like that, you’re gorgeous,’ Kirsty objected.

‘Sweetie, Tom thinks so for sure, but I weigh more than I should, I need five-inch heels to even be at your eye level and unlike your miracle boobs, having kids didn’t do my chest any favours.’

Kirsty shook her head. ‘You are gorgeous, none of that matters. I only wish Mark looked at me the way Tom looks at you.’ She lowered her voice. ‘And Tom has a massive dick.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘And he has a massive dick. Okay I can’t argue with that.’

‘I can’t believe I know that.’ Kirsty rubbed her forehead.

‘But you do, and you can’t unsee it, can you.’

‘You’re being mean again.’

‘Yes, yes I am.’ Jennifer grabbed her hand again. ‘Come on, be brave.’

Kirsty let herself be led to the end of the store, where they rounded a corner and the contents on the shelves took a definite twist. They were filled with sex toys of all kinds. Everything she’d seen in Jennifer’s toy box and much more. ‘Oh, my goodness.’ She didn’t know where to look. There were fake genitalia everywhere. Even the pasta was penis shaped.

Jennifer pointed at a selection of edible underwear and blow-up dolls. ‘A lot of the stuff is catering to the hen night crowd, so it’s just cheap rubbish. But I figured it’d be a fun way to break your vibrator virginity.’

The only other people at that end of the shop were a couple of young women. She guessed they were about twenty. They both turned around at Jennifer's comment and tried to hide their amusement. Kirsty was mortified, but Jennifer was clearly on a roll. She spoke to the two strangers, 'If you don't mind me asking, do you recommend anything for my friend here?'

Kirsty was rooted to the spot. She wanted to disappear but she felt frozen like in a nightmare. However, much to her surprise, the women didn't laugh. 'Is it her first?'

'Yes,' said Jennifer, as calmly as if she were discussing what cut of beef someone recommended.

The other women were also totally cool with the conversation. One reached up and picked a box with a blue toy on it, a dildo, but it seemed to have ears. 'You can't go wrong with a rabbit.'

Even Kirsty had heard of a rabbit vibrator. The casual way the others were chatting forced her to relax and step closer. She was curious to see what it actually was. Jennifer took it and gave it to her. The other girl seemed keen to explain. 'The ears are for your clit, it vibrates there and inside. It's so good.'

'I see,' Kirsty managed to say. The whole conversation felt unreal. *Is it really so usual to have toys now that they just talk about them like this?* Until now she'd assumed Jennifer was the exception, now she wondered if she was.

'That's a great suggestion, thank you,' said Jennifer.

‘This is good too, I’ve got one of these,’ the other woman said, holding out a smaller box with a picture of an open lipstick on it.

‘Oh, it’s a vibe in disguise,’ declared Jennifer. Kirsty had a look and sure enough it was a lipstick shaped vibrator.

‘It’s so you can just pop it in your purse and not worry about anyone spotting it.’

‘I love it,’ Jennifer said.

Kirsty didn’t dare ask why you’d want to carry one in your purse in the first place, for fear of being rude. ‘Does everyone have things like these, your friends I mean?’ she asked the two women.

‘Oh yeah, I think so,’ one said.

‘Why wouldn’t you?’ asked the other.

*Why wouldn’t you. Goodness, this is a different world. Or is it just me?*

Jennifer was clearly delighted with their openness. ‘Okay one more question, if you got just one toy, which would it be?’

‘The rabbit for sure,’ said one, nodding at what Kirsty was holding.

‘Oh, it’s the Satisfier for me, have you seen those?’ the other asked.

Jennifer shook her head. Kirsty was still frozen.

‘Oh, they’re newish, so good. They suck on your clit as well as vibrate, it’s like someone going down on you.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘That does sound good, but we have our husbands’ mouths for that.’

Both girls were finally surprised by something. ‘Oh wow, they still do that? That’s so good. What’s your secret?’

With a naughty smile at Kirsty, Jennifer leaned in conspiratorially and whispered, ‘We keep their cocks locked up in chastity cages.’

‘No way!’ said both the girls together. ‘That’s so cool, I’m so jealous,’ one continued.

Kirsty was astonished that they didn’t ask more. ‘Have you heard about that then?’

‘Oh God, yes. They were on that show, which one was it?’ one said.

‘Californication,’ answered Jennifer.

‘That’s the one. And you see them in porn. But I’ve never met anyone using them.’ Both girls looked at Jennifer, and Kirsty, with a newfound respect. ‘Does it really make that much of a difference?’

‘Honestly girls, find a good guy, don’t worry about it until things get a bit repetitive, maybe after you have kids, and then…’ she reached into her top and pulled out a necklace, with a little silver key hanging from it, ‘lock him up.’ Both girls stared at it like it was a five-carat diamond. ‘He’ll only have eyes for you, and trust me, you won’t need a Satisfier to be satisfied.’

‘This is so great,’ declared one. ‘Maybe I’ll get one for Harry already. He’s like totally subby.’ The two of them were already talking to each other and Kirsty was still amazed at their casual attitude to it all.

As they moved away from the animated girls she asked Jennifer, ‘Does everyone really have sex toys?’

‘I don’t know.’ Jennifer pulled out her phone and typed on it. ‘Google says 52%… of Canadians. Well, that’s random but I’d guess that was about right here too.’ Kirsty sighed, feeling slightly less like a freak for not having a wardrobe full of Satisfiers, whatever they were. She couldn’t picture it. ‘And those who own them average three toys according to Lovehoney. Hah, but the next biggest group has over ten. That’s me covered.’ She grinned.

‘What’s Lovehoney?’

‘Lovehoney is where we will probably buy most of your toys. It’s online, very discreet.’

‘So why did you bring me here?’ Kirsty objected.

‘Apparently, I have a kink for embarrassing you, but mostly I thought it’d be fun. Aren’t you having fun?’

‘Seeing how casually they talked about it sure was a revelation,’ said Kirsty.

‘I know right. I started to get jealous but then you know what I thought?’

‘I have no idea.’

‘I’ve got you now!’ Jennifer beamed.

Kirsty rolled her eyes. ‘Yes, yes you do,’ she conceded. ‘Am I buying this thing?’ She held up the box she was holding as carefully as a stick of dynamite.

‘The rabbit? Nah, it’s stupid expensive here and you can get much better ones online for less. You’re getting this.’ She produced a smaller package with a picture of a slim, silicone coated vibrator, much like the one she’d touched to Kirsty’s nose before. ‘Just something to get you started.’

‘Okay, so just that?’

‘Well, unless you fancied one of these.’ She turned Kirsty around and they were facing a wall full of dildos of every possible shape, size and colour.

‘Oh my goodness.’ Kirsty took a step back while Jennifer stepped closer.

‘Eeny, meeny, miny, moe…’ She began walking her fingers along the row.

‘Meanie for sure,’ said Kirsty.

‘Hah, that’s true. How are your panties by the way?’

‘Shut up already.’

Jennifer sniggered. ‘So, this is about Tom’s size, don’t you think?’ She wrapped her hand around one of the long, thick, realistic dildos. Kirsty was so flustered she couldn’t reply. Jennifer turned to her, an eyebrow raised. ‘You don’t have to

say but I have to confess I'm curious. Is there a Mark sized version?'

Kirsty didn't get the question for a moment. 'Oh, gosh, you're asking…?'

'Only if you want to tell me. It'd help with the cage choice.'

'Oh really,' Kirsty looked at her with eyebrows raised, *'that's* why you want to know?'

'Hmm, well if we're being self-reflective again. Yes. But also you telling me is naughty, and therefore hot. Plus, for some reason it's a turn-on knowing how much bigger Tom is.'

'How do you know he's bigger?'

'Your shocked reaction last night?'

'Good point.' *If she needs to know for the cage, that's okay I think?* Kirsty decided to not overthink it and searched the shelves. She couldn't find a realistic shaped one but there was a simple purple dildo that looked about right. 'That one maybe?' she said, pointing to it.

'Oh really, interesting.' Jennifer took it off the shelf, and then, sat it next to the one she'd picked. The contrast was stark. 'Mark's probably about average if that's right.'

'Oh, he is?' For some reason hearing that was a relief. 'Is it hot knowing the difference?'

'It is, I don't know why. I'll have to think on it further. Who knew this would be such a journey of discovery for me

too?'

Kirsty laughed. 'Well, I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.'

'Thank you, I am.' She flounced off with the vibrator to the till, pausing only to pick up a bottle of lube, assuming Kirsty would follow. She did.

# Very Fitting



To Kirsty's surprise the next shop that Jennifer took them to was a large department store. It was less surprising that they headed straight to the lingerie department. 'Why didn't we buy some of the stuff at the last place?' Kirsty asked.

'Because there's something essential to do before we buy anything. Can you guess?'

Kirsty couldn't, but soon found out when they approached a shop assistant. 'Excuse me,' said Jennifer, 'could we get a bra fitting?'

The assistant seemed completely unfazed. 'Yes of course, let me see if a fitter is available.' She went off to the information desk.

'What? I know what bra size I am. What are you doing?'

'I bet you don't.'

'Of course I do, I've been buying bras all my life. I know what size I need.'

'Fine, if you're right, I will pay for anything we buy.'

'Are you serious, what are we buying?'

'A few new sets of nice underwear.'

'That's not cheap. What if I'm wrong?'

‘Then I get to pick what you buy, you pay for it, and you have to wear it. Only the new stuff.’

That didn’t seem too unreasonable a deal as long as Jennifer didn’t go crazy. The idea of there being actual stakes involved was surprisingly exciting. ‘Deal.’ Kirsty actually reached out her hand, feeling as though it made the bet official.

‘You are so cute.’ Jennifer shook it. ‘And you’re so going to lose. What do size do you think you are?’ Kirsty told her and Jennifer looked delighted. ‘God, I should have raised the stakes.’

‘How are you so sure I’m wrong?’

‘You totally double boob in most of the stuff I see you in.’

‘I do what?’

‘You spill out the top.’

‘Why didn’t you mention it before?’

‘I did once. You went bright pink and ignored me the rest of the evening.’

Now she mentioned it, Kirsty vaguely remembered that. ‘Oh, gosh, I’m sorry.’

‘Don’t worry about it, you are more than making up for it.’ Jennifer’s eyes sparkled as the assistant came back.

‘She can see you in ten minutes, just head to the desk then, if that’s okay?’

