**In the Shadows**

*by*

Daniel Wilson and Guest

Doug and Paige worked in the same industry, for two different companies, not really competitors, for the first was a small business, and the second was one of the largest companies in the field. They met at what Doug anticipated to be a mundane briefing. Little did he know that Paige had already scouted him out, and before the first chart had graced the screen she ambushed him with an introduction by a mutual friend serving as her partner in crime that afternoon. A beaming smile, a curvy figure nicely packaged in fashionable business clothes, and mid-back length rich brown hair with a touch of a perm sealed the deal. A whirlwind romance later, they became Mr. and Mrs.

Seven years later, they were mutually rewarded by their firms with an all expenses paid trip to one of the most important trade conventions in their industry. After seven years, they had long since exhausted every conceivable sexual variation, and their romantic life was showing signs of stagnation. They had discussed a variety of adventurous exploration, but neither of them were quite brave enough to engage in anything stronger than friendly flirting. Thus, they welcomed the opportunity to spend a long weekend in a paid suite in a top star hotel without the stresses and distractions of the daily grind. Doug had been working out harder and more regularly in anticipation of the trip, and Paige spent the better part of a day visiting various lingerie boutiques at their hometown.

The first night of the conference they received a joint invitation to an elite reception, at an exclusive club across town from the conference center. They had a rental car, but decided to take a taxi so that they could both relax without being worried about a DUI. Paige wore a new bright green tightly tailored sleeveless cocktail dress with a daringly low back and button front, that highlighted her eyes perfectly, with matching black seamed stockings and green heels. She looked simply stunning, and Doug couldn’t stop complimenting her. The reception was strictly a social event, held at a private club decorated to resemble an English Gentleman’s Club, complete with wooden paneling, leather seating, low-level lighting to resemble historic gas or candle light, and even a butler and servants. It was a wonderful evening, and both of them drank more than the single evening’s drink that they normally indulged in.

After a couple of hours, they found themselves sharing a table with a gentleman, and two ladies. The man was a ruggedly handsome attorney of indeterminate age by the name of Daniel Wilson, with an imposing presence. His wife was also Paige, but she was blonde rather than brunette, and absolutely stunning. Paige Wilson was in her mid-thirties, 5’7”, well rounded where she should be well rounded, slender and sleek where she should be slender and sleek. Her legs were long and shapely, her hips perfectly shape, her ass high and tight. Her hair was so blonde as to be almost platinum, and she wore it slightly curved and thick barely to her shoulders. Paige was the type of woman who stopped men in their tracks. Paige and Doug were not surprised when they learned that this Paige had once modeled in *Playboy*.

Their female friend was somewhat of a mystery, whether a lover, friend, or sister was anybody’s guess. Jennifer was a stunningly hot younger redhead, younger than the first Mrs. Paige, with a long tangled mane that reached almost to her ass. She was small and petite but nicely packaged, large breasts, slender waist, tight firm ass. Her fishnet stocking clad legs were strong and athletic. It was casually revealed that she had also modeled for a number of prominent magazines, and neither Doug or Paige were surprised. Her spectacular flesh was adorned with a number of bright tattoos, clearly executed by an accomplished artist. One of her entire arms was decorated, with the tattoos vanishing beneath the sleeve and back of her black dress.

Paige whispered to Doug, “How far do those tattoos go?”

Doug responded, “I don’t know but I’d like to find out!”

They squeezed each other’s hands.

The five of them spent the remainder of the evening together. All five were well-traveled, highly-educated, intelligent, and soon became familiar and comfortable with each other. Paige and Doug both felt relaxed, with their inhibitions loosened. Lots of sexual innuendo was being passed around the table. When a dance band started to play a set, Jennifer and Paige Wilson both practically dragged Doug onto the floor.

Paige looked at Daniel hopefully, but he apparently had other plans, for he rather pulled his chair up, perilously close to hers.

He smiled at her, staring into her eyes, “I thought this would give us a chance to talk privately.”

