**An Attachment Is Made**

byDrmaxc©

Part 5 -- Feather  
  
"See you on the train then; and for Wednesday evening?" The guard had asked at the end of the long hot Saturday.  
  
It did not occur to Sally to say 'no.' What could she do if she had wanted to say 'no' and, actually, it had been a very good day. She was his plaything now, she knew that, but it was not as she had expected.  
  
Sally only just had time for a quick shower and change before she met Jerry. The evening went quite well but, she had to admit, Jerry was a bit boring to start with; going on and on about his work. Sally again thought about whether she really wanted to go out with him for much longer. Well, she would give him the month. Of course Jerry wanted sex. For Sally it would be the third act of the day but she could hardly use that as an excuse with him not to have sex!  
  
Jerry did like his games. One of them, Sally had soon found out when they had started dating, was his penchant for mild bondage—tying and being tied. As he had said, "what else are bedposts for?" She, for her part, had not been adverse; experimentation and fun came well within her orbit. Back at his flat, after a really good meal out at the local 'Indian,' it was quickly obvious it was a night for knots. The green silk scarf on the table by the door gave it away.  
  
Jerry had been fun enough in the Indian really, though she could have done with rather less about what he had done that week at work and what good deals he had pulled off. Still he had not seemed to notice anything odd about her such as having been cheating on him twice that day, been out walk­ing the Downs with another man and being virtually contractually bound to be another man's plaything for a month. That was until he had commented she looked as if she had been in the sun all day.  
  
"I had my hat," she'd blurted and then realised she would have to qualify that because she hadn't had it on all the time, though that was mostly when she had had nothing on at all, which was not something she wanted to explain, and in any case the mention of the hat did mean she had been out of doors and that would necessitate some sort of explanation.  
  
"I went for a walk," she said as she thought desperately whether to de­scribe her real walk (alone of course) or make up some story about walking in the park which might, if Jerry questioned, have to get more and more made up.  
  
"Suits you," he'd said and moved on to reminisce about their Greek holi­day and how tanned she had got, "all over." he had added. "But I don't sup­pose you were renewing that... or were you?"  
  
They had laughed but she had not had to answer that question because Jerry went off at a tangent about the football game the next day and that too had saved her lying. Relieved, yes: but slightly put out that he had not actually taken much interest in what she had been doing. He had been much more inter­ested in what he had been doing. Typical male, she had thought.  
  
Inside Jerry's flat they had kissed. Perhaps Sally was a little less enthusias­tically than usual though that may have been because she felt guilty about the day on the Downs... and the sex. Sally had felt his hands on hers, had felt him drawing them behind her, had felt the silk on her wrists and by the time they had broken their kiss her wrists were securely fastened together by the green silk scarf. It was a game she had played before.  
  
It was not that she was exactly helpless but she was certainly now subject to Jerry's whim — within reason! There was not too much resistance she could actually make with her hands tied behind her back. She knew he liked to un­dress her and she was fairly sure it would end with her spread-eagled on the bed, one limb to each post. She was not disappointed.  
  
This was what she liked about Jerry, his sense of fun, joking as he tried to take her clothes off one by one despite what was actually an impediment in having her hands tied behind her back. There really was no way he was going to get her bra off like that and he got in such a muddle that they ended up rolling around on the bed just laughing. He did, indeed, spread-eagle her but face down so she couldn't easily see what he was up to. He made her wait, just lying there in anticipation; what was he doing? Presumably undressing but what was he planning on doing next? The blindfold came and then it was the feather; that damn feather of his that he knew so well how to use, how to tickle excruciatingly on her most sensitive areas; those erogenous zones. But he built up to that and, of course, all parts of the body are ticklish and so there was plenty he could do before she felt the feather on her bottom. It had surprised her when he had first done it; how sensitive her anus was, how remarkably dev­astating was the feel of that feather lightly stroking just there, with nothing she could do to stop it. Oh yes, she could clench her buttocks a bit but she was spread-eagled and sooner or later she had to release and the tickling would start again.  
  
The feather began on her back, so gentle, so excruciatingly light in its touch but so powerfully registered by her nerve endings. He took his time on her back, on her arms, on her legs before the feather wisped over her bottom and found her little back hole. The intense feeling had her running; she could feel the wetness seeping from her. Would it really be possible to come just from the tickling of that damn feather on her bottom hole?  
  
She was moaning by the time he turned her over and retied her with four green scarves, one to each corner of the bed, with her limbs stretched out and her sex exposed. She had been hoping he would take her from behind, fuck her as she lay face down on the bed but that had not really been likely; he hadn't yet played the feather on her nipples and she knew he liked to tease her that way, liked to watch her squirm, liked to hear her pleading for him to stop and, please, please, just to fuck her. She rather thought he liked to stand over her with that lovely big prick of his rigid and proud, feeling dominant and in con­trol (which he certainly was!). The feather came wisping up her tummy to the undersides of her breasts, it was almost unbearable, yet she loved how wet he made her doing this. She knew he would take a long time on the smooth skin of her breasts, circling around but not quite touching the nipples, getting her al­most to screaming point before the feather would brush across the hardness of her nipples. The mixture of sensation and anticipation was something else.  
  
Jerry was kneeling over her as he played, she could tell that, one knee ei­ther side of a thigh but not touching, no she could not feel the touch of his bare flesh at all just the insistent wisp of the feather on her breasts. She was always surprised at how long he kept the feather work up, he would be 'up' as well and she would have expected him to want some attention on his cock by now, perhaps a leaning forward to bring his big mauve head within reach of her tongue—she stuck it out a little as a hint. She'd love to suck it now, feel it soft/hard in her mouth. How many times had she thought that? What a woman needs are two men at a time, one to use his cock in the wet hole 'down there' and the other for the woman to play with in her hands and mouth, the lovely smooth head and dangly vulnerable balls—super!  
  
The feather crept up her thighs and she knew it was going to happen; she was going to come without Jerry's cock touching her; without anything touch­ing her but that feather; she was close enough that when he played it across her clit she would simply explode; if he kept going that was because, she knew, there was no guarantee; Jerry might just stop and leave her hanging; go for a beer from the 'fridge, walking about his place naked and with that big erec­tion. Of course he'd be back but she would have to lie there waiting and in such intense frustration. Would he pause, would he leave her on the brink?  
  