‘That’s lovely, thank you so much.’ Jennifer took Kirsty’s hand and they headed into the depths of the lingerie aisles. ‘This is going to be so much fun.’

While there were lots of very plain underwear on show, the women headed to the more elaborate selections, but nothing as extravagant as in the other shop. Once again, Kirsty felt drawn to the beautiful materials, surprised by her reaction as she’d previously disregarded anything like these. ‘What do you like?’ Jennifer asked her.

‘I have no idea. I’ve only ever bought bog standard cotton knickers and beige bras. They have a bit of lace on a couple of them, but even getting those felt like I was being extravagant.’ She reached out and tentatively touched a lacy bra in front of her. ‘These are beautiful though. I guess for a special occasion?’

Jennifer laughed. ‘Honey, those aren’t for a special occasion, these are just for every day. *Those* are for special occasions.’ She pointed down to the end of the shop floor where there were mannequins dressed in items much more like the ones from the shop before.’

‘Are you crazy? You can’t wear something like this all day.’

‘Why on earth not?’

‘Because… I don’t know. I mean who would even see it? What’s the point of something so gorgeous if it’s not for show?’

Jennifer smiled and took Kirsty's hand again. 'Let me show you something.' She led her to the changing rooms.

'We don't have anything to try on yet,' Kirsty objected.

'Shush, come with me.' Jennifer led her to the very end stalls and stepped inside one, turning her back. 'Undo me.'

'What?'

'I'm going to show you a secret. Undo my zipper.'

The idea that it was another secret helped Kirsty reach up and pull down the zip from the back of Jennifer's neck to her waist. Without turning, her friend shrugged off her dress and let it fall to the ground, turning with a flourish.

'Oh wow!' said Kirsty. Jennifer was wearing a stunning set of matching lingerie. The balcony bra was a deep navy, a gorgeous mix of lace and mesh, that even had a tiny metal rose gold medal dangling in the little bare patch the design left between the cups. The matching knickers were even more elaborate, a lot more mesh and other gorgeous detailing.

Most surprising though, was the garter belt above it, holding up a set of black, lace-topped stockings 'You're wearing stockings!'

'I am, I often do. What do you think?' She did a little spin.

'It's gorgeous. Wow. I… I don't think I wore something that snazzy for my wedding night.'

Jennifer laughed but Kirsty was serious. 'Are you wearing this as a special thing for today?'

‘Nope, this is what I wear, every day.’

‘You can’t be serious. Why?’

Jennifer reached down and started to put her dress back on. ‘Well firstly, why not?’

‘They are expensive, aren’t they?’

‘Yes, they are, and I started out just with a few and have slowly invested in more.’

‘But, they’re so sexy. Why would you just wear them all the time?’

‘Do you mean, who am I wearing them for?’

Kirsty thought for a moment. ‘Yes, I suppose so. I mean, for Tom, obviously.’

‘No, these aren’t for Tom. I mean he loves I wear them, and he’ll stop and watch me put them on and take them off, which never gets old, trust me. But there’s only one person I’m really wearing these for.’

Kirsty looked confused, ‘Who?’

‘Me! Dummy. I wear them for me. Yes, they’re sexy. They make *me* feel sexy. They remind me of my femininity, they give me confidence. They’re like a sexy suit of armour I put on every day and I can’t tell you what a difference it makes.’

Kirsty stood there, her mouth slightly open. ‘I’ve never even thought of the idea of nice lingerie being for me.’ Her eyes began to glisten a little, she put her hand on her chest. ‘Why have I never thought of that?’

Jennifer stepped across the aisle and gave her a hug. ‘Because no one ever taught you you were allowed. Shall we go change that?’

‘Yes please.’ Kirsty did up Jennifer’s zip again as she turned her back to her, and began to follow her down the aisle of cubicles. They’d got about halfway down when she spoke again. ‘Stockings though, aren’t they a bit much? They must be such a faff.’

Jennifer turned, her smile growing. ‘So you’d think, but firstly the unnecessary fiddling with them is part of what makes them sexy, trust me, Tom could watch me play with my stocking tops all day long. Secondly, are you trying to tell me tights that you have to hike up every half an hour aren’t annoying?’

‘Well yes, but what about going to the toilet?’

‘Ah, you missed the trick.’ To Kirsty’s amazement, Jennifer lifted the hem of her dress up to her stomach, standing there boldly with her legs apart. ‘What do you notice?’

‘Umm, I don’t… oh! The straps, the straps are inside your knickers!’

‘Yep, that’s the way they are actually meant to be worn.’

‘But they’re always on the outside in pictures or on TV.’

‘That’s because men take those pictures. And to be fair if I’m wearing a set for sex, I’ll put them on the outside as it looks better. But no, that’s crazy for normal life, you have to take it all off to go to the loo. Knickers over straps, always.’

‘I’m learning so much.’

‘Well, you did ask me to teach you.’ Jennifer smiled, dropped her dress, and started walking again. But she paused in front of the final set of cubicles before the exit. She looked back over her shoulder. ‘I nearly forgot, it means you can do this too.’ She reached under her dress with both hands, and hooked her thumbs underneath, pulling down and wiggling her bottom. To Kirsty’s astonishment her pretty knickers dropped to the floor and she nimbly stepped out of them and bent over to pick them up, putting them in her bag. ‘Imagine the impact of doing that to Mark? Although, if it’s Tom, I just leave them there for him to pick up.’

‘Oh, my, God. Are you serious?’ Kirsty knew she was. It reminded her of another question she’d been wanting to ask. ‘Jen, last night, my underwear?’

Her friend was grinning and biting her lip. ‘Are you asking me if I deliberately kept your undies so you’d have to walk home commando?’

‘Yes.’

Jennifer gave a seductive wink. *I’ve got to learn to do those.* ‘What do you think?’ she said, turning her back and heading to the desk. Kirsty watched her swagger off, full of confidence, not knowing what to think of the fact her friend was bare under her dress.

Somehow it seemed to be another key moment, where she could decide which path she wanted to follow. She made her decision and stepped into the changing cubicle beside her, not

as brave as her friend, and drew the curtain across. Taking a deep breath, she reached under her skirt and pulled down her knickers. When she tried to step out of them she nearly tripped but finally got them off. She stared at the boring, beige panties on the floor, suddenly resentful that no one had ever taught her any of this until now. She picked them up, and instead of putting them in her bag, walked out of the cubicle, and with a surge of excitement, threw them in the rubbish bin by the entrance.

* * *

At the desk a friendly older lady was waiting for them. ‘Someone needed a bra fitting?’ She smiled at them both. Jennifer indicated Kirsty and before she knew it she was in a private area, half naked, getting quickly and professionally measured. She had a moment of panic when she thought she might have to strip entirely and reveal her little secret, but of course that wasn’t needed.

Jennifer was waiting for her when she was done, looking smug. ‘So?’

‘I can’t believe it. I’ve been wearing the wrong size for years.’

‘Well, it will have changed with the kids, probably. But how wrong?’

‘Three cup sizes too small. Three!’ Kirsty declared. I actually got a telling off from her, although she was very sweet about it.

Jennifer laughed. ‘You realise this means we’re going to get rid of all your bras.’

‘As if you needed an excuse. But blimey, it seems a waste to just throw them out.’

‘Oh goodness no, you can donate them. They’ll send them off to women who need them. That’s what I did with all mine that weren’t worn out.’

‘Oh, brilliant. That makes me feel a bit better.’ She looked at Jennifer. ‘So I lost the bet. Remind me what that means?’

‘It means, I get to pick your new lingerie, and you’re only allowed to wear the new stuff. So you can chuck out the panties too.’

Kirsty chased after her friend who was heading back to the good stuff. ‘Umm, I took mine off, and already threw them in the bin.’

Jennifer twirled around, her mouth in a wide smile. ‘You did? That’s so hot! Good girl!’ She spun back and continued walking. *Good girl? Really. Damn, why do I like that?* Kirsty hurried after her.

‘So, here are the rules,’ Jennifer declared as she started to rifle through the underwear. ‘You must only ever wear matching sets,’ she turned her head to Kirsty, ‘unless you’re not wearing knickers at all of course.’ She gave her another cheeky wink.

‘How often do you actually go without?’

‘Oh not often, around the house sometimes just for fun. Not so easy when the kids were the age of yours. But it’s almost always just around Tom to turn him on. The phrase, “I’m not wearing any panties” never, *ever* fails to turn him on.’

‘Okay, I can imagine that.’ Kirsty was a little pink. Jennifer held up a bra to her chest and looked at it for a moment, deciding it wasn’t the right one.

‘Another rule, no tights. We’ll see how you get on, but I want you to give stockings a proper go for at least a month. Socks are fine too, but there’s something about stockings that just makes you feel fully armoured up.’

‘Okay. I can do that. What about the ones that hold themselves up?’

‘They’re fine, but tend to slip down or roll up. We’ll get you a set to try. Long socks are probably more fun and practical.’

‘Long socks as in, the ones that go over your knees?’

‘Mhmm. Or just under them, it depends what you wear them with.’

‘What would you wear either with?’ Kirsty truly had no idea.

‘Well, over the knee with a little skirt. Like, mini-skirt. Under the knee would be with a school uniform.’

‘What! Where are you wearing that?’

‘In the bedroom, silly.’

‘You dress up, in stuff like that?’

‘Sometimes. I love roleplaying with Tom, and the outfits are half the fun.’

‘Wait, wait. Let me just get this absolutely clear. You regularly dress up as a schoolgirl for sex?’

‘Schoolgirl, college, whatever works. It’s more him as the teacher that’s the hot bit. Maybe I’ve been naughty and have to do detention, or my favourite is private sex ed classes.’

Kirsty was frozen, staring at her friend chatting away about something so totally foreign to her that her brain couldn’t process it. Somehow a question floated up, ‘Does he spank you?’ she said quietly, surprised to hear herself.

Jennifer finally looked at her. ‘He does.’ She closed her eyes as though thinking back. ‘Not so easy with the kids in the house, we save that for going away.’

Kirsty knew Tom and Jennifer would occasionally get away for what her friend jokingly called their ‘Dirty Weekends.’ She’d always been too shy to even let herself think about what that meant, let alone ask. She let herself imagine it for the first time, specifically thinking of Jennifer, in a little uniform, lying over Tom’s knee. ‘Do you like being spanked?’

‘It’s fun as part of the story, that’s not what we focus on though.’

‘No?’

