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Mary's Awakening

Mary, Volume 1

P.T. Brown

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MARY'S AWAKENING

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Chapter 1

On Friday nights, Mary would often have a long hot bath after a week at university, then lie around in her pyjamas and consume ridiculous amounts of chocolate and Rosé wine while watching trashy TV. She quite liked living with her landlady Margaret, though she hoped it wouldn't be for too long. She'd applied for a place in halls in her second year but was on a waiting list until a room became available, so she had moved in with Margaret, a short distance from campus in the short-term.

It was a large victorian terraced house which had been converted to individual rooms which could be let out. Margaret lived in a completely self-contained flat on the ground floor at the back of the house. There was a shared kitchen and one other vacant bedroom downstairs, and upstairs were a further 4 bedrooms and a shared bathroom for her lodgers. When Mary moved in she was the only lodger, so she pretty much had the run of the place.

About a week before term started - three weeks after Mary had returned from home - another lodger moved into the room opposite hers at the top of the stairs. He was rather a handsome guy, who clearly looked after himself. Mary estimated that he was in his late 30’s, so at least 15-ish years older than her. He kept himself to himself, and was out most of every day. He seemed pleasant enough when they passed in the corridor, but he was always up and out before Mary and got back later, so they rarely saw each other.

Sticking with her Friday night routine, she had her dinner, a bath, then put on her white silk pyjamas and cosied up on her sofa in front of the TV with a box of chocolates and a bottle of Rosé. Her phone pinged.

"What time do you want me tomorrow?"

She smiled to herself and popped a chocolate in her mouth before laying back on the sofa and dropping a shoulder off her pyjama vest, and taking a sexy selfie, which she attached to her reply.

"How about now?" she sent.

"Don't be a bitch!” came the response. She smiled.

"Lol. 4 ish?" She wrote. "We can get takeaway. x"

"Ok. See you tomorrow. x"

She gently dropped the phone to the floor before reaching for the TV remote to find something new to watch. As she did, there was a knock on her bedroom door.

"Mary, are you in?" it was Margaret, her landlady.

"Yes, give me a sec." Mary replied through a half eaten caramel as she stood up and wandered over and opened the door.

"Hi, just saying goodbye, I'll be leaving early in the morning. Are you still ok for tomorrow night?" Margaret asked.

"Yes thanks, all good. A friend is staying over." Mary replied.

"Oh, good. I don't like the idea of leaving you here all alone. Richard will be back on Sunday so you won't be on your own after tomorrow, and I'll be back on Tuesday."

"Ok, no problem, I'll be fine. Have a great time, see you on Tuesday." Mary replied with a smile.

"I will. You have my number if you need anything." Margaret said, turning and heading for the stairs.

"Thanks Margaret" Mary replied, closing the door again.

Margaret had a strict rule about lodgers not having overnight guests, however as the other lodger, Richard, was staying out on Saturday night and Margaret was away for the weekend to visit her daughter, she had suggested that Mary have a friend over so that she wouldn't be alone in the house overnight. Just this once.

On Saturday morning Mary was awoken around 7:30am by the front door shutting, an echo ringing around corridors in the large empty house. She rolled around for a while trying to get back to sleep but she couldn't, so eventually gave

up and went to make herself a coffee.

She spent the rest of the morning writing half of an essay before having lunch and eventually turning her attention to getting ready for the evening. Having had a bath the evening before, she debated whether to try to shave her legs in the shower, but remembered the last time she tried it and nearly broke her neck, so she had another relaxing bath, shaved her legs, put on her big fluffy dressing gown, and went to tidy her room a little and change her bed sheets.

A short while later, with a tidy room and a fresh bed she went over to her wardrobe to select an outfit. She flicked through, knowing very well what she was going to wear, and eventually pulled out a hanger holding a black lace basque with matching knickers. It had entirely transparent sides, and provided very little coverage at the back. She draped it over the back of the sofa and went to her drawer and pulled out a brand new pair of stockings. She stood back and looked at the basque and smiled to herself, before drying her hair.

Mary didn’t see herself as sexy or seductive usually, and had never worn anything quite like the basque lying on her sofa, but she saw it over the summer while out shopping and treated herself to it. She knew she would eventually get the chance to wear it, and felt this evening was the ideal opportunity.

A short while later, with her long blonde hair now dry, she slipped out of her dressing gown. She looked at herself, naked in the mirror, then turned side on and posed a little. "Hmm, lets try and get you sexy." she said to herself.

She cut the tags from the basque and knickers and put them on before returning to the mirror to look at herself again. She liked the way it made her look and ran her hands down her waist, feeling the way it shaped her body. "So far so good" she said to herself, turning to the stockings and taking them out of the packet. She adjusted the straps on the basque, and gently slid the stockings up her newly shaven legs before clipping them in place and adjusting the straps once more.

After another quick check at the mirror, she finished the outfit off with a pair of new black heels, which she found a challenge to walk in. She loved how tall she looked in them and how they flattered the shape of her legs. Satisfied, she sat at her table to put on her make up, glancing down at herself occasionally to admire her seductive look.

She didn't see herself as an expert in make up, in fact she didn't really wear much

unless she was going somewhere special, but she thought that after going to the trouble to dress like this, it wouldn't hurt to do something for this evening.

When she was nearly finished, and having darkened her eyes quite a lot to look as sultry as her outfit, she finally reached for her lipstick. As she did, she checked her watch. "45 minutes" she thought to herself. "Maybe a coffee first."

She stood up and practiced walking around in her heels a bit. Everything seemed to be going ok, so she bravely decided to attempt the stairs to go and get herself a drink.

She opened her bedroom door and walked to the top of the stairs. She had often walked to and from the kitchen and bathroom in her underwear when the house was empty without a second thought, but dressed like this she did pause for a second and consider covering up before deciding not to.

She felt great as she slowly made her way to the bottom of the stairs, and she loved the clicking of her heels on the tiled floor as she walked to the kitchen. She flicked on the kettle, and reached for a large bag of pretzels and a bowl to put them in.

As the kettle clicked off, she thought she heard a noise outside the kitchen. As the kettle went quiet she heard the front door close. She froze. Either Margaret’s plans had changed, or it was Richard. Neither of which she really wanted to see her dressed like this.

The footsteps were heavy, it was definitely Richard. She listened intently hoping to hear him turn and climb the stairs. He didn’t. The footsteps got louder as he approached the kitchen.

Mary was horrified. The only place he could be heading was to the kitchen. She thought about closing the door and asking him to go to his room, but she hated making a scene and even if she did, how would she get back upstairs without him seeing her? After having the biggest fight or flight moment of her life, she quickly concluded the only thing she could do was to stand her ground and hope she wasn’t too embarrassed or worse, humiliated.

She stood facing the kettle and started tipping the pretzels into the bowl, her back to the door, as Richard entered.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t realise you were down here.” He said reeling at the sight of the scantily clad and very attractive young woman in front of him.

She took a deep breath, still with her back to him, and tried to look relaxed.

“It’s ok. I didn’t think you were back until tomorrow?”

“I’m not really, I’m staying at a mates but I bought some fridge stuff while I was getting the beer so I thought I’d drop it off here on the way.

Mary turned and looked at him as he rooted around in the shopping bags he had put on the table. He glanced up at her and smiled.

“Expecting company?” he asked with a hint of sarcasm.

“Yes, a friend is staying over tonight.” she replied, turning back calmly to making her drink.

“Boyfriend?” Richard asked curiously.

“Who says it’s a boy?” she asked cheekily. There was silence for a second, so she carried on. “But yes, a boy. But just a friend.”

“Do you dress like that for all your friends?” he asked laughing.

“No, not all” she said, still with her back to him, smiling to herself.

Richard came over to stand right behind her from the kitchen table. So close she could smell his after shave. It was nice.

“Mind if I?”

She turned, startled, wondering what he meant. He was holding a pack of bacon and a bottle of milk. and gestured to the fridge she had been standing in front of.

“Oh, yes, sorry.” She said, a little embarrassed.

As she stepped to one side he opened the fridge and bent down to look inside.

It wasn’t lost on either of them that his face was now really rather close to her body and broadly in line with her hips. He couldn’t help but glance across at the

exposed tops of her legs. Mary saw it, and was quite turned on by it so she turned, very gently towards him. Just enough for him to wonder if she'd done it on purpose. He snapped out of his admiring gaze, closed the fridge, and stood up.

"That's me done, just have to nip up to my room for a second and I'll leave you to it." Richard said, grabbing the remaining shopping bag.

"Me too." Mary said, picking up her coffee and the bowl of pretzels.

As he headed to the door, Mary followed him, realising how turned on she had become from the encounter. Richard stopped and stood back with the door.

"Ladies first." he said, smiling at her. She had a choice, she could've said no, but she didn't.

"Why thank you kind sir." she said, smiling at him, admiring his good looks.

She walked through the door and her heels started to click again on the floor. "One foot in front of the other" she said to herself under her breath, remembering that models walk that way to accentuate their figure.

It came quite naturally for her. Richard - a few steps behind - watched her partly exposed bum wiggle as she cat walked down the corridor.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she realised she couldn't carry a coffee, the bowl, and hold the rail to get back up the stairs in her heels. She stopped and turned to him.

"Would you mind carrying this up for me?" She asked, holding out her coffee.

"My pleasure" he said warmly, taking the mug from her.

She turned back to the stairs and held the rail with her spare hand, slowly stepping up each step, knowing he was watching.

When she reached the top she turned to see him still standing at the bottom, looking a little flustered. He stepped forward and quickly joined her at the top of the stairs. She pushed open her bedroom door and put the pretzels on her desk before returning to the landing where Richard was standing outside his bedroom

door just opposite, holding her coffee.

“Thanks” she said, carefully taking the drink from him. She took a sip, standing face on to him, just inches away.

“I’d better finish getting ready.” Mary said softly.

“You look more than ready to me.” he replied. She smiled up at him.

“Just a bit of lipstick I think.” she said glancing at her watch.

“I’d better get going too, Mike will wonder what’s happened to me.” Richard said. “Enjoy your evening.”

“You too.” Mary replied, before going into her room and shutting the door.

She put her drink down quickly and stood with her back to her bedroom door, listening. She heard Richard put the key in his door and go in, then a moment later he came back on to the landing and closed it again before heading down the stairs.

She waited until she heard the familiar echo of the front door closing, then walked over to the window and peered out through the net curtains to see him walking to his car. As he drove away, the reality that she’d just had the most erotically charged ten minutes of her life dawned on her. She smiled to herself excitedly and bit her lip.

She sat at her desk and put on her lipstick, trying to stop her heart racing. Just as she put the lid back on it, she heard a knock at the door downstairs.

Elliot stood at the door holding two bottles of wine and had a bag over his shoulder. He waited for a few seconds, then turned to his left as a set of keys descended from Mary’s bedroom window and landed with a clatter beside him.

This wasn’t uncommon. Mary often avoided the stairs by dropping keys to him when he would come over. He let himself in and went straight to the kitchen to put the wine in the fridge before wandering back down the corridor and up the stairs. When he reached the top, Mary’s door was slightly open. He pushed it and walked in, expecting her to be either lying on her sofa, or on the bed, watching TV.

Instead he was met with a sight he had never seen from Mary before. She was sat back on the sofa in her black basque, stockings and heels. Her legs were crossed and one of her heels was dangling from her foot in front of her. Her makeup was like nothing she had worn before either. She looked stunning, he thought.

Elliot knew Mary very intimately. She'd lost her virginity with him just under a year ago. Since then they had a lot of sex, and aside from a few quite attractive underwear sets, she'd never dressed like this.

She reached for a cigarette and lit it as he stood there in front of her stunned into silence. She took a deep drag on it, tilted her head back, and blew the smoke vertically into the air.

"I'm looking for Mary. Have you seen her?" Elliot said.

She looked straight at him but didn't reply. Instead she patted the sofa next to her and he put down his bag and sat down facing toward her a little.

Eventually she turned to him and looked into his eyes.

"You like?" she asked

He leaned back into the sofa, studying her.

"I like" he replied.

"Good" she said, turning and stubbing out her half-smoked cigarette in the ash tray on the arm of the sofa. She uncrossed her legs and stood up, stepping in front of the seated Elliot, allowing him admire the full extent of her outfit. She stepped forward and pushed his knees together, then sat in his lap facing him, her stocking clad legs either side of his.

She pulled at his t shirt, and he willingly leaned forward for her to pull it over his head before discarding it and sitting down onto his lap once more. He couldn't help but explore her lace clad body with his hands.

She smiled at him cheekily and leaned forward, kissing him softly, running her hands through his hair, all in a way he wasn't quite used to from her. After a minute or two he pressed gently on her waist, she took the hint and sat back,

adjusting her hair.

“What’s got into you?” He said.

“Nothing yet.” she said, reaching down with one hand and grabbing his crotch. “But we have all night.”

“What’s brought all this on? I mean, I’m not complaining but ...” he started.

“I’ll explain later, but for now, please, just shut up and enjoy.” Mary interrupted, massaging the bulge in his jeans and leaning forward to kiss him.

Elliot ran his hands over her body as she sat in his lap, before looking down at her legs. He studied the straps attached to her stockings for a second.

"How do I get your knickers off?" he asked, a little bluntly.

Mary leaned forward.

"You don't need to, feel." she whispered in his ear, sitting up a little so he could slide a hand between her legs. As he did, his fingers were met with the warm feel of Mary's wetness.

She moaned a little at his touch.

"They're crotchless." she said.

He slid a few fingers into her, making her arch her back in pleasure, before she slid off him and slowly walked backwards towards the bed, staring at him. He stood and took off his jeans and boxers, while Mary sat on the bed, kicked off her heels, and lay back. As he gently climbed on top of her, she reached out and guided him towards her opening.

"Already?" he asked, curious about the lack of foreplay.

"Yes. Already." she said, a glint in her eye. Elliot slid inside her as she wrapped her legs around him, and he began to move slowly.

It was familiar, in a nice way. She really needed this after the afternoon she'd had. He kissed her neck as he slowly and passionately penetrated her. An image

of Richard’s face appeared in her mind. Disgusted with herself she tried to bury it, but she couldn't. She yearned for more than ‘familiar’. She put a hand on the small of Elliots back, wanting him to speed up, or go deeper, or just do something, anything different, but he didn't take the hint.

She felt him starting to tense, which always sped him up just a little, before he lay his body weight on her and came inside her. He withdrew and rolled over next to her, both of them lying on their backs looking at the ceiling. He was out of breath, but Mary wasn't, and was still really rather horny.

She reached for a tissue and cleaned herself up a little, while Elliot reached for a couple of cigarettes, lit them, and passed one to Mary.

“Ok?” he said, still looking at the ceiling.

“Yes” she replied, hiding her frustration. "You?" She asked.

“Oh, yes” he reached across and stroked her leg gently.

Mary smiled, and finished her cigarette fairly quickly. “I need to go and clean up properly.” she said, swinging her legs off the bed and heading towards the door, grabbing her hair brush on the way. She stopped at the door and looked back at Elliot, hoping she may be able to get more satisfaction out of the next round.

“Don’t bother to dress.” she said as she walked out. “Oh, and we need wine and pizza don’t you think?”

Elliot finished his cigarette and stood up, still naked. He looked down at his cock, still glistening a little, and reached for a packet of wipes next to Mary’s bed and cleaned himself up before pulling his deodorant from his bag and putting some on.

He quickly ordered their regular pizzas on his phone, then peered out of the door towards the stairs - checking the coast was clear - before running naked down the stairs and grabbing a bottle of wine and two glasses from the kitchen and sprinting back to Mary’s room.

Meanwhile, Mary had been to the toilet, and was brushing her hair in the bathroom mirror. When she had finished she studied herself in her lingerie. She felt great, and thought she looked equally great. She was surprised how easy it

was to wear, and how comfortable it was. Her mind turned to Richard, then Elliot, then back to Richard again. Still turned on, she decided to strip from her lingerie entirely and see if it coaxed Elliot back into action. He was quite used to seeing her naked, but not so used to it that it didn't turn him on.

She unclipped the basque and took it off, before gently rolling the stockings down her legs and folding them neatly. This wasn't the only sexy underwear she had bought this summer and given how much of a hit this one had been today, she was already looking forward to wearing the others.

She gathered up the lingerie in a little bundle, grabbed her hair brush and walked down the corridor past the empty rooms. For some reason she stopped at the end of the corridor. On her left was her half-open door with Elliot inside, and on her right was Richards locked door. She smiled to herself and glanced at Richards door, before turning to go into her room.

She walked in to see the still-naked Elliot lying on his back on the bed with the bowl of pretzels on his chest and a glass of wine on each of the bedside tables. She put her brush on her desk and carefully placed her lingerie on her office chair.

Elliot watched her naked form moving around the room. She walked over next to him and put one leg on the bed, exposing herself to him, before leaning down and taking a pretzel. She popped it in her mouth and slowly climbed over Elliot to lie next to him on her front, up on her elbows. She could have walked around the bed of course, but stepping over him naked seemed a fun thing to do.

The door knocked and Elliot quickly stood up and looked out of the window. "It's here" he said, looking down at the driver by the front door.

He walked naked across the bedroom towards Mary's door.

"You're not going down like that are you?" she said laughing.

Elliot turned to look at her as he reached the door, taking her big fluffy bath robe off the hook on the back of it..

"No, silly." He said, putting it on.

"I'm not sure that's any better." Mary said, still laughing as he disappeared down

the stairs.

As Elliot returned with the pizza, Mary turned up the radiator a little and slipped on a plain white t shirt. She didn't know why, as it was hardly going to provide any warmth given it was the only thing she was wearing, but she felt she should, to eat at least. After about half a pizza and some trashy Saturday night TV, both lying on their front facing the tv at the bottom of her bed, Elliot picked up another slice and started the conversation he had been told to leave earlier.

"So?" he said taking a bite of pizza.

"What?" she asked.

"What's with the horny Mary?"

She smiled for a second and glanced at the door. "Two things really. Firstly the outfit I think."

"I get that, you look amazing in it. And the second?" Elliot said curiously.

"Ok, so I was getting ready for you coming round..."

Over the next ten minutes or so Mary, quite excitedly recited the whole story, in detail, while Elliot sat listening, watching her become more animated and excited throughout. He found the story quite erotic, and noticed the way Mary reacted to telling it. Eventually she finished her excited ramble and buried her face in the duvet beneath her, and wiggled her legs in the air, embarrassed.

She stayed there for a second then lifted her head and looked at Elliot. "Go on, say something!" she exclaimed.

"So you're telling me that an attractive older guy walks into his kitchen to find a sexy twenty year old student in front of him wearing lingerie and heels, and that you're surprised that he flirted with you?" he said sarcastically.

"Kinda, I suppose, yeah." she replied, nervously twiddling her hair.

"Are you excited about seeing him again?" he asked.

She looked out of the window, and without realising bit her bottom lip gently.

Elliot saw it.

“Yes.” she said softly.

“Then I think you should see where it takes you.” he said.

“What? But...” she started before Elliot immediately interrupted.

“What about us?” he added.

She looked away. “Yes.” she said quietly.

“Are we going to have this conversation again Mary?” he asked, seemingly frustrated.

“No, we don’t have to discuss it again.” she said, looking across at him.

“Do whatever we want with whoever we want. Just be open and honest. We agreed.” Elliot said reassuringly.

She smiled, closed her empty pizza box and reached for a napkin, wiping her mouth gently. Elliot closed his pizza box and Mary took both and put them by the door, before returning with two new glasses of wine. She passed one to Elliot, who was still wearing her fluffy dressing gown and had moved to sit at the top of the bed with his back to the headboard.

She stood in front of him, still wearing only a short t shirt, and drank the whole glass of wine in one go. She put down the glass and stood at the foot of the bed, staring into Elliot’s eyes before slowly peeling off the t shirt revealing her naked body once more.

She climbed onto the bed, crawling up toward him with a glint in her eye. Elliot went to put down his glass.

“No, keep it. You don’t need to do anything. Just sit back and relax.” She said.