Sally felt a surge of relief as the feather brushed against the top of her thighs and then her sex; Jerry was not going to go for a beer, he was going to carry on. The feather played gently around her lips, Sally could feel its every movement and then there it was wisping back and forth over the little raised knob of her clitoris, her own little standing erection. And wasn't the feeling in­tense? To and fro went the feather bringing her closer and closer to climax. In her mind she recalled doing the same to Jerry, he tied down and the very same feather tickling his cock, she just lying there looking at it and playing but she'd gone too far and hadn't realised until it suddenly bobbed up and down under the feather and began shooting streams of his cum onto his stomach. It had been both erotic and frustrating at the same time. Lovely to see his big penis shooting its load but annoying for her that it would not be useable within her for a time. Yet another reason for having two men in the bedroom... not that she had ever done that.  
  
The image of Jerry's spurting penis stayed as the feather took her over the edge; Sally writhing on the bed, unable to see as the orgasm built and she came—wonderfully — as the now excruciating tickling went on and on, right on her clit. The image of the fountaining penis in her mind.  
  
"Stop, oh please stop," she cried but he didn't for quite a time. Jerry really was quite cruel.  
  
She knew when he did stop the feather it was, of course, going to be to fuck her and at his own pace. She could not deny him that, he had after all just spent a great deal of time pleasuring her to orgasm, though there was no ques­tion he hadn't enjoyed doing that.  
  
The tickling ceased and for a moment there was silence and then, sur­prise, surprise, Jerry was on the bed straddled over her and she could feel his penis on her lips, just touching. She knew what was wanted, just a light licking with her tongue, not sucking, just licking. Jerry would like that, being able to watch her tongue on his cock, when she could not, a bit like his own private porno film.  
  
Sally flicked out her tongue and began to lick, exaggerated little tongue movements which would look so erotic to Jerry as he stared, she knew he would be staring, at his penis on her lips and at her darting tongue.  
  
Jerry liked that and let her lick for a long time, he had her tied down, just there to do his bidding and what man would not like having his penis head licked like an ice-cream cone? In control, able to lift away if the sensation got too much, no risk of coming too soon though it would not be the first time Jerry had come on her face: great gobs of cum all over her, making a real mess, in her hair, almost up her nose and dripping into her open mouth. Really rather more fun for him than her.  
  
"Let me drink you," she'd said but that was not his idea.  
  
Sally felt the penis moving, sliding over her tongue, sliding up by the side of her nose, letting her lick lower, her tongue moving down the shaft until she felt dangling over her mouth his balls. The hanging sack waiting to be licked and sucked.  
  
What an odd thing sex was—to be sure—what did she look like? What did Jerry look like? There they were on the bed, she tied up and Jerry kneeling over her head and she licking his hanging scrotum, particularly the right ball which she could feel was hanging lowest! What would a visitor from Mars make of that?  
  
She could feel he was moving his own cock, wanking whilst she played with his hanging scrotum..  
  
Sally licked and sucked on Jerry's balls, one by one in her mouth, not so much balls as little eggs which she could move around with her tongue in their sack in her mouth. The vulnerability of men and here she was with Jerry's in her mouth. Stupid, silly but fun things: such a contrast to the firmness of the erection above. With her tongue she pushed the hanging scrotum from side to side. Her tongue was starting to get tired.  
  
"Come on, let me suck you off, I'm thirsty for you." It was said in her most winsome voice and the penis once more slid over her tongue until she felt the smooth skin of the head. A light push and the round head slid past her lips to­wards her throat. Sally sucked, enjoying the feel of her man in her mouth and again thought of the ridiculousness of their position. To present his penis at the right angle Jerry would be slumped forward with his bottom high in the air, it would look even more ridiculous than before!  
  
The expected ejaculation did not come, instead the penis was withdrawn and Jerry moved down the bed; it was to be intercourse after all. But it was not hurried intercourse. Jerry took his time. A slow penetration, a gradual opening as he eased himself into her—all the way. Sally was always amazed that she could accommodate Jerry's length; how all that thing could disappear, as if by magic, into her body. Not that she disliked the feeling of course!  
  
She was beginning to really enjoy the slippery, sliding action when the penis was withdrawn and she felt her ankles being untied.  
  
What was he doing now?  
  
Sally felt her ankles being lifted and brought upwards, one in each of Jerry's hands until her legs were vertical, and her feet towards the ceiling. With her ankles far apart he could see everything, her sex opened and exposed. Sally felt once more the touch of penis on her vaginal opening and it slipping in. What was Jerry up to? She knew really; typical man, so visual, watching his own penis in the act of intercourse and she blindfolded and unable to see a thing. He slid all the way in and then pulled right out only to do the same again.  
  
"Did you know your hole stays open for a few seconds before closing after I pull out? Fascinating!"  
  
"Can't say I've looked," Sally replied dryly. Really men were so gynaeco­logically obsessed. It was the feeling that counted surely not detailed observa­tion?  
  
"There, I got it in before it closed. Brill."  
  
Ridiculous.  
  
Sally didn't really mind Jerry playing but she was pleased when he finally got on top of her and did it properly. Good traditional missionary sex, well apart from her being tied up and blindfolded of course—that wasn't in the basic 'how to do it' manual. Not actually another orgasm for Sally but good sex nonetheless. An orgasm, of course, for Jerry.  
  
The next day, Sunday, as tended to be the case, began with watching Jerry play­ing football followed by drinks with his friends, lunch and back to his place for a snooze and, more than likely, a ride on his big cock. Sally was not much into football but Jerry was and, usually, she was content to stand with the other women and watch. As tended to happen, Jerry's team lost so the talk in the pub, she knew, would more be about what they did wrong than what they did right and it would be a little boring. She watched as the two teams trooped off to the changing rooms at the end of the match. Were any as big as Jerry? The thought came unbidden into her head; that would be fun to find out. She wouldn't mind watching them in the showers as a casual observer. No, not ca­sual, if she really wanted to see how big they were, more as an official from FIFA — "I've come to check your cock sizes for our database. Don't worry it is a completely painless process; I'll help you get ready; no need to dry, just line up." That was the trouble with football—it made her daydream -- it really was a rather tedious game.  
  