‘The hot bit is more the whole idea, him totally taking control, pinning me down, fighting against him and losing, and just him having his way with me.’

Kirsty could see how excited just talking about it was getting her friend. She suddenly wanted to know more. ‘But what does he actually do?’

Jennifer bit her lips together, clearly revelling in the memories. ‘Well, it’s often over his knee or just lying on the bed. I’ll have been ‘naughty’ somehow, we’ll make up some silly rule to break just so I deserve it. He loves that. But it’s not really the spanking I love.’ She leaned in, speaking quietly, ‘He’ll totally fingerbang my brains out through the whole thing.’

‘He what?’ Kirsty put her hand on the shop shelf, suddenly feeling she needed some support.

‘He’ll masturbate me, edge me, stick his fingers in me, in between the spanking. Normally he makes me come, and then uses the fact I didn’t ask permission to spank me even more.’

‘I think I need to sit down.’ Kirsty was breathing hard and fast.

‘Oh honey, I’m sorry, was that too much?’

‘No, I don’t know what…’ She found a chair at the end of the aisle and collapsed onto it. Jennifer took her hand.

‘What is it?’

‘I feel like, you just planted a bomb in my head and it went off.’

‘A good bomb?’ Jennifer didn’t look sure anymore.

‘I don’t know. It’s like seeing the rope yesterday, only more intense. Sorry, just give me a minute.’ Kirsty tried to slow her breathing while Jennifer rubbed on her shoulder. She looked at her friend and smiled. ‘How can this be so powerful, Jen? How can even just imagining that, do this to me?’

‘Well, it’s new, but sex is powerful stuff. It’s the core of who we are, as people, and a species. It’s the reason we’re here at all. I’m sorry though, I didn’t mean to freak you out.’

‘I’m not freaked out, I promise. Just a bit overwhelmed. This is some serious juju.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘That it is. But we want things to change for you, right? We need something with power to make that happen.’

‘I feel so out of my depth. I’m almost angry, with myself and others that I have this void in my life where something so powerful should be.’

Jennifer leaned in and kissed Kirsty on the top of her head. ‘It’s not a void, you have everything you need for this to be as powerful as you want it to be. You just need to open up and let it out.’

Kirsty took her friend’s hand and stood up. ‘You’re right. And I’m very lucky to have you to help me.’

‘Yes you are, I’m glad we agree.’ Jennifer chuckled. ‘Now come with me, sex bomb. We’re going to kit you out in your new armour.’

# Testing, Testing



Two hours, and quite a lot of money later, the women emerged from the store with five new sets of what Jennifer called ‘every day lingerie’, although all of them were nicer than anything Kirsty had ever owned. She’d objected over each one, and secretly adored them. She’d never been happier to have lost a bet. For a couple of the sets Jen had picked out both matching panties, and a thong, and in one case, a G-string too. In fact as they left she was wearing a thong for the very first time. She was a little annoyed, as despite her vociferous objections to buying, let alone wearing it, it was much more comfortable than she’d imagined.

On top of all those, Jennifer had picked out one crazy ‘fuck me’ set, as she called it. A white basque — Kirsty still wasn’t sure about the difference from a corset. It had built in straps for stockings. Even Kirsty had let out a ‘wow’ as she’d seen what it did for her cleavage in the changing room mirror.

‘White though, really?’ Kirsty spun around, looking at herself. It looks a bit virginal.

Jennifer chuckled. ‘From what you said you’re not far off.’

‘Jen!’ Kirsty threw a pair of knickers they’d rejected at her friend.

‘What men desire is a virgin who is a whore.’ Jennifer seemed to be quoting someone.

‘That seems entirely unreasonable.’ Kirsty still couldn’t stop looking at herself in the mirror.

‘I know, right. Although it’s a lot of fun to roleplay being both.’

‘Oh my God, Jennifer. Don’t you ever stop?’ Kirsty looked for something else to throw at her but had run out of ammunition.

She was cracking up. ‘I’ve had years of not letting this out, sorry, but this is too much fun.’

In a twist to the bet, Jennifer had asked Kirsty to pick something for her, ‘something you can picture Tom fucking me in,’ was her somewhat shocking brief, although after the whole spanking thing Kirsty felt like her surprise quotient had gone up substantially. After browsing through a lot of stuff she finally hit on an idea that even Jennifer was impressed with.

She chose the same super sexy basque set as she’d picked for Kirsty, only in the black. ‘Is this weird, or is this hot?,’ she asked, holding it up.

‘What are you imagining?’ Jennifer asked, seeing how twitchy her friend was getting.

She couldn’t look at her. ‘I don’t know the details I was just thinking of the looks on their faces if they saw us, sort of match,’ she blurted out.

‘Oh sweetie. I love how you’re learning to think. Definitely, scorching hot.’

Kirsty’s blush had turned to a glow of pride.

* * *

After all the shopping, they went into a little cafe to grab a bite to eat. As Kirsty sat, Jennifer stayed standing. She pulled out the Bluetooth earphones they’d bought earlier. ‘I wonder if these are charged?’

It turns out they were, and after pairing them to Kirsty’s phone she got her to put them in. Jennifer walked away and sat down at a table at the other end of the cafe, waving her phone. Kirsty’s began to ring and she answered. Instantly Jennifer’s voice was in her head. ‘How’s this, is it clear?’

Kirsty gave her a thumbs up.

‘You can speak, you numpty. I can hear you. They’ve got microphones in.’

‘Oh, sorry, of course they do, silly me. Does that sound clear?’

‘Amazingly clear, wow.’

The waitress had walked over to Kirsty, a little confused to just find her alone. Kirsty went to hang up the call when Jennifer spoke up. ‘No, let’s use this as a test.’

Kirsty glared at Jennifer. ‘Okay.’

‘Tell the nice lady your friend’s on a call but you can order for her.’

‘My friend is on a call, sorry about that, but I know what she wants.’

‘Oh, do you?’ Jennifer giggled, causing another glare from across the room. ‘Tell her you’d like a caesar salad with the grilled chicken, and your friend would like the brie and bacon panini.’

Kirsty repeated it back. ‘Oh and two glasses of your house white,’ she added, following instructions.

‘Of course, anything else?’ asked the waitress.

Kirsty shook her head, paused and then sighed. ‘Sorry, yes, where’s the bathroom…’ she scrunched up her face, ‘I really need to pee.’

The waitress held in a laugh. ‘Just through the back. I’ll bring the drinks in a moment.’

Jennifer was back at the table, laughing, before Kirsty had finished hanging up the call. ‘That was brilliant.’

‘You are awful, you know that?’

‘You don’t *have* to say what I tell you know.’

‘I know but I got flustered and it’s easier to just say it, even if embarrassing.’

‘That’s what I hoped.’ Jennifer beamed. ‘But, it raises an important point. We also need a secret signal if you need things to stop. Like a secret safeword kind of thing.’

‘We do, why?’

‘Well, you can just stop doing it, obviously. But I suspect you might really get into it. Most important is it’s for me to know if you’re okay or you need me to stop, or scale things back?’

‘Okay, I get that. But what can I say that won’t give the game away?’

‘How about you cough? If I ask you if you’re okay, one cough means all good keep going, two means I’m at the limit of what I can handle, and three means ‘stop.’?

‘That sounds smart. And I can do things like ‘mhmm’ quietly to tell you I heard you.’

‘Yes, although it’d be good to have a yes and no signal. Maybe you could cluck your tongue once for yes, or twice for no?’

Kirsty tried it. ‘I can do that, or I could tap on it maybe?’

‘Hah no, that stops the call and things like that. You can’t actually touch it, although you could tap next to it.’ She got her phone out and they tried then all successfully.

‘One last thing, you don’t have to wait to ask me if you’re okay to cough. Any time you’re feeling stretched, you can cough twice, or want it to stop, cough three times.’

‘Stretched huh…’

Jennifer broke into a big grin. ‘Kirsty! What has come over you?’

She shrugged, ‘Besides Mark this morning you mean?’

They were both still giggling when the wine arrived, which only made it worse.

# Preparing for Later



Kirsty crept into the house with her shopping bags, shouting out ‘hello’ to Mark and the kids before whisking up the stairs and hiding all her new outfits in the wardrobe.

She spent the next few hours having some family time. Mark seemed unusually attentive and she found herself happy about it rather than annoyed, as was the case in more recent years. *He’s horny because of me.*

She did her best to try a little teasing, giving his bottom a squeeze and even got a hug and a kiss in the kitchen off the back of it. But she still felt completely out of her depth as she thought about the plans that she and Jennifer had formulated over their lunch. But she put the earphone on to charge. *Those are going to be my lifeline tonight.*

When the kids were down, she found Mark in the sitting room; this time there was a distinct lack of bonking on the TV. She sat down beside him and rubbed his leg. ‘How’re you doing?’

‘I’m good thanks honey, how are you?’

‘I’m excited.’

That got his attention. ‘You are, what about?’

Kirsty squeezed his leg. ‘We are going to have an early night tonight.’

‘Oh, really?’ He looked pleased, but raised an eyebrow.

‘Yes, I bought something in town I think you’ll like.’

‘Oh, really!’

‘But, we are also going to talk, okay?’

‘Okay… About…?’

Kirsty took a breath in. ‘About sex.’ *This is ridiculous, why is that so hard to say to my husband?*

‘Okay, good.’ He seemed relieved. Kirsty certainly was. Somehow talking to those girls in the sex store had been easier than just saying the word to her husband.

She kissed him on the cheek. ‘I’m going to go have a shower and get ready. You should too.’

‘Cool, let me know when it’s free.’

‘Will do.’

Kirsty headed upstairs and sent Jen an update that it had gone well. ‘I’m going to go shower, then I’m ready if you want to try the secret agent earpiece.’

‘LOL Ace. I’m all yours. I told Tom the plan.’

‘You did?’ Kirsty messaged back. ‘You told him you’re going to direct me. Tell me what to say and do?’

‘Yep.’

‘What did he say?’

Jennifer chuckled. ‘He told me I was a genius and that you were lucky to have a friend like me.’

Kirsty laughed. ‘He’s not wrong. But he doesn’t mind you… you know?’

‘No, of course not. I wouldn’t do it if he did. He actually thinks it’s sexy. He offered to give insights into how guys think, which isn’t a bad idea at some point. I find men’s minds either seem simple, or unfathomable.’

‘You two are amazing.’