She opened the fluffy bathrobe, revealing Elliot’s naked body underneath, before leaning forward slowly and taking him in her mouth as she lay down between his legs.

Elliot moaned a little. “I can say one thing, I do like the influence he has on you.” he said softly.

Mary laughed a little, and carried on with the task at hand. After a short while she stopped and looked up at him. "Don't forget to..."

"Warn you? Yes, I know." he said, as she smiled and slid him back into her mouth. It wasn't long before Elliot felt himself reaching a climax, so tapped Mary on the shoulder. She stopped and quickly rolled onto her back. He rolled over and put one leg either side of her hips, as she reached up and took his cock, working it quickly until he came on her breasts, as he always did after she went down on him. Mary loved making (and watching) him do that, but while it still turned her on today, it was all still a bit too familiar.

Elliot climbed off her, and she picked up the wipes, carefully cleaning her chest. She snuggled up next to him, enjoying is presence. With the TV on in the background, and the room now mostly dark, she fell asleep.

The next morning Elliot’s alarm went off early. He got dressed and stood up to go and make a drink, looking back to see Mary looking very attractive and equally peaceful lying naked in bed. with her eyes still closed she smiled, knowing he was looking at her.

A short while later he returned with a coffee, placed it on the bedside table, and leaned over, kissing her on the cheek.

“I’ve got to go.” he said softly.

As he walked away towards the door, she opened her eyes, kicked off the sheets and bent her knees, pointing her toes to the ceiling.

“Sure you can’t stay just a little longer? You could be late for work just once.” she said seductively. He turned to look at her.

“What have I told you about being a bitch?” he smiled. “I’ll pick you up at 9 in the morning. We can get a coffee before lecture starts.”

“Ok” she said, reaching for her coffee. “See you in the morning.” She blew him a kiss, and he left.

Chapter 2

After Elliot left, Mary got up, put on a pair of less seductive but more comfortable pants, and curled up on the chair near the window with her coffee. She had mostly enjoyed her night with Elliot, and felt a little guilty that for much of the evening she'd had her mind elsewhere. She thought about Richard, and wondered why she couldn’t get their accidental liaison in the kitchen yesterday afternoon out of her head.

She checked her watch. It was way too early to be up on a Sunday morning, but Elliot had a part time job which meant he had to go to work early on most Sundays. She decided to have breakfast, then have a shower before finishing the essay she had started the previous day.

She put on her fluffy white dressing gown, and headed down to the kitchen. While she was eating her cereal she heard the front door open. Her heart skipped, and nerves appeared briefly. She listened intently as the sound of footsteps heading towards her echoed through the corridor. Then they seemed to turn left and head upstairs.

She absently swirled the cereal around in its' pool of milk, making a feint noise with her spoon against the bowl. She wondered if subconsciously she’d done it on purpose to give away her location, but didn’t have chance to come to a conclusion before the sound of footsteps coming back down the stairs started her heart beating rapidly again.

She quickly checked her dressing gown wasn’t too revealing and crossed her legs, allowing one side of it to fall slightly leaving one leg slightly more exposed then went back to her cereal.

“Morning” Richard said as he entered.

“Morning” she replied brightly. Looking up.

He went over to the fridge and started to make a shake of some kind. From the way he was dressed he was either on his way to, or from the gym. She couldn’t

help but admire his muscles in his tight-ish top and tracksuit bottoms.

“Good night?” he asked, casting her a knowing look.

“Yeah.” she replied, trying to act casual.

“Any plans for the day?” he asked, clearly chatty this morning.

“Well first I need a shower, then I have an essay to finish, then I have a lazy afternoon to look forward to. You?”

“Gym now, then shower, then I have a lazy afternoon too.” he said, shaking his bottle. “What time are you having lunch?”

“I don’t know, about 12:30 I suppose. Why?”

“Just thought we could meet for lunch, if you want to?” he said.

She picked up her bowl, stood up and walked over to the sink, next to where he was standing. “Ok, why not. 12:30 it is.” she said, smiling up at him.

“Great.” he said, “it’s a date.”

“Is it?” she said quickly, still looking at him and raising an eyebrow.

“Well no, just, you know what I mean, just a turn of phrase.” he said, looking a little embarrassed.

“I was playing, I know what you meant. I’ll see you later.” She said, turning and leaving. She smiled to herself as she wandered off up the corridor to the stairs. She went into her room and waited until she heard Richard leave. She watched from the window as he headed up the street, then went to shower.

After she’d showered, she slipped into a pair of leggings and a jumper and made a drink before settling in front of her laptop. Despite the occasional daydream, she eventually managed to get her essay finished by around 11:30.

She had heard Richard come back from the gym some time ago, but chose to keep herself to herself until lunchtime. Once she had uploaded her essay, she went to her wardrobe to pick an outfit for lunch. She chose a pair of tight black

jeans and a short white vest top. She normally pottered around barefoot most of the time, but she decided to finish her outfit with some little black boots, partially to look a little more sophisticated, but mainly to give herself a little more height. She tied her hair up into a pony tail, and put on her glasses. She didn't need them for anything but reading, but quite liked the sophisticated way she thought she looked in them.

At around 12:20, and having put just a little makeup on and a hint of perfume, she gathered up all her confidence and went downstairs. The kitchen was empty. This was a good thing, she thought. Best to get there first.

She set about making herself a salad, waiting a little excitedly, and a little nervously for Richard to arrive.

After a few minutes she heard his footsteps on the stairs. Her heart started pounding again.

"Hello" he said, entering through the door behind her.

"Hey" she replied, turning her head to look over her shoulder at him. He too was wearing black jeans, and a quite snug fitting white t-shirt. He looked good, she thought.

"Snap." she said, nodding to his clothes.

"Anybody would think we had planned it." he said, putting down his water bottle on the table. "You look nice." he said smiling at her.

She smiled, embarrassed, and turned back to at her salad. "Thanks."

He stepped forward and stood behind her. She smelled good, he thought. He very gently placed a hand on each side of her waist. The surprise sent a lovely shiver through her body. She froze for a second.

"You're hogging the fridge again." he said, gently nudging her sideways with his hands.

"Oh sorry." she said. Stepping sideways as he encouraged her. He let go and opened the fridge door, pulling out a pre-prepared salad and a sandwich. She glanced down at his lunch.

“Here’s one I made earlier.” he laughed.

She poured a glass of water, picked up her bowl, and they sat opposite each other at the kitchen table.

They chatted for a while, very easily she thought. There were no awkward silences, it just felt comfortable, and the sight of her well-built and handsome lunch date in front of her was rather welcome too.

The conversation was a little superficial, but she established that Richard was 37 and had 2 young children. He had split up with his wife of 14 years a few months ago, amicably, and was staying at Margaret’s while they sorted out their divorce and he found somewhere new to live.

He established that Mary was 20, single, a second year student at the local University, and was staying at Margaret’s until a place became available in halls.

Neither of them mentioned their meeting yesterday, nor did Richard ask any more about her evening with Elliot. She assumed that simply telling him she was single was enough.

She really did enjoy the endless flirty eye contact throughout lunch. Despite the 17 year age gap she found him very attractive, his physique helped. His imposing size made her feel very feminine in his presence, which she played up to a little.

When they had finished their lunch he took her bowl and his plate to the sink, then turned to look at her, still sitting at the table. He admired her for a few seconds, which wasn’t lost on her, then pushed in his chair and stood behind it. His phone pinged so he reached for it from the table.

“I really need to work out how to turn off these news notifications.” He said.

“Here.” Mary replied, holding out her hand. “Let me.”

He passed her his phone and she fiddled with it briefly. “There, done” she said passing it back to him.

“Thanks! What are you doing with your lazy afternoon?” he asked.

“Girly film. You?” she responded.

“Since becoming single I have discovered games consoles, and FIFA, so losing to friends online probably.” he said.

“Boys and their toys.” she said sarcastically.

“Girls like toys too I hear.” he said, equally sarcastically. She looked embarrassed for a second.

“I don’t know what you mean.” She said coyly, before smiling up at him and getting up from her chair. “This was nice.” she said, changing the subject.

“Yes, very.” Richard replied, tucking his phone into his back pocket. “Maybe we should do it again sometime?”

“Definitely.” Mary replied, walking toward the door.

They headed off up the stairs, Richard in front this time, giving Mary the opportunity to admire his rear, and they stopped at their respective bedroom doors and turned to each other.

“I guess I’ll see you later.” he said, slightly unwilling to turn away.

“I guess you will.” Mary said with a flirty smile. She reached up a hand and gently touched his shoulder before pushing her bedroom door open and going inside, closing it behind her.

Mary spent much of the first half of the film - which she had seen many times before - rolling around on her bed daydreaming, not really believing the weekend she was having, and running the events over in her mind. Eventually she reached for her phone. It had one missed call from a number which wasn’t in her phone book.

She sat up on her bed and crossed her legs, looking intently at the phone, before starting to type a message to the number. ‘Are you losing?’ it read. She waited a second, then sent it.

Across the corridor, Richard’s friend scored against him and he threw the controller on the sofa in anger. As he did, his phone pinged.

“I thought she turned these off.” he said, to nobody in particular. He picked up the phone and unlocked it. The name at the top of the screen said Mary, he read the message and smiled before replying.

‘Yes, badly. Sneaky way to get a guys number!' He responded.

‘Never trust a strange girl with your phone.’ she replied.

‘I wouldn’t describe you as strange.” he wrote.

‘So how would you describe me?’ she sent, a little nervously. She watched the bubble typing the response, it started and stopped a few times, then eventually the message appeared.

‘Fascinating, very pretty, and really very sexy.”

She smiled at the reply, and put down the phone for a minute or two, trying not to look too interested. She lit a cigarette, forced herself to walk once around the room, then sat down and picked the phone back up.

‘Aww, thanks, you’ll make a girl blush.’

Back in his game, Richard was torn. He really wanted to score against his friend, but he really really wanted to text Mary back. He spent a few minutes finishing the game, then picked up his phone.

‘Can I make you dinner? I do a mean spaghetti bolognaise.’

Mary smiled excitedly as she read it. ‘with garlic bread?’ she typed.

‘Of course.’

‘And rosé?’ she asked cheekily.

‘You do know it’s supposed to be red wine with red meat?’ He responded.

‘I’m a University student, rules don’t apply.’

‘6pm in the kitchen?’ he replied.

She sat for a second, deciding how to reply. ‘It’s a date. Xx‘ she typed, and sent

it quickly.

Richard smiled to himself, and thought about replying, but didn’t. Instead he realised he didn’t have mince, or spaghetti, or garlic bread, or wine for that matter. He put on his trainers and reached for his car keys before heading downstairs to his car.

Mary heard him leave. She sat on her bed, her tummy full of butterflies, wondering if she was doing the right thing. She told herself that she hadn’t committed to anything other than dinner, and she didn’t get the remotest impression that Richard was anything other than a nice guy, so she calmed down a little. She had nearly three hours to kill till dinner so decided to read her book.

A few hours later, having read most of her novel, Richard had returned, spent a while in the bathroom, then headed downstairs, presumably to start cooking. Mary took off her jeans and top, studied her legs to see if she needed to give them a quick shave having only done them yesterday. She decided it best she did, so popped on her dressing gown and after checking the coast was clear, and headed to the bathroom.

When she returned, her thoughts turned to an outfit for dinner. She wanted to look attractive, but also really didn’t want to over dress to sit in her own kitchen. It didn’t help that she didn’t know what Richard was going to wear. She had a vision of arriving for dinner in a dress, and him stood there in shorts and a t shirt. In the end she thought it best to make an effort and hope for the best.

She opened her wardrobe and pulled out a little black dress. It wasn't too short, and had some well placed transparent panels, but also wasn’t too revealing. She chose some relatively new black underwear and some very thin black tights.

With butterflies building again, she put on her outfit and then touched up her makeup a little before putting on a silver necklace her parents had bought her last Christmas, letting her hair down and putting on her boots.

She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. 'Attractive, but not easy.' she thought to herself, happy with the way she looked. She put on a little lipstick, a spray of perfume, and took a deep breath before opening the door and heading downstairs.

As she reached the ground floor, she could smell the garlic bread cooking, she

smiled to herself as the wandered down the corridor to the kitchen. She arrived at the door, which was mostly closed, and quickly looked down at her dress again before pushing it open and going inside.

The table was laid, there was a lit candle on the middle of it, and the blinds had been closed slightly, dimming the room. She turned her attention from the table to look at Richard, who hadn't heard her come in over the hum of the oven so had his back to her. He was wearing a white shirt and trousers, which instantly made her feel more comfortable.

"Hello." she said.

Richard turned from stirring the spaghetti and looked at her.

"Hello." he said, "wow you look..."

"Dressed?" she interrupted sarcastically.

"Beautiful." he said, picking up an open bottle of Rosé and pouring her a glass. She walked over to him, standing really rather close and took the glass as she looked up into his eyes.

"Thank you." she said, putting the glass between their faces and taking a sip. Clearly teasing him.

"Dinner is just about ready madam, please take your seat." he said turning back to the oven. Mary turned and walked over to the table, sitting down and putting the neatly folded napkin in her lap.

"Did you win?" she asked as he plated up their food.

"What?"

"Fifa."

"Oh, no, I never do."

He put the plates on the table and held out the plate of garlic bread to her, she took a few pieces. She watched him put down the plate, and wondered if he would have some too. In her mind she was hoping he would, just in case she

ended up close to him at any point - not that she was sure where this was going yet. Eventually he did pick up a few slices and put them on his plate. She smiled to herself.

"I can't believe you went to all this trouble." she said, flattered, genuinely unable to recall the last time someone had done something like this for her.

"It was no trouble, honestly. Eat up, the spaghetti will get cold."

For a while they ate without talking, looking up at each other occasionally and exchanging smiles and glances. Eventually, Richard spoke.

"Probably not the best meal to try and eat wearing a white shirt. I'm asking for trouble." he said, looking down.

"Oh, I don't know, seems to be going well so far.' she said, sipping her wine. "Not a wine man?" She asked, gesturing to his lager on the table.

"No, not really." he replied.

"Oh, well, all the more for me then I guess." she said smiling.

They chatted for a while, still not prying too much into each others lives, but trying to get a feel for each other, and openly flirting, until eventually they finished dinner and sat drinking together while Mary finished the whole bottle of wine without realising it.

Richard cleared the plates away, and as Mary stood up a bit too quickly to go to the toilet, she realised how much wine she had consumed as the room spun just a little. She steadied herself, on the back of the chair.

"You ok?" Richard asked, genuinely concerned.

"Yes, I can handle a bottle." she replied. "Just stood up too quick. I'll be back, I need a wee. Much as you didn't really need to know that."

She pottered off up the stairs while Richard foolishly tried to wash up, and despite managing to keep his white shirt completely tomato sauce free throughout dinner, managed to get some on it while washing up. He was pointlessly trying to clean it off as Mary returned.

"Really?" she said sarcastically. "I leave you alone for 5 minutes?" He looked up at her and laughed.

"You won't get that off like that." she said, "it'll need to be washed, and quickly. Take it off." Richard quickly undid the shirt and took it off, putting it in the washing machine and turning it on. He stood up and turned to Mary, who seemed to be admiring his body, though he wasn't entirely sure.

"Thanks." he said smiling at her.

"It still might not come out." she said.

"Well, it was worth it." he said, smiling at her. "I'd better go and put something else on."

"Had you?" she said, turning and leaning against the kitchen table, a little seductively without even thinking about it, completely lost in the moment.

She held out a hand towards him which he took, and she gently pulled him over to her. She looked up at him.

"You're too tall." she said, realising he could easily put his chin on top of her head. Without looking away, she put one hand on his chest, it felt warm, and rather nice. Richard carried on staring into her eyes. She put her other hand on his chest, then slowly slid it upward around to the back of his neck and gave him a very gentle pull towards her.

"Are you sure?" he asked softly, "I am old enough to be your dad, and you have had a whole bottle of wine."

"I was sure long before the wine." she replied.

He leaned down and she closed her eyes, tilting her head to one side slightly, waiting. She didn't have to wait long. A split second later Richard had his hands on her waist as he kissed her. She was lost in the electricity between them as he kissed her deeply, passionately, and ever so slightly aggressively. This wan't snogging a stranger in a nightclub, nor was it kissing Elliot, this was something else entirely.

They kissed for a few minutes, Richard rather gentlemanly just sliding his hands

up and down her back - though by this point he was welcome to explore a little and Mary wouldn't have minded one bit. Eventually they stopped, needing a little air. Richard slid his hands slowly through her hair.

"Does this mean we're friends now?" he said, smiling at her.

She remembered their conversation the evening before as he found her in lingerie, when she referred to Elliot as a friend.

She wriggled a little as he ran his fingers through her hair, stalling while the enormity of what she said next occurred to her. She nervously, but excitedly, committed.

"Knock for me in fifteen minutes and we'll see." she replied, smiling up at him. She kissed him on the cheek and left him, still topless in the kitchen.

As she headed down the corridor the realisation of what she'd just committed to hit her. She'd only ever been with Elliot. What if it didn't go well? What if she did something wrong? What if she didn't like it? What if he didn't like it?

It was too late now, she needed to focus on using the next 15 minutes wisely. She raced to her bedroom and closed the door behind her.

She lit a cigarette, smoked almost half of it in one go, then put it in the ashtray as she slid out of her dress and threw it into the bottom of her wardrobe. She took off her boots and put them under the bed, before tidying her room and neatening the bed a little.

It occurred to her that she'd need to select a different outfit, and studied her small but growing collection of sexy lingerie in the wardrobe, none of which had yet been worn aside from the basque Richard saw her in yesterday. She selected a new one, took the tags off it, stripped naked, took off her necklace, and carefully put her outfit on.

With five minutes to spare, she finished the cigarette and popped a mint into her mouth. Richard knew she smoked, but she'd rather have minty breath than smoky breath, as he didn't.

She heard him coming up the stairs, her heart started beating loudly in her chest, she thought she had a few minutes to compose herself yet. It turns out she did, as

his footsteps headed off to the bathroom. She took a deep breath and finished her mint.

When she eventually heard footsteps coming back from the bathroom, she steadied herself against her chest of drawers, taking another deep breath. The door knocked.

"It's open" She said brightly.

As Richard opened the door, he wasn't sure what he was going to see on the other side. He'd decided not to be too presumptuous and popped on a fresh t-shirt, but the given the sight he saw, he quickly realised he needn't have.

She was stood leaning back against her drawers, in a blue bra, with a matching suspender belt and thong, finished with black fishnet stockings.

Richard closed the door behind him and walked towards her silently, stopping just a little distance away, admiring her body. She smiled at him and slipped the shoulder straps off her bra, opened her legs a little and leaned back a little more.

Through her nerves, confidence and excitement started to wash over her.

"It seems we are friends now." she said.

He stepped forward and pressed his body against hers. He put one hand on her back, just above her suspender belt and slid it slowly upward, over her bra strap, making her shudder with excitement.

"Good friends?" he asked quietly.

She pressed her forehead against his chest. "The best" she said, nerves returning slightly.

"Good" he said. And with one swift move grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled it. It didn't hurt, but Mary was surprised, and the pull made her tilt her head back and look into his eyes. He smiled at her. She smiled back, as he leaned down to kiss her once more.

As he kissed her he let go of her hair and slid his hand back down her body and squeezed her bum a little. She instinctively leaned forward, away from the

drawers, to give him more access, which he made the most of. With his other hand he cupped her breast through her bra, giving it quite a nice squeeze before slowly sliding his hand down her body and round to her other buttock.

As she stood there, kissing the tall handsome stranger, she had just a second to realise that this was going to be a very different experience than any she'd had with Elliot but so far she really liked the way things were going.

Richard stepped back and quickly took off his t shirt, before resuming his grip on her bottom and lifted her clean off the floor. She instantly reacted, raising her legs and wrapping them around him as he carried her across the bedroom and pressed her against the wall.