She smiled to herself; obviously, from the evidence of that daydream, she was looking forward to sex with Jerry in the afternoon! Perhaps she'd mention her sudden fantasy to him in bed. He'd like that, particularly her suspicion his cock would beat the rest for size. Jerry liked compliments—he was rather vain, she thought, yes, not one of his best characteristics (unlike his big cock). He had a few she was not so keen on when she thought about it. Was it time to give him the push?

Part 6 — Watching  
  
On the guard's wall was a large framed photograph of her, but not a picture like she had ever seen before; it was certainly a picture of her, not the typical portrait shot she was used to but, undoubtedly, a close up of her in orgasm. Her mouth dropped open in astonishment, "How?"  
  
"Oh, I just stopped time whilst you were coming on Thursday, went and got my camera, took the photograph of you, put the camera away, settled you back in position and restarted time. Gave the opportunity for me to rest as well, prevented me coming until you had. I said it would be a wonderful photo­graph. Isn't it just?"  
  
Sally did not know what to say. It was not the sort of photograph you showed your mother or your friends but... well, it was interesting to see what she looked like when... and, well, it was different. The guard was obviously very pleased with it. Yes, it was a good picture, but strange. Should she ask for a copy?  
  
"Well, what have you been doing with yourself since Saturday — apart from travelling on my train that is? Did you have a good time with Jerry? Was it the 'Indian?'  
  
Sally chatted happily about what she had been up to, her feelings about Jerry and her views on football. The guard was rather more interested in foot­ball than she was but certainly not as badly as Jerry and had made some good points.  
  
"I'm seeing Jerry tomorrow and will be staying at his place."  
  
"And having sex."  
  
"No doubt, Jerry is very demanding."  
  
"I'd like to see that."  
  
"What Jerry and me fucking?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"See me having sex with another man?"  
  
"Why not? You're not my girlfriend, but a plaything... and a friend."  
  
"Friends don't watch you having sex."  
  
"I am sure some of your friends would."  
  
Sally thought. Would they? She supposed some of the boys might well like that; would like to see her naked, perhaps enjoy seeing her penetrated—either as a good laugh or because it was a turn on, but what of the girls? Would any of them get a vicarious pleasure from watching lovemaking or would it be to see Jerry naked and, inevitably, erect. Yes, Sally could see quite a few of her friends wanting to see him and to touch and moreover be fucked by him. He re­ally was a good catch but... she was going to have to make up her mind. Did she want to stay with him or let him go -- but, then again, perhaps, soon after that, see him out with one of her friends, he wouldn't be alone for long, and know they were fucking, her friend sliding on that penis which was hers—had been hers. Well, she wouldn't want to see that!  
  
"I'll be there," said the guard.  
  
"What! Why? How?"  
  
"Oh, easy! Do you mind?"  
  
Mind! Did she mind having someone watching her with her boyfriend, creeping around the house while she was with Jerry, listening to their intimate conversation? Well, actually, not now a total stranger and someone, in any case, she had been as intimate with as she had been with Jerry—and wasn't she thinking of dumping Jerry anyway? What could she do to stop the guard in any case? Nothing,  
  
"I suppose not."  
  
"Just the ticket."  
  
It was really a very odd feeling going to bed with Jerry in her flat the fol­lowing night knowing she was going to be observed; that another man would be joining them in their bedroom; another man would be watching them and very likely joining in unobserved. How very peculiar indeed. Despite the thought, despite the strangeness, the sex was good with Jerry being into his tying up games again.  
  
Sally did not actually see the guard, he did not make his presence clearly known though that meant nothing and of course she asked him about it when they next met.  
  
"I thought you said you were going to be there, last night."  
  
"Watching you have sex with Jerry?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I was there as planned, indeed I had sex with you too."  
  
"What intercourse, whilst I was tied on the bed?"  
  
"Yes, you did look so lovely, I thought you wouldn't mind or actually no­tice!"  
  
"Mind? I... well that explains it. I thought Jerry had filled me rather more than usual. When I stood up it was rather like being a porn-star, it gushed our, spunk I mean, all down my thighs. I think Jerry was rather impressed -- with himself I mean — he certainly smiled."  
  
"It would have done, well it did; after all you'd got three loads in there." The guard spoke very matter of factly.  
  
"Two you mean, you didn't come twice surely?"  
  
"Well, I could have waited and had a second round, sat and drank a beer and read the paper whilst I recovered leaving you all frozen in time. Perhaps I should have, that would have made four! No, you see Jerry had a friend with him."  
  
The colour drained from Sally's face. "What! What do you mean?"  
  
"When I got there, I was a bit surprised to see Jerry letting another bloke in. Made it easy for me even though I had the key you'd lent me. Upstairs you were already lying on the bed pleasantly bound and blindfolded. I have the pic­tures, I hadn't forgotten the camera. That was a revelation to me seeing you like that but I was even more surprised to see the other bloke there as well as Jerry."  
  
"The bastard, I bet that's Tom from the football club. So Jerry showed me naked to him?"  
  
"Yes and after the tickling, I did like that feather by the way, they took it in turns to fuck you."  
  
"Oh did they? Jerry had tied me so my legs were hanging over the side of the bed, I wondered why he did that rather than just get on top of me, I sup­pose it gave them easy access and, I remember, Jerry did keep pulling out and drop me back on the bed only to almost immediately pick me up again and stick his prick back in. The 'prick;' it was Tom half the time I suppose and I didn't notice the change or even two ejaculations"  
  
"Well you were thrashing around a lot at the time! You did seem to be en­joying it."  
  
"Mmm yes that was true enough. You said you had pictures?"  
  
Sally looked open mouthed at the photographs. There she was spread-ea­gled on the bed, blindfolded and tied down. "Don't I look awful?"  
  
"No," replied the guard, "wanton and sexy. It certainly turned me on!"  
  
There was a photo of Jerry between her thighs and then, there, ghastly proof, Tom from the football club stark naked just putting his cock in her, or taking it out, the camera flash had caught the sheen of moisture on his cock so presumably it was coming out or returning for another thrust, another thrust at her whilst she squirmed away on the bed thinking how well Jerry was doing. The final photo was simply awful. Jerry and Tom shaking hands with big guilty grins on their faces and their soft wet spent cocks dangling, whilst in the background there was she, Sally, tied up, exposed, well and truly fucked and oblivious.  
  