‘We know,’ said Jennifer with her usual cocky self-confidence. ‘Truly though, babes. We just love helping, and the fact it’s kinky only makes it even more fun. How are you feeling about the whole thing?’

‘A bit scared, but excited to see what happens.’

‘Anything else?’ Jennifer prompted

*She won’t ever let it go will she.* ‘Yes, fine, horny, okay?’

‘Much more than okay. But in the shower, make it worse.’

‘What do you mean?’ She’d just got to the shower and was organising her things.

‘I want you to edge, but not come.’

Kirsty locked the door and started stripping off. ‘But I’ll go crazy.’

‘Exactly, you’re going to do some crazy things with Mark, for you anyway. If you come, you’ll have second thoughts. If you’re all horny, it’ll make it all much easier. Trust me.’

‘I do trust you, and okay. I love you, thank you for this.’

‘I love you too. And I’m super excited. Now go shower. Remember, makeup, hair, and the super cute flowery lingerie set.’

‘Yes, ma’am.’ She added the sarcastic pokey tongue smiley.

‘Careful, I might get used to that.’

Kirsty had no suitable reply, so she shut off the phone and turned on the shower to heat up.

* * *

As the water poured over her, she realised it was the first time she’d showered since her experience at Jennifer’s the night before. She couldn’t believe it had only been 24 hours, less than that. *Is this all crazy? How has this happened so fast?*

She replayed all that had gone on, from her first confession about divorce, through to the latest conversation. *It’s happened because I was in a crisis, and I have an amazing friend who wants to help.*

As she framed it like that, nothing else seemed to matter. Not how crazy or kinky it all sounded. Her friend was helping her the best way she knew how, teaching Kirsty something she was good at. And she was right, sex was at least part of the problem for her and Mark.

And so far, while at times embarrassing, it had been surprisingly easy. *Heck, it’s been the most fun I’ve had in a long time. Plus I get orgasms!* With that her hand sank down

between her legs, and with a little sigh of release, began to really get herself ready for the evening ahead.

* * *

‘How’s it look?’ said Jennifer, her voice in Kirsty’s head. They’d tested the Bluetooth earpiece again, assured Kirsty that even 20cm away you couldn’t hear them talking, and even tried out the emergency music that Jennifer could start if Mark wanted to hear what Kirsty was supposedly listening to.

They’d also practised the secret clicks and taps, plus the safeword coughs, one for good, two for ‘go easy’ and three for stop. They were ready to put their plan into action.

Kirsty looked at herself in the mirror. ‘Damn, I look amazing,’ she said quietly to herself. Of course Jennifer heard too.

‘Let me see, let me see,’ she implored.

‘Jen, you seriously want me to send you an underwear selfie?’

‘I so do, but only if you want to.’ She really sounded like she wanted to.

‘I absolutely don’t want to, but I feel like I should,’ admitted Kirsty.

Jennifer laughed. ‘Why?’

‘Because you’re being such a help. Also I need to be more confident with this stuff, and you’re such an encouragement.’

‘Well, like I said, it’s up to you.’

‘Okay, hold on a minute.’ Kirsty tried to pose in the mirror and hold the camera where it didn’t block her. ‘How the hell do you take a sexy selfie?’ she asked. ‘I have newfound respect for those Instagram influencers.’

‘Oh, do the duck pout, do the duck pout,’ Jennifer begged.

‘Shut up, I can’t even stand right. God, I’m not sure even having you in my ear is going to help me at this rate.’

‘Me in your ear, Mark up your nose. You’re going to run out of orifices at this rate.’ Jennifer giggled.

‘Easy tiger, I’ve heard quite enough about orifices from you today. Eugh, these poses are awful. I look awful.’

‘Okay, try this. Turn your back to the mirror, stand up straight. Get it so you can see your whole body in the mirror and your face and half your chest looking at the camera.’

‘How do you know this stuff?’ Kirsty asked as she tried the pose and wasn’t appalled at the results.

‘Basic life skills nowadays. Tom loves me sending him pics. How’d that turn out?’

Kirsty reviewed the picture. ‘Not bad, any other suggestions?’

‘Umm, face the mirror, turn a bit to the side, like forty-five degrees, back leg out a bit, and look at the mirror, not the phone.’

Kirsty tried that. ‘Okay, first one was better. But do you really want to see?’

‘If you’re okay with it, then absolutely.’

Before she thought about it too much, she sent them over.

Jennifer made to made her wait for her response. Kirsty was about to break and ask when her friend said, ‘Eugh, you’re so disgustingly hot. It’s so unfair.’

Kirsty laughed. ‘That’s not quite the encouragement I’d imagined.’

‘Fine,’ Jennifer said, playing resentful, ‘you look like a goddess, or at the very least a lingerie model. And it’s still unfair and blimey that thong looks amazing on you!’

‘Thank you, that’s very nice of you to say.’ She’d been really unsure about that choice.

‘Your hair’s gorgeous too, what did you do to it?’

‘Just a proper blow dry and some curls.’

‘Nice work. Okay, so, are we ready? Put on that sexy summer dress for the big reveal and are you still sure you don’t want heels?’

‘I don’t want to trip over, is that okay? We’ll try them another time.’

‘Yeah, totally. And how are you feeling?’

‘Still nervous, but hopeful. It means so much you’re helping me with this. Okay, he’s in the shower. I’m going to put the dress on.’

# Opening up



Mark came in from the shower to find Kirsty leaning on one arm in a seductive pose on the bed. She felt a bit stupid but Jennifer had spent so long trying to describe how to lie she felt like she was obliged to at least try.

‘Hey there,’ Kirsty said. ‘Why don’t you put that wedge under the door again. It’ll do until you get a lock for it tomorrow.’

‘Oh yes, I knew there was something I had to do.’

Jennifer spoke into her ear. ‘Men… at least they can be good for DIY,’ Kirsty tried not to laugh.

‘That would be great, I don’t know why we didn’t think of it before.’

Mark had put the same t-shirt and boxer shorts on that he’d worn before the shower. *Not quite the same level of effort as me then, and not a comment on how I’m looking.* She patted the bed next to her, ‘Come, sit.’

‘General chit chat, see how he’s doing,’ Jennifer prompted.

‘Good evening.’ Kirsty said with a smile. ‘How’re you doing?’

‘I’m good, thank you. And you look, gosh, you look great. Should I change?’

‘Thank you for noticing.’

Jennifer whispered, ‘‘No point putting more on when we’re just going to take them off.’ Kirsty despaired at the cheesy line she’d been fed, but when she repeated it, Mark seemed to love it.

‘Wow, okay.’ He sat up straighter.

‘Have you been thinking about this morning?’ Kirsty asked.

‘Uh yeah, I couldn’t think of much else.’

‘Oh? Tell me.’

‘It was so sexy, your dream.’

For a moment Kirsty couldn’t think what dream he was talking about. ‘Your pretend blowjob dream,’ Jennifer reminded her.

‘Oh yes, my dream! What did you like best about it?’

‘Umm, I mean I’ve always hoped for a blowjob like that.’

‘Even the end bit?’ Kirsty joked.

Mark laughed. ‘No, not the end bit. That wasn’t the dream was it?’

‘Hah, no.’ Kirsty’s curiosity led her to ask, ‘What was it like, for it not to finish properly?’

‘It was so bad. It felt like it was going to be amazing. Then you stopped, and I didn’t realise. By the time I did I’d missed the best bit.’ He sounded mortally wounded even now.

‘Yeah, I guess it ruined it a bit.’ Kirsty repeated Jennifer. Mark didn’t pick up on the term, but Jennifer was laughing at her pun.

Mark looked at her. ‘It was still hot though. I’ve never seen you so enthusiastic about them. It was such a surprise.’ He shifted on the bed a bit. ‘It was a bit of a relief too.’

‘Oh, how so?’ Kirsty asked.

He looked down, playing with his hands before he answered. ‘To hear you say you got, umm, horny.’

Kirsty thought back to that moment. ‘Yeah, I haven’t said that before have I. I mean I do, and I guessed I used to show it better.’ She paused, listening to Jen in her ear. ‘Something happened yesterday that might explain things.’

Mark’s head shot around to her. ‘What happened?’

‘It was good,’ Kirsty reassured him. ‘But it was quite a big discovery. It’s a bit embarrassing.’

‘What happened?’ Mark looked concerned.

‘I was horny,’ she paused, taking in what Jennifer was telling her. It was the right thing to say but it felt so hard. She just trusted her. ‘And sometimes I touch myself… you know?’

He was wide-eyed. ‘You do? I didn’t know that.’

Kirsty hurried on. ‘Yes, anyway, this time, I did it more than usual. And I had an orgasm.’

‘Okay?’ Mark clearly didn’t register this was a key part of the story.

‘Mark,’ Kirsty said, making sure he got it, ‘it was my first orgasm. I’ve never had one before.’

He sat straight up. ‘What are you talking about, of course you have?’

She shook her head. ‘No, I would definitely know. I’ve never come, and I only just realised it yesterday.’

‘But, in bed, when we…’ He looked devastated. ‘You’re saying I’ve never given you an orgasm?’

She wanted to placate him but Jennifer sensed what she was about to say. ‘Hey, he needs to feel bad about it too. Now let’s make sure he’s clear.’

Kirsty looked him in the eyes, repeating what she was told. ‘You’ve never made me orgasm.’

He looked annoyed. ‘I can’t believe it. Why didn’t you tell me?’

At that Kirsty went a little quiet, and flushed. ‘Because I didn’t know.’

‘I don’t understand. How could you not know?’

She didn’t wait for Jennifer to prompt her. ‘Because I didn’t realise until yesterday what they were supposed to be

like. I talked to Jennifer about it, and I realised I'd never had one.'

Mark frowned. 'You talked to Jennifer about our sex life?'

'I did, in confidence.'

Kirsty looked at Mark, he'd gone pale, then he seemed to get angry. 'You have no right talking to others about our sex life. You should be talking to me about it. No one else.'

Kirsty's instinct was to get angry too. She bit back the accusations she'd been rehearsing in her head for years. *Well, maybe if we had a sex life. You're the one who never made your wife orgasm.* Jennifer's voice spoke calmly in her ear. 'He's just venting, like you were. Say this. Take a pause, then say this…'

Kirsty took a breath, counted to three. 'I'm sorry if that hurts you. I'd like us to talk about it more. It's not been great recently, has it.'

