**Ann's Awakening**

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**Ann's Awakening Ch. 01**

Ann had been married five years. Not long, but long enough for it all to have become a bit routine, especially as she suspected Trevor of having a little bit on the side. The worst of it was, her heart's desire couldn't be realised – she had been told she could never have children, and Trevor didn't want to adopt one, so her life was bleak, to say the least of it. Her mother didn't help, telling her all the time to 'snap out of it,' and enjoy what she had, that sort of thing.

The one thing that stopped Ann from going insane was her job. She got to meet people there, and had friends at the office who she could count on.

'Look at you,' said her unmarried friend Tina one lunchtime in the office canteen, 'what are you? Twenty-eight, twenty nine?'

'Twenty-nine,' said Ann, 'why?'

'You mope around like the world's coming to an end. You've got a gorgeous body, face isn't bad either, and what do you do with it?'

'Tina, I'm a married woman,' she looked at her friend, and then laughed, 'but you're right, I do feel sorry for myself, and I know I shouldn't.'

'Look, Ann, tell you what,' said Tina, 'talk to that husband of yours, and tell him you're going to have a girls' night out, at least once a week – he won't mind, in fact it'll free him up to do what he wants now and again – as if he doesn't already!' The last bit she added with a meaningful look on her pretty face.

At supper the next evening Ann broached the subject to Trevor, who scarcely bothered to look up from the sports pages, 'Oh yes, dear,' he said, 'no problem.'

Thus released, Ann went upstairs, quietly stripped off and took a look at herself in the mirror, trying to check out the veracity off her friend's observations. It was true, her body was still firm, and she actually enjoyed looking at herself. She was narrow-waisted with long, slender legs and a nice rounded bum. She had never liked her breasts, thinking them too small, but they were still firm, with large dark aureola and nipples which hardened instantly to her touch. Slipping on a robe, she looked critically at her face, thinking that she would soon be seeing a few premature wrinkles, but she had a nice smile, and she resolved to do something about her black hair, which had grown a bit uneven. Next morning she made a lunchtime appointment with the beauty salon, and had the full treatment. When she got back to the office, Tina took one look at the finished job and knew that she had had a word with Trevor. Her hair glowed and was beautifully layered, her nails were suddenly half-an-inch longer than they had ever been, and something had happened to her eyelashes. The men in the office kept doing double-takes for the rest of the day.

Tina told her she would come and collect her in her car the following night, if that was OK, and she nodded her assent. 'But what shall I wear?' she asked.

'Not much,' said Tina, enigmatically, but aside from the fact that she was taking her to somewhere called the Silk Traders' Club, she would say no more.

Ann could hardly wait for the next evening to come around, and tried on twenty outfits before selecting something for the outing. She reasoned that any club or disco would be warm, so that she would wear, as Tina suggested, not very much. After rejecting a number of things, she plumped for a cotton sundress she had bought the previous summer in Ibiza. It was halter-necked, which meant she could wear no bra with it, but her firm breasts didn't really need support anyway. The dress was mid-thigh length, so all she wore under it were a pair of white silk panties. She thought a pair of high-heeled sandals completed her ensemble nicely, but when she went downstairs as she heard Tina's car draw up, Trevor was standing by the door.

'You going out like that?' he asked.

'Yes, why?' she replied defiantly.

'Catch your death of cold,' was all he said, and closed the door behind her.

Up yours too, she thought, as she got into Tina's car.

When they arrived at the club, in the better end of town, there were a lot of very high-value cars parked there, and a uniformed doorman greeted Tina like an old friend. Serious-looking bouncers were on duty, and some even more serious-looking money was entering as they did.

When they got into the cloakroom, and checked in their jackets, Ann saw that Tina was dressed in a silk miniskirt and a fishnet blouse, with no bra, so that her breasts could be clearly seen, their tips actually poking through the mesh of the garment.

'My God!' exclaimed Ann, 'you said not to wear much, but......wow!'

'It's that sort of place,' said Tina, 'you'll see.'