She put her arms around his neck, supporting herself using her thighs, arms, and the wall as he slid his hands up the sides of her body and behind her back, unclipping her bra before sliding his hands around to her front, cupping her breasts, giving them a more than gentle squeeze this time. Mary moaned and kissed his neck as he found her nipples and gave them both a little tweak and pulled them between his thumbs and fingers.

He returned his hands to her bum again, giving support as he carried her over to the bed. She thought he was going to throw her on it, in truth she wanted him to, but he didn't. He slowly slid his hands up her back and held her as she lowered her feet to the floor. She kept her arms around him, unwilling to let him go.

He knelt down in front of her, so close she could feel his breath on the tops of her legs above her stockings. He placed his hands on her ankles and slowly slid them upward on the outside of her legs, every nerve in her body starting to tingle. He slid them around the back of her legs and stopped for a second, unclipping the suspenders as he kissed the top of her left leg, just below her thong. He then stood and spun her round quickly. She was surprised at how easily he could manhandle her, and very turned on by it. He slowly pulled her bra down her arms and discarded it on the floor before sliding his hands down her abdomen as she tilted her head back into him. He leaned down and kissed her neck briefly, before kneeling again, behind her this time.

Again, he put his hands on her ankles, sliding them upward and around to the front of her legs this time. He gently but swiftly unclipped the suspenders on the front of her stockings as she stood still, lost in the moment, her eyes closed. He

stood up and unclipped her suspender belt and dropped it on top of the discarded bra.

The light in the room was fading as the September sun went down, adding to the already highly sexually charged atmosphere in the room. Mary's nerves had gone, and she was more turned on than she could ever remember. After she felt him remove her suspender belt, she turned to face him, now wearing only her stockings and thong.

"You've done that before." she said. Impressed at how easily he had reduced her to a mostly-naked horny mess. He stepped back and looked at her body. Curiously she wasn't shy, in fact she put her hands behind her back and posed for him.

"Is that a problem?" he asked, kicking off his shoes.

"Oh no, not at all." Mary replied. "Makes me wonder what else you're good at." she said, bending a knee a little.

He smiled and walked over to her. He placed a hand on either side of her head and pulled her in, kissing her gently for a second, then slid them down to her shoulders and gave her a fairly firm push. She fell back quickly onto the bed, giggling.

He walked towards her, clearly intent on joining her. She bent a knee and tilted it to one side, giving him a signal which indicated her willingness but not advertising her rapidly growing desire too much.

He lay just to one side of her, running one hand all over her body as he kissed her. As he slid his hand up her side, he pushed her arm above her head, then threw a leg across her, pressing her bent knee back down and her legs together as he transferred his weight and sat lightly on her hips before pushing her other arm above her head.

'This is new.' Mary thought to herself.

He held her wrists with one outstretched hand and pressed them onto the bed.

"Leave them there." He commanded.

She melted.

"Ok" she whispered.

He placed one hand on either of her breasts and massaged them slowly as he kissed her neck, then slid is tongue slowly down her body replacing one hand with his mouth. He flicked her nipple with his tongue until it stood to attention for him, then he bit, firmly enough for it to hurt, but only in a good way.

"Fuck" Mary whispered under her breath, eyes closed, writhing on the bed under him.

"Not yet." he said, moving to her other nipple and repeating the action, getting a similar reaction. He slowly slid down her body, kissing her tummy all over as he slid himself off the bed. He knelt at the foot of it before reaching up, slowly removing her thong, leaving her stockings in place.

Having given up on pretending not to be overwhelmingly turned on, Mary simply looked up at the ceiling, bent both knees and opened her legs for him. He got up on his knees and ran his hands slowly up the insides of her legs then parted them at the top, just as he was about to touch her clit. She was frustrated for a second, before realising he had something else in mind, He continued sliding his hands up her body and started to tweak her nipples roughly between his fingers again. She was just adjusting to the sensation when she felt him bury his tongue inside her for a second before sliding it up to her clit and started to work on it. She had no idea what he was doing, but it felt amazing, arching her back in pleasure and moaning loudly. She grabbed at the sheets, then his hair, then when he reacted by going deeper, the sheets again.

"You're going to have to stop or I'm going to..." she started breathlessly.

He stopped for second and looked up at her from between her legs. "Oh, no, you're definitely going to." he said, pushing her legs wider and going back to work.

This, she had never done before, but realised she was about to, which sent very pleasurable shivers throughout her body.

She tried to delay, not wanting the build up to end, but Richard clearly had other ideas, introducing his fingers inside her and curving them to massage her g-spot.

It was all too much for her. She had no choice but to let go, her body starting to shake as she screamed loudly. Richard stopped and watched her writhing around on the bed, trying to regain control of herself. He smiled, satisfied.

He climbed onto the bed lay next to her as she stopped moving. She had one hand on her tummy and the other behind her head, still breathing heavily. She turned to look at him, her eyes glistening.

"Ok?" he asked.

She put her head on his shoulder and moved the hand from behind her head onto his chest, swirling patterns on his chiselled body with her finger.

“Very. Wow, who knew?" she said breathlessly, smiling to herself.

"Wait, who knew what? Have you not done that before?"

"No" She whispered, slightly embarrassed.

"But, your friend?" he said.

"With him it's really, well I guess people call it vanilla. He's been down there, but not like that."

He stroked his hand through her hair as she remained still, laying on his shoulder, feeling very vulnerable all of a sudden at the admission while letting him process the revelation.

"Vanilla is ok. But there are other more exciting flavours." he said calmly.

"Maybe I need to try a few others. You know, just for research purposes."

He slid a hand down her shoulder to her waist. "Well, I'd be more than happy to help with your research." he said. She giggled a little.

"Maybe I'll take you up on that. Hold that thought, I have a bladder full of wine again, make yourself comfortable I'll be back."

She stood up and walked, naked but for her fishnets, the light from the window now rather dim. He watched her intently as she headed to the door, and she loved

knowing that.

As she wandered off down the corridor smiling to herself, Richard got up and went downstairs to get a lager and bought Mary a large glass of water. He sat on her sofa, waiting for her to return.

Meanwhile in the bathroom Mary was in a bit of a sexual trance, trying to sort out the mess that was her hair. Satisfied that she had done the best she could, she adjusted the tops of her stockings which - usefully it turns out - were also hold-ups. She had never worn fishnets before, but really liked the way they made her legs look. She headed back to the bedroom with a spring in her step and walked across in front of Richard to turn on a lamp. The dim hue lit her almost naked body as she walked across the room and sat sideways on his lap, picking up her glass of water from the adjacent table.

"Thanks." she said. "I needed this."

He put an arm around her shoulders, she sat back, and they sat there for a few minutes in silence. He enjoyed seeing her sat almost naked on his lap so comfortably, and she enjoyed the warmth of his body against her. He looked at his watch.

"Am I keeping you up?" she said.

"No, just wondering how long we have before you need your beauty sleep." he replied smiling at her.

"What time is it?"

"Nine"

"Oh, really? I don't go to bed till around 11, unless you need to?" she asked.

"Oh no, I can operate on very little sleep, don't worry about me." Richard replied, putting down his glass, and taking hers and doing the same.

She looked at him, and leaned forward for a kiss. He responded as she hoped he would, returning the deepness of the kiss as he slid a hand up her leg. She opened her legs a little for him, and he gently stroked her clit as he kissed her. She smiled and stopped kissing him, sliding her legs off the sofa and kneeling in

front of him. She leaned forward and kissed his nipples as she slid her hands to his belt, slowly undoing it, before also opening his trousers. She sat back and pulled gently. Richard lifted himself just enough for her to get his trousers and boxers off in one go, placing them to one side before looking up at her prize.

Being only the second one she'd seen, this close at least, she couldn't help but compare, Richard was bigger than Elliot in almost every dimension, and it wasn't yet fully hard. It wasn't what she would call too big, but it intimidated her just a little and she wondered how it would feel inside her. She smiled up at him as she took it gently in one hand.

"You'll have to let me know if I'm being too vanilla." she said, smiling and kissing the tip gently before taking him in her mouth. Richard watched as she started to suck, feeling himself getting harder as she did so. She worked on him for some time, moaning occasionally, before stopping and looking up at him.

"Too vanilla?" she asked.

"No." he replied.

"Really?" She asked, not convinced.

"Well..." he paused, not wanting to offend.

"Show me." she said, a glint in her eye.

"You sure?"

"Show me." she insisted.

He put his hands on either side of her head and guided her mouth onto him once more. He briefly let her carry on as before, until he gently pushed her head down slowly, pushing himself much deeper into her mouth than she was used to. She very willingly obliged, then gagged as it touched the back of her throat and he immediately let go. She withdrew, coughing a little before turning to look up at him.

"Again." She whispered softly, slowly putting his hands back on the sides of her head.

They tried it again until after a minute or two Mary had got the knack of it, opening her throat slightly as he pressed against it seemed to help. She was starting to enjoy it, and so was he.

"Stage two." he said, standing up in front of her, as she remaining kneeling in front of him. He pulled her head forward and she instinctively sucked one of his balls into her mouth and massaged it with her tongue.

"Good girl." he said. She liked that, it turned her on even more.

She let it go and switched to the other, much to his delight, then licked the entire length of his cock, before descending again. He stepped over her knees, his legs slightly open above her, she tilted her head back as he held her in place, massaging his balls with her mouth, unable, and unwilling to stop. After a little while he let go of her head. She stayed in place and continued a little, keen to let him know she was enjoying the experience. She eventually slid back up his cock again and held it against her face.

"Is there a stage three?" she asked, looking up at him a little submissively.

"Stage three is a bit extreme. Maybe it can wait."

"No, it can't." she insisted.

"You were warned." he said, bending down and helping her stand up. He led her to the bed and lay her down on her back, her head off the edge beneath him. It only took a split second for Mary to realise what was coming next, it made her a little nervous, but she was so turned on she desperately wanted to give it a go. He knelt down and she tilted her head right back, her mouth at the perfect height.

"Let's start slow." he said as she took his cock in hand and guided it into her mouth once more. She held still as he slowly fucked her mouth, careful to remain shallow. She really quite liked it. To his surprise, and hers, with her spare hand she started to play with herself. She grabbed her breast tightly before sliding her hand down between her legs, massaging her clit for a second before sliding her fingers inside herself. The sight of her doing that, and the gentle moaning she was letting out in the process, encouraged him. On his next push he went in to her mouth much deeper and hit her throat again. She gagged a little and arched her back. He went to withdraw, but she let go of the base of his cock and put a hand round to his bottom, pulling gently, encouraging him to continue.

He went shallow for a few seconds, before pressing again. She didn't gag this time, so he stayed there for a second before pulling back a little to allow her to breathe. This carried on for a minute or two, with him staying a little longer in her throat each time. Eventually, encouraged by another pull from Mary, he pushed further. He felt her adjust her throat as he met an obstruction, and she pulled again. This time he successfully slid his entire length into her throat. She gave him a tap on the bum and he withdrew completely, letting her catch her breath properly.

He half expected her to get up at that point having now tried it, but she didn't. She wiped her mouth a little, smiled, and opened it again, inviting him back in.

"You ok down there?" he asked. She giggled.

"Yes very." she responded.

He slid back into her mouth and started to fuck it again, sliding right down her throat frequently and holding himself there for a while watching her writhe on the bed before withdrawing just enough to allow her to breathe again.

Mary, having some kind of out of body experience, couldn't believe anything she was doing, but she was really enjoying it. Strangely for her, she completely forgot to think about what was likely to happen next.

Richard was in ecstasy. The mostly naked Mary writhing around beneath him was a sight to behold, and her evident eagerness to please was just spurring him on even more. He felt ready to explode, but worried a little about whether he should give her some notice. He went to pull away but was met with resistance as Mary threw both hands behind him encouraging him not to stop. With the green light, he grabbed her hands from behind him and pinned them to the bed as he leaned over her and thrust his whole length into her each time, just giving her a split second to breath with each withdrawal. With each thrust, her efforts to accommodate his length made her arch her pelvis towards the ceiling which just encouraged him even more.

It was at this point Mary, who had refused so far in life to have Elliot finish in her mouth, realised that Richard was preparing to. She closed her eyes, hoping for the best, realising she had encouraged it. She was equally turned on and nervous at the thought, but this was the change she yearned for, today at least.

She felt him start to tense and heard him groan, she took what last breath she could as he withdrew for the last time, before he pushed himself deep into her throat and unloaded into her. She was caught completely by surprise, she had been expecting him to pull back into her mouth before he came. She felt her throat pulsing as his manhood pulsed inside it. It was a strange feeling, but a nice one. He stayed as long as he dare, without overstaying his welcome and suffocating her, then withdrew gently but quite quickly.

Mary rolled on to her front instantly and coughed a little, wiping her mouth. He knelt down in front of her, gently brushing her hair from her face. She could taste him, which she liked, and swallowed eagerly.

"Sorry, you ok? I should have asked."

She composed herself. "I encouraged you." She said slightly coarsely. He grabbed her water from the table and she finished the whole glass. After a second she rolled on her back and tapped the bed next to her, Richard joined her and she threw a leg over him, putting her head back on his shoulder again. When she eventually caught her breath she smiled.

"Who knew?" she said.

"How much of that was new?" He asked.

"All of it." she said proudly.

"All?" He asked

"All, well everything after my vanilla effort."

"You mean you've never..."

"No. I didn't even know it was possible till a few minutes ago. Let alone that much fun."

"And you've not?" he started.

"No, never. It tastes much better than I thought it would. The little bit that found its way into my mouth that is. I can't speak for the rest, it seems to have been put straight into my tummy." She said, patting it affectionately.

"So, would you do it again? Or is that one to chalk down to experience" he enquired curiously.

"Anytime you want." she said confidently, proud of what she had achieved. "I assume it'll be easier next time?" she asked, feeling like an eager student with her teacher.

"Oh yes, and there's much more to explore with that. It doesn't end there."

"Then you must show me some time." she said.

"I plan to" he said confidently "I'd like to explore a little more and find what else you might like."

"You can explore me any way you like." she said, cuddling up to him and placing her head in his lap. He stroked her shoulder gently as she fell asleep, happy, but exhausted.

Chapter 3

Mary opened her eyes , squinting with the morning sunlight on her face through the open curtains. It took her a second to get her bearings. The last thing she remembered was lying happily in Richard's lap curled up in only her fishnets. That wasn't where she was now, obviously.

She was in her bed, and it was clearly morning. The other thing she noticed quite quickly was that she was alone. As she squinted around the room she saw her fishnets carefully draped on the back of her chair. She lifted the duvet, just to check. She was indeed completely naked. She was more than a little confused.

She reached for her phone to check the time. 8:00am. At least she had an hour before Elliot picked her up to get to Uni. She sat up and looked around a little, still waking up properly, before getting up, putting on her robe, and heading downstairs to make a coffee. Her throat felt a little sore as she swallowed. Nothing too uncomfortable, but a gentle - and welcome reminder of her activities the night before. She smiled to herself. As she sat at her desk with her coffee and a cigarette, she noticed a folded piece of paper on her laptop. She opened it, and read aloud to herself.

"You looked too beautiful to disturb. Free tonight?"

The smile on her face was entirely involuntary, and said a lot about the effect Richard was having on her. She picked up her phone and started to type a message. 'If you wanted me naked, you only had to ask. xx' She sent it and put her phone down before packing her bag for lectures. She didn't really expect an instant reply while he was at work, so she had a shower and got dressed, subconsciously choosing to wear clothes she wouldn't normally wear for uni, and more for a casual evening out. She eventually realised of course, but just felt good so went with it. At about 8:55 she heard a car pull up, so she looked out of the window. It was Elliot.

She grabbed her bag and jacket and went downstairs, pulling the front door closed as she walked over to the car. She got in, put her seatbelt on and turned to Elliot, who was looking at her curiously.

"You ok?" he asked.

"Yes why?" she said cheerfully.

"I don't know, just, you seem different, doesn't matter. You look nice." he said, looking back to the road and indicating to pull out.

"Thanks." she said. “I didn't think it would hurt to make an effort for once.”

As Elliot drove the relatively short trip to University, Mary found herself checking her phone repeatedly. She had already decided that she wouldn't lie to Elliot if he asked any more about Richard, but she had also decided that, for now at least, she'd really rather keep it to herself - her own dirty little secret. Luckily Elliot didn't ask, and it wasn't long before they were on the car park meeting up with others from their course. A few of the girls commented how good Mary looked today, which made her feel really rather good.

As they all walked to the lecture theatre via the coffee shop, Mary felt her phone vibrate in her bag. She pulled it out eagerly. He'd responded.

'I'll bear that in. mind. x.' he had written.

She thought for a second. 'I hope you didn't take advantage of me?' she wrote, and turned to catch up with everyone. He responded immediately.

'No, you don’t. x’

'No, you're right, I don't. x' She replied, butterflies returning.

She walked into the lecture theatre, hoping for a quick reply, which she received.

'When I do take advantage of you, you won't be able to sleep through it.'

"Everything Ok?" Elliot asked, distracting her from the conversation.

"Yes why?" She said.

"We're starting, sit down!" He replied.

She went and found a seat, reluctantly putting her phone in her bag. At break, as everyone left, she reached for it immediately. Richard had sent another message.

‘So... tonight?' - She smiled to herself.

'Sorry, been in a lecture. Yes, I am free tonight. x' She typed, before heading out into the sunshine. Elliot disappeared to talk to the lads from the football team while she sat with her other friends in the sun throughout the break, checking her phone regularly.

"She's got a new man." Her friend Louise said rather loudly to the others. Mary looked up.

"What? Who?" Mary asked.

"You." Louise said. Mary blushed.

"Yep." Louise said confidently. "Elliot know?"

"Kinda, he knew something might be on the cards. It'll be a short term thing I think, just a bit of fun." Mary said honestly.

"Well, it looks more like a lot of fun from where I'm sitting." Louise said. Mary smiled at her, a little embarrassed. Her phone went off again.

'Don't worry, I know you have lectures.'

'I finish at 2 today. What time will you be home?' She typed quickly. Hoping to give him time to respond before she had to go back inside.

'I'll be back at 6. I'll eat at work. I suggest you eat before I get back, you'll be rather busy afterwards.'

She felt a very pleasurable shiver shoot throughout her body as she read it. She chose not to enquire any more about his plans, so finished with one last question.

'I'll hold you to that. Any preference on an outfit?'

He didn't reply quickly enough for her to read it before the lecture started again, and when it finished she ended up with Elliot for far too long to risk looking and starting the conversation she was avoiding, so she excused herself and went to the toilet. As she walked in she immediately looked for his reply.

'Do you have anything a little more... ...sweet and innocent?’

She stood there for a second smiling to herself.

'I’m sure I can manage that.' She typed. It didn’t take him long to respond.

'I'll be back at 6, will shower then come to you at 6:30. Be ready for me. x'

She shivered with excitement and nerves.

'I'll be ready. x'

The conversation ended there. Mary went back to lectures, and made prolific notes as she knew she wasn't absorbing a word that was said. When it finished, Elliot waited for her outside.

"Want a lift home?" he asked.

"Erm, no, but can you drop me in town? Need to get something." She said.

"Oh, ok, no problem." he replied.

In town Mary considered Richard’s request and looked for something she thought would pass for 'sweet and innocent'. Eventually she found a rather short white satin dressing gown which seemed to be perfect. Mindful that most of her white pants were quite old, and while really comfortable, not particularly attractive, she found a new pair which worked with the gown rather well. Armed with her outfit for the evening, she walked home. It wasn't too far, but it passed a little of the time she was trying to kill as quickly as possible until 6:30.

When she got home, she laid out her outfit on the bed and sat on her sofa. She picked up her laptop and for the first time in her life, found herself looking at porn. She watched a little bit of a few different videos. Some of the things she saw caught her eye in a good way, some really didn't.

She had decided on the way home that she would shave herself. She read a lot of magazines, and was quite aware that shaving your intimate areas are very much in fashion. She'd thought about it a few times before, but didn't think Elliot would have approved. Richard on the other hand, she thought would more than approve. She headed to the bathroom and ran a fairly shallow bath so she didn't

get her hair wet again having washed it this morning. She stripped naked and slid in. She gave her legs and armpits another quick once-over, then carefully and diligently set about completely removing her pubic hair.