Her apology instantly took the heat out of him. 'No, you're right. I'm sorry too.' He stopped and her revelation seemed to hit home. 'You've never had an orgasm?'

Kirsty shook her head. 'No, I always worried about it but wasn't sure. I finally dared ask her what it was like.'

Mark snorted at that. 'And what did she say?'

'That'd they feel amazing and I'd know if I'd had one.' Kirsty rubbed her face, a little embarrassed but relieved they were talking normally.

Mark chuckled again. ‘Well, that’s true.’ He blew out a sigh. ‘That’s crazy, I just assumed you were.’

Jennifer spoke up. ‘You know what happens when you assume.’ Kirsty didn’t know but said it aloud. She waited on her friend to tell her the rest. ‘I make an ass, of you, and me.’ She paused after saying it, as Mark did, and both of them got it together. ‘Sorry, that’s a terrible pun.’ Kirsty smiled, Jennifer hadn’t said that bit.

‘So wait, wait. When did you have this orgasm?’

Kirsty was amused it had taken him this long to get to that question. She’d planned this change to the real story with Jennifer earlier. ‘Last night, while you stayed downstairs.’

‘God, you were up here… diddling, while I watched TV?’

‘Diddling! Eww, Mark, that’s a horrible phrase.’ Jennifer was just laughing in her ear and being no help at all.

He crossed his arms. ‘I’m sorry, what would you prefer?’

Kirsty frowned. *Masturbating isn’t much better.* ‘What do you call it?’ She was asking him, but actually wanted Jennifer’s answer.

‘Jerking off, having a wank,’ Mark suggested.

She turned her nose up. ‘Those aren’t much better, and feel very masculine. I heard it called “jilling off”, that’s cuter.’

Mark sat back and looked at Kirsty. ‘What’s got into you, this is so unlike you?’

She didn’t need Jennifer to prompt her. ‘I decided I wasn’t happy with the way our sex life was and I decided to do something about it rather than just sit and mope about it. And as a result I discovered I hadn’t ever orgasmed. So yes, I spent last night jilling off while you watched TV.’

‘Wow.’ He gazed at her, not saying anything more.

‘Is that all you have to say?’ Kirsty was feeling proud of herself and rather enjoying being in control of the conversation.’

‘That’s the hottest thing you’ve ever said,’ he admitted.

‘Really? I worried you wouldn’t like hearing that.’

‘I’m not saying I’m delighted about you dragging Jen into this but the fact you, jilled off,’ he grinned, ‘and the fact you orgasmed, and seem enthusiastic about it. It’s a shock, but a very hot shock.’ He put his hand on top of hers.

She rubbed his fingers with her thumb. ‘What’s hot about it?’

Mark shrugged. ‘Honestly, I figured you just didn’t like sex. So, this is kind of blowing my mind right now.’

‘Imagine if you’d never had an orgasm, you’d probably feel different about it.’

He paused. ‘I’m not sure I can even imagine that but yes, I bet I would. So, what was it like, to come?’

Kirsty got a naughty twinkle in her eye. ‘So good, I did it twice.’

‘No way! Just with fingers?’

‘I don’t have anything else! Which reminds me, I want to buy some sex toys.’ She and Jennifer had decided to keep today’s purchase a girl’s only secret.

Now he was really shocked. ‘You do? What kind of things?’

Kirsty knew exactly what, but Jennifer had suggested she explores ideas with Mark. ‘I don’t know. A vibrator for sure. Maybe we could have a look at some together over the weekend?’

‘I’d love that.’

Kirsty snuggled up closer to him, back on script. ‘So, that’s what’s been going on with me. I want to know about you.’

‘What about me?’ he said slowly.

‘You were masturbating last night too.’ She gave Mark’s hand a squeeze.

‘Oh yeah. I’m sorry about that.’

Kirsty repeated Jennifer’s line, impressed with it. ‘I don’t want to hear sorry. I want to hear everything.’ *That sounded way more like Jennifer than me.* Mark didn’t seem to notice it wasn’t her style. ‘Can we talk about it, like married grown ups?’

‘I guess, it’s embarrassing.’ He wouldn’t look at her.

‘I know, and I hate talking about this stuff, but that’s been part of the problem. We need to get better at it, don’t we?’

‘I suppose so.’

Kirsty was getting rather annoyed at Mark acting like a grumpy teenager. Jennifer had sensed it too. ‘Time for the reveal,’ she told Kirsty. She didn’t move. ‘Kirsty, trust me. Slide off the end of the bed, and stand up.’

Kirsty took another moment then did what she was told. Mark looked at her, unsure why she’d moved. *That makes two of us.*

‘We need to get our sex life sorted, don’t you agree?’ He nodded, still curious what she was doing. ‘Yesterday has shown me just what I’m missing.’ She started to undo her buttons as instructed by Jennifer. It was strangely erotic doing it because she was being told to. Mark’s eyes were getting wider with every button she undid. ‘I’m willing to make a new effort…’ she undid the last of them. ‘How about you?’ She shrugged off the dress and it fell to the ground.

Kirsty stood in her new lingerie, hands on her hips, trying to keep her breathing steady. ‘You are a goddess,’ whispered Jennifer. ‘Watch him realise just what he’s missing out on.’

‘Oh my God.’ Mark’s mouth hung open. ‘When did you get that?’

‘Shopping with Jennifer today. Do you like it?’

‘Like it? You look incredible!’ He scrambled up onto his knees to get nearer.

‘Beckon him with your finger,’ Jennifer told her, ‘but stop him at the edge of the bed.’

Kirsty did, and sure enough, he scrambled close but held at the end of the bed when she stretched out her arm. ‘You didn’t answer my question, darling.’ Jennifer prompted her.

‘What question?’ Mark asked, without taking his eyes off her body.

Kirsty snorted as Jennifer whispered ‘Fucking men’ in her ear.

‘Are you willing to make a new effort?’ Kirsty repeated.

He nodded vigorously, his eyes were all over her but she was rather enjoying it. ‘Yes, absolutely, yes.’

‘Well, lie back down then, and let’s talk.’

‘Okay.’ He just did it, still managing to not take his eyes off his wife.

‘Don’t forget the new lube.’ Jennifer reminded her. Kirsty picked up the bottle of silicone lube that Jennifer had bought earlier and climbed up onto the bed, straddling Mark’s thighs, his cock making an upward curve in his boxer shorts between her knees.

‘Now for the fun bit,’ whispered Jennifer.

*About time.*

# A Sexy Interrogation



Kirsty swung her leg off him and lay down beside her husband, her head propped up on one hand, the earbud away from his line of sight. ‘So, I’m going to ask you some questions, like a sexy little interrogation. How’s that sound?’

‘Scary and hot,’ Mark admitted, still wide-eyed at his wife’s new look.

She reached down and pulled his cock free from the opening in his boxers. ‘Not his balls yet, just his cock,’ Jennifer directed, ‘And save the lube, just hold him, squeezing it a little, no wanking.’

‘Comfy?’ Kirsty asked, following her secret instructions. Mark just nodded vigorously.

‘What were you wanking to last night?’

He blushed a little. ‘A sex scene, in Bridgerton.’

‘Why that?’ Kirsty asked.

‘Because it’s a really sexy scene. The whole thing is.’

Jennifer whispered, ‘Ask him if it’s because it’s hot imagining the big black guy’s cock in the cute little posh girl.’ Kirsty rolled her eyes and shook her head, coughing twice.

‘Oh sorry, you’re right, getting a bit carried away.’ She giggled in her ear. ‘Ask him how often he jerks off.’

Mark looked appalled at the question. Jennifer interpreted his silence, ‘Oh, he won’t answer! That means it’s lots. Whatever he tells you, it’s way more.’

‘Once, or twice a week,’ he offered. Kirsty was surprised to even hear that but something about the way he said it confirmed Jennifer’s prediction. ‘Mark, this is your chance to be honest and for us to have a fresh start. Do you want that?’

He didn’t answer. ‘Squeeze his cock hard, really hard, you can’t hurt it, trust me.’

Kirsty squeezed it, what she thought was hard but he didn’t react much. She shrugged and went for it, trying to squash his hard-on in her hand. That got his attention. ‘Do not lie to me, is that clear?’ she repeated from Jennifer’s queue. She felt a rush of power go through her from the situation and his reaction.

‘Okay, okay. Wow, most days. I jerk off most days.’ He was looking up at her, eyebrows raised, mouth in a cute little ‘O’.

Jennifer spoke to her. ‘Kirsty, that’s what we expected, remember. Keep calm, you’re in control.’

‘I see,’ she said to him, releasing her grip and picking up the lube as instructed. She poured a squirt in her palm, and very lightly began stroking it up and down his cock. ‘That’s a lot of wanking, Mark.’

‘I know, and I am embarrassed about it.’ To be fair he looked a bit ashamed, but that was quickly being replaced by little moans as his eyes fixed on Kirsty’s hand stroking him up and down.

‘Have you always done it that much?’

He wasn’t holding back now. ‘I used to do it even more when we were younger, and before we had kids.’ Kirsty was trying to process this fact. The man who barely touched her, ignored her in bed night after night, was wanking most days.

Jennifer read her thoughts again. ‘I know what you’re thinking but it’s not unusual. This is important stuff, just keep going, you’re doing great, and don’t let him come!’

Kirsty slowed down her hand, much to his apparent frustration. ‘What do you think about when you do it?’ she asked, unprompted by Jennifer.

He looked away. ‘You.’ He took a big breath and looked back at her, his expression changed. ‘It was you, for a long time. But that started to make me sad.’

Kirsty’s breath caught in her throat. *Oh no, that’s awful.* She took a moment to recover herself. ‘Okay, I can understand that. I’ve been sad too.’ She stroked him faster again.

‘What else do you think about besides, me, I really want to know, it’s okay,’ she found herself asking, unprompted by Jennifer.

He was going all kinds of red now. ‘They’re embarrassing, all pretty clichéd I imagine.’

Jennifer intervened. ‘As much as I’d love to know, don’t go down this path today, we’ll build up to it, okay?’

Kirsty saw the wisdom in that and made a single click with her mouth to agree. She smiled at Jennifer’s next question. ‘What do you want to do to me right now?’ she asked Mark.

‘Oh damn. Everything?’ She laughed. It *was* hot to see him like this. ‘I don’t know, just watching you is incredible.’

‘Why?’