"The bastard, I'm going to confront him with these and..." Sally was worked up.  
  
"You can't do that. How will you explain them? A friend of mine who can stop time at will, happened to be in your bedroom and took these photos... it won't work. You cannot show these."  
  
The guard was right of course. Sally couldn't possibly show him, reveal she had a friend with rather unusual powers but she was certainly going to have to dump him now. She now had the perfect excuse, a very right excuse and, really, she had been going to do it anyway; hadn't she? But it was not a reason she could give Jerry because how could she know what he had done with Tom—after the event?  
  
"The bastard. Not cheating on me with another woman but having a man friend fuck me. The bastard. Well I can do what I like now. Let's fuck."  
  
"Don't mind if we do."

Part 7 -- Swinging  
  
It wasn't just the 'Dear John' E-mail the next day, it wasn't the 'Tom incident' but the fact Jerry had beaten her to it. Sally was incandescent; it was she who had been going to end it: not him. An attachment undone.  
  
Obviously it was another woman; so not only had he had another man fuck her but was already going out with someone else. He had just used her and was now discarding her. Sally was furious. Who was this other woman?  
  
Just an E-mail and that was that. No more seeing Jerry, no more meals out, no more sun-drenched holidays, no more fun sex, no more riding his lovely long dick, no more Jerry... the bastard. The end of a romance but a romance she had been planning to end; end because she was getting bored with him but how dare he get bored with her!  
  
It was not a good few days, it all kept going around and around in Sally's mind. She slept but fitfully (eventually) and looked drawn and haggard at work. Her colleagues left her alone. A difficult choice on their part, do you leave someone to their own private thoughts or ask what is wrong? Sally might have thought Katrina would have said something; not that she really wanted sympathy or talk about it, but she was her closest friend at work: yet she seemed distant.  
  
Was it the fact she'd lost Jerry that had really upset her, given she was probably about to do it to him (but only probably), the Tom incident (probably not) or the fact Jerry had got in first that really got to her?  
  
Perhaps surprisingly it was the guard who came up trumps and lifted her mood. Late night shifts had kept him away for a few days but he had already pencilled in the Saturday. Sally hadn't expected him so early, was not even out of bed when he arrived at her door but the guard was in such an infectiously jolly mood she could not be cross with him for long and to turn up in a blazer like that!  
  
"Thought we'd go to the coast, forecast is for a perfect day, grab some things and we'll be off."  
  
And they were, before the traffic built up, heading out on the open road to the coast under a gloriously blue sky. The sunshine and fresh air lifted Sally like a tonic and the pleasant chatter of the guard kept her amused. It was not simply a day on the beach, the guard had an itinerary all planned, a visit to a castle looking out to sea, coffee and a nose around an historic house and then lunch in a seafood restaurant overlooking a harbour full of boats. It had all been lovely. Somewhat replete the beach did beckon in the afternoon for swim­ming and lazing. Once more the guard had his camera out and Sally found her­self draped over breakwaters and the like as if on a fashion shoot. He did take his photography seriously.  
  
Even the fun of such a glorious day did not keep Sally's mind completely from her breakup.  
  
"And I don't even know who she is."  
  
"Does it matter?"  
  
"Not really but..."  
  
"Shall I find out?"  
  
"Um, yes please."  
  
The day wore on and the sun began sinking low, people were packing up going home to tea, supper or dinner; taking their tired offspring home to be tucked up in bed; the light was changing as the beach emptied; Sally and the guard were walking far down the beach, away from the town; it was warm, quiet, peaceful and empty of people. They walked along until they came to a small playground next to the beach with swings and the like.  
  
"I should like to take your photograph on the swing; you look such a pic­ture in that dress, just so summery." He was so good with the flattery.  
  
Sally hadn't used a swing since she was a little girl but, like riding a bicy­cle, you don't forget and soon she was riding high and laughing, her brown legs flying.  
  
"The light is wonderful, I wonder if you would object if I asked you to be a bit more revealing, I'd like to catch a glimpse of...."  
  
"Oh yes, you want me to take my knickers off?"  
  
"If you don't mind, you see the light is coming just right, a hint of curls could work just right, more suggestive than blatant I'm thinking, will you?"  
  
Sally was amused — why not, it was not exactly his first picture of her in a revealed or erotic pose. She slowed, jumped off the swing on the rise, just as she had when she was ten and, with a quick look around, slipped off her panties before hopping back on the swing. It was slightly funny, pulling her­self back into motion and swinging higher and higher, to know on each for­ward swing she was revealing herself to the guard and his waiting camera. It felt both naughty and nice; she pulled hard as the guard snapped away. Sally felt really happy just swinging away in the warm evening sunshine.  
  
"These are good." The guard was evidently pleased with his photographs. She would see them later.  
  
A couple strolling hand in hand along the Promenade were coming closer; the guard turned, looked and said,  
  
"No problem there, just carry on."  
  
Sally kept swinging and the guard kept going with his camera. The couple wandered up and watched. A pleasant looking couple, red headed girl in sun dress and tall, sandy haired boy in tee shirt and jeans.  
  
There was an, "Oh," from the girl and a, "You get a lovely view from here," from the boy. It was evident they had spotted Sally's nakedness under her dress.  
  
"I haven't swung for years," said the girl, "shall I try?"  
  
The boy was not going to stop her. The girl looked up at Sally, then down at Sally's panties and said, "Is it a requirement to leave these here?"  
  
Sally replied with a laugh, "No, but it helps, frees your legs!"  
  
A pair of thin white panties fluttered down the girl's long legs to the ground to lie beside Sally's discarded pair. The girl got on the swing next to Sally and started off, gradually going higher and higher and not being as care­ful as Sally about keeping her legs closed.  
  
"Ooh doesn't it feel free, you are right and the air rush so cooling and... nice."  
  
Sally was amused, it was obvious the guard had been at his tricks, whis­pering in ears whilst stopping time and she hadn't even noticed him move; his ability to make suggestions and influence people's thoughts and actions was a little creepy but she hadn't seen him be bad, well not really bad, with it. She watched him taking his photographs looking all serious trying to get the best shot, take advantage of the low sun, now photographing the red headed girl as well, no doubt catching the sun making her auburn curls even redder..  
  