When she had finished she dried herself and looked in the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She had a feeling she would like it if she ever got around to doing it, and she was right. She just hoped Richard would too.

She didn't see the point in dressing, so slipped on her fluffy gown and went and made dinner, making sure she was finished and back in her room by 6pm. As she sat in her room brushing her hair, she heard Richard come in and head to his room. The butterflies, never far away at the moment, quickly returned. As she heard him head to the bathroom, she took off her robe and put on the new one, with the matching pants. No bra, stockings, or shoes. She brushed her hair and put on a little perfume. She'd already added a light layer of foundation, but had avoided any more make up entirely. She looked in the mirror quickly, approving of the look, then as Richard headed back from the bathroom, went to sit on her bed, arranging herself as seductively as she knew how.

In his room, Richard dropped the towel from around him and pulled on a pair of jeans. He didn't bother with underwear, nor did he bother with a top, socks or shoes. He simply put on some deodorant, a spray of after shave, and tidied his hair before heading across the corridor to the attractive young girl waiting for him in the next room. He knocked on her door.

She slipped the shoulders off the gown, advertising the absence of a bra, before taking a deep breath and calling him.

"It's open." she said softly. She watched as her door knob turned and Richard walked in.

He stopped in his tracks for a second. She wriggled gently on the bed, her legs bent slightly, smiling up at him.

"Well you did tell me to be ready for you." She whispered.

He walked over and stood next to her, before placing a hand gently on one of her ankles and slid it slowly up the inside of her leg. She let it fall away from her other leg, allowing him access, but she should have known better than to think he was going to touch her there just yet.

He removed his hand and climbed onto the bed behind her, sliding his hands down her front, parting her gown fully as he caressed her breasts gently. In one swift, but not entirely unexpected move, he grabbed them hard and pulled her back against him. She whimpered in pleasure.

She looked down and watched as he traced circles around her nipples, bringing them to attention before squeezing them harder than he had the night before. She whimpered again, this time from equal amounts of pain and pleasure. He moved a little, allowing her to fall back on the bed between his legs. He got up on all fours, his chest in front of her face, and massaged her breasts, before selecting a nipple and biting it, hard. Whimpering turned to moans of pleasure as he moved to her other nipple and did it again. He stopped and began tracing patterns around her chest and tummy with his tongue, she leaned up and kissed his body, in a vain attempt to muffle her very audible pleasure.

She started to hope that he was going to go down on her again, but he didn't. Instead he got up and stood next to the bed as she was laying there, robe and legs open.

"You are perfect." he said, studying every inch of her.

"Thank you" she said, lifting one leg and pointing her foot at the ceiling, putting her hands behind her head. "So what did you have in mind for me tonight?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?" he asked.

"Oh, no, not really." she said dismissively. “I guess I’ll find out.”

Richard undid his jeans and took them off. His soft manhood just out of her reach.

"Show me what you learned yesterday." He said stepping towards her.

"Oooh, bring that here then." she said, adjusting her position to lay her head off the bed again. "Am I being treated to another tummy full?" she said hopefully.

"Maybe later, but not right now." he said, holding the tip over her open mouth as she reached for it. "You'll need to make me hard first in any case."

"My pleasure." she said, setting to work. As she did so, Richard returned to

playing with her nipples, which he seemed to really quite like she thought, as did she.

As his manhood swelled and started to stand, it became more difficult for Mary to keep it in her mouth in this position under him so eventually she rolled over onto her front and continued encouraging it for a while before stopping and looking up at him.

"I think that's enough vanilla" she said.

"That was less vanilla than last night already." he replied.

She got up on her elbows to straighten her neck a little, looked up at him and opened her mouth. "Ready." she said eagerly.

He slid deep into her mouth and paused for a second while she gagged and adjusted to the sensation again before sliding completely down her throat.

"You're ready when you can do it without thinking." he said as she wriggled a little, adjusting her throat to his full length, before he pulled out.

She coughed and spluttered a little then held still waiting for more. "Then I guess I need to practice."

He put a hand on the back of her head and slid himself in again. Less than a minute later Mary’s ability had returned to the level she managed last evening, and she could comfortably accommodate (and was starting to really enjoy) Richard fucking her mouth.

After a few minutes of enjoying Mary eagerly practising her new skill, Richard thought it best to leave that there, at least for now, and let his hand fall from the back of her head . He was impressed that she continued rocking back and forth for a little while after he had stopped moving before he brought and end to proceedings by stepping back.

Mary looked somewhat frustrated.

“I was enjoying that.” she said a little sharply. She rolled onto her back again, eagerly reaching for him in the hope he would let her carry on. He didn’t. Instead of kneeling down for her, he stepped forwards, her head between his legs.

“Oh, hello boys.” She said, reaching her head up to lick his balls before taking them into her mouth, one at a time, and sucking gently while she massaged them with her tongue.

She was distracted by the sound of her phone ringing on the bedside table. Richard looked across to it.

“It’s Margaret. Better get it.” he said.

Mary got up and wandered over to the bedside table, her white gown still open. Richard watched as she picked up the phone and answered it, wandering over to the window.

“Hi Margaret, are you ok?” Mary said, before listening intently.

Richard stood and admired her body as she stood there listening to her phone.

“Oh, of course, no problem.” Mary said, turning to him and smiling. He stepped forward and she put a hand on his chest as he put a hand inside her robe and started gently stroking her breasts.

“Richard?” Mary said looking up at him. “Yes, he’s here, I’ll let him know.”

Richard looked down at her confused. She leaned against him affectionately allowing him to reach his hand down to her bum. He gave it a little squeeze.

“Honestly Margaret I’m perfectly safe with Richard here. Yes, honestly.” She paused, listening. “Ok, see you then, bye”. Mary ended the call and dropped her phone on the sofa before looking up at Richard.

“Margaret’s not coming back tomorrow.“ she said.

“Oh.” Richard said. “When”

Mary reached a hand behind his neck, while gently stroking his cock with the other.

“Saturday apparently. Her daughter invited her to stay a little longer. She wanted to make sure I felt safe with you here.”

He put his hands on her shoulders.

“And do you?” He asked.

“Absolutely.” she said calmly. He leaned down and kissed her.

“So it seems I have you all to myself for five more nights then?” he said.

“Four, Mary sighed. Have to go out for student night on Wednesday, promised friends.”

“We can work with that.” he said, slowly peeling her robe from her shoulders. She let her arms fall beside her so the robe could easily fall to the floor, which it did, leaving her dressed only in her white satin knickers.

“You’re not planning on waiting until I’m asleep to strip me naked tonight are you?”

Richard put his hands on her bottom and lifted her. She wrapped her legs around him, her clit rubbing against his hard cock through her underwear.

“Oh no. Not tonight.” he said, kissing her as he carried her to the bed. Laying her down gently on her back.

He climbed on top of her, kissing her neck before slowly making his way down her body until he reached the top of her underwear. He sat up and Mary instinctively lifted her legs in front of him, pointing her toes to the ceiling as he put his hand on her waist and slowly removed them. Mary opened her legs again and placed one on either side of him, hoping he approved of what he saw.

He looked down and immediately smiled. Running his fingers gently across her completely shaven sex.

“You like?” Mary asked.

“Very much.” Richard replied. “Looks good enough to eat.”

“Don’t let me stop you.” She said, letting her open legs fall wider.

Richard placed his hands under her knees and pushed them up to her shoulders.

Fully exposing her in a way she'd not been before.

"Try to keep these here." He said, studying her body.

"No need." Mary replied, as she slowly weaved her arms through her legs and crossed her feet behind her head." Richard looked stunned.

"I always knew 8 years of gymnastics would come in useful one day." she continued.

With Mary now in a perfectly flat position, legs wide open and mostly trapped where she had put them, a fire ignited in Richard. He put his hands under her and lifted most of her body onto his lap, arching her upward with only her shoulders and feet still on the bed. Mary closed her eyes and started to moan softly as he gently stroked her clit.

He leaned down and slowly kissed the exposed tops of her legs, then traced a line to her clit with his tongue. Mary moaned again, slightly louder. As he started to work her clit she could feel herself becoming wetter by the second. He continued for a few minutes, before sliding to her opening and inserting his tongue as deeply as he could, probing around inside her a little. After a while, he did something Mary really wasn't expecting.

Richard was really enjoying Mary's reaction to his attention, he was also really enjoying the taste of her. He thought for a second about whether he should warn her of his next destination, but remembered her saying she didn't really want warning. So he didn't. He simply withdrew his tongue, lifted her body a little more, and slowly traced the tip of his tongue downward.

As Mary realised what he was up to, she panicked a little, but it was too late to really give it too much thought. She felt him draw a circle with his tongue, then gently starting to probe her ass with it. It instantly felt good, very good, forcing Mary to moan louder still. He carried on for a while, probing a little deeper each time, Mary learning to relax to allow him to explore a little, until eventually he stopped, kissed her clit gently and sat up.

"Who knew?" he asked.

"Who knew!" Mary responded through sparkling eyes and a huge smile.

Richard gently helped her release her legs from behind her head, which was a welcome relief as she'd stayed in that position for much longer than she should have, before standing up and having a drink from his water bottle on his bedside table. Mary studied his nakedness intently as he did so. She sat up on the edge of her bed as he passed her the bottle. As she sipped his water he bent down and picked up his jeans, pulling a condom from the back pocket.

Mary suddenly became rather nervous. She'd been a little frustrated with herself for falling asleep the night before and missing the chance to have sex with him. It seemed that tonight he was in no mood to risk waiting until she was too tired.

She put his bottle down and placed her hands on her knees, sat directly in front of him, her legs every-so-slightly open. She watched as he opened the wrapper and slowly rolled the condom on without saying a word.

As he stepped forwards, half expecting Mary to lie back for him, she put an arm out and stopped his advance right in front of her. For a split second he thought she had changed her mind. He would have understood, but really hoped she hadn't.

Mary looked up at him. "One partner for 17 years, and nobody else since you split up, yes?" she asked.

"Yes, why?" he said.

She reached out a hand, gently encouraging him to step forward until his manhood was right in front of her face.

"Then we won't be needing this." she said, starting to slowly roll the condom back off him.

"You sure?" he asked.

"I want to feel you, not one of these. I'm on the pill, don't worry." she said, finally removing it and throwing it on the floor behind him. She looked up at him seductively. "Wouldn't you rather feel me?"

"Fuck yes." he said.

Mary shuffled herself back further onto the bed, lay back, and opened her legs.

Richard, eagerly climbed into the bed and rubbed himself against her clit a little, teasing and frustrating her. She opened her eyes and looked into his. The look in his eyes told her that this may well be another new experience for her. She wasn't wrong.

He slowly slid himself down from her clit and positioned at her entrance. He looked into her eyes and entered her.

The feeling took Mary's breath away. He was longer and thicker than Elliot which was a very pleasant shock. She bit her lip and moaned loudly, getting used to the sensation. Once Richard had entered her fully he paused for a second, giving her time to catch her breath. She looked up at him, eyes glistening brightly.

He thought about asking if she was ok, but her eyes said she was more than ok, so he withdrew a little and pushed down deep inside her. Mary let out a little scream. He liked that. He did it again. She screamed again.

While Mary was no stranger to missionary position, the experience was already different for her. She felt as if he really wanted her, and that really turned her on. He wasn't aggressive, but his strength allowed him to be a little rough with her, in a nice way. A very nice way.

After a few minutes Richard completely withdrew, climbed off the bed and stood up. "Come here." He commanded.

Mary was up like a shot and as she approached him he reached for her arms and put them around his neck before lifting her by her bottom. She wrapped her legs around him and he slowly lowered her onto him before putting his arms under her legs to support her. She instinctively used her hips to slide him deeper into her before he took over, using his strength to raise her into the air a little and then lower her back onto him quite forcefully. She locked her fingers together behind his neck and leaned back, moaning loudly as he continued. He carried her to the wall pressed her against it, and upped the pace.

Before too long Mary felt an orgasm stirring inside her. She'd never had an orgasm during sex before, and right now she wanted one really badly.

Richard was really turned on by Mary's moans and screams, he didn't really want to finish yet, but it was clear that he didn't have a great deal of time left. To

buy a little more time, and because he's been fixated on doing it since yesterday, he carried Mary back to the bed, slid out of her and put her down. She lay back again quickly.

"Oh no." He said, "roll over."

Excited, Mary quickly rolled onto her front and Richard grabbed her hips and pulled her up onto all fours. She looked over her shoulder at him and wiggled her bum, parting her legs. he climbed onto the bed, slid into her, grabbed her hips, and started to fuck.

Mary was so loud as a result that she dropped to her elbows and buried her head in the duvet, but Richard grabbed a fist full of hair and pulled, forcing her head back so he could hear her clearly.

"I'm going to come." she spat out between her screams.

"No, not yet, wait for me." Richard replied breathlessly.

"I'll try" she uttered.

Richard upped the pace, and aggression. Mary was concentrating really hard on not letting go. She wanted to wait for him, she actually wanted this to go on forever, but at this point she also desperately wanted to have an orgasm with him inside her. She knew she didn't have long. As it happens she didn't need it.

Richard started to moan, and thrust really deeply into her.

"Now." he grunted.

It was like a starting gun at the beginning of a race. Mary let go the second he said it and started screaming, her legs shaking as Richard pounded harder and deeper before finally groaning loudly and pushing into her so hard that she fell forward off her knees and onto her front, him laying on top of her.

As he lay there he could feel her body twitching all over under him. She could feel his manhood, still pulsing inside her.

After sharing an intimate minute and catching their breath, Richard carefully withdrew. He kissed her shoulder, then her back, then her bottom, then slid off

the bottom of the head and headed for the bathroom without saying a word.

Mary felt drunk. Her body was tingling all over, more in some places than others, and while completely exhausted, she felt amazing. Normally at this point she would make a dash for the bathroom, or at least a pack of tissues, but right now she was unwilling to move.

Richard eventually returned holding something behind his back. She watched him, still naked himself, wander over and put whatever it was at the side of the bed. He picked up Mary's cigarettes, lighter and ashtray and passed them to her.

"I think you earned one." he said.

She lifted her upper body onto her elbows and lit the cigarette, while making a pleasant wooing sound to let Richard know she was very happy. He climbed onto the bed and retrieved whatever it was he had returned with, before sitting - knees bent - astride the back of Mary's legs, taking his own body weight. Mary couldn't help but smile as his now-soft manhood rested gently on her legs. He leaned forward and brushed her hair to one side, then she felt something warm on her back. It was oil.

For the next fifteen minutes she lay there silently as Richard massaged her back, bottom and legs slowly. He didn't touch her sexually in any way, but it was incredibly erotic. Eventually he wiped his hands and lay next to her.

"You are full of surprises." she whispered, cuddling up to him.

"And your body looks amazing covered in oil." He replied.

"Hmm, noted. I also quite like trying new positions." she said thoughtfully.

"How many were new?" he asked curiously.

"I've only really ever done missionary." she replied. "I did try to sit on his lap once but it didn't seem to work so never tried again."

"There's plenty to try." he said. "And Margaret's not back until Sunday."

She smiled at him and kissed him briefly. "No, she isn't is she?".

For the rest of the evening they lay naked together in the dark on Mary's bed watching TV. Eventually Richard turned off the light and climbed back into bed.

"Mind if I stay?" he asked.

"Not at all." Mary replied, flicking off the tv and turning her back to him. He spooned her naked body closely as they both drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 4

The next morning Mary awoke alone, again. She would have liked to wake up next to Richard, but he left too early for her, and she did quite like the quiet time she enjoyed with a coffee and a cigarette before getting ready for the day.

She had been feeling more and more liberated over the last few days, to the point where today she wandered down to the kitchen naked to make her morning coffee before sitting back in bed with it and running over the previous evenings events in her mind, smiling happily to herself.

She decided to play a little hard to get today, so didn't text Richard, and waited for him to text first.

She had made it all the way to midday before she heard from him. But as lectures broke for lunch she was delighted to finally have one unread text. She opened it.

'Hey sexy' he'd written.

'Hey x' she replied.

'Not sure what your plans are for tonight, but just been reminded that I promised to go for a pint after the gym, so won't be back till about 11:00.'

She couldn't help feel a little frustrated. Not because he was going out, but she'd got really quite used to getting naked with him every night and was already looking forward to this evening. Trying to sound casual, she typed a reply.

'No problem. I have an essay to write and I'm out myself tomorrow so I'll get it started tonight. x'

She went to her afternoon lectures, and didn't hear from him for a while. Eventually, during afternoon break, her phone pinged.

'Will you be in bed when I get back?'

She smiled to herself, trying to think of something suggestive to say.

‘Probably. I’ll have to entertain myself tonight it seems. x’ she replied.

It didn’t take long for him to reply.

‘It’s a shame I won’t be there, I’d love to see that. x’

Mary smiled to herself, before responding.

‘I’ll bear that in mind. x’

They didn’t text again for a while. Mary finished afternoon lectures, and started on her essay after dinner, and Richard went to the gym, met up with his friends, and headed off to the pub. It was quite the challenge for Mary not to text him, but she was determined to make him do the work today. Eventually, at around 9pm, she received a message.

‘How’s the essay going? x’

‘Easy one, nearly finished. Having fun? x’ she replied.

‘Yes, but I can think of somewhere I’d rather be. x’

‘Where’s that? x’

‘Inside you. x’

More than mildly turned on, Mary went back to finishing her essay. She was done by 9:30, so decided to watch tv with a coffee and a cigarette for a while before getting ready for bed. At 10:30 she changed and climbed into bed.

She hoped that Richard would come to her when he got back, so had put on a white bodysuit that she thought looked rather cute. She thought about sending him a flirty message, but managed to resist. She turned off her light and lay there, listening for the door.

Just a minute or so after 11pm, she heard his key in the door. She listened intently as he climbed the stairs. She had left her door very slightly ajar, hoping he would notice and realise it was an invitation to join her. He went into his

room for a minute, then went to the bathroom. While lying there listening, Mary had an idea, and quickly retrieved a satin bag from her bedside drawer and slid it under the pillow, and placed her desk chair at the foot of the bed before lying back down with her back to the door.

When he returned from the bathroom Mary heard him push her door open. She heard a belt buckle, then a zip. He was clearly undressing, intent on joining her in bed. As she heard him finish taking off the remainder of his clothes she rolled over onto her back and opened her eyes. She could just see his naked silhouette against the landing light spilling in through the doorway.

“Sit on the chair.” She whispered.

He glanced across at it, went over, and sat down. Mary slid out from under the duvet and walked over to him, standing at the foot of the bed, just between his knees.

She slowly slid the shoulder straps off her bodysuit and peeled it down the length of her body, discarding it to one side. He leaned forward and kissed her tummy, which she allowed for a couple of seconds before gently pushing him back into the chair by his shoulders.

She leaned down and kissed him, placing her hands on his wrists to prevent him from touching her naked body.

‘Watch.’ She whispered in his ear, before settling back and climbing onto her bed. She turned on her bedside lamp before adjusting it to be as dim as possible, just enough for both of them to be able to see all they needed to.

She lay on her back, legs straight and together, mildly shocked at what she was about to do, but excited all the same. Placing both hands on her shoulders, she slowly slid them downward until she cupped her breasts, closing her eyes as she flicked her nipples with her thumbs. She bent one knee and slowly slid her hands down her tummy and to the tops of her legs. She bent the other knee slowly and opened her legs, covering her modesty with one hand while she slid the other back up her body.

Richard sat watching quietly.

Mary slid her lower hand upward slightly and started slowly playing with her

clit, already really turned on. Her touch made her moan softly as she spent quite some time putting on a show for him. Eventually she slid a few fingers downward and slipped them inside herself, increasing her volume a little.

With her other hand she reached under the pillow and retrieved the satin bag. She managed to open it with one hand, and pulled out a neon pink rabbit vibrator.