‘It’s like a fantasy. I can’t believe this is actually happening, but it is. Just you being so… positive? Sexy? And that underwear, damn. I forgot how gorgeous you are.’

Kirsty looked away from him for a moment, catching her breath. ‘I forgot too.’ She turned back to him. ‘I got other sets too.’

‘You did? Wow, that’s so exciting.’

‘What do you think of these?’ She twanged the stocking strap.

‘I love them. Your legs look even longer than usual. So hot.’

‘Thank you. They’re a bit strange but I’m getting used to them.’ She paused, Jennifer reminding her to go back on track. ‘Anyway, I don’t think we were done.’ She squeezed his cock tightly for a few strokes. ‘What else do you want to do to me?’ Mark bit his lip. She could see he was nervous to say anything. She wanked him hard for ten seconds. ‘Tell me what you’re thinking.’

‘But what if you don’t like the idea?’

‘I’m liking all kinds of new things it seems, and anyway, it’s just ideas.’

‘Okay then. I want you to suck me like you did this morning only longer, and with your top off.’

Jennifer spoke up, ‘Hah, that’s you doing things to him. What a surprise. Anyway, see what else he says.’

‘I want to put my cock between your tits,’ he admitted. Kirsty let out a little ‘oh’ at the new idea.

Jennifer stepped in again. ‘He wants to have a tit wank, nice, I hadn’t thought of that. Say it, he’ll love you saying it.’

Kirsty’s heart rate rose again. ‘You, want a tit wank?’ Her bravery was rewarded by wonder in his eyes and his cock hardening even more.

‘Yeah, so much. I’ve always been embarrassed to ask.’

‘How long have you wanted that?’ she asked.

It was his turn to blush. ‘It was maybe the earliest thing I used to think about when…’ He swallowed, ‘You know.’

‘You wanked off thinking about it?’

‘Oh my God, all the time. From the very first day I met you.’

‘Mark!’ Kirsty couldn’t help herself laughing. It was so strange, she’d never thought about her being the object of his fantasies, especially before they were dating. ‘Seriously, when we first met?’

‘You were the prettiest girl on the entire graduate program. Every single guy was after you, you know that, right?’

She vaguely recalled getting a bit annoyed by all the male attention but hadn’t really thought about it.

‘I couldn’t believe it when you said yes to going on a date. All the other guys were so pissed off with me. But it was the biggest and best risk I ever took.’

Kirsty had stopped playing with his cock, caught up in those early memories. And then his fantasy about her came back to the front of her mind. ‘So you’ve wanted to,’ she struggled to say it again, ‘have a tit wank, for ever?’

‘You have no idea.’

‘Why didn’t you ever say anything?’

‘You made it pretty clear you weren’t even into blowjobs. I didn’t want to risk turning you off even more.’

Kirsty pondered it for a moment. ‘I think I’d have been okay with it. It’s not as in your face as a blowjob.’

Jennifer finally spoke again. ‘Depends how big their cock is,’ she joked.

Mark was still processing Kirsty’s revelation. ‘Damn, you really would? Now I feel like an idiot.’

Kirsty repeated another question. ‘How do they work?’

Mark began to explain, but Kirsty was moving off to the side of the bed. ‘No honey, I mean, show me.’ She gave him a

wink, her first ever successful sexy wink given his reaction, and she reached up to undo her bra, slipping it off her arms.

‘Oh my God, really?’ Mark said, swinging around on the bed towards her. ‘Umm, well I guess if you knelt beside the bed like earlier. Where’s that lube?’

Jennifer had just mentioned it to, and so when Mark handed the bottle to Kirsty she flipped the top up. Suddenly she slowed, ‘Tease him, kneel there, play with them pretending it’s lubing them, and make him tell you what he used to fantasise. Get details. Details are hot.’

Feeling suddenly very on show Kirsty dribbled some of the silicone lube on each breast and watched her husband become almost hypnotised as she began to slowly rub it in. ‘Oh my God,’ he whispered under his breath.

‘What did you used to imagine?’ Her hands squeezed and rubbed her breasts, but when she got to her nipples it became about more than just turning *him* on. The lube made her fingers slip off the tips of her nipples, and it felt incredible. She began pulling on them together between finger and thumb, pulling and squeezing until they slipped from her grasp and then starting again. She couldn’t help herself from letting out little moans. The desire to touch herself was almost impossible to resist, but her confidence didn’t quite extend that far.

‘I imagined us skipping one of our workshops and finding a secluded little spot in those hotel grounds we used to all gather at, remember? And actually, yeah, you were on your

knees. God, you are so hot.' He sat up, his cock pointing up between his thighs.

'And what did I do, show me.' Kirsty shuffled to the edge of the bed, up high on her knees between his legs. Mark spread his legs wider so he was able to push his cock against her chest. She still didn't quite see how it worked.

'Press them together, around it, with your hands,' he told her.

When Kirsty did he let out a little cry, of joy she thought. She looked down, the tip of his penis poking out between her cleavage. *Well that's cute.* 'And then?'

She guessed Jennifer was quiet as she couldn't see what was happening. But that clued her in. 'You move them up and down, wank it,' she explained. 'As opposed to a titty fuck which is where he does the work. That's best with you lying down, with him either above you, or below.' *I really am getting educated.* Somehow the idea of learning this stuff excited her. It made it easier to explore when she felt it was about getting educated. Kirsty began to rise up and down a little on her knees, his cock disappearing and then poking out again. He seemed to be enjoying it, a lot.

Kirsty thought about Jennifer's cock size joke, and then imagined how different this would be if Mark was as big as Tom's. *I wonder how many other things that affects.* She refocused on the present, and her husband's look of wonder at what was happening. 'So, how's that?'

'Amazing, I never thought…'

‘This is cute. I like this,’ she said. ‘You know if you’d told me, we could have been doing this, a lot.’

‘Don’t tell me that!’ Mark complained, but his cock seemed to get even harder.

‘Imagine how many tit wanks you could have had if you’d just been brave enough to tell me.’ She grinned. That was definitely being a bit mean and she found it surprisingly hot. Jennifer was encouraging her and suggested she ask for the rest of the fantasy. ‘Mark, in your fantasies, how did it finish?’

‘Do you know what a pearl necklace is?’

Kirsty shook her head. Jennifer was being no help as she’d started laughing. ‘Beyond the obvious, no.’

‘It’s when I come on your neck and chest.’

‘Oh wow, really. Why’s it called…’ Then she figured it out, the colour, the location. ‘Is that what you wanted to do?’

He nodded. ‘But it was more than that. In the fantasy, you kept it there. And we went back to the group. And everyone saw.’

Her head snapped up. ‘You’re kidding! Why is that hot?’

Mark blushed, suddenly uncertain until a few more strokes between her breasts opened him up. ‘Because everyone would know you were mine.’

Jennifer was first to react. ‘That’s so hot! Oh my God, best answer of the evening.’ Kirsty smiled, she was still a little shocked at the idea but she had to agree, that was the hottest

thing he'd said tonight. *Maybe ever?* 'Tell him, encourage him,' Jennifer urged.

Kirsty bit her lip, took a few deep breaths then looked at him, her hand wrapping around his cock to more easily stroke him. 'That's really sexy.'

He'd been looking nervous but it transformed into a huge smile. 'Seriously, you like that?'

'Oh, I'd never do that, let's be clear, but that's a very hot thing to say.' *I wish you'd said that ten years ago.* Suddenly her mind started to go into a spiral, of regret for things unsaid, secret wishes, she felt powerless and weak. She coughed twice.

Jennifer picked up on it. 'Okay honey, I hear you. I don't know what's up but you're doing brilliantly. That was powerful. Give him a kiss, say you need some water. Just recentre yourself.'

Kirsty put on a smile and pushed herself up, surprising Mark with a kiss on his lips. 'I just need some water, one moment.' She got up. 'Oh, and yikes my knees hurt! Remind me to put a pillow down next time.'

Mark laughed. 'I'll buy you as many pillows as you want.'

# Options for Her



Kirsty smiled, catching her breath, sipping on the glass of water by her bed. She felt better almost immediately. She nodded as Jennifer made a good point in her ear. Giving herself a little longer she stepped back in front of where Mark was sitting, standing over him now. She momentarily wished she was wearing heels. She could imagine how much more imposing and powerful that might make her.

'So, that was interesting wasn't it. But you know you *still* haven't answered my question.'

Mark looked up at her. From her position he was gazing up between her breasts. 'I haven't?'

'Nope.' She quoted Jennifer. 'I asked you what you wanted to do to me, so far you've said blowjob and tit wank,' she gave a little smirk at her newfound confidence with the term, 'but those are things I seem to mostly do to you.' She gave him a little push and to her delight he fell backwards onto the bed. 'What about things you want to do to me, huh?'

She straddled him, kneeling by his hips, his feet still on the floor and hers hanging just over the edge of the bed. It was actually a bit more comfortable on them than flat on the bed.

She wiggled her hips and felt his cock pressing into the thin material of her panties. *Perfect.*

Jennifer suggested a new way to frame the question. It made her heart race, but like this, over him, feeling powerful, she couldn't wait to say it. 'What I want to know, Mr Nelson, is how you are going to make me come?'

'Oh wow!'

'Because it seems I've been missing out on them, for a long time.'

'Yes, that's true.'

Kirsty ground her hips back over his cock and was delighted by the moan she dragged from his lips. 'So? What do you suggest?'

'Well, there's sex? More sex?'

'Sex sounds good but we've done that, and it's never got me close.'

Jennifer butted in. 'That's not unusual, so don't either of you feel bad about that. Although, if his cock were bigger,' she teased.

Kirsty bit back a smile. 'It's not unusual apparently. Only a third of women tend to come from just that, I heard somewhere,' she recited the new information Jennifer was feeding her. Mark looked relieved and for some reason that annoyed her. She decided to shock both of those listening. 'Or maybe if your cock was bigger.'

Jennifer was hooting down the phone, but it was Mark's reaction that truly fascinated her. His mouth went wide, he stuttered, 'Do you really think that?'. But far more telling was what she felt between her legs. His cock had swelled and hardened the moment she said it.

'I don't know,' she said truthfully. 'But Mark, why's that made your cock get so hard?'

'It didn't, did it?' She could see he knew it had.

'Mark?' He still didn't respond. His breathing was short and fast. Kirsty instinctively fell forward with her hands either side of him, her hair falling around his face. The position meant it was easier to move her hips, and she ground her mound back and forth against his now rock hard cock. It felt remarkably good, even through her thong, the head of his cock pushing on her clit if she arched her back a little. It clearly worked for him too. 'Mark? What is it?'