When they got into the big ballroom, Ann saw what her friend meant. Mainly young women were dancing, virtually all of them in extremely revealing outfits – everywhere there were very short skirts, transparent tops, backless dresses, skin-tight catsuits, dresses with cut-outs in various places – it was clearly a place to compete with all the other girls. And the 'prizes' were some very well-heeled-looking men – and good-looking buggers too, as I remarked to my friend.

They sat at the bar and ordered drinks, and were soon asked to dance, by a couple of hunks. Ann's held her close, and didn't seem at all shy in helping himself to a liberal feel of her bum, but then he seemed to lose interest, and, when the music changed, thanked her politely and returned her to her bar-stool. Tina stood nearby, still chatting to the man she had danced with, and they were exchanging cards. When Tina put his card in her purse, and climbed onto her stool, she gave Ann a brief glimpse that startled her as if she had struck her. She was not only naked under her skirt, but clean-shaven too.

'Hey, you forgot your underwear,' she said to her friend.

'You better believe it,' said Tina, 'the guys here like that kind of thing. There's something you should know, Ann. This club is known as the top exhibitionists' spot in the North. I brought you here to show you what I like – I'm honest about it. Not everybody here joins in, but it can get wild later on.'

'I'm surprised the police let it carry on,' said Ann.

'Oh, the bouncers don't let anything get too obvious, and besides, there's a lot of money around, as you can see,' replied Tina.

Ann sat taking in what she had been told, and decided she liked the atmosphere – it might even be just what she had been missing, but she felt frumpy in her cotton sundress, and said so to her friend.

'Just go take your panties off – you'd be surprised how much better you'll feel.'

'I....I couldn't.' She had never gone anywhere without them in her adult life.

'Of course you can.'

She slid off her stool, went quickly off to the Ladies and slipped her little silk panties into her purse before she had time to change her mind. On the way back, she was sure everyone was looking at her, and had to check that her skirt covered her thighs decorously when she sat down.

But Tina had other ideas, and quickly hooked up the hem while nobody was looking in their direction. She said, 'Christ, it's like the fucking Matto Grosso up there. You'll have to take a razor to that lot, girl, or nobody will be able to find their way through.'

'You're so fucking crude,' laughed Ann, but Tina's point was made – she just didn't know how to get around to the subject with her husband.

Ann was more a spectator than anything for the rest of the evening, but did get asked for a couple of dances, one of them a fast one, when she was in mortal dread of whirling around so fast that her skirt rose up, revealing her hairy quim. She suspected that Tina could easily have gone off with at least one of her partners during the dancing, but out of respect for her friend, they simply exchanged telephone numbers, and the two girls left together at about one o'clock.

'Well,' asked Tina, as she dropped Ann off at home, ' are we on again, or what?'

'Sure,' said Ann, 'but only if you'll come shopping with me on Saturday.'

'OK, it's a deal,' she agreed, grinning.

Trevor was already in bed, snoring peacefully, when Ann got in, and she was relieved about that. She lay awake for a time, thinking that more than the odd evening was about to change for her. The club, and her friend's revelation, had opened up a new and exciting range of possibilities to her – probably pointed out to her what her true inclinations might be.

Trevor always went to work first in the morning, and Ann took a good half hour longer to get ready. Next morning, she spent an age in front of the mirror, then took the scissors to her pubic thatch, trimming it down to a neat little patch. 'That can go later,' she thought to herself, then started going through her clothes, tut-tutting to herself all the time. She really didn't have anything that fitted how she now wanted to see herself - more importantly, how she wanted to display herself. She managed to find a half-bra that she had bought to go under something or other some time ago, and cinching it on, discovered that she could persuade her nipples to peep out just above the fabric. Under a thin silk blouse, this might be just the thing for the office. A pleated plaid miniskirt went well with it, coming down to mid-thigh, and she just wondered if she dared go without panties all day at the office. She rehearsed situations which might occur – taking dictation, sitting in on meetings and so forth, and decided to give it a go. She felt really good when she put on a pair of stilettos and went out to catch the bus, drawing more than a few glances on her journey to the office.

Tina noticed immediately the change in her friend, and remarked upon it: 'I hope I haven't fucked with your life, Ann?'

'Tina, if you have, it was because it needed fucking with, darling. I feel reborn.'