She looked at Richard and smiled as she put the end of it in her mouth for a second before turning it on and putting the tip of it on her clit. With the fingers of her other hand still inside her, the touch of the vibrator on her clit made her back arch as she let out a little scream of pleasure. She glanced over to Richard, still sat naked in his chair slowly stroking his manhood.

The sight of him playing with himself while watching her spurred her on. She turned the rabbit to it's highest setting and removed her fingers, sliding it deep inside herself.

Usually Mary could play like this for quite a while, but today it only took a minute or two for her to start to feel an orgasm building quickly. She felt her body getting warmer as the vibrator hit multiple pleasure spots at the same time, eventually bringing her to orgasm, loudly, as she writhed on the bed trying to keep herself exposed to him. When she had finished, she turned off the vibrator and dropped it on the bed as she lay on her back panting and staring at the ceiling briefly. She eventually remembered her audience, and looked up to see Richard sat in her chair smiling, still stroking himself.

"Wow" he said.

"I'm not finished yet." she said sitting up and patting the bed. "Your turn."

Richard stood up quickly and sat on the edge of the bed as Mary climbed off it and knelt in front of him. She needed no practice or encouragement today, she eagerly took him in her mouth and set to work on aggressively, sliding his entire length down her throat without a second thought.

It was clear to Richard what she wanted. Particularly when she placed his hands on the back of her head and waited for him to take control, which he did.

Keen for this not to end too soon, Mary decided to explore a little. She tapped

Richards hands and he removed them, allowing her to slide off him. She licked his entire length before moving further down to give his balls some attention. She was so deeply lost in the moment that she spent ages sucking and licking them. Richard lifted one leg slightly to give her more room, which just encouraged her to go lower. Eventually she realised her tongue was so deep between his legs that she was one tongue-flick away from doing to him what he did to her the other evening. She liked it when he did that, and wondered if he would too, so she flicked the tip of her tongue across him to see what reaction she got. It was a good one.

She set about giving his rear some considerable attention, probing and licking. He raised his other leg, encouraging her further, as if she needed it. After a few minutes she slowly traced the tip of her tongue from where she was, back up across his balls and tup his shaft as he put his legs down again. She decided it was time she got what she wanted.

Between masturbating for him and her oral antics, Mary had turned Richard on to the point where he too was more than ready to give her exactly what she wanted. As she slid him back into her mouth he held her head and started to slide her mouth up and down on it more aggressively than he had on previous occasions. Mary loved giving him this much control over her, and encouraged him with muffled moans, the occasional gag, and by running her finger nails down his legs.

It was just what Richard needed to reach his climax, and tonight he had no intention of easing off, he had the impression she really wouldn't like it if he did. He raised her head one last time. Mary took a deep breath before he started sliding her head quickly and roughly down his length, before he eventually pushed her head right down onto him and came. Mary started writhing and gagging a little, but didn't attempt to withdraw, instead she held on tightly to his legs, greedily encouraging him to to make sure she received every drop.

When he let go of her, Mary quickly slid off him and sat on the floor, sweating and breathing hard. He let her sit there for a minute, wondering if he had finally found her limit. Eventually she got up, knelt between his legs and sucked him gently once more before climbing onto the bed next to him.

"Thanks." she said. "I needed that."

“I can tell.” he replied. “And you tried something new.”

“Oh that, yes, did you like?” she asked.

“Oh, yes, very much.” he said, stroking a hand down her back.

Richard pulled the duvet over both of them and she cuddled up next to him.

“I’m glad you got back in time to come and say goodnight.” Mary said closing her eyes.

“Me too.” he said kissing the top of her head and doing the same.

Later that evening, Mary awoke. Initially she wasn't sure why, but as she came round she realised that she'd been awoken by Richard kissing her back, in fact by the time she had realised fully the attention she was receiving he was half way down her back with his hand on one of her hips. She was lying on her side with her back to him, one leg bent across the other, as she was when they fell asleep, him spooning her closely.

It was completely dark in the room aside from a slight orange glow around the curtains from a street lamp. She lay still, pretending to still be asleep as he gently kissed and caressed her still naked body. She had a feeling he had a gentle side, but this was the first time she'd really experienced it aside from her massage the other evening.

She felt him peel back the duvet fully and kiss right to the small of her back as he gently stroked a hand over her bottom and down her leg. He moved his attention to her hip and kissed along the side of her body right up to her shoulder. She could pretend no more.

"Hey there" She whispered softly. Nuzzling her head in the pillow and smiling, still facing away from him.

"Hi." He replied "Sorry, I woke up and couldn't resist."

"There are worse ways to be woken up." She said, turning to lie on her back, looking across and smiling at him. He responded by slowly tracing a hand down the front of her body, unusually for him, avoiding her breasts and sliding across to the top of her leg as he reached them. The softness of his touch was a

welcome break from their sexual activities to date. As much as she had loved the sex they had so far, she still enjoyed slow and sensual.

"Mind if I try something different?" He asked.

"I thought we'd established that everything we do at the moment is different for me?" She said smirking at him.

"Not different for you. Different for me." He said, looking into her eyes.

"Different how?" She asked curiously.

"I really want to make love to you." He said, a little sheepishly.

She reached out and put a hand behind his neck gently. "That would be lovely." She said, reaching up to kiss him.

They kissed slowly and deeply for what seemed like an eternity. They gently explored each others bodies with their hands, Mary tracing the edges of Richards chiselled muscles with her finger tips. Eventually Richard slid slowly down her body, kissing her nipples softly and flicking them gently with his tongue before continuing to kiss right down the centre of her body. Mary opened her legs slightly for him as he reached her clit, which he started by kissing very gently before massaging it softly with his tongue.

As Mary lay there she could tell a difference in his technique. She was loving every second of it, and was sure that his current course of action would take her to the same heights of pleasure as when he did it the other night, but he was taking her there via a very different route. She moaned softly as he slid down a little and gently flicked across her opening with his tongue before gently kissing the inside of the tops of both of her legs. He slid slowly back up her body, kissing every inch of her on the way, before reaching her mouth and kissing her deeply once more.

Mary nudged his hip, encouraging him to one side. He moved to lie next to her as she started to kiss his neck, then his chest, slowly sliding downwards herself. When she reached his manhood she kissed the tip and ran her tongue around it gently. His reaction suggested he liked it. She took him into her mouth slowly, more shallow than he had become used to her doing, and she spent some time massaging it with her tongue and lips, slowly and sensuously. Eventually she slid

up the bed to join him once more. She rolled onto her back and through the dim orange light, he saw her bend one knee and let it fall away from her. He lifted his body over her and she slid the other leg out, before holding out a hand and helping guide him into her. He entered, slowly.

For what seemed like an age, but not long enough, he slowly made love to her. This was not the Richard she had got to know over the last few days, but as it turns out she liked this Richard rather a lot too. His movements, and his passion, built her up to orgasm slowly, and seemed to have the same effect on him. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his back, allowing him to penetrate her deeper, rapidly bringing her closer to the inevitable.

"Come with me." She whispered in his ear.

Just the words were enough for him. He kissed her deeply for a few seconds then pressed himself into her, making her moan loudly.

"Now." She whispered.

He withdrew a little and placed a hand on her thigh and drove into her deeply, a very welcome hint of the other Richard emerging as she felt herself falling over the edge. He continued for a few seconds and she started to grip the sheets, pulling her legs tighter around him until she completely let go. The sound of her having an orgasm, plus the feeling of the way her body was shuddering under him made him do the same. When they had finished, he lifted his upper body off her a little to give her chance to breathe, but she kept her legs wrapped tightly around him, clearly unwilling to let him withdraw from inside her.

"Come here." She whispered, pulling him down towards her and kissing him. He couldn't help but slowly rock backwards and forward inside her as he did, which resulted in more waves of pleasure washing over her. Eventually she released him from her grasp and he slowly withdrew, lying next to her and returning to slowly caressing her body.

"I'd better go and clean up." she said, smiling at him.

"Don't." he said. She looked up at him curiously. "Just this once. I like the idea of it staying with you a while."

"Ok" she said, more than happy to oblige,"but these sheets will need changing

tomorrow."

"Not too vanilla?" he asked, half sarcastically.

"Sometimes you really need some vanilla. It reminds you how much you like it," she cast a look at him in the shadows "and how many other flavours you still need to try."

He laughed. "Yes, there are still quite a few more. It's 3am, we should get some sleep." He pulled the duvet back over them and she nestled up to him once more. As she heard his breathing change as he fell asleep, Mary couldn't help but run over the last hour or so in her mind. He may have called it "vanilla" but that was much better "vanilla" than she had become used to. She thought about his request not to clean herself up afterwards. While right now it felt a bit icky, she was quite taken by his desire for her not to get up, there was something really quite erotic about it.

She smiled to herself as she felt her eyes getting heavy once more, drifting back into a deep sleep.

Chapter 5

The next day Mary went about her usual routine. She awoke alone in her bed, sat with a coffee and mulled over the evenings' events with Richard before having a shower, getting dressed, and heading out Elliot's car to get a lift to university.

She was convinced that Elliot wanted to ask about Richard, but would also rather she told him without having to ask.

Being a Wednesday they only had lectures in the morning, which meant that she had plenty of time to get ready to go out tonight. She was also grateful that, like last year, she didn't have lectures until after lunch on Thursday. She'd been too hungover on a number of occasions in her first year to get to morning lectures on a Thursday.

At around 11am, she sent Richard a text:

'Morning. I'm leaving at 7 tonight. Will you be back before I leave? x'

'Morning, yes, I'll be back about 6:30. Looking forward to seeing you all dressed up for an evening out with your friends. x'

After lectures she made her own way home as Elliot stayed to play football. Once back she flicked through her wardrobe and pulled out a tight black minidress and some black over-the-knee socks. Given her height, they looked like opaque stockings on her, a look which she quite liked against a short dress and fitted in well with the outfits of her friends.

She had some dinner, got dressed, and was sat at her table finishing her makeup as Richard arrived home at 6:45. He came up stairs and went into his room.

Keen for him to see her (and her to see him) before she left, she finished her make up with 5 minutes to spare, picked up her handbag, and slipped on her shoes. Richard must've heard her heels on the floor as no sooner had she stepped out onto the landing, he appeared at his door.

"Wow. You look..." he started.

"Why thank you." She interrupted, giving him a twirl.

"What time will you be back?" he asked.

"Depends." she replied "If we go to a club, maybe around 3, if not, around 12. Want to kiss me goodbye?" She said, smiling up at him seductively.

He put his hands on her shoulders and gently pressed her against the wall. "I want to do more than kiss you." he said, running a hand up her body. He kissed her deeply before lifting one of her arms and pressing it against the wall above her head. A moment later he did the same with her other arm, then pinned them both in place with one hand. With his spare hand, he reached under her dress and pulled it up as he kissed her and slipped his hand into her underwear. She immediately opened her legs as he slid his fingers over her clit and inside her, pulling firmly at her g-spot.

She should’ve expected a much hotter goodbye than she'd offered. In that moment she didn't want to go out, in fact she hoped he would tear her clothes off and fuck her there and then, but he didn't. He just turned her on, a lot, pinning her against the wall, fingering her until the door knocked. He leaned back a little, keeping his fingers in place.

"Looks like it's time for you to go." he said.

Mary whined in protest.

He pulled his fingers out of her as she straightened her dress. She looked up at him and took his hand putting his wet fingers in her mouth and sucking them gently.

"But I don't want to go." she said sweetly, still protesting while licking his fingers and staring up at him.

"You'll have fun once you're out." He said, turning her guiding her down the stairs. “Keep an eye on your phone. I might send you something.”

"Ooh a dick pic?" she asked. "Why don't I just stay here and you can show me in person?” She put her arms around him, willing him to let her stay.

He turned her to face the door and head her hips.

“Stop a second.” he said. He lifted her dress and bent down behind her, slowly removing her thong, careful not to move her socks. She looked down, confused.

“Step forward.” He commanded. She stepped out of it and he picked it up and slipped it into his pocket, standing behind her once more and pulling her dress back down over her hips..

“You want me to go out like this?” She asked, becoming excited at the thought.

“I do. And every time you remember how close you are to flashing someone, think of me. Now, go have fun.” he said, encouraging her forward.

Mary opened the door to see Louise standing in front of the waiting taxi. Richard, who was stood in the doorway behind her, couldn't help but spin her round to face him one last time and kiss her before she left. She let go of him reluctantly and stepped outside, as he closed the door behind her.

"So that's him is it?" Louise said.

"That's him." Mary sighed dreamily.

"Fucking hell Mary, you've done well there." She said, impressed. "What's the sex like?”

"Amazing." Mary said confidently, raising an eyebrow.

"Come on," Louise said opening the taxi door, "I want to hear all about it."

In the taxi on the way to Uni, Mary told Louise her story. It had been difficult keeping it to herself so far. She’d just got as far as Richard seeing her dressed in lingerie in the kitchen when they arrived at the campus car park. As they strolled across to the student union building Mary continued, confessing how after her initial liaison with Richard, she couldn’t get him out of her head, despite spending the rest of the evening having sex with Elliot.

They arrived at the bar and went in, pausing the story briefly while they got a tray of drinks between them, and Louise found a relatively quiet corner for Mary to continue. After about another half hour of sometimes graphic description,

Mary had brought Louise right up to date.

When she had finished, Louise looked genuinely stunned, which initially embarrassed Mary a little.

“That’s fucking incredible.” Louise said.

“Which bit?” Mary asked.

“All of it!” Louise said. “I always thought you were a bit of a prude.”

“I think I was.” Mary replied. “But not any more it seems.”

Louise giggled. “Is it really that physical?"

“He could literally throw me around like a rag doll. He hasn't really, but I can just tell.” Mary said.

“Do you want him to?” Louise asked.

Mary beamed. “God yes.”

"Then maybe you should let him know, just in case he's holding back a little."

Eventually, Elliot, who had been watching Mary for most of the time since she had arrived from his seat with his friends, wandered over, trying to look casual.

“You look...” he started, then paused.

“Hot Elliot, she looks fucking hot.” Louise interrupted.

He tried to ignore Louise. “I was going with different, but hot works just as well. Maybe we can catch up later?” He asked.

Mary simply nodded as she took a sip from her glass. Elliot smiled at her and wandered back to his friends.

"Have you told him any more since you mentioned Richard last weekend?" Louise asked, turning a little more serious.

"No. I think he's worked out something is going on though. He's commented a

few times that I seem different this week. I think he's just fishing for me to say something." Mary replied, watching him from across the room.

"He's right. You have been different all week, in a good way." Louise replied. "You seem very comfortable in your skin all of a sudden."

Mary sat for a moment as Louise checked her phone.

“You should give him the green light and find out what he's really got in the tank. I bet he’s into all kinds of kinky shit. Your very own Mr Grey.” Louise said confidently.

“I need a wee.” Mary said abruptly, leaving Louise to get more drinks while she headed to the toilet.

It occurred to her that she hadn’t checked her phone since they arrived, and took it from her handbag while she sat on the toilet. She had a message from Richard.

‘Is he there?’

She smiled to herself, knowing exactly who he meant.

‘Yes’ she replied.

‘Does he want you?’

Mary decided honesty would be a good policy here.

‘He’s hinted at it. Why?’ she replied.

'Do you want him?' came the reply.

She thought for a second. 'It would be your fault if I did. You did make me really horny then sent me out drinking in this sexy little dress with no underwear.' she sent.

'So, you're still horny?.' he responded quickly.

'Very' she responded.

'Good. Come home horny and I'll give you what you want.' he replied.

She bit her lip as she replied. ‘I want you to stop holding back. I think we're past that now.'

'If you're sure.' he replied

'I am. x' She typed back. She took a selfie looking as sultry as she could in a student union toilet and sent it to him with a kiss underneath.

'Back to the bar. xxxx' She sent, popping her phone back in her bag and heading back to Louise, smiling to herself as she sat down.

“Have you just been sexting him?” Louise asked.

“Maybe.”

“And this is a short term thing?”

“Oh yeah, he's old enough to be my dad, and has two kids. It's just sex, for as long as it lasts.”

“I think you should go to home.” Louise said. "If this really is a short term thing, you'll kick yourself for the times you missed out on when it ends. Trust me, I've had enough holiday romances to know."

“I’d promised to come out tonight so thought I should.”

"We'll all still be here when he's gone, don't worry." Louise said warmly.

The rest of the girls had taken the hint and left them to it while they discussed Richard, drinking and laughing over the other side of the bar. At 11pm they came over to call taxi's to get into town.

“Mary’s not coming clubbing tonight .” Louise said to them. “She’s had a little too much vodka already and needs to go home and sleep it off.”

Mary looked at Louise, a little confused.

“I told you. If it isn’t going to last long, you should be there, not here.” She said as they got up and headed with the other girls to the door. “Our taxi can drop you home on the way.”

Mary didn’t argue, she went and said goodbye to Elliot, giving him a hug, then headed to the taxi with the other girls, not saying much on the way to her house to maintain the pretence that she wasn’t feeling great. Louise was almost right in any case, Mary had consumed far more vodka and coke while chatting to Louise than she normally would, but aside from feeling a little dizzy and very horny, she didn’t feel ill.

When they arrived outside her front door, Louise got out of the taxi and went to the door with her. “My advice would be to make the most of it.” She said quite sternly. “Now get in there and enjoy yourself.”

Mary gave Louise a hug.

"Thanks Louise, I really did need to talk to someone I think." she said, before putting her key in the door and going inside.

She quietly closed the door behind her and then allowed her heels to click loudly on the corridor floor as she headed to the kitchen at the back of the house. She poured herself a large glass of water and waited. Sure enough, a moment later she heard him moving and then the sound of him coming downstairs to her.

She stood with her back to the kitchen door in the dark, holding her glass as Richard arrived in the doorway. He stopped, admiring her for a moment.

"You're back earlier than I thought." he said softly.

Mary didn't turn to him. She remained across the kitchen with her back to him. She slowly took another sip of water and looked out of the window in front of her for a moment before replying.

"There was something here I needed." she said, calmly.

"What?" he asked.

Mary was determined to keep control of the situation, keeping in character until she no longer wanted to be the one in control. She took another drink from the glass before slowly putting it down on the sink in front of her. She turned, walking with her head bowed slightly to avoid looking at him, around the kitchen table. She stopped just in front of him and turned to the table, pulling a chair out and sliding it away.

She returned to the table and stood against it face on, and slowly slid her hands to the bottom of her dress and hitched it up just above her bottom. She raised her head and looked into his eyes, expressionless, as she very slowly leaned forward over the table until her upper body was lay flat on the table top. She gripped the sides of it, turned her head to one side and rested it on the surface. Now with her body at an almost perfect 90 degrees, she parted her feet as wide as the table legs, slowly, one at a time, which bought her hips to rest perfectly on the table top.

Richard looked at her in the dim light, admiring her. The little show he had just witnessed was entirely for his benefit, and he knew it.

Without moving her head she cast a glance at him, still stood in the doorway. She knew he was unsure, which frustrated her a little given their text conversation earlier. She wanted to to tell him how much she wanted him, wanted this, but really didn't want to speak again.

Richard was about to ask as he saw Mary bend her right knee slightly, raising her heel from the floor. She stamped it down, like a petulant child. He liked that side of her.

He walked around to the side of the table and took off his shirt, folding it neatly. He stroked her hair and tucked it behind her ear before gently lifting her head and sliding his shirt under her cheek and lowering her face back into it.

He placed his hand on the back of her neck and traced one finger gently down the centre of her body and onto her bare behind, cupping a bum cheek with his hand and squeezing it lightly, then giving is a sharp smack.

Mary yelped in both pain and pleasure, then closed her eyes and smiled to herself.

He pulled the discarded chair over and placed it behind her. He sat down, his knees between her open legs, admiring the sight in from of him. To Mary it felt like he sat there for an age before touching her, but in reality it was only a moment. She eventually felt a finger touch her clit gently. Just the touch made her moan in anticipation. The finger moved up slowly and slid inside her. She moaned again. Shortly afterward another finger joined it, then another, before he turned his hand slightly to allow him to place his thumb on her clit. He started slowly massaging her clit while sliding his fingers in and out of her. She was

already very wet, and he was making her much wetter.