The girl was swinging higher than Sally and making a lot more noise about it, she seemed to be having a great time.  
  
"Do you think," she turned to Sally, "it would be even better swinging with nothing on at all."  
  
"Naughty," said Sally, "certainly naughty and what will the boys think?"  
  
"Come on Sam, you're to go swinging too!" She was slowing as she spoke and no sooner than she had stopped she was wriggling out of her dress, slip­ping out of her bra, standing for a moment naked in the park, before hopping back on the swing dressed in nothing more than a pair of sandals and a wrist­watch. "You too, Sam," she said as she started to swing again.  
  
Sally winked conspiratorially at the guard. It was clear to her how much he was enjoying the swing of Sam's friend's boobs as she pulled herself back up to speed, the flow of her long hair and the flash of her curly red hair be­tween her thighs as she moved to and fro.  
  
"Better?" asked Sally.  
  
"So free," said the girl, "come on Sam, and join me."  
  
Sam seemed reluctant but complied. The guard was not alone in admiring bodies, the boy was well built, fine chest, fine limbs, tight little bottom and re­spectable penis amusingly at half mast. Evidently the sight of Sally and the girl had had an effect and presumably accounted in part for his reluctance to swing—naked that is. But he joined them, his long legs easily pulling him up­wards. Sally's glance kept returning to his working body and his penis bounc­ing around as he worked the swing.  
  
Swinging in the sunshine of an evening is a pleasure remembered from childhood but these were grown-ups and thoughts of grown-up pleasures took hold. Of course the guard had a lot to do with it but, in the absence of further evening walkers, the two couples walked away from the playground towards the sea and the golden sand merely carrying their clothes when they weren't wearing them. The evening was warm and the sun still casting a golden glow over the sand. They sat on the sand staring out to sea and then gradually the touching started and before long there was more intimate touching. Sally looked across at the others, finding it strange to be watching another couple having sex, not on the video screen, but right next to her, in the flesh. To watch another woman fellate a man, see the lips close and take hold; it was different and rather companionable in a way she would not have expected. She turned and did the same to the guard; the eyes of the girl and hers met sharing the ex­perience.  
  
Intercourse was unhurried, the motion relaxed and in time with the surf, the endless pull and push of the tide on the shore. Sally relaxed, on her back with the guard above her, lying upon her, lying between her open legs, his short but rather thick cock working her as she simply lay back enjoying the feel of man, sun and sand. A perfect end to a perfect day.  
  
Afterwards they swam. The trouble with sex on the beach, and perhaps half the pleasure, is the warm sand soft beneath you but it does get in the most surprising places; it gets there even when you are just having a day on the beach, let alone when you engage in intercourse. It did need washing away and how better than a dip in the sea, swimming in the (not really warm) English water as the sun settled red gold to the west.  
  
It had been nice to go back to the guard's house that evening, after the drive back, and collapse after the excitement and fun of the day at the coast. It really had been a fabulous and memorable day. Early to bed and Sally had snuggled up against the guard a bit puzzled at her role: was she just a play­thing or a friend?

Part 8 — Discovery  
  
Another day, another shock.  
  
"Her name's Katrina."  
  
Sally felt an icy chill up her back. "What does she look like?"  
  
"Oh nice, can't deny that, I have a photograph."  
  
"Not of them at it I hope?"  
  
"Well, sort of... yes."  
  
"Let me see." And there they were; her ex boyfriend fucking her friend Kat­rina; it wasn't possible to make any other conclusion from the evidence. The presence of a penis in a vagina does constitute fucking and that is certainly what some of the pictures showed; not all of them, a penis in a mouth is not fucking but it is certainly sex and that was Katrina's mouth, her full lips all lip­sticked around the very penis Sally had been so used to sucking.  
  
Sally was, once again, incandescent. Not only had Jerry dumped her but her close friend had actually had the gall to have stolen him before she had even had the chance to dump him! Who was she more cross with—Jerry or Kat­rina ... or herself for not dumping him sooner?  
  
"I want revenge."  
  
There was a sigh from the guard, "It happens all the time; it's not easy but couples come together and break up; it's life. Not easy but, it happens."  
  
"But to go with my friend."  
  
"Again, not exactly the unusual occurrence. Better than your sister."  
  
"I haven't got... yeah, I see what you mean."  
  
But it was not over, not a bit of it and Sally spent a long time going over and over the same ground before saying, "Even so I want to cause upset. Will you help?"  
  
"How?"  
  
"Coitus interruptus. I want to spoil their sex. The ghost of girlfriends past."  
  
"I don't normally like to attract attention to my powers."  
  
"You have with me."  
  
"Rather different; a closely targeted attention."  
  
"Please, you might find it fun."  
  
"Quite possibly."  
  
And so they found themselves sitting in a car near Jerry's house.  
  
"Shall I go and see if anything is happening?"  
  
"Yes, here's the key."  
  
"Well, we seem to have timed it right, they are on the bed."  
  
To Sally it didn't seem as if the guard had moved but clearly he had stopped time, gone over and come back from Jerry's house. It was uncanny — in­deed exactly so.  
  
"Get me in; into his en-suite and we can see what to do then."  
  
"We'll walk up to the door and then I'll carry you."  
  
Once again Sally felt the peculiarity of time stopping, one moment stand­ing outside the front door, then the dislocation of standing in Jerry's bath­room. Through the slightly opened door she could see the new couple. It took will power not to storm out and harangue them. They would certainly have been at a disadvantage. Firstly there would be surprise, secondly being naked puts you at a disadvantage and thirdly Jerry was all tied up and blindfolded. Tied up and blindfolded? Sally bit her lip, that wasn't the sort of game played by new lovers. How long had this relationship been going on? Had she been taken for a fool? Had they been laughing at her behind her back or hadn't Kat­rina known about her... but she did.  
  
Katrina was playing with the feather, that feather, playing around Jerry's nipples and down his chest.  
  
"Naughty boy, you've been very naughty. I told you to get rid of her and found you hadn't. It's denial for bad boys. Twitch away all you want but you're going to have to wait until I'm ready: I'm not touching your cock now but I'll want it standing ready for me when I come back 'cos I want a good fuck­ing. I'm going to grab a beer downstairs and catch the News and then I'll be back so you'll have to wait."  
  