'I…I wondered that too sometimes,' he confessed.

'You wondered if you had a bigger cock whether I'd orgasm from sex?' He gulped, and nodded. 'But hold on.' Kirsty stopped grinding on him and pressed on hard. 'That means you knew I wasn't coming.'

'I didn't know. And I was scared to ask. But I thought maybe you weren't.'

Kirsty had to fight with being annoyed at that. It was one thing if he hadn't known, she'd have to consider what it meant that he knew it. Jennifer was thinking the same. 'Hey, that's

important information but don't let it put you off your stride. Go back to the question, it's a great one.'

Kirsty had to think which question was being referred to, but then realised that it did link well. 'So that makes my question even more important, Mark. How are you going to make up for that, and make me come. Lots.'

She was pleased to see that made his cock swell too. She resumed making little grinds on it, less for him now and more because it felt really good against her clit.

'Toys?' he suggested, 'I could use toys?'

'That sounds promising. What are you thinking?' She rewarded him with some longer, harder strokes over his cock with her pussy.

'Oh, God, that feels good. Umm. A vibrator, using a vibe on you?'

'We are definitely going to do that. I can't wait.' She wasn't having to fake her enthusiasm. 'What else?'

She could sense he had an answer, but he was hesitating. 'I like the idea of toys, Mark. I want to get lots. Jennifer says she has loads, and I want to beat her,' Kirsty declared in a fit of competitiveness.

Mark missed the pun in his amazement at his wife's words, but Jennifer didn't. 'Oh my, I'll have to ask Tom if you're allowed to beat me,' followed by hysterical giggling. Kirsty rolled her eyes but Mark didn't notice.

‘So?’ she asked. ‘What else?’ She was curious why he wouldn’t say.

‘A dildo?’ he finally suggested. *Oh, that’s why.*

‘A dildo? That sounds interesting. What would you do with it?’ She smiled, watching him realise where this was going to end up and both amused and excited by it.

‘I’d, fuck you with it?’ he asked, uncertain.

She didn’t say anything, but ground herself back and forth. Hearing him use that word, she was surprised that she liked it. Then she realised she didn’t know a better way to say it. But that wasn’t the main point she was excited about. ‘You could, that’s what they’re for isn’t it? But Mark?’ she paused, revelling in the moment, ‘if I don’t come from sex, why would I come from that?

She could see a pulse in his neck, beating fast, his breathing nearly matched it. ‘We could try a big one?’

Jennifer finally whispered in her ear, surprising Kirsty as she’s almost forgotten about her. ‘You are doing amazingly, oh my God. How hot are you? Do you want words that’ll drive him crazy?’

Kirsty smiled, making a click with her mouth to approve.

‘Oh Mark,’ she repeated, ‘I haven’t had anything in me for so long. I’ll be so, tight.’ He just squeaked at her words, she took it as a good sign. ‘Can you imagine, pushing it in me, a big, thick dildo?’ Kirsty emphasised each word as she ground forwards and back on his cock, instinctively making little sex

noises as she imagined it too. She was surprised just how much the idea was affecting her too.

‘You… you really think you’d like that?’ he gasped.

‘I will if it makes me come. I want to come lots. How else are you going to make me come, honey?’ She really wanted to know.

‘With my hand, rubbing you?’

‘Oh yes, I’d like that. How would you do it?’

He looked like he was searching for the right answer. ‘Lying next to you?’ he said.

Jennifer had a better suggestion. Kirsty loved it.

‘That sounds nice but I like the idea of maybe lying on you, facing up. Your cock hard between my thighs, rubbing me instead of yourself.’

‘That sounds amazing!’ She was delighted at his reaction, and the idea. *We are so doing that.*

‘That’s toys, and hands. How else are you going to make me come?’ she said, following Jen’s lead. She leaned forward and kissed him, it was supposed to be a clue. He still had to think about it, and his eyes went wide before he said anything.

‘My… mouth?’ he whispered.

‘Your mouth. I like the sound of that.’ She wasn’t absolutely sure she did but Jennifer’s enthusiasm for it had her half-convinced.

‘You want that?’

‘I do.’ She trusted Jen’s words. ‘I think you’re going to get very good at going down on me. You have a lot of time to make up, don’t you?’

‘Yes, yes I do,’ he said with remarkable enthusiasm.

Jennifer’s next suggestion made Kirsty pause. She coughed twice to indicate she wasn’t sure at all. ‘Go on, he’s totally in the zone, it’s just fun and cute, trust me, try it.’ With a sigh of defeat to her friend’s kinky creativity she crawled higher up Mark’s body, his eyes growing wider with every shuffle, until she was kneeling over him, as high up his chest as she could get.

‘Kiss me,’ she told him.

To her amazement he didn’t hesitate. He pushed himself up on his elbows, and kissed her mound, right on her thong. Just watching him do it blew her mind. She couldn’t believe this was happening. He stayed there, and nuzzled his face in between her legs. The sensation, plus the experience of watching him do it, sent bolts of arousal through her. She didn’t hesitate when Jen told her what to do next. She reached down and pulled her thong to the side. ‘Kiss me,’ she said again. The look of arousal and wonder on her husbands face actually made her laugh out loud. He seemed to like that. And she liked what he did even more. Without hesitation he pressed his face into her pussy and to her astonishment and delight, nuzzled in and managed to get the tip of her tongue to her clit. ‘Oh shit!’ she cried out in astonishment. It felt

incredible. It was a bit awkward but even what he managed was delightful, so intimate and pleasurable.

‘Grab his head,’ Jennifer advised, ‘seriously it’s not an easy position, plus it feels so sexy.’ Kirsty trusted her and slipped her hands through Mark’s hair, pulling him in. Sure enough his licking and sucking became much more effective and the words in the sex store earlier echoed through her mind, ‘We have our husband’s mouths for that.’ Kirsty’s thoughts were torn between joy of this new discovery and regret she hadn’t been experiencing this for years. Joy won out.

The sensation was suddenly too much and she let go of his head. Mark’s head dropped back and he looked up at her in astonishment, his beard damp with her.

Once again Jennifer suggested she say something that everything in her screamed not to, but she was high on the pleasure of her last suggestion, and trusting her more with every step. She sighed, struggling to say it, ‘How… how do I taste?’ Even saying it sent waves of heat through her.

But his cheeky grin stopped the flush of heat. ‘You taste like heaven’ Her embarrassment turned to something different, something her mind couldn’t easily process. But her body was. She began to cry.

# A Coming Together



Mark's expression turned to one of concern. 'Oh no, Kirsty, what's wrong?'

Kirsty climbed off him, needing to be less exposed. She quickly lay down, pulling her pillow in and wrapping her arms around it, facing him. 'I don't know. It's okay. No, it's good.' She felt the tears rolling down her cheek onto the pillow. 'They are happy tears, I promise.'

He turned to face her, he was clearly getting emotional too. 'Are you sure?'

'I'm very sure. Just, wow. The way you looked at me tonight. It's been a long time, since I've felt… wanted.' She sniffed.

'I know, I'm sorry. Me too. But wow, what a way to fix it.'

She laughed, sniffing too, wiping her eyes. 'It's been good, hasn't it?'

He snuggled closer, rubbing his hand over her arm. 'More than I could ever imagine. You are incredible. This morning, this evening. Just wow.'

Kirsty reached forward and took his cock in her hand, just playing with it. 'I missed this guy.'

Mark laughed, ‘He missed you too, trust me.’

She gave a genuine smile, the tears fading. ‘That’s good to know.’

He bit his lip and nodded. ‘I loved this, this morning too.’ His cock swelled in her hand and she loved its confirmation of how he felt.

Jennifer finally spoke up and gave her a little suggestion. ‘What about the not coming thing?’ Kirsty asked.

He laughed. ‘Well, I didn’t do great at that.’

‘No sure.’ She hunted for the lube and used it to give him a few long strokes, ‘But was it hot?’

‘It was, very, very hot.’ He was panting a little, she delighted in what she was doing to him.

‘And what about this, me interrogating you like this evening?’

He grinned, ‘It’s way better than anything I could have dreamed of.’

‘Oh, really?’

He paused. Jennifer spoke to her, ‘Don’t say anything, let him speak first. Kirsty slowly teased the head of his cock and waited.

Mark let out a frustrated little sigh. ‘I like you being in control.’

‘I knew it!’ declared her friend. ‘Tell him you think you like it too.’ But stop stroking his cock, just hold it.

She did, and the impact was profound. He looked at her in a new way ‘You really do?’ said Mark.

Kirsty bit her lip and answered for herself. ‘Yeah, I mean this is really hot. I don’t know if I’m very good at it?’

He laughed. ‘Are you kidding? You’re amazing.’

She followed Jennifer’s next prompt. ‘So you like me taking a bit of control, do you? Why?’

‘It’s hot, super hot. It shows you’re interested. And I think it just turns me on. I don’t know.’

‘Okay.’ She gripped his cock a little tighter as she stroked and was delighted with the desperate little moans it elicited. ‘So I have a proposal.’

‘Yes, anything.’ He looked like he meant it.

Kirsty laughed, ‘Be careful what you agree to, honey. I think,’ she paused for effect, ‘you have a bad masturbation habit. Do you agree?’

He didn’t reply straight away. ‘Yes, I agree.’

Kirsty followed the lines she was being fed. ‘I think, you’re wasting your sexual energy on just selfishly jerking yourself off, when you should be focusing it on me. Yes?’

‘Yes, totally.’

‘So…’ she squeezed him again and was delighted to feel him respond, ‘So… you’re not to masturbate any more. Can you do that for me?’

To be fair to him, he did pause before answering. ‘I think so.’

Jennifer gave her opinion. ‘He totally can’t, I’m telling you now but that’s fine. Make him promise.’

Kirsty nodded. ‘Promise me, promise me you won’t come, promise me you won’t masturbate, not without me.’

‘I promise. God, you are so hot like this. Please…’ He ground his hips against her hand but she didn’t let him get any extra friction.

‘I mean it, Mark. If you masturbate you’ll be in trouble.’

‘What kind of trouble?’

Kirsty looked him in the eyes, enjoying the fact she knew exactly what kind. ‘I’ll find a way to make sure you can’t.’ She squeezed his cock even harder. ‘But you know what’s even worse, Mark? Lying to me about it. You need to promise to be totally honest from now on. Or we are going to have a problem.’ She looked serious, and she meant it.