He leaned forward and started probing her rear with his tongue, occasionally pressing it into her. She relaxed, as best she could, allowing him to probe deeper. She really liked it. After a few minutes of pleasuring her while she moaned gently, Richard stood up and discarded the chair again. He stood to one side of the table and slid his hand over her bottom before quickly putting his fingers inside her again. the surprise took her breath away.

He started to increase the speed of his fingers sliding in and out of her body, which just made Mary louder, still gripping the sides of the table, facing away from him. He continued, getting faster and faster until Mary felt a sensation she'd not had before. Somewhere inside her body she felt something stirring, which was confirmed by the noises her body was making as Richard aggressively fingered her, sounding incredibly wet, much more than ever before. As the sensation grew she started to scream, which spurred Richard on, making him move his fingers faster and harder.

Eventually, for the first time in her life, Mary's legs started shaking as she liquid squirted from her body. She heard it splashing on the floor and could feel it running down her legs, soaking her socks. Not knowing that what she had done was his intention from the start, or knowing what it actually was, Mary felt really embarrassed. She turned her head and rested her other cheek on his shirt so she could look at him. As she looked up to see his reaction he smiled at her.

"Don't worry, that's exactly what's supposed to happen." He said, putting her at ease. She smiled back, relaxing a little.

"You're going to do it again in a little while." he said, sliding his fingers back inside her without warning. She moaned loudly. "But not yet." he said, withdrawing them quickly, much to her frustration. He unbuttoned his jeans and slid them and his underwear off. Mary was still facing him and watched, he was already hard. Hard for her. She wanted to reach out, but decided not to. He walked around to the back of her, and with no warning at all slid his entire length deep inside her.

Mary whined softly in pleasure.

He took hold of her hips, withdrew to the tip of his manhood and forcefully thrusted himself back inside her.

Mary screamed a little, still in pleasure.

He withdrew again then picking up a rhythm he aggressively fucked her, fast and hard, Mary's screams becoming louder and louder as she headed rapidly towards an orgasm.

Sensing this, Richard continued until he thought she was just about to, and just stepped away, withdrawing from her entirely.

Mary felt devastated and frustrated all at the same time, but she didn't really have time to protest before Richard moved around to her side again and slid his fingers inside her once more, working her body rapidly to the point where her legs shook and she squirted once more, much more than last time.

Just as she was catching her breath, he went behind her again. He slid his cock into her again quickly, then withdrew and pressed it against her bottom.

She didn't react. At this point she would have been happy for him to fuck her there, but he didn't, he just pressed to the point she thought he was going to attempt to enter, before sliding down and pressing into her sex once more.

He continued this cycle for some time. Fucking her to the brink of orgasm before withdrawing and using his fingers to make her squirt. Eventually her body could squirt no more. Mary was a mess. Her hair was tangled, she was sweating all over and her socks were soaked right down to her heels. Her eye makeup had run down her face as she had repeatedly shed tears of ecstasy and frustration. Richard decided that she'd almost had enough for one night, and went behind her to finally finish proceedings.

He slid into her and again gripped the table as he fucked faster and harder. Through her exhaustion Mary started to realise that she was on the home stretch, and used what remained of her strength to lift her head, screaming as he continued.

She felt him start to tense. She was so excited, she felt like she had waited an age for this, which made it so much sweeter. As he reached his climax he groaned and drove into her, which was all she needed to push her over the edge herself.

Her whole body shook as she had the biggest and longest orgasm of her life. Screaming loudly as they came together.

Richard then slowed to a gentle pace, stroking her bottom before pulling out and leaving her lying there for a moment to catch her breath.

Eventually he leaned down and whispered in her ear. “You ok?”

She nodded and made a feint cooing sound in approval as she put her head back down.

He slowly bent down behind her, and gently released the buckles on her heels, before bending her knees, one at a time, and removing her shoes. He slid his hands up her left leg and slowly rolled down her soaking wet sock, removing it and placing it to one side before doing the same with the other.

He held her hand and gently helped her up, a little cramped for from being bent over the table for such a long time. She didn’t speak, and kept her head bowed, her long wet, matted hair covering her face.

She looked at the floor around her, both surprised and embarrassed.

“I’ll look after this, don’t worry.” he said, as he bent down and put one of her arms around his neck and scooped up her legs.

Exhausted, she lay against him. Her head on his shoulder. He carried her down the corridor and up the stairs.

“You can’t go to bed like this. Do you think you could stand for a few minutes baby?” He asked.

All she heard was baby, and nodded at whatever the question was.

He carried her to the bathroom and set her down gently against the wall, where she stood, leaning almost lifeless. He turned on the shower and slowly and gently removed her dress and bra, leaving her naked against the wall.

When the shower was up to temperature he stripped the reminder of his own clothes and gently helped her in before stepping in behind her. He slowly washed her whole body, careful to help her remain standing as she silently stood, enjoying the attention in somewhat of a trance. He removed her tear stained makeup and took care to avoid her hips, which were visibly red and sore from lying on the table. When he had finished her body, he patiently washed and

conditioned her hair, stood behind her as she leaned into him. Eventually, satisfied with his workmanship, he stood in front of her and just held her for a few minutes as the water washed over them.

Eventually he turned off the shower, helped her out, and very slowly and gently dried her body, before towel drying her hair, as best he could. Mary stayed silent the whole time, her eyes glowing. He scooped her naked body up once more and carried Mary to her bed, kicking off the duvet and laying her on the sheet. He left the room and returned a second later with some antiseptic cream, which he very carefully rubbed into the redness of her hips, before slowly covering her with the duvet.

He stood and looked down at her as she lay there with her eyes closed. He thought it best to sleep in his own bed tonight. As he turned to walk away Mary spoke for the first time since she arrived home.

“Don’t go.” she said softly.

Richard turned to look into her now-open eyes. She lifted the duvet a little, inviting him in. He turned off her bedroom light and climbed into bed next to her. He really wanted to ask if the experience she’d just had was ok, but didn’t need to. As he lay down Mary put her head on his shoulder.

“Who knew.” she said, softly. She snuggled up to him and closed her eyes once more.

Chapter 6

The next morning, Mary was awoken by the sun streaming through a gap in her curtains onto her face. She looked at her clock, 10am. She knew she was alone, she'd heard Richard get out of bed in the dark and go to get ready for work hours ago.

She rolled over and winced a little, her body aching from the previous evenings activities on the kitchen table - some parts more than others. She slowly stood up, picked up her cigarettes and went down to make a coffee. As she arrived in the kitchen she noticed that Richard had completely cleaned up the mess she had made on the floor. She only caught a brief glimpse of the floor as he scooped her up to take her to the shower, but she knew it was quite a mess she'd created.

She smiled at the memory, and that he'd so carefully cleaned up. She flicked on the kettle and lit a cigarette, staring out of the window, flashbacks of her evening making her smile. She looked down at her naked body. There were two horizontal bruises on the tops of her legs where he'd repeatedly pressed her against the table top, and two grazes on her hips from the friction of lying on the table. To her they were like little trophies. She smiled to herself and giggled a little.

As the kettle clicked off, she turned to walk towards it and noticed a note on the washing machine which simply said 'Please empty me x'.

She opened the door and peered inside, before pulling out her dress, underwear, and socks from the evening before. "Bless him." she said affectionately to herself, and put them out on the clothes rack in the corner to dry.

She sat at the table with her coffee today, tracing her finger over the table top as she remembered coming home and offering her body to him - and what it resulted in. She wondered what was to come now that she had opened Pandoras box fully. She couldn't wait to find out.

She lazed around for a while before getting dressed. She tried jeans, but they irritated her hips, so she switched to a knee length skirt that she could wear a

little higher. Elliot arrived perfectly on time, as he always did.

She went downstairs and wandered gingerly out to the car, trying to disguise her aches and pains from him. As she got in, Elliot seemed a little fed up.

"What's up?" she asked as he pulled away.

"I wish you had come to the club last night. You looked amazing, I wanted you so badly."

"Sorry." she replied "too much vodka, the girls dropped me home."

"That was Louise's story too." he said, keeping his eyes on the road to avoid looking at her.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I think you're fucking your housemate." he said, calmly.

Mary looked out of the window. She wanted to be honest. "It's just sex Elliot, and you did encourage me."

"I know." he replied. "It would just have been nice to have been told."

"I'm sorry. I felt awkward." she said. "I'm having a short-term fling with a guy old enough to be my dad. I'm not sure I like saying that out loud."

Elliot smiled as he drove. "I take it you're enjoying it?”

Mary looked embarrassed.

"It's ok you know, you can say you enjoy sex with him and with me. It's all supposed to be fun."

"In that case, yes." she said a little sheepishly.

As they arrived at the car park, Elliot went off with a few of his friends as Mary headed across campus, spotting Louise leaning against a wall clearly waiting for her.

"Morning. Did you take my advice?" Louise said.

"It's afternoon I think. And yes, I did." Mary replied, taking the opportunity to stop walking briefly and revealing a pained expression.

"Fuck, he didn't hurt you did he?" Louise asked quickly. "I'll go round there and..."

"No, he didn't hurt me Louise." Mary replied.

"So, what's up?" Louise asked, holding a hand out and taking Marys as they walked together towards the lecture theatre.

Mary quietly explained what she'd done after Louise left her at the door last night, and everything happened afterwards. Louise pulled at Mary's hand to stop her at the door before they entered.

"And?" she asked.

"And what?" Mary replied.

"You've told me what happened, but not if you liked it." Louise observed casually.

Mary looked into her eyes. "I really don't have the words for how fucking good it was." she whispered. "He doesn't just fuck my body. Sounds weird but he also fucks my mind too, and together that's..."

"Hot." Louise said. "What are you doing tonight?"

"We haven't made plans yet, why?". Mary looked at the lecture theatre door, concerned about being late.

"If you don't get a better offer, invite me round, I need to see him for myself, properly this time, not with you attached to his face like a lovesick teenager."

Mary smiled. "Ok, we'll see. We need to go in."

Mary sat with Louise in lectures, keeping a safe distance from Elliot to avoid letting on exactly how much she was enjoying her week. At break she and Louise went outside and sat on a wall together, as Mary lit a cigarette she checked her phone. True to form, Richard had messaged her.

'Hello. x'

'Hey you. x' she replied.

'How are you feeling? x'

'Sore, but in a really good way. x'

'I didn't scare you off then?'

She thought for a second and simply put; 'Quite the opposite. x'

'I need to hear your voice. x' He replied.

"He wants to call" she said to Louise.

"And?" Louise answered casually.

"He never calls, we text, and we fuck, but we don't call." Mary replied, a little shocked.

"Where's the harm? Nobody is about." Louise said encouragingly.

'I'm on break for another ten minutes. x' Mary replied.

Less than twenty seconds later her phone rang, making her heart flutter a little. She quickly answered it.

"Hey." she said.

"Hi. What are you up to?" he asked

"I'm sitting on a wall with Louise talking to you." she said sweetly. Louise made puppy dog eyes at her.

"The girl from the taxi?" he asked.

"Yes, the girl from the taxi. She wants to come round to meet you I think."

"Bring her round." he said. "It would be nice to meet one of your friends." When?"

"How about tonight?" Mary replied.

"Suits me, I need to go to the gym so I'll be back around 7. Feel free to eat and I'll join you both when I've got back and had a shower."

"Okay. We'll see you later then." she replied brightly.

"You will baby." he said, and hung up.

"He's started calling me baby." Mary said, half to herself and half to Louise.

"Let me guess, you like it?"

"I like it a lot. He'll be back from the gym around 7, then joining us after a shower." Mary said.

"Cool," Louise replied. "We best get some wine on the way back to yours then."

After lectures Elliot was waiting for Mary outside. As she and Louise approached him, Mary agreed to do the wine and snack shopping while Louise went home and changed before coming round. On hearing of their plans to have a girly night in together, Elliot offered to drop Louise off at her house then take Mary shopping before dropping her off home too.

About half an hour after Mary got home, Louise arrived at Mary's, who was already in the process of cooking dinner. Louise dropped her bag off in Mary's room and joined her in the kitchen.

"So, this is the table is it?" Louise said, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes, that's the table." Mary said, stirring Pasta.

"I'm so jealous." Louise said, seemingly frustrated. "Does he have any friends?"

"I have no idea, I don't know much about him to be honest. I know he's sorting out a friendly but complicated divorce. He's got two kids, both boys, and he has a friend called Mike, who he drinks with and plays Fifa against online." Mary said, straining the pasta and stirring in the sauce.

"Maybe Mike's single. Clearly this older man thing is working for you." Louise

said, laying the table.

"If you had said to me this time last week that in seven days I'd be having sex with a guy 17 years older than me I would have told you that you were mad." Mary said, processing her situation a little.

"You are having fun, nobody is getting hurt, and you seem happy. Go with it." Louise replied.

"I think Elliot is a little hurt." Mary said.

"He did encourage it Mary. Maybe he'll think twice next time." Louise said.

"Next time?" Mary asked, "I don't think I'll make this a habit."

"Never say never." Louise said with a smile.

They ate dinner and went up to Mary's room, settling down on the sofa and watching TV until Mary heard the front door. She just smiled to herself, which Louise noticed and thought sweet. Richard came up the stairs and knocked on the door.

"It's open." Mary said.

Richard came in, still in his gym gear.

"Hey." he said.

"Hey." She replied sweetly, involuntarily fluttering her eyes at him.

"You must be Louise. Pleased to finally meet you." he said, rather charmingly. Both Louise and Mary melted. "I won't get too close, need a shower."

“Pleased to meet you too." Louise said, clearly a little entranced by him.

He went to walk away when Mary held out an arm and whined a little. He turned and looked at her.

"Shower, gym, remember?"

She whined again, stamping her foot, which was quickly becoming her

trademark bratty behaviour, and something he really responded to.

"Okay baby." he replied.

Louise watched as he walked across in front of them to Mary and leaned down to kiss her. She responded, pulling him closer and kissing deeply for a few seconds, letting out a gentle moan of approval. Still in her knee length skirt, he placed one hand on her knee as he kissed her. Louise noticed the way the slightest touch of his hand on her knee affected Mary, who instinctively very slightly opened her legs in response. Richard gently took her hand off the back of his neck and walked back across the room as Mary made eyes at him.

"I'll be back." he said, heading out of the door and down the corridor.

"I want one." Louise said longingly.

"I've got one." Mary said proudly.

"Can I borrow him? Just for a night? You can have him back I promise."

"No, get your own."

"An hour, just an hour?"

"Still no."

"Fuck." Louise said, frustrated. "How the hell have you been getting to uni? I'd be in bed with him all day and all night."

"He goes to work. Otherwise... Here, drink." Mary said, refilling their glasses and smiling. "I'm just nipping down to the fridge to get my man a beer."

"Bitch!" Louise shouted, as Mary headed downstairs, feeling much less sore than she had been this morning.

A short while later, with slightly wet hair in a t shirt and quite tight jeans, Richard strolled back into Mary's room and sat between her and Louise, putting his arm around Mary.

"What are you watching?" he asked.

"Crap." Louise said quickly. "Mary's soap crap to be precise."

Richard laughed.

"Is Mike single?" Mary asked.

"Also divorced, why?" Richard asked confused.

"Louise needs a friend" Mary said, giggling.

"Bitch." Louise said, half smiling.

Mary's phone vibrated on the table. She leaned over to look at it. "I best get this, it's my dad. Play nice you two." She said, heading out of the room and down the stairs to the kitchen away from any chance of her dad hearing Louise or, more importantly, Richard.

Richard slid away to the other side of the sofa a little so he could face Louise, who was dying to fire a million questions at him.

"She said when one of you leaves here it'll end." Louise half stated and half asked.

"Probably. She needs to have a life, I've already had nearly half of mine. We're both ok with it" he said.

"It's very sexual isn't it?" Louise said quite bluntly.

“Very."

"So am I." Louise replied, unable to resist flirting a little.

"Getting on?" Mary said brightly as she came back into the room.

"Famously." Louise said, half wishing Mary hadn't come back.

Mary changed the TV to some comedy, and the three of them sat laughing and drinking for some time until eventually Mary stood up to head to the toilet. They both watched her walking across the room and Louise, now full of wine, couldn't help herself.

"I get why you like her, she does have the sexiest ass I've ever seen."

Mary, also having had a little too much wine, didn't want to be outdone. She held the door, sliding one leg up it seductively and sticking out her bottom for them both.

"Yes, I would." Louise said as Mary giggled and left.

"I asked if I could borrow you for an hour, but she said no" Louise said to Richard, flirting a little again. "Maybe I should meet Mike instead?"

"Maybe, I think you would like him." Richard said raising an eyebrow at her. "He's 39 though."

"Clearly Mary and I have daddy issues... as neither of us mind." she replied warmly.

They chatted for a short while about Mike and were laughing when Mary walked back in.

"What did I miss?" she asked.

"I think Louise and Mike need to meet." he smiled.

"You're such a slut Louise." Mary said, sitting down on the sofa.

"I don't think you are in any position to call me a slut young lady." Louise replied, raising an eyebrow at them both. "Shit, look at the time, I need to call a taxi."

"Why don't you stay?" Richard suggested. Margaret isn't back until Sunday afternoon, she'll never know. Mary nodded in agreement.

"Well I do just happen to have my toothbrush and clothes for tomorrow." Louise said innocently.

"Anybody would think she planned it." Mary said, smiling at Richard.

"Oh, well if nobody minds. I don't want to get in anybody's way." Louise said, more a question than a statement.

"Don't worry, I think Mary needs a night off." Richard said smiling at both of them.

"Do I?" She said, half playfully half serious.

"Yes." Richard said firmly. Even that turned Mary on. “I’ll leave you two ladies to it and go and play FIFA with Mike for a bit if he’s around. Might even get you a date Louise.”

“What’s he look like?” Louise asked.

Richard opened his phone and showed her a photo of them both in a bar.

“Ooh, yup, he’ll do.” Louise said admiring both of them.

Richard put his phone back in his pocket and reached for Mary’s hand, pulling her up from the sofa.

“And I’ll see you tomorrow young lady.” He said, putting his arms around her waist. “When are you home?”

“Morning lectures only. Back by 12:30.” She replied.

They kissed rather deeply for a moment or two, then he let go of her and walked away, closing the door behind him.

"You sure I can't?...." Louise started.

"I'm sure." Mary interrupted, knowing exactly what Louise was going to say, again.

"Selfish." Louise said.

"I suppose we should get to bed." Mary said, standing up. Fancy a coffee?

"Oh, yes please baby" Louise replied sarcastically.

Mary fluttered her eyes at Louise as she went off to make them a drink. Louise went to the bathroom and then went back to Mary's room and took off her jeans and top, climbing onto the bed in her underwear and catching up with the notifications on her phone.

When Mary returned she put a coffee on each bedside table and went to the bathroom herself, returning in her big fluffy robe, also with only her underwear on underneath.

"I can honestly say that this is the first time I have had another woman in my bed." she said, amused.

"I can't." Louise replied, as Mary climbed in beside her. They lay about a foot apart, facing each other and chatting for a while before Louise bought the conversation back to Richard.

"So he sleeps in here with you?" she asked.

"Yes." Mary replied "I'm going to be gutted when Margaret is back."

"He'll sneak in." Louise replied. "Fancy winding him up a little, in a good way?"

"How?"

"Take your bra off."

"What?" Mary asked, unsure she had heard correctly.

"Take off your bra." Louise said again, sitting up and reaching behind her back to remove hers. Mary did the same.

"I can see why he likes them so much." Louise said looking at Mary's breasts. They're great."

Mary looked down and blushed a little, before instinctively looking across as Louise's and studying them a little.

"Yours are nice too."

“Thanks. Get your phone and lie down."

Mary did as she had been instructed land ay on her back. Louise put Mary's phone on the bedside table facing them and hit record on the camera, before leaning over her.

"Trust me" she said.

"Ok." Mary said nervously.