Sally caught her breath as her naked 'friend' sauntered past the door and down the stairs. Downstairs there was the sound of the 'fridge door opening and the TV being switched on. In the bedroom, on the bed, lay Jerry tied up and blindfolded with his cock standing up in the air. Sally smiled at the guard, opened the bathroom door and picked up the feather. She looked down at Jerry and frowned and lightly touched the feather to his balls. His penis jumped.  
  
"Katrina, you're back!"  
  
Sally flicked the feather back across his balls a few times before moving slowly up the shaft, she glanced at the guard, who was watching with amused interest, and motioned for him to undo his fly. The feather moved up the long shaft over the snaking veins and along the ridge to the sensitive fraenum and there it lingered. Sally knew Jerry liked that. She paused and turned to the guard, and reached for his own stubby cock and with a wink took that into her mouth and sucked.  
  
Returning to Jerry the feather moved on, round and round the head mak­ing Jerry squirm the more as the tip teased his urethral opening. Again Sally paused and sucked on the guard. She smiled up at him, winked and lifted Jerry's cock. Carefully she wet her lips in what she hoped was a really lascivi­ous manner, her intention to give her friend, the guard, a really good sexy show of her cock sucking, careful to angle her head so he could see all.  
  
"Drink me," he said. That really annoyed her. That was what Jerry said to her not the supposed Katrina.  
  
Her tongue licked up the shaft, her mouth sucked on a ball (rather harder than she had done in previous sessions, she hardly minded hurting him now), before beginning the serious mouth and tongue work. She knew what Jerry liked, what would bring him to orgasm, even rather roughly. It did not take long.  
  
"Kat, careful! I'm almost there — you'll have me coming."  
  
Sally lifted her head and reached for the feather, she glanced at the guard and winked and began tickling his fraenum once again, tickling his most sensi­tive spot, tickling him beyond restraint.  
  
"No, I mean it, you'll make me... oh, Kat!"  
  
It was too late for Jerry, the straining erect cock twitched and a string of semen came from its end.  
  
"Naughty boy," said Sally removing the feather.  
  
"Sally???" as a second spurt flew.  
  
She squeezed his balls hard.  
  
"Aaaah!" Pain, pleasure and confusion mixed as Jerry's cock continued to spurt and he writhed against the bonds.  
  
Sally turned to the guard and taking his cock in hand she stroked it she kissed him on the mouth. Downstairs there was the sound of movement sug­gesting a return of Katrina. Sally and the guard made a hurried return to the bathroom and watched naked Katrina come into the room.  
  
"Jerry are you OK, what was... oh you naughty, stupid boy. I wanted that. How did you?"  
  
"Sally..."  
  
"I'm not fucking Sally... how did you come on your own?"  
  
"No I... but you did it..."  
  
"No I fucking didn't, I was downstairs... just look at that wasted mess."  
  
It was a giggle. The guard and Sally looked at each other but contained their laughter. Off stage laughter would have spooked Jerry and Katrina rather too much and Sally was not ready for that—yet. She signed that they should go and found herself standing outside the house. They walked down the path.  
  
"Thank you, that was sweet, coitus interruptus indeed, and it put the wind up Jerry. Spoilt Katrina's evening, serves her right, and Jerry too. Thank you, indeed how can I thank you, I'll do anything you want tonight or did you fuck Katrina whilst you were there?"  
  
"No, didn't even touch her actually. I'd quite like to be sucked though, like you did Jerry."  
  
"We could do that now in the car and then fuck properly back at your place."  
  
"Tempting, very tempting!"  
  
"Can we do the same another night? With Jerry and that woman I mean?"  
  
So another night followed, another night waiting in the car near Jerry's place. Sally could not believe her luck when the guard reported Jerry tied up again, it fitted her plans.  
  
Again the feeling of strangeness as one moment she was outside the house, the next in the en-suite bathroom looking into Jerry's well remembered bedroom; Sally smiled, there was Jerry spread-eagled on his back on the bed once more and blindfolded. He did not need to see: but Katrina did.  
  
The feather was not in evidence, Katrina was on the bed with him, using her tongue moving it slowly over Jerry's body, she was toying with his nipples at that moment, her head lowered but her bottom raised towards the watchers, the view left nothing to the imagination, Katrina's sex was very clearly visible, pink and wrinkled and probably rather wet. Sally felt behind her for the guard's penis and felt it already hard through his coat. Clearly he liked what he was seeing and was happily anticipating what Sally had asked him to do. Sally began to unbutton her coat.  
  
Katrina's tongue made a wet snail's trail down Jerry's chest, by-passing the long cock, with its exposed and shiny head, and made for the wrinkled scro­tum. Sally pursed her lips, she used to like to suck them, feel the funny egg shapes in her mouth beneath the skin, how careful she had been not to squeeze. She thought differently now.  
  
Carefully Sally let her coat slip to the floor. Beneath it she was already naked, behind her she felt the material of the guard's coat opening and he pressed his naked skin against her, his stubby penis hard against her bottom. Reaching between her legs she pulled the penis horizontal and between her thighs; in that position it was not quite long enough to enter, she would have to bend forward to permit that, but it was good to feel it thick and hard there as she watched Katrina's lips play on her ex-boyfriend's cock. The 'bastard' did have a lovely cock and even whilst hating Jerry could not but lust for it and take pleasure in watching it standing and being licked by her 'friend.' Licking or sucking, though, was as far as Katrina was going to get if she had her way; it was not Katrina who was going to fuck that penis.  
  
There was a sliding between her thighs, the guard was moving just a little, and she pushed back. It was nice.  
  
Katrina's tongue was working up the shaft, taking her time. Sally had to give Katrina her due, she was not being selfish, she was doing her very best to please Jerry; Sally knew he liked it long and slow. Katrina took the shaft in hand and began to circle her tongue, teasing round and round the neck before she finally deigned to touch the head, giving little flicks of her tongue before a full wet tongue massage and finally slipping the whole thing into her mouth, her lips wide, round and clasped around the shaft as her head bobbed up and down.  
  
Between Sally's legs the guard's penis continued to slide.  
  