She didn’t notice that his left arm smoothly slid underneath the table, into the darkness behind the table cloth.

Daniel continued the conversation, “You’re a stunningly beautiful woman, Paige. How long have you been married?”

Paige cocked her head to the side in a trademark gesture, twirling her hair in her finger, “Seven years, why?”

Daniel placed his right hand lightly yet sensuously against her cheek, “I’m guessing, from your earlier comments, that you’re suffering from the seven-year itch, am I right, dear Paige?”

At the same instant, Daniel’s left hand closed upon Paige’s lower thigh, just above her knee, barely touching the hem of her dress. Paige jumped, just a bit, and her body quivered. She felt like she had just received an electrical shock.

Paige and Doug had talked about doing something like this to spice up their sexual life. Paige wasn’t drunk, but she had imbibed enough wine to weaken her resistance. In fact, she was quite horny. Mr. Wilson was extremely handsome, and his hand felt really good on her leg. She decided to take the plunge. She remained very still, letting him have his way with her.

He moved his chair slightly closer to her, all the while moving his hand cautiously up her leg, massaging her silk-clad muscles, taking his time. He enjoyed witnessing Paige’s face and upper chest flush. He dropped his right hand from Paige’s cheek, stroking it down her neck, to her bare shoulder, then down her arm. The lovely young brunette stayed completely still, making no move to resist his seduction. He could feel her trembling beneath him.

He grinned at her, leaned closely forward, barely kissed her on the tip of her nose, and breathed into her ear, “Do you like what my hand is doing?”

Paige gasped, more desperately than she intended, “Oh, yes.”

He stared into her eyes, and she was mesmerized, simply incapable of breaking his gaze. He commanded, “Tell me what you are feeling, Paige.”

Her voice quivered, “My heart is pounding, my pulse is racing. I should tell you to stop.”

Daniel chuckled, “But you’re not, are you?”

His fingers reached the top of her stockings, explored beneath the lace, and began moving up the bare skin of her upper thigh, his fingertips sliding underneath her garter straps.

Paige felt light-headed, “I can’t, I can’t tell you to stop.”

Daniel leaned forward again to give Paige a light kiss on her lips, “You want this, don’t you Paige?”

She couldn’t lie, as his fingertips now rested barely underneath the lacy edge of her sheer panties, “Yes.”

Daniel continued, with some emphasis, “You NEED this, don’t you, Paige?”

She almost sobbed, “Oh, yes. I REALLY need it.”

He chuckled again, and slid the palm of his hand atop her lace covered pussy. She gasped, but Daniel noted that at the same time she spread her legs wide open. He thought to himself, *This night is beginning to offer all sorts of possibilities.* He pressed, and was rewarded with a whimper escaping from Paige’s throat. Daniel’s right hand rested on her left flank, and gently touched her breast through her dress, while his left hand pressed firmly against Paige’s pussy. He could feel moisture seeping through her panties. He rolled his wrist bone against the depression in the center of her panties.

Daniel resumed, “Paige, your beautiful body is getting wet for me.”

Paige opened her mouth to reply but she could only sigh as she arched her hips off the chair, desperately wanting more contact, “Please.”

Daniel was devious, he wanted to take his time with her, and he fully intended to relish the night. He moved his fingers off her pussy, slipped them underneath the edges of her panties, and quickly penetrated her with his index finger, rotated to gather her moisture upon it, and then withdrew. Paige took a deep sharp breath, closed her eyes tight and gasped loudly. He slid his hand down her thigh, and lifted his finger to his nose. He sniffed it, like the cork from a vintage wine bottle, and slipped the tip of his damp finger into his mouth to taste her for the first time. Paige looked like she was ready to melt.

He leaned forward again, his sampling concluded, “Paige, I want you to do something for me.”

Paige was reeling, “Anything…anything…please.”

Daniel decided to test this lovely brunette, to see how far under his control she now was, “Paige, I want you to go to the lady’s room, remove your panties, and return them to me. Right now.”