Louise placed a hand on Marys chest and leaned forward to kiss her. In another first for Mary this week, the kiss was very welcome, and really rather enjoyable. After enjoying their kiss for a few moments, Louise picked up Mary's phone and edited the video so that only their kiss was seen.

"Send it to him." she said.

Mary quickly attached it to a message and simply wrote 'Goodnight. x'

Mary and Louise giggled for a second. Richard was either in the middle of a game of Fifa or didn't quite know how to reply, in any case he didn't, so Mary put her phone down and the girls sat up, drinking their coffees.

"Who knew?" Mary said to herself quietly, thinking about her friends kiss.

"What?" Louise asked.

"Oh, nothing." Mary said, smiling to herself.

"Mind if I leave my bra off, that one is a bit uncomfortable." Louise said, gesturing to her discarded bra on the floor. "I'll put on a top if you have one."

"It's fine." Mary said, smiling.

They put down their mugs and she turned off her bedside lamp, the familiar orange glow of the street light bathing the room gently.

Mary turned to face Louise, who put an arm around her and traced a finger down Mary's back gently.

"I've not kissed a girl before." Mary said, honestly.

"You're missing out." Louise said, stroking Marys hair.

"So it seems." Mary replied.

"Maybe we should have a night to ourselves sometime?" Louise asked softly.

"I think I might quite like that." Mary said, a little nervously.

Louise gave her the briefest of kisses before Mary rolled over and Louise nestled up behind her. It wasn't as imposing as when Richard spooned her, but it was still really rather nice.

"How are the hips?" Louise whispered in her ear.

"Getting better." Mary said.

"Good." Louise said, kissing the back of Mary's head.

They both closed their eyes and drifted off to sleep.

A while later ,Mary was disturbed by something brushing across her hair. She opened her eyes slowly to see Richard stood there, dressed only in his jeans. He placed a finger on his lips, suggesting she keep quiet.

He held out a hand, which she instantly took and slowly slipped out of the bed into his arms. She cast a look back at Louise, who was facing them but fast asleep, with only her head and shoulders visible from under the duvet.

Mary looked up at him and kissed him softly for a while. Eventually he knelt down and kissed and sucked her nipples while slowly removing her underwear, taking care to avoid the grazes on her hips and the bruises on top of her legs before standing back up. He pulled her away from the bed into the middle of the room.

"That video turned me on." He whispered softly in her ear.

"How much?" She asked, kneeling down in front of him.

He undid his jeans, which had no underwear beneath them, and slid them to the floor, stepping out of them quickly.

Mary wasted no time in taking him in her hand and licking up and down his shaft. He closed his eyes briefly, enjoying the sensation, before Mary took him in her mouth a little, tracing circles around the tip with her tongue. He opened his eyes and looked at the bed. To his surprise Louise had opened her eyes and was looking straight at him. She too put a finger on her lips, as if to suggest he should not let Mary know she was awake.

He stared at Louise as he ran his fingers through Marys hair, running them to the back of her head and pressing her mouth deeper onto him. Mary didn’t complain, she adjusted the angle of her throat and slid him right in, submissively placing her hands behind her back as he fucked her mouth.

Louise, turned on by what she was seeing, slid her hands down her body and started stroking her clit as she watched. She still had the duvet across her, but the change in body position told him she was playing with herself.

He enjoyed Mary's mouth for a little longer, before he stood back, releasing her head. He stepped back and sat on the sofa with his legs closed. Mary knew where she needed to be, and climbed onto his lap, straddling his waist and eagerly sliding herself down onto him.

He held her wrists, allowing her to lean back as she began to ride him quietly, but aggressively. He looked across at Louise, who had clearly got too hot under the duvet and had kicked it to one side, pulled down her underwear and was writhing in pleasure on the bed as she watched her friend have sex.

Mary was doing everything she could to be quiet, believing Louise was still asleep, but spurred on by the audience and the whole situation they were all in, Richard took it to the next level, using his strength to help Mary raise and lower onto him much more forcefully. She threw her head back and bit her lip to avoid making too much noise, still unaware she was being watched.

The sight of Marys body riding Richard, with her long blonde hair whipping around and her soft moans was becoming too much for Louise to bear. As Mary started to orgasm, so did Louise. Richard could see both of them, which was more than enough to finish him too. He and Mary came hard together, as Louise rolled around on the bed doing the same.

Mary continued slowly rolling her hips forward and backwards across Richard as they both caught their breath. In the background, Richard saw Louise take her hand from her clit, pull up her pants, pull the duvet back up over her and close her eyes, but not before giving him a cheeky approving smile.

Mary leaned forward, quite hot, and kissed him. He lifted her and carried her over to the bed, still inside her until he lay her down. She didn't make a dash to clean up, he liked that. He kissed her on the forehead and whispered "goodnight" in her ear before collecting his jeans and heading to the door.

Mary lay on her back, still a little out of breath.

"I'll visit more often if it means I get my own personal porn show." Louise said.

Mary turned to her quickly. "You're awake?"

"Yes." Louise said, smiling at her.

"How long?" Mary asked, embarrassed.

"Since you got out of bed." Louise answered. "I saw it all. Very nice it was too, to watch I mean. I bet from where you were sitting it was even better."

Mary smiled. "Wait until I tell Richard, it'll turn him on no end to know you were watching."

"Oh, he knows." Louise said, giggling.

Mary grabbed a pillow and hit her with it, laughing.

"I can't believe you just watched me have sex." Mary said, putting the pillow down and lying back down.

"I can't believe I just masturbated in front of your boyfriend while he fucked you." Louise said, a little embarrassed.

“Really?"

"Really, couldn't help myself, you two are really hot to watch." she replied.

"It was fun." Mary said.

"Looked it." Louise replied, snuggling up to her a little.

As they closed their eyes for the second time tonight, Louise couldn't help herself. "Next time do you mind turning to the side for the blow job? Your head obscured my view."

Mary laughed. "I'll bear it in mind."

Chapter 7

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“W akey wakey!” Louise said, standing in front of the bed in Mary’s bathrobe with two cups of coffee.

Mary opened her eyes slowly. “Morning.” She said sleepily.

“What time does Elliot pick you up on Fridays?” Louise asked.

“Erm, 8:30” Mary replied, taking a coffee from her.

“Then we have 45 minutes.” Louise said, sitting on the edge of the bed with her coffee.

“That’s fine. I’ll shower later.” Mary said, smiling to herself. “I still can’t believe you were watching us last night.”

Louise laughed. “You’re a pretty good porn star.”

Mary looked down into her coffee, smiling but also a little embarrassed.

They finished their coffees and got ready just in time for Elliot to pull up outside.

“I wasn’t expecting to see you Louise.” He said casually as they both climbed into his car.

“We had a late night. Stayed.” she said.

After they had parked at the university and were walking to their first and only lecture of the day Elliot went on ahead as usual, and Mary’s phone pinged.

‘Morning baby. What's Louise doing tonight? x’

"What are you doing tonight?" Mary asked, looking up at Louise.

"Probably just going to the pub, nothing special why?”

"One sec." Mary replied

‘Nothing special, why?’ she typed.

‘Mike's free, double date at ours? x’ he replied.

"Mike's free, Richard wants to know if you want to come round ours for a double date?" Mary said, looking up at Louise.

"Abso-fucking-lutely.” Louise replied.

'She seems happy with that. x' Mary replied.

'Great. Send me a list of what takeaway and alcohol you both want. I'll pop home before you get back and get some stuff and Mike and I will get ready at his. You two can have the house to yourselves for the afternoon. We'll be home around 6 ish, with alcohol and food.'

"We have the house to ourselves for the afternoon then they will be back around six with takeaway and wine." Mary said to Louise, as they both got a little excited.

'We're looking forward to it. x'

After lectures Louise headed home to get everything she needed for the evening, and Mary went home to have a bath. At about 1:30, Louise arrived at Mary's, armed with what she called “pre-date wine" - lots of it - and a bag full of clothes so that Mary could help with her indecision over what to wear.

By this stage Mary had put on the little white robe that she bought earlier in the week after putting the heating on to make sure the house was nice and toasty for their evening in. Once in her room, Louise started pulling outfits out of her bag and laying them on Mary's bed.

"Any idea what you are wearing?" Louise said.

"He likes me in white." Mary replied, "So this."

Mary rather proudly pulled out a very short, figure hugging , thin white satin dress. It had a halter neck, no back at all, and as if it wasn't short enough, it had a

slit on either side which went to the waist.

"Fucking hell Mary, that's gorgeous." Louise said.

"It should be, it cost me nearly a whole months wages over the summer. But I fell in love with it and have been dying to wear it. It goes with these." She said, pulling a pair of white fishnet hold-ups and some deep red velvet ankle boots from her wardrobe.

"In that case, we'd both look better if I was in black?" Louise said, surveying the dresses she had laid on Mary's bed.

"Or red." Mary said.

"I don't have red." Louise said.

"I do." Mary replied, reaching into her wardrobe and pulling out a red mini-dress. It was longer than Mary's white dress, but not by much, and it too had slits in the side. It had shoulders but was low cut. Louise liked it.

"Can I?" Louise asked.

"Of course." Mary replied, passing it to her. Louise started getting undressed to try it on.

"It's a pity I don't have any matching underwear to go with it." Louise said to herself as she took off her jeans. She heard Mary cough to get her attention and looked up. Mary was holding a hangar with a red lace bra, thong, and suspender belt, all with the tags still on them.

"We're the same size aren't we? I bought this to go with that dress, but since I've not worn either yet, you should."

"Did you just buy all this stuff to fuck Elliot in?" Louise said smiling.

"Pretty much." Mary replied, laughing as she lay the lingerie on the chair next to where Louise was still undressing.

Once down to her underwear, Louise slipped on the red dress.

"Perfect." Mary said.

"You sure you don't mind?" Louise said, admiring herself in Mary's mirror.

"Nope." Mary said. Louise slipped the dress back off, sat on Mary's sofa and opened their first bottle of wine.

"Reckon he's as hot as Richard?" Louise asked.

"You'll find out later won't you?" Mary replied.

"How are the bruises?" Louise asked. Mary opened her gown and looked at the tops of her legs.

"All gone, table marks too." Mary said. Louise looked at her friend, naked but for her open gown, admiring her body somewhat. Mary looked up at her.

"What?" She asked.

"Oh, nothing." Louise said, "here."

Mary came over and closed the gown, taking a wine glass from Louise and sitting next to her, crossing her legs and lighting a cigarette.

"You are not the Mary I knew a week go." Louise said warmly.

"A week's a long time." Mary said, smiling at her.

Louise had a shower, then spent much of the rest of the afternoon in a baggy T shirt to avoid putting on her outfit for the evening until she needed to. Mary stayed in her robe. They drank wine, painted their nails, and drank more wine, then got a little giggly, all a little while before Richard and Mike were due.

Louise talked Mary into letting her plait her hair, convinced a younger look with that dress might tick Richards boxes. Mary sat on the edge of the bed and Louise sat behind her on her knees. It took ages, mainly due to Louise having to start over multiple times thanks to the wine, before she finally announced she was happy with it. Mary stood up and went to the mirror as Louise stood behind her.

"I love it." Mary said, turning to Louise and putting her hands on her hips.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome baby" Louise teased, looking her in the eyes, fixing their gaze together.

"Kiss me again?" Mary blurted out.

"I thought you'd never ask." Louise said, stepping forward toward her. Mary put her arms around Louises neck and pulled her in for a deep passionate kiss. Mary kept her hands on Louises waist, but Louise took the opportunity to slide her hands under Marys gown and softly caress her breasts. Marys body responded, and she let out a little moan of pleasure as they kissed. Eventually Louise stood back and looked at her.

"Different isn't it? With a woman?"

Mary swooned a little. “Different good." She said, a little dreamily.

"To be continued." Louise said looking at her watch. "We need to get dressed."

They got dressed and finished their makeup with about twenty minutes to spare. Louise - clearly hoping the evening would be all she wanted it to be - accepted Mary's offer of finishing her red dress and matching lingerie with red fishnet stockings and heels. Mary, having painted her nails black, accepted Louises help in smoking her eyes a little to offset her white dress.

They stood next to each other and looked in the mirror. Mary's dress was so short there was no concealing the tops of her hold ups. Louise's dress was a little longer, but she knew she only had to sit or bend for the tops of her stockings to show.

"We either look hot, or really easy. I'm not sure which." Louise said, studying their reflection in the mirror.

"Aren't we both?" Mary said smiling, turning to face her.

"I hope Mike is hot." Louise said. "If he's not can I borrow Richard? You can watch this time."

Mary laughed. "I'm sure you and Mike will get on famously. You're that horny I

think you'd fuck him regardless."

Louise smiled approvingly.

They both heard the front door at the same time. Mary smiled, Louise froze.

"Looks like dinner is here." Mary said.

Richard called up from the hallway. "Hello?"

"Hey" Mary replied, staring at Louise, who seemed nervous all of a sudden.

"Dinner is here, we'll put it out in the kitchen."

"Ok, we'll be down in a few." Mary called back, buying herself some time to relax Louise a little.

"Hey, come here." She whispered, reaching a hand out.. Louise took it and stepped in close.

"What's up?" Mary asked.

"I'm not used to looking sexy and trying to be flirty with guys Mary. I usually just get drunk and let myself get picked up, if you know what I mean." Louise said.

"A week ago I'd only ever had pretty vanilla sex with one guy. Look at the week I've had! Take your own advice Louise, just let yourself go a bit." Mary said. "Come on, follow my lead, and if you aren't keen, that's absolutely fine."

Mary led Louise by the hand down the stairs, they both took a deep breath and headed into the kitchen.

Richard and Mike, both dressed in neatly pressed shirts and trousers, had their back to them as they entered. Mary put her arm around Louises waist, who did the same in return, turning her body to face her a little.

"Hello!" Mary said. Richard and Mike turned around from putting food on the plates to look at them.

"Fucking hell." Richard said, stunned at the sight of both of them, but mostly

Mary.

"You like?" Mary said, letting go of Louise and stepping towards him a little. He lifted her arm above her head and she gave him a twirl.

"Stunning." he said, leaning down and kissing her briefly. "This is Mike." he said, gesturing to his friend.

"Hi Mike!" Mary said, stepping towards Richards very attractive friend and giving him a kiss on the cheek. She turned to Louise, out of sight of the men, and gave her a very approving look. "This is Louise" Mary said, holding a hand out to Louise and pulling her gently towards Mike.

"Wow, you are beautiful." Mike said, gently putting a hand on her waist as she kissed his cheek.

"Aww, thanks. You're not so bad yourself." Louise said, a little embarrassed.

Mike and Richard bought the plates of food over to the table, opened a few bottles of lager, another bottle of wine for the ladies, and everyone sat down to eat.

Mary, usually the quiet one, encouraged conversation throughout dinner. It was all relatively superficial but was enough to encourage Louise and Mike to start chatting without her ongoing involvement. Mary was quite proud of Louise, who eventually started to flirt with Mike, who reciprocated her interest very willingly.

"It looks like these two are a hit." Richard whispered, gesturing subtly to Louise and Mike. Mary nodded approvingly, catching Louise's eye who quickly figured out they were talking about her, and smiled at them before re-focusing on her date.

Mary and Richard got up to clear the plates to the sink before tending to everyones drinks again.

"Mary, how have you not got a VPL in a dress like that?" Louise asked as she watched Mary walking around the kitchen. Mary paused and smiled at her. "Ooooh." Louise said, "you're not wearing any are you?"

"Really?" Richard said.

Mary, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and a glass in the other, turned to face him with her back to Louise and Mike.

"Really." She said, looking up into his eyes seductively.

He stepped forward and slid a hand under her dress between her legs. She quivered a little as he massaged her clit gently before removing his hand. Louise and Mike were both turned on a little, despite not actually seeing anything.

Richard looked at Louise. "No, she's definitely not wearing any." He said. "Are you?"

Louise looked embarrassed "I didn't get the memo." She said, looking pensively at Mike, "sorry".

Mike smiled at her. "Don't worry, neither did I." Everyone laughed.

"I think we need a toilet break, Louise?" Mary said gesturing towards the door.

Louise stood up. "I'll be back." she said, stroking her hand across Mike’s shoulders as she passed behind him. Mary smiled.

As they headed out of the kitchen together, Mary and Louise giggled as they headed upstairs to the bathroom. Mary sat on the toilet as Louise looked at herself in the mirror.

"So, you like?" Mary asked.

"I like." Louise said.

"How much?" Mary asked.

"Oh, enough." Louise replied, smiling at her through her reflection.

"In that case, maybe you should get the memo." Mary said, as she flushed the toilet.

Louise looked puzzled for a split second. "Oh." she eventually said. "Help me with these straps then." She said, lifting her dress slightly. They both unclipped the straps on her stockings allowing her to remove her thong, before they clipped

the stockings back into place.

"Ready?" Mary asked, running her fingers through Louises hair.

"Ready." Louise said, finding her confidence.

"Good. Now go get what you came here for." Mary said, taking her hand and leading her to the door.

As they passed Mary's room on the way back to the top of the stairs, Mary went in and turned on her bedside lamp and a tall lamp in the corner of the room, before putting some music on, setting the mood a little. Then they headed downstairs and into the kitchen where Richard and Mike were stood leaning against the worktop chatting over a beer. Mary went straight over to Richard and took his hand, leading him to the corner of the room before putting her arms around his neck and kissing him as his hands started to wander over her dress.

Louise went over to Mike. "It seems you're stuck with me now." She said, looking up at him sweetly.

"Oh, I think I can handle that." He replied, putting down his beer on the worktop and putting a hand on her hip. She reached up and touched his arm as she waited, tilting her head slightly, eventually Mike leaned forward and kissed her.

As Mike and Louise kissed, Mary cast a glance over to them.

"It seems your work is done." Richard said, smiling at her.

"Not quite." she said "watch".

"Did Louise tell you she got the memo in the end?" She called across the room at Mike. He stopped kissing Louise for a second but didn't look at Mary. Instead he looked into Louises eyes.

"Really?" He asked.

"Well I didn't want to feel left out." She said, looking up at him as he stared into her eyes and slowly slid his hand from her hip across under the front of her dress and caressing her clit very lightly. Louise closed her eyes for a second, enjoying his touch.

Mary wandered over and took the arm still by Louises side and pulled her gently away. Reluctantly Louise followed.

"Shall we take this upstairs gentlemen?" Mary said, as she led Louise down the corridor. Richard and Mike followed. As they reached the bottom of the stairs Mary stopped and looked at them.

"Enjoy the view." She said, as she and Louise held hands and walked side by side up the stairs, their sex fully exposed to their dates below them.

Both Mary and Louise got a kick out of it, as did Mike and Richard, who started to follow them up the stairs as they reached half way. When they reached the top of the stairs, Mary led Louise into her bedroom, followed rather quickly by Mike and Richard.

"Sit." Mary said, gushing with confidence and gesturing to her sofa. Mike and Richard did as she instructed.

She turned to Louise, who had just worked out what Mary was up to. They stepped toward each other in front of their audience on the sofa and put their arms around each other, kissing deeply.

Mary slowly reached around Louise and unzipped the dress, peeling it off her and allowing it to fall to the floor. She then unclipped her bra which Louise let fall quickly, leaving her stood only in her red heels, fishnets, and suspender belt.

Louise reached for the bottom of Mary's dress and very slowly peeled it upward as Mary raised her arms, allowing it to be removed, now leaving Mary only in her red boots and white fishnet hold-ups. They held each other and kissed again, slowly and gently caressing each other before they seemed to remember they were being watched. They held each other and almost simultaneously turned their heads to Richard and Mike, who were sat watching with beaming smiles on their faces.

Mary let go of Louise and walked over, straddling Richards lap as she sat on him. Louise walked over to Mike, who was still sat next to Richard and did the same.

It wasn't lost on Mary that Richard and Mike were admiring both of their bodies, their eyes flicking between the two of them. Louise seemed to notice it too, but

neither of them minded. Not tonight.