"Are you ready, Jerry dear, because I am—and don't you dare come too soon this time." Katrina was moving, turning to straddle Jerry, facing towards his head, a knee either side of his hips, leaving her sex open and ready to de­scend onto the waiting cock. She lifted the penis to the vertical, aiming it. "I want to feel a cock hard within me, I want to be spread and fucked."  
  
And just as Katrina lowered herself Sally whispered to the guard, "and so you shall."  
  
One moment Sally was in the en-suite with the guard's stubby cock slid­ing between her legs and the next she was on the bed just as Katrina had been, indeed had completely taken her place, was straddling Jerry as she had done so many times before and in her hand Jerry's lovely penis. There was a muf­fled sound behind her and she turned to look. There was Katrina but not now dominant above Jerry, far from it, she was securely bound at the end of the bed, arms stretched out and gagged. Sally raised herself and turned herself right around to face Katrina so she could see her properly, see her bulging eyes and straining limbs. A wide and triumphant smile came to Sally's face as she let herself down, let herself down onto Jerry's cock in full view of Katrina, flaunting that it was her sex that was enveloping Katrina's new boyfriend's cock: not Katrina. The bed began to shake as Katrina pulled at her bonds and Sally, in turn, began to bounce up and down on Jerry to hide the movement, make it seem to him that the shaking was a result of their intercourse. There was a sudden stillness from Katrina as she felt the guard behind her, felt the touch of his skin on her bottom and then the nosing of his stubby penis seek­ing her entrance. Katrina's eyes widened even more, a clear indication to Sally that the guard had found his goal and had penetrated. Katrina had got what she wanted, a hard cock within her, a fatter but shorter one than she had been anticipating but a cock nonetheless and there was nothing she could do about it. Sally nodded companionably to the guard and continued to smile at help­less Katrina. Beneath her Jerry was oblivious to all but the wonderful wet heat and smooth sliding of a vagina on his penis.  
  
"That's fantastic Kat."  
  
There was a muffled something from Katrina, "Mmmm," said Sally.  
  
It was good to feel the remembered cock inside her. It was probably this she most liked about Jerry. No, that was unfair, it had been more than lust but... she looked down the bed at Katrina, well she was welcome to him now. But the sex was good!  
  
Jerry bucked and began to come, Sally felt the first shot of the ejaculation within her and lifted herself off and slipped back onto his tummy allowing the penis to slide out and ejaculate freely into the air, the creamy strands rising to touch her breasts and pour onto and down her tummy, running into the mat­ted wetness of her pubic hair. At the foot of the bed, wide eyed and staring, bound so she could not move, Katrina watched the pumping penis.  
  
Slowly Sally lifted herself and came down the bed, knees stepping over Jerry's splayed legs, closer and closer to Katrina saying not a word but with a look of triumph on her face, a wry smile. Slowly she pressed the warmth and wetness of her bush against Katrina's face smearing the running semen across her nose and mouth gag, forcing Katrina to inhale the scent of Sally's aroused sex, a sex aroused by fucking her boyfriend's cock and taking its semen, it was an act of animalistic dominance. Sally could feel Katrina's breathing, the move­ment of air in her curls.  
  
The still embedded guard pushed again at Katrina forcing her face into Sally's pubes. Sally looked into his eyes and he nodded, grimaced and clearly began to come. Sally retreated up the bed, her movements hiding from Jerry the tell tale rocking of the bed from the guard thrusting at Katrina. She settled herself back on Jerry's cock, looked straight into Katrina's bulging eyes and waved, 'bye.  
  
The screaming was a bonus. Sally was back in the bathroom, the guard holding her from behind and through the partly open doorway there was the now unbound Katrina astride Jerry, sitting on his cock, no doubt leaking the guard's semen onto it, and letting rip. Beneath her Jerry could have no idea what was happening, why she was screaming and no way, until he was re­leased, of finding out. It was perfect.  
  
The noise stopped, Katrina was shaking like a leaf.  
  
"What, what, what..." from Jerry.  
  
"Sally, she... she's here... no, a nightmare, no I was awake... where is she... and him?"  
  
"Kat what is it?"  
  
Katrina was off the bed, wide eyed and staring, and heading purposefully for the en-suite, hand wiping at her face, probably going to search the whole house.  
  
It was time to go and, indeed Sally found she had gone, was outside the house back in her coat. They hurried away down the road before Katrina looked outside. Mission accomplished.  
  
"And where has this been, I wonder?" Sally's fingers stroked the guard's limp penis later that evening, it stirred and began to grow, lifting itself up in the air, the rolled wrinkled skin sliding and the smooth head with its little eye made an appearance. "Where did you hide yourself this evening? Have you been going in places you shouldn't?" She was talking to the cock, not the guard, a little fascinated by it having been in Katrina, had been fucking Katri­na less than an hour before, had been punishing Katrina for stealing her boyfriend, showing her who Jerry really belonged to; marking her territory so to speak. Sally sniffed; she could smell the other woman. What else should be done to Katrina and Jerry?  
  
"I wonder," said Sally, "what to do next. that'll have really upset Katrina. They won't be playing tying up games again for a long, long time. More's the pity in a way as it makes it so much easier."  
  
"There's Tom too, you know."  
  
"Oh yes, I'd hardly forgotten. What shall we do then? Arrange Jerry and Tom in a compromising position and photograph them or get Katrina to find them like that."  
  
"Complicated, Sally, complicated. What sort of compromising position? Katrina walks in as Jerry is happily sucking away on Tom's cock? That'll take some arranging. It would need a time when all three are in the same place and I'm there—and you too, I presume to see. Complicated. Then I've got to get them to take their clothes off whilst Katrina is out of the room and do a good deal of persuasion out of time. Far too complicated Sally!"  
  
"It'd be much more amusing if Katrina finds Jerry fucking Tom in the arse."  
  
"Sally really!"  
  
"Not possible?"  
  
"No!"  
  
"I suppose it's not really Katrina's fault—except they did start before Jerry and I were finished but was it he or she who started it? Who is to blame?"  
  
"Mutual attraction perhaps?" said the guard. "Fault does not really come into it does it?"  
  
"I was going to dump him anyway."  
  
"She saved you the bother then! You should thank her, be nice to her! Why don't you just leave it?"  
  
"But he's just walked out on me into her arms."  
  