He wondered how she might respond, but she simply stood up, posed for him for an instant, and made a bee line for the lady’s room, without having said a single word. Mr. Wilson mentally plotted, while awaiting the return of a beautiful married woman who he fully intended to make his next conquest this very evening. She was quite stunning, thick shining brunette tresses, well rounded full breasts, a slender waist, long legs nicely displayed in those sexy seamed stockings, and blessed with a fantastic ass. He couldn’t wait to plunder her body. Of course, his wife and lover would have to keep her husband occupied, but from the scene on the edge of the dance floor, they already had that task well in hand.

Meanwhile, Paige was in a stall in the lady’s room. She felt dizzy and her whole body was churning. She thought, *I shouldn’t be doing this. Doug and I should leave. We should leave now.*

Then she remembered how Mr. Wilson’s hand felt on her leg and pussy, and she surrendered to her urges. Doug and her had talked about swinging or swapping or hot wife cuckolding, but it had been nothing more than sexy talk in the bedroom. Both of them were too cowardly to do anything more than talk about it. But when she remembered how Mr. Wilson’s hand had crept underneath her skirt, his fingers and palm fondling their way up her stocking, then across her bare thigh, and finally touching her and pressing into her slit, she felt herself moistening again. Now she knew what she had needed for the past two years. She needed to feed on and be fed strange cock.

She pressed her panties into her slit and rubbed them against her pussy, making sure that her scent would be strong on them. He seemed to like the smell and taste of her pussy juice.

Paige rolled the sheer lace black panties off her hips, and carefully concealed them in the palm of her hand.

She practically raced out of the restroom. Her whole body was tingling. She had wanted to sexually step out for some time now, but she had no idea how to arrange such a thing. Having seen (and felt) Mr. Wilson at work, she suspected that this handsome attorney was quite adept at making such arrangements. Her pussy actually twitched for an instant as she thought, *God, I want him to arrange me into his bed tonight!*

But Paige didn’t want him to know how horny, desperate and eager she was, and that she was ripe for his plucking. So, as she drew closer to their table, she gained control of herself and walked slowly with her head held up, hair tossed back in its hottest look, working her heels and hips, to all outward appearances a confident and sexy woman walking back to her man.

Her Doug, and that hot redhead and blonde, were still missing. She had a pretty good idea of what they were up to, either on or off the dance floor, and that was fine with her. Paige hoped that Doug was at this very moment investigating how far Jennifer’s tattoos really went. As for herself, she was just about to give a stranger complete and unconstrained access to her body. And she couldn’t wait to do it.

Paige stepped up to the table, admiring Mr. Wilson’s powerful male physique adorned in perfectly tailored business clothing. Paige thought, *He is going to have me tonight*. He stood when she approached, held her chair for her, and when she sat down he kissed the back of her neck. Paige felt her pussy lips open just a touch, involuntarily, at his sensual touch. Once seated, and without a word, Mr. Wilson held out his hand before her, palm open, on the table. She placed her hand atop his, and transferred her most intimate piece of apparel permanently into his possession.

He briefly lifted them to his nose, and knew instantly that her pussy juices had liberally soaked them. He looked pleased and winked at her, and Paige felt butterflies in her stomach…*and somewhere else*. With a smile, Daniel casually placed his prize into his suit pocket.

Paige beamed at him, and just at this moment the other three members of the party returned from the dance floor, or wherever else they had been. Paige didn’t miss that Doug’s and the two women’s clothing was slightly disordered and they were all flushed, *Not so innocent* she thought.

They had barely sat down, when the house lights began brightening, signaling that closing time loomed. Doug withdrew his iPhone to summon a ride, but Daniel was having none of it, “Nonsense, we’re staying at the same hotel, there is no reason for you to wait for and pay for a cab.”

Paige Wilson smiled at them, “Don’t be ridiculous, ride with the three of us, we have plenty of room.”