Mike lifted Louise, who wrapped her legs around him as he carried her over to Mary's bed, where she lowered her legs and stood in front of him, unbuttoning his shirt. Mary and Richard watched as he removed his shirt while Louise turned her attention to his belt, then his trouser button, before sitting on the bed in front of him. He pulled down his trousers and stepped out of them, kicking off his shoes in the process. Louise pulled down his boxers and looked at her prize, before looking across at Mary and Richard, giving them a smile, and eagerly taking Mike in her mouth.

Richard reached under Mary, still sitting in his lap as they watched Louise sucking on Richard, and slid his fingers inside her. She looked back at him and smiled.

"We need a closer look." She said to him suggestively.

He quickly removed his fingers and lifted her in the same way Mike had done with Louise. He carried her to the other side of her bed from where Louise was sitting and lay her down on her back. She watched Louise take Mikes hands and place them on her head, as Mary liked to do with Richard. Mary could see why Louise enjoyed watching her with Richard the evening before. She didn't need to masturbate as Louise had done last night though, as Richard quickly pinned open her legs. She saw Mike admiring her sex as Richard slid his fingers into her again, before burying his head in her and setting to work eagerly with his tongue.

Mary and Louise hadn't discussed this. In fact, Mary had just assumed that one couple would end up in Richards room, and the other in hers. The last thing she or Louise ever expected was for Louise to be sat on Mary's bed giving a stranger a blow job, while that same stranger had full view of Marys naked body while Richard went down on her. Strangely though, this was a perfect moment, for all four of them.

Eventually, after slowly thrusting into Louises mouth for some time, Mike pushed her back onto the bed, her head coming to rest adjacent to Mary's, who at this point was moaning from Richards attention. Mary took the opportunity to take a look at Mikes manhood, which she quite liked the look of. He knelt down at the edge of the bed and went down on Louise, who reached out and took Marys hand as she too started to moan.

After a while, and before each of the ladies reached orgasm, Mike and Richard stopped, and the girls lay on the bed, looking at each other, still holding hands. Richard stood up and undressed as he admired the two of them lying there together. Mike passed each of them their wine glasses, which they sat up and each took a very large drink from, before passing them back to him and he put them on Mary's table.

"You don't need to ply us with alcohol to take advantage of us." Louise said to Mike, while casting a glance at Mary. "Do they?"

"Oh, definitely not." Mary said, stroking a hand across Louise's thigh. They looked at each other and seemed to simultaneously have the same idea. Louise placed a hand on Mary's neck, and slowly slid it down her body, over a nipple, and down towards her clit. Stopping achingly short. She smiled at Mary and pushed her back gently, Mary didn't resist. As she lay down, Mary saw Richard and Mike head to her table, collecting their beers before turning to watch.

Mary expected Louise to kiss her, but she didn't. Instead Louise stayed seated next to her as she lay there and traced her fingers over her body before eventually reaching down and stroking her clit. Mary moaned. Louise slid her fingers into Mary slowly as Mike and Richard watched on.

Louise leaned down and kissed Mary on the tummy, before sliding her tongue down over her navel and resting it gently on her clit. Mary loved it, really loved it. She looked over at Richard and reached out her hand, he stepped towards her and kneeled on the bed so she could play with him while Louise went down on her. Richard looked at Mike, who was now stood on his own.

"Don't you have another spare hand?" Richard said to Mary. She looked at Mike, smiled, and held out her other hand. Mike put down his beer, walked to the the side of the bed and kneeled next to her as she took him in her other hand.

Mary considered her position briefly, as her friend went down on her and she had a dick in each hand. Louise was right when she said that Mary wasn't the same girl she was this time last week. She struggled to concentrate fully on what her hands were doing as Louise worked her clit, but as it turns out she didn't need to for long. Louise got up, pushed Mary's legs closed and sat on her hips. She played with her own clit a little as she watched Mary pleasuring the men.

Louise looked up at Mike, then across at Richard. Both looked rather pleased

with the situation. She leaned forward and gently pulled Marys arms away from them. She climbed off the bed and picked up a glass of wine, Mary climbed off and joined her. They both stood in their stockings and heels, glaring seductively at the men in front of them as they finished the contents of their glasses. Richard and Mike climbed off the bed and walked towards them, Mike stopping in front of Louise, and Richard in front of Mary. Mostly by coincidence, each took a hand of the woman in front of them. Richard led Mary to one side of the bed, Mike led Louise to the other.

As each woman sat down and lay back, their heads were adjacent to each other once again. They both turned to look at one another and smiled. Louise watched as Mary lifted her legs and opened them, inviting Richard in. Louise turned to look at Mike, and lifted her legs up and open in exactly the same way.

Seconds later they both felt a guy sliding into them. They both moaned. Mary and Louise expected things to progress in the same room from there, but from nowhere they both heard Mike speak to Richard.

"Mind if we borrow your room for a while? I'd like some time alone with Louise." He asked.

"It's all yours." Richard replied, holding still over Mary, still insider her.

Mike looked down at Louise.

"What do you think? Fancy it?"

Louise smiled up at him and wrapped her legs around his waist and arms around his neck. He lifted her into the air and carried her towards the door, still inside her. As they were about to leave Mary called to him.

"Mike." She said.

"Yes?" He replied, stopping for a second.

"Make sure she can feel it in the morning. She seems to find that kinda thing hot." She said, looking up and Richard and smiling.

"Really?" Mike asked, looking at Louise.

She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. "Let's go and find out."

As they left the room Mary looked up at Richard. "I don't need to go and bend over the kitchen table tonight do I? I think we're on the same page now. aren't we?" She said softly.

He lifted her legs higher and wove them behind her head.

"Tell me if it hurts." He said, fire in his eyes.

"No." She said, closing hers.

Richard withdrew to his tip, and slammed himself into her so hard she almost had an orgasm from just one thrust.

She looked at him, eyes watering slightly, and smiled.

He did it again.

She screamed, and looked up at him, now with an angry, horny, desperate face.

As Richard withdrew a third time and was just about to slide into her again, they both heard Louise scream in Richards room. It was loud, and for a split second worried them both a little, before they heard her scream again this time screaming 'Yes'.

"Sounds like she's having fun. Want to go and see?" Richard said.

"Maybe later." Mary said. "Right now I'd rather have some fun of my own."

For the next few minutes, Richard made Mary scream in pleasure. He fucked her as hard and aggressively as he did in the kitchen a few nights ago, but this time she could see his face, and the more aggressive he became, the more Mary stared into his eyes, suggesting she wanted more. The cycle continued until Richard came hard inside her, not waiting for her to do the same. Frustrated, she removed her legs from behind her shoulders and wrapped them around him, trying desperately to encourage him to give her what she wanted. She looked at him like a petulant child, knowing that turned him on, but even that didn't work.

He leaned down and whispered in her ear. "No you don't. You can wait until I am

ready to let you."

She was furious, frustrated, but also ridiculously turned on by him taking this level of control over her. He slid out of her and climbed off the bed, throwing her cigarettes and lighter to her.

"We need more beer and wine. I'll be back." He said.

She decided to tease a little. "Maybe I'll pop to your room while you are gone. Louise might like to finish me off." She said as he walked towards the door.

"Maybe, or Mike might oblige." he responded casually as he left the room.

Mary felt that he had played her at her own game. For a split second she considered calling his bluff and going into his room, but she thought better of it, and from the noises coming from the room she was confident that Louise was very happily getting her brains fucked out.

She sat up on the bed, legs bent and open slightly as she lit her cigarette and reached for the ashtray. Richard came back into the room and put a fresh bottle of wine on the table and a bottle of beer for Mike, as he sat on the end of the bed, admiring Marys exposed and mostly naked body.

She could tell he was thinking something. "See something you want?" she said.

"I want all of you." He said.

"All?" She asked, having some idea what he meant.

"All." He replied calmly.

Mary put down her cigarette and rolled over onto her front, before getting up on all fours facing away from him, her bottom inches from his face.

"You mean you want this?" She said.

"I think you know I do." He said.

"Then why don't you take it?" She said, putting her head down and sliding back a little.

Richard put down his bottle and slid a hand over her bottom before inserting his fingers into her sex. He removed them slowly, and gently inserted one into her ass. He was gentle, and she was keen, the combination made the whole thing go quite easily. She moaned a little, enjoying the sensation.

Richard inserted a second finger slowly. Mary flinched a little at first, but soon adjusted, and as he slowly moved them forward and back, she quickly became aroused by the new, but pleasing feeling. He slowly removed them and kissed her bottom.

"Next time we're alone. It takes patience and a little practice." He said.

Mary didn't object. In fact she loved that he wanted to wait for a better time. She sat down on the bed and finished her cigarette, flirting with him with her eyes as the noises coming from the other room reached fever pitch, then subsided.

"Sounds like they're finished." Mary said.

"For now, if I know Mike he's far from finished."

"So are you I hope." Mary said, raising an eyebrow at him. He smiled as the Mike appeared at the door. He peered round to see Mary, still naked but for her stockings, sat on the bed, and Richard sat in front of her with a beer. Mike walked in and picked up the new beer.

"I need this." He said drinking half of it in one go. Mary looked at him, his dick still slightly hard and glistening. Louise wandered in behind him and saw Mary looking at him. "Thinking about cleaning it up for him?" Louise said, now full of confidence as she poured two new glasses from the new bottle of wine. Mary looked over at Richard.

"Don't let me stop you." He said, getting up off the edge of the bed and nodding at Mike. Mary put out her cigarette as Mike walked over to the edge of the bed and she shuffled forward slightly. Louise wandered over and stood with Richard, both of them waiting. Mary smiled at them both before turning and lifting Mike into her mouth. She knew very well that what she could taste was a cocktail of Mikes cum and Louises. It turned on everyone in the room to see her slowly cleaning him. She stopped for a second and looked at Louise.

"Side on, as requested." she said. She turned back to Mike and slowly slid his

entire length down her throat and held there for a second or two.

"Fucking hell Mary." Louise blurted out. Mary withdrew slowly.

"Don't knock it till you've tried it." She said, nodding at Richard. Louise, still stood next to him, turned to face him and looked down at his cock.

"Looks like you could do with a clean up too." She said, holding out a hand and stroking it. Richard put a hand on her shoulder and she knelt down, eagerly taking him in her mouth. Mary watched as she continued sucking Mike.

"There." Mary said, withdrawing from Mikes still semi hard cock. "All clean. Are you done Louise?" She asked, looking across.

Louise was not done. She seemed more than happy to stay where she was.

"Erm, Louise." Mary said, waiting.

"Lou?"

Richard laughed and tapped Louise on the shoulder who withdrew from his cock, which was growing again, unaware that Mary had been trying to get her attention.

The girls wandered off to the bathroom as Richard and Mike sat drinking naked on the sofa, which was a peculiar sight, Mary thought.

"How was it?" Mary asked as she closed the bathroom door behind them as they cleaned themselves up a little.

"Fucking incredible." Louise said. "I can get into these older men. Or they can get into me. He has a lovely cock."

Mary cast a look at her. "Which one?"

"Both of them actually. Fancy swapping for a bit?" Louise asked.

“No. Blow jobs are one thing, but Richards not fucking anyone but me." Mary said, taking off her boots and rolling off her fishnets, creating a neat pile on the bathroom floor.

Louise sat on the edge of the bath and took off her heels and suspender belt before also carefully removing her stockings and adding them to Mary's pile.

"Staying the night?" Mary asked.

"Why not." Louise said. "Is there any particular reason we just got completely naked?"

"Two reasons actually, and they are in my room waiting for us." Mary said.

"I suppose we had better go and entertain our guests then, don't you think?" Louise replied, reaching for Mary's hand and leading her out of the bathroom.

Mary stopped her. "Wait. Can you believe this? I know we've had a lot of wine but this is seriously slutty don't you think?" She said.

"We're young, and it's a shit load of fun. Where's the harm?" Louise asked confidently. "Besides, you were quite sober when you arranged it. You knew where it was going."

"I had no idea it was going here to be fair..." Mary said thoughtfully.

"Want to call it a day?" Louise asked.

"Oh god no." Mary said, smiling once more. "Not at all."

As they re-entered the bedroom, Richard was stood in front of the sofa alone and still naked.

"He's waiting for you next door." He said to a puzzled looking Louise.

"Oh, okay. Is he staying tonight?" Louise asked.

"Yes, I thought it wise." Richard responded.

"Then I guess I'll see you two in the morning then." Louise said smiling and turning to head for the door.

"You will." Mary replied. She turned to look at Richard as she wandered over and sat on the arm of the sofa.

"I do like it when you come back from the bathroom naked." He said. “It’s such a pity Margaret is back tomorrow.”

"I know," she replied "that's why I did it. I don’t think we need to worry too much about Margaret, we just need to be a lot quieter and more discreet, but she doesn’t come upstairs very often.”

He smiled at her as he walked over and pushed her back onto the arm of the sofa. She instinctively lifted her legs in the process, glancing at his rapidly hardening dick.

"Are you going to let me come this time?" She said excitedly.

"Oh yes." He said, sliding deep into her once more and starting to thrust. "Very much so."

As always, he was as good as his word...

Epilogue

Aweek had passed since Mary and Louise's debauched evening with Richard and Mike.

Much to Mary's disappointment, Richard had to leave Margaret's only a few days later and had been sent on a work assignment in Germany. She always knew it would happen, but she really did miss him, and the sex. They still sexted each other a fair bit. Richard would often set her challenges, such as going to lectures in a short skirt with no underwear for example, which she would eagerly do, and send him photo evidence from each challenge.

Mary was horny 24/7, which was quickly becoming very frustrating. She'd had news that a room had become available in halls, and was in the process of arranging everything, so this was her last weekend at Margaret's - who was away visiting her daughter again on Saturday night.

Hearing that Richard had left, and that Mary was about to move back onto campus, Elliot had been on the scene a little more. He had offered to help Mary move back, which she had gratefully accepted, and they had agreed he would come round on Saturday afternoon to help her pack.

That afternoon, as they were packing things away, Mary received a text from Richard;

'Is he there?'

'Yes' Mary replied.

'Still horny?' Richard asked.

'Always' she responded.

'Then maybe it's time to show him what you have learned...' Richard replied. 'You can tell me all about it tomorrow.'

Mary looked up from her phone at Elliot, who was stacking boxes in the corner of the room. She raised an eyebrow in his direction then smiled and turned back to her phone.

‘Good idea’ she wrote.

After they had finished packing all they could for the day, they sat on the sofa with a coffee while Mary had a cigarette.

“Margaret’s away again tonight.” she said casually.

“Is she?” Elliot asked, suddenly interested.

“Yup,” Mary replied. “Want to keep me company?”

“Company how?” Elliot clarified, mindful that they had only a week or so ago decided to be friends without benefits, at least for now.

Mary put down her coffee and placed a hand on his leg, sliding it up to his groin, slowly rubbing him through his jeans.

“You know, company.” Mary said confidently.

Elliot smiled. “I’ll need to go home and get some stuff.”

“I’ll need to have a bath and wash my hair.”

“What time should I come back?” Elliot asked, looking at his watch. “It’s 3:30 now.”

“Six?” Mary said. “We could do pizza.”

“Ok, I guess I had better go then.” Elliot said.

Mary climbed onto his lap quickly

“Maybe you should take this with you.” She said, leaning forward and kissing him passionately for a minute. She slid off his lap. “Now go. A girl needs to get ready.”

“Mmm” he said, getting up. “I’ll see you later.” He walked to the door to let

himself out.

After he had left, Mary pulled a little black dress and heels from her wardrobe, ran her bath, shaved herself completely, and washed her hair before heading back to her room. She was really rather excited to show Elliot what she had learned, what she now liked, and hoped dearly that it might encourage him to be a little more physical too.

She considered ditching the dress and just going with lingerie, but changed her mind in favour of making Elliot wait a little. She put on her makeup, sorted her hair, and slipped into her dress and heels just in time for Elliot to knock the door. As ever, she dropped the keys from her bedroom window to him to let himself in, then arranged herself seductively on the sofa.

The familiar sound of glass clinking from the kitchen assured Mary that Elliot had arrived with wine, and a moment later he appeared at her bedroom door with two wine glasses and a bottle of Rosé. As he looked at her he stopped. Stunned.

“Hello there.” Mary said seductively.

“Fucking hell Mary, you look...” he paused.

“Fuckable?” She asked softly.

“Very.” he replied.

“Oh good.” she replied. “You had best order our pizzas then. The sooner we eat, the sooner you can have this.” she said, gesturing to herself.

Elliot ordered the Pizza and they sat drinking wine waiting for it to arrive. Mary put some music on, and sauntered around the room a little, keeping Elliot at arms length while he watched her every move.

Eventually the pizza arrived. Elliot seemed to be eating quicker than usual, Mary thought to herself, quite amused. While they were eating, she decided to address the elephant in the room.

“It was just sex you know, with Richard.” she said, looking across at him.

“Lots of it, so I understand.” he replied, picking up another slice of pizza.

Mary smiled. “Yes, it was quite intense. I just felt bad that I thought you felt pushed out.”

“I didn’t. I knew you were going to fuck him, I was just a bit annoyed that you didn’t feel you could tell me straight away, and wanted to hide it. In future just tell me.” He said quite warmly.

“In future?” Mary said, finishing her last slice of pizza.

“I suspect there will be others.” he said, smiling at her. She smiled back. Elliot finished his pizza and closed the box, taking Mary’s and putting them both on the floor.

“So.” Mary said, taking a huge gulp of wine and putting down her glass. “I presume you want what you came for.”

She stood in front of him and lifted the bottom of her dress slowly, exposing her naked body underneath as she lifted it over her head and dropped it to the floor. She stood there in front of the seated Elliot in her heels, as he studied her shaven body.

“You like?” she asked, sliding a finger over her clit.

Elliot just smiled, a glint in his eye.

She turned and walked to her bed, climbing onto it and looking over her shoulder at him. “You seem a little over dressed.” She said, slowly lying down.

Elliot got up and quickly undressed before walking over toward the bed. Mary sat up and stopped him climbing onto it.

“Kneel down” she said, positioning him at the edge of the bed. He did as he was instructed and Mary lay on her front, facing is growing manhood. She looked up into his eyes as she took him into her mouth slowly, then opened them wide as she relaxed her throat and slid his entire length into it.

“Holy fuck.” Elliot exclaimed. She moaned a little in pleasure before carrying on. It was time to see what Elliot was capable of. She withdrew him from her mouth, much to his disappointment, and rolled over onto her back, opening her legs and her mouth simultaneously. Elliot instinctively lowered himself into her

mouth, but initially seemed reluctant to do much else. Frustrated, Mary put her hands on his hips and gave him a firm pull, he took the hint, and pressed into her throat once more. 'Good boy' she thought, as Elliot started to fuck her mouth, slowly at first, but increasing in speed with a little encouragement from Mary until he wasn't far from Richard’s technique.

Delighted with Elliots efforts, Mary slid a hand down her body and started to play with herself, which Elliot loved watching. After a few minutes, Elliot slowed and pulled out of Mary's mouth.

"I need to stop or I'll..."

"Lie down, I'll take it from here." Mary said. Elliot simply thought that Mary was getting prepared to stop before he came, as she normally would. Mary, on the other hand, had other ideas. As Elliot lay down she positioned herself on her knees between his legs and started sucking him once more, quite aggressively, and very deeply. Elliot tried desperately to delay, but she was doing everything she could to encourage him. He tapped her shoulder, as normal.

She carried on.

He tapped her shoulder again.

"Mary, there's no time."

She carried on. Elliot gave up fighting it, and just as he was about to come, Mary slid her mouth right down onto him, forcing him to come into her throat. Elliot instinctively grabbed her head and pulled her onto him. She loved that. She felt him pulsing in her throat as he emptied it into her, when he was finished she needed to draw breath. She slid off him and sat up, coughing a little, before smiling at him and licking her lips.

"Who are you?" Elliot asked, smiling at her.

"There's more where that came from." Mary said, placing a hand on his glistening cock for a second before heading over to get her wine. "Plenty more."

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