"Not quite, you've got the wrong order."  
  
"Even so, no discomfort for him whatsoever—typical."  
  
"Some people are lucky that way."  
  
The guard was reasonable, placatory, but then he always was; he did not seem to get cross or upset, just took things as they were and seemed prepared to see the best in people.  
  
"Tom's at fault though."  
  
"So what are you going to do there? Put him over your knee and spank him? He'd probably enjoy that!"  
  
"I'd rather give Katrina a good spanking—silly bitch."  
  
"Funnily enough, so would I!"  
  
"Hmmm. It'd be best to have her well punished like a naughty schoolgirl of the past, bent over in the headmaster or mistresses study and given six of the best."  
  
Sally went back to stroking the guard, feeling his stubby cock hard in her hand. "You like that image don't you, pleated dark blue skirt tucked up, panties round her ankles, white round dimpled bottom exposed to your gaze, perhaps the hint of young downy hair showing, your cane touching her thighs, requiring her to be bent over with just a bit of an opening to those white thighs for you to better glimpse the down?"  
  
"Nice, Sally nice. I hadn't thought to ask you to dress up, but I might now. What did you wear at school?"  
  
"I meant Katrina not me but, perhaps, if you like I think I've my old tie around somewhere. Long white socks or would you prefer stockings? But could you make Katrina submit to that, hate it but not be able to challenge or tell? I could have a dinner party, invite you and some men friends around and you have Katrina serve us in a sexy schoolgirl outfit, all the while inviting to be punished; building up to saying she knows she should be spanked; winding the men up until I say they can touch her, telling them she really does like to be punished. I'd like that, seeing the real look in her eyes as they play the game, choose whether to bend her over a chair or a knee, decide on the instrument of chastisement, choose who pulls the panties down; and then the pleading from Katrina, pretend pleading but, in reality, what she really means. Something like, 'please don't put your big things in me and make me all messy,' or 'please don't punish my bottom hole,' or 'do I have to suck you off now sir, like in my last school, to thank you?'"  
  
Sally grinned at the guard as she slowly wanked him. It was evident he liked what she was saying, her fantasy talk.  
  
"So a big orgy at the end, all your male friends fucking, or whatever, Katri­na. Would that be before or after coffee!"  
  
"Oh before, I envisage her serving coffee all fucked up, all messed up with the boys cream running down her thighs. Time for your camera I should have thought and then to send her home like that with just a coat on , knowing what she has done and how she has been punished but not able to tell anyone. Imag­ine her face at the office when I saw her next!"

"Oh good — so we do get coffee."  
  
"And second helpings if you boys are up to it! But not you: I should want fucking later!"  
  
"And what about Jerry and Tom? You can hardly do the same with them — wouldn't they enjoy it if you did? Exposing themselves and being spanked by your sexy girl friends and then being fucked in turn by them — hardly pun­ishment I should think!"  
  
"Hmmm, possibly. I suppose there could be no fucking, no sucking just punishment and the frustration of being kept erect for hours without coming. Yes that's it, dressed just in bow ties and my girlfriends keep fondling them but not bringing them off, caning until they are raw but never letting them come. I am right, aren't I, not coming makes your balls hurt after a time?"  
  
"I can't see that happening, one of you will do one stroke too many and, even so, it all sounds quite an erotic experience for Jerry and Tom; and what if one of your friends gets carried away, does want to suck or indeed fuck. You'll certainly be giving those boys a night to remember!"  
  
"But could you make them, make Katrina act the slut, make Jerry and Tom act as hen night rents?"  
  
"Yes, possibly but I still say let it go, much as I like the schoolgirl idea."  
  
Sally looked down at the penis in her hand, "What do you want me to do with this then? I can still smell her you know."  
  
"Well, how about that for a turnaround, Jerry comes in and finds you and Katrina in bed, faces buried between each others' legs, each face scented by the other. I'd like to take some pictures first!"  
  
"No, no, not me and anyway Jerry'd probably like that, want to join in; want us to lick, suck and kiss his cock together."  
  
"Would you do it if you knew he'd really hate it?  
  
"But he wouldn't, I know."  
  
"It still seems to me, really, only Jerry and Tom are at fault here. Jerry for fucking you whilst he was seeing Katrina and allowing Tom... and Tom for al­lowing himself. Really you have nothing against Katrina so if you want to pun­ish her you should be punished too. So perhaps I should make you fuck her, make you do it even though you don't want to. Be an experience for you both and I shall enjoy watching and practising my camera angles."  
  
"Not so easy punishing Jerry and Tom then?"  
  
"I think you were after making the 'punishment fit the crime' and, no, that does not seem so easy. I'd forget it if I was you, after all you did say you want­ed to dump Jerry. Forget him."  
  
Should she just leave it be then?  
  
The guard's hands moved to her breasts. It was going to be intercourse, Sally's hand left his cock and she kissed him; a bit of fucking before sleep did feel a good idea.  
  
Sally looked up from her desk as Katrina came into the office. How should she play it? She had been thinking about that; should she completely ignore her, act the hard done by jilted girlfriend or make it very obvious the impossible was true and she had indeed been in Jerry's bedroom fucking him only a cou­ple of days before—in place of her?  
  
"Is there something wrong, Katrina?" It was another girl.  
  
"No, no nothing at all." There was a quick shot of the eyes at Sally and Sally couldn't resist a smile back. Now what would Katrina think of that? Did it matter? Not really; she was done with that; done with Jerry and done with thoughts of punishment. She was over that.  
  
The month too was over, a month in which rather a lot had happened to Sally; she was free of Jerry and that had been her intention—really and there was no need to see the guard anymore—apart from on the train on occasion -- and she was free of him too. She did not think he would do other than keep to his word; that would not be in his nature. She was a free woman, able now to look ahead and decide what she wanted to do and with whom. The month had actually come and gone quite quickly and had not been anything like as bad, or even like, what Sally had expected.  
  
"Any more tickets, please?"  
  
Sally was on her train, making her usual way to work. The guard was com­ing down the carriage.  
  
"Hallo," she'd said, "doing anything tonight?"  
  
"Nothing special," he'd said.  
  
"Fancy going out for dinner?"  
  
"Just the ticket," he'd replied.  
  
An attachment had been made.