Paige’s stomach flip-flopped, as she realized that this enchanting evening was really not ending, rather it was just beginning, *This was really going to happen.*

Once in the parking garage, the Wilson car proved to be an expensive four-door Lexus. Clearly business was good for the Wilson household. Mr. Wilson held the door open so that Doug and Paige could enter the rear, he innocently suggested, “Paige, you should take the middle, we’ll all be more comfortable.” Now, that seemed to make sense, so the brunette occupied the center rear, with her husband to her left. Then, they were both surprised to see him open the two front doors. Paige Wilson occupied the driver’s seat, and Jennifer slid easily into the passenger seat. Mr. Wilson then claimed the last open seat to Paige’s right.

When the ride began, Jennifer reached forward and fiddled with the central console. Low music filled the interior of the car, 40’s big band tunes, rich with female vocals, saxophones and a bass. The Lexus had a spectacular sound system, and it was adjusted perfectly for the tunes that were playing.

It was late, and Paige Wilson appeared to be taking a route that led around the periphery of the city rather than going directly through it. It was late, there was almost no traffic, a new moon was in the sky, invisible behind a few clouds, and the rear seat of the car was extremely dark indeed. The only illumination was the muted lights of the dashboard, and Paige Wilson had adjusted them as dim as possible, while still being able to see the instruments.

Everybody was quiet, the calm after the frenzied social reception. Paige was nervous and excited in anticipation. Mr. Wilson casually permitted his right hand to touch Paige’s stocking clad right knee. Paige was surprised and jumped a little. His hand remained, but Paige thought that it might be an accident caused by a bump and a turn, and didn’t say anything. *Surely Daniel wouldn’t start something right in front of her husband.* She and Doug held hands.

Then it became apparent that Mr. Wilson’s hand placement was not accidental whatsoever. He gently massaged her knee through the silky stocking, and then began slowly sliding it beneath her skirt, gently kneading her thigh as he worked his way up. The sensations were all too familiar, it was underneath the table all over again, and Paige’s body surged and thrilled. She felt as if she were surrounded and embraced by the smooth, silky, smoky, sensual beat of the music.

Mr. Wilson proceeded to slide his left arm around Paige’s bare shoulders, and placed his lips against her right ear, “Paige, you are a very beautiful woman. Let me make this ride a journey you will never forget. Open your legs for me. Don’t let this night end.”

Paige hesitated. She gripped her husband’s hand hard, *I didn’t expect him to start with my husband sitting right here.* Then she remembered how Mr. Wilson’s fingers had felt against her, and the reaction that his touch had generated. Her heart was thundering and she felt faint, *I have to do this.*

She spread her legs wide open, signaling to Mr. Wilson that he could continue his advances, not only permitted but welcomed. He mentally grinned to himself, *This is going to be easy. I am going to rock this little hottie’s world….”*

Paige turned her head to her husband, still holding her hand, kissed him, and whispered to him, “This is going to become a very special night. Remember the sexy time we talked about but never acted on? I think tonight is going to be the night. Just roll with it, and remember that I love you.”

Doug suddenly realized what the subtle shifted motions in the rear seat meant, and why his wife’s left hand was holding his hand in a death grip.

Daniel kept his hand slowly moving up Paige’s thigh, her right leg now pressed directly against him. Paige could feel the eyes in the front of the car on her, and Jennifer had quietly opened and adjusted the mirror in her visor. Paige didn’t know how they knew, but she suspected they were well aware that she was being taken in the rear seat, and that they were front row voyeurs to her seduction.

Daniel’s fingers reached the lacy top of her stockings, and now there was nothing but smooth flesh before his fingertips. Paige started openly quivering, *it was finally happening.*

Daniel slipped his fingers underneath the edges of her stockings. He could feel the brunette trembling, and knew that she was extremely aroused, *This was going to be fun breaking in this little filly.*

He touched her bare flesh, and she jumped slightly, precisely as she had previously. Paige thought to herself, *Everybody can hear,* *I have to be quiet*. He let her settle down, then continued his inexorable journey, his hand now buried completely underneath her dress, which was being bunched up out of the way. Daniel moved his left hand across her back, slid the strap of her dress off her shoulder, then he continued down her bare shoulder, cupped her left breast, and undid the top buttons of her dress.