His response was not what she expected. ‘You are so hot like this.’

She laughed. ‘Yes, you said, thank you, that’s good to know.’

Jennifer wasn’t happy with her response and told her what to say next. Kirsty coughed twice.

‘Trust me, say it,’ Jennifer repeated. ‘Then I’m going to leave you to it.’

Kirsty looked at her husband. ‘I’m so fucking wet right now.’

She instantly felt embarrassed but the look on Mark’s face made her forget it. He did a double take, looking down at her new panties. ‘What, what did you say?’

‘Get on his cock!’ Jennifer declared. ‘Just pull your panties to the side, welcome to the wonder of thongs.’ Kirsty didn’t need more encouragement. She swung herself back on top of Mark and with one hand pulled her new thong to the side and guided his cock into her. Her last comment had been truer than she knew. He slid inside her as she settled down on him. Kirsty basked in the wonder on his face.

‘See what you’ve been missing?’ she said, so glad of Jennifer’s prompts as she couldn’t think straight.

‘Where have you been all my life?’ he asked, shaking his head and staring into her eyes.

Jennifer stayed quiet, leaving Kirsty to answer. ‘Just here, right next to you. But a little bit lost, perhaps.’

‘That makes two of us.’ He ran his hands up her thighs, holding onto her, a look of wonder still on his face.

‘You guys are so cute,’ Jennifer butted in. ‘That’s me done. I’m going to leave you to it. But try to tease him a little more, remind him of his promise, and hold off fucking as long as you can. My guess is he’ll come in seconds. Love you guys, byeeeeee.’

Kirsty panted a little, she guessed her friend was right. But damn, she really wanted to bounce on his cock already.

Mark spoke up. ‘God, I’ve missed being in you.’

Kirsty swished back her hair and pulled the ear bud out, sliding it out of sight. ‘I’d forgotten how good you feel in me,’ she told her husband, proud of how she was doing and able to relax at last.

He ran his hands up her forearms. ‘I know, we’re stupid aren’t we.’

‘Yeah. Touch me.’ She pushed out her chest. Mark’s hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them, revelling in how they felt. She directed him like never before. ‘My nipples, play with my nipples. Oh, yes.’ Kirsty shut her eyes, slowly rising and falling, his cock inside her. It did feel good but she wanted more. Without opening them, she reached down, pressing her fingers against her new knickers. But that wasn’t enough either. She slipped her fingers in, rubbing herself urgently.

‘Oh my God, that’s so hot. I love seeing you do that.’

‘Good, and you like my idea?’

‘Which one?’

She laughed, ‘The no coming, no masturbating one! Me being in control of when you come.’ She slid her hands up his chest, until her thumbs rubbed on his nipples.

He gave a little gasp and she felt his cock twitching inside her. ‘It sounds amazing. You are amazing. I love you.’

Kirsty bit her lip. It was so long since he'd said it when they were like this. 'I love you too.' She couldn't think straight, taking little panting breaths as she returned to masturbating, riding Mark's cock. It felt so good. Being filled, feeling him between her legs, inside her. His hands still squeezed and pulled at her chest, delighting in her hard little nipples. Her fingers whirled faster and faster on her clit, her eyes shutting as she got lost in the moment.

A groan from him returned her to the present, and she suddenly felt very exposed. 'Tell me… tell me I'm beautiful,' she heard herself ask.

'You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. You're so fucking hot. I can't believe how lucky I am. I love you so much.'

She opened her eyes, looking into his, the pleasure building rapidly. 'I love you too. Oh God, I'm going to come, I'm going to come!'

'Yes, yes, don't stop, me too. Oh fuck, Kirsty, oh God!'

Her orgasm erupted inside her, grinding against Mark's cock as he pulled and rubbed her nipples. Her entire body tensed, her fingers pushed her over the edge, the pleasure surged from inside, up her spine, every part of her engulfed in the climax. And she heard his cries too, his urgent thrusting adding to her own. She could feel the spurts of his hot wetness filling her for the first time in so long and she didn't want it to stop. She wanted to be filled up with him, as her orgasm swept her along, her arousal and love amplified with his, both of

them crying out, then panting together, laughing, unable to stop smiling.

She gulped in air. ‘Well, damn. That’s new.’ Kirsty laughed, falling onto his chest, feeling his cock slip out of her, resting against her thigh. ‘We should do this more often.’ She shook as he laughed underneath her.

He shook his head slowly in wonderment. ‘Who are you and what have you done with my wife?’ he joked.

She grinned at him. ‘I think her orgasms killed her off. The French call it the little death after all. You’ll have to deal with me now.’

He chuckled. ‘My God, if I’d known making you come led to this…’

‘It’s not just the orgasms. They help, but it’s the decision to make an effort that matters.’ He nodded his agreement. ‘I think it’ll be worth it though, don’t you?’

Mark pulled her in and kissed her on the lips. ‘I know it will be.’

# Reviews and Feedback

Thank you so much for reading our story. We hope you've enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed writing it. **The best way to let us know you did is to leave a review on Amazon.**

We read every single review I get. They mean a tremendous amount to us. **If you want more of Kirsty and Mark, Jennifer and Tom then please, if you possibly can, leave a review on Amazon.** And also if you want to give us any direct feedback you can email us at james@edging.space

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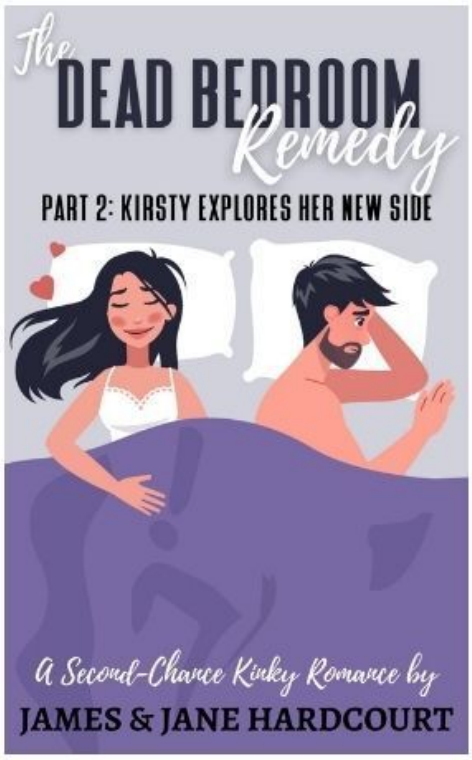

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are good quality and well written is a huge help and encouragement for us to do that.

*James and Jane Hardcourt*

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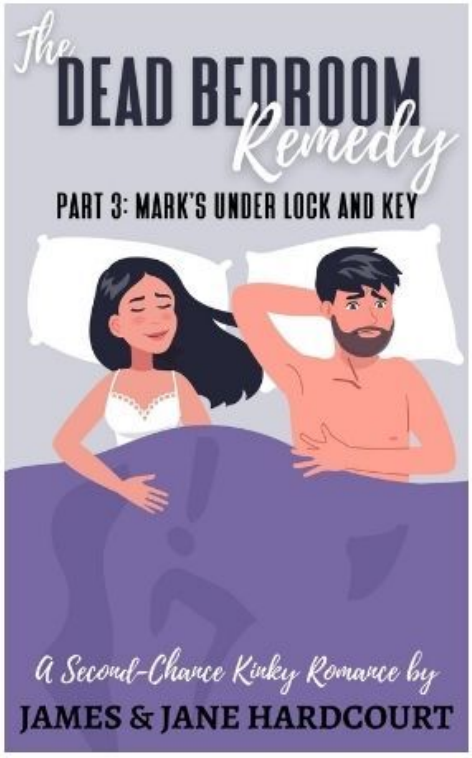
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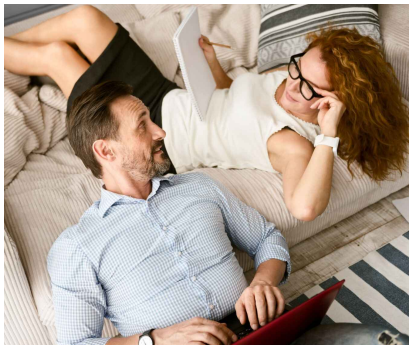



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# About the Author

James has been creating kinky smut for a couple of decades - it's mostly been in his head until now - and more recently on his unexpectedly popular Tumblr blog. He writes erotica and non-fiction about edging, orgasm denial, chastity play and anything else kinky he can come up with. His books explore the twists and turns of BDSM power dynamics, hot consent and erotic predicaments.

He's married to Jane, who runs her own blog too, and somewhere in the mix they've managed to produce a couple of wonderful kids. They live happily just outside of London, England, and their friends and family are entirely oblivious to just what avid kinksters they are.

You can find out more at Edging Space Publishing

**You can connect with me on:**

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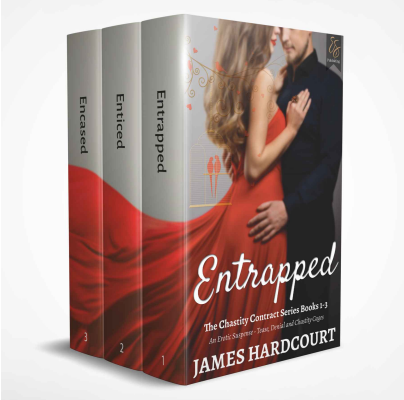
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1

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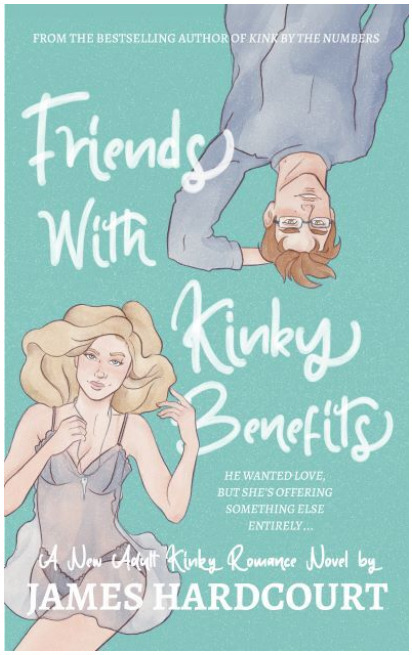
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