Doug watched with undisguised lust, still holding his wife’s left hand tightly, and he could feel the intensity of the scene in her grip.

Daniel’s fingers traced a path on Paige’s naked thigh, above the lace top of the stocking, until he reached the edge of her bare pussy. His hands had been here mere minutes before, but then lace panties had been in his way, giving her at least a pretence of marital chastity. Now she had surrendered her only protection to him, and her pussy was naked, open, vulnerable, waiting for his touch. Her sweet spot was his.

Daniel whispered into her ear again, “Do you want me to make you come, Paige?”

Paige turned her head towards him and all but melted, sighing quietly, “Oh God, oh yes, please.”

He smiled to himself, *Now to have her.*

Daniel used his fingers to trace her pussy lips. Paige involuntarily arched her hips up against his hand. Doug could feel her body shift position. He could barely discern Daniel’s hand underneath his wife’s skirt, and saw the skirt of her dress clumped up around her thighs as shadows.

The front of her dress gaping open, Daniel’s left hand again cupped her left breast, then peeled away the lacy fabric of the bra, releasing her naked breast into his hand. He gently fondled her nipple, now stiffened for him, he knew that her husband could see him playing with his wife’s breast. The pale white of her breast was clearly visible in the darkened rear seat, and everybody in the back seat knew that Paige Wilson and Jennifer in the front seat could observe her exposed tit in their mirrors.

Now Daniel was ready for the grand finale. He rested his fingertips so that they barely touched the lips of her exposed pussy. Paige was so aroused now that all she wanted was to have Daniel’s fingers on her clit and inside her. She moaned, barely loud enough for everybody in the car to hear, even above the music.

Daniel whispered into her ear, once more, “Are you going to come for me, Paige?”

She whimpered, “Yes, yes, I’ll come for you.”

The young brunette wife was absolutely soaked. He placed his fingers against her pussy lips, which felt solid, soft and hot beneath them. Paige was openly shaking, and tried to arch her hips against him. She had her legs spread as wide as she could, and her husband knew that she was voluntarily spreading her legs for another man. Doug was incredibly aroused, and wondered desperately when the ride was going to end, and who would be sleeping with who when it did.

Daniel whispered again, kissing her ear, “Let me, Paige, let me, I’m going to take care of you, the way you need to be handled.”

She settled down, right until he thrust his index finger deep into her pussy against her g-spot, and placed his right thumb directly upon her clit. Then she exploded.

Paige no longer cared who heard her. She gasped loudly, as Daniel ripped his first orgasm from her body. She came violently, shaking and crying. He had one hand on her bare tit, another hand underneath her dress buried in her pussy. Her entire body went rigid and she arched off the car seat as she came again.

She was still quivering and shaking, her breast still jutting out of her open dress, her skirt pushed up around her waist, when they pulled up before their hotel. She had stopped having rational thoughts long minutes before, she had surrendered completely to what she was feeling with her entire body.

Daniel whispered again into her ear, “I want you tonight, Paige.”

She turned to him, whimpered, “My husband?”

Daniel chuckled, “My Paige and Jennifer will take good care of him. Thirty minutes from now he’ll be strapped down to our bed while they have their way with him. Does he eat good pussy?”

Paige replied, earnestly, “Oh, God, yes, he does.”

Daniel chucked again, “He’ll be eating pussy tonight until his jaw and tongue are sore.”

Paige questioned, “And what about me?”

Daniel used his tongue on her lips, drove his fingers deep inside her pussy and pulled on her nipple, “I’m going to have my way with you. I’m going to have you every way you can conceivably imagine. Your body is mine now.”

Paige’s heart skipped a beat and she whimpered, “Oh, yes.”

It was a very long night for all involved.

And an even better morning.