Saturday came, and Trevor seemed completely without interest when Ann announced she was going shopping. Not for the first time, she wondered if he had another woman.

She met Tina in town – parking being nigh-impossible – and they set about their spree. Ann had already decided to throw out more than half her clothes, and now set about punishing her credit cards in a serious way. The first underwear she bought took the form of two cruel-looking corsets, which Tina approved so much that she bought one too. They were harshly whale-boned, to cinch the waist in tightly, and incorporated a push up bra, which would leave the nipples free. At the hem, they left the buttocks bare, and had long garter-straps. Then she bought two skimpy satin garter-belts and several pairs of stockings to go with them. She pondered over open-crotch panties and tights, but Tina thought they were a bit passé.

Next she turned her attention to dresses and skirts, and chose several which had the two girls giggling in the changing booths. Ann had always looked elegant in evening wear, and was sensational in a backless grey silk dress, which finally zapped her credit limit on one of her cards. It left enough on one of the others for a pair of shoes, she said.

'But you've already got lots of nice shoes,' said Tina, 'I've seen them. Come on, I've got a better idea.'

'Where are we going now?' asked Ann, 'my feet are killing me.'

'It's not your feet you've got to worry about,' said Tina, and steered her up a dingy back street.

'TATTOOS AND PIERCING' said the handwritten sign above the window.

'Oh no, you don't,' said Ann.

'I will if you will,' said Tina.

'But where?' asked Ann, rolling her eyes.

'Where do you think? Come on.'

Before she could protest further, Tina had dragged her into the shop, where a much-pierced young woman with orange hair was reading a magazine.

'Reluctant, is she?' said the girl, 'well nobody's going to force you, dear.'

She drew back a curtain, and a young guy appeared, dressed in a white lab-coat.

'You're alright, everything's properly sterilised, you know,' he said, 'what is it you want, girls, nipple rings, tongue, navel, clit hood, labia?'

Ann was rendered speechless, but Tina calmly said, 'Clit hood for now – and could I have a look at some rings?'

Wide-eyed, Anne watched as Tina chose a silver ring about a centimetre in diameter, then casually got up on to a chair such as she had so recently sat upon at the hospital, with stirrups for her legs.

The guy masked what he was doing with his body, but he had Orange-hair fetch him a tray of instruments, then Ann heard her friend call out very briefly, 'Oh!' and he turned away from her, saying, 'there, done! No sex for a couple of days, perhaps.'

Orange-hair turned to Ann, 'You too, dear?'

Ann was being swept along now, and wasn't sure she liked it. 'I....I don't know.' She looked a question at Tina, 'Did it hurt?'

'Only for a moment – quite exciting really,' said Tina.

'OK then,' she heard herself say, thinking, 'what the fuck will Trevor say?' then 'who gives a flying fuck?'

She got up on the chair, and the young guy, who was quite dishy really, said, ' Same ring?'

'Why not,' she said, and he confirmed it to Orange hair. She returned with the tray, at which Ann tried not to look. It was bad enough sitting with your legs apart, no panties on, in front of a complete stranger, who is going to mess with your pussy. She felt his touch as he lifted her clitoris hood, and inspected it closely, his face close enough to have licked her, and she found herself getting wet in spite of the fear she felt. Then she felt him again, touching her, his fingers surprisingly gentle, then the new sensation, the sharp, hard jab of cold metal as her flesh was penetrated, and she heard herself cry out involuntarily. It wasn't entirely in pain.

'There, done,' he said, and she looked down to see that she was now sporting a lovely little silver ring at the top of her pussy, like a sentinel.

She paid for them both, and they left in silence.

'Phew,' said Ann, when they got outside, 'I damn near came there, and now I'm sore, but I suppose it'll pass.'

'They say so, yes,' agreed Tina.

Ann spent the rest of the way home wondering what she was going to say to Trevor, but he was still at the football when she got home, and went straight out for a drink with some mates from work afterwards. She sat and pondered on their marriage. Sex had not only become routine and unexciting, it had become very infrequent in the last year, and she just wondered if it were her fault.

'No sex for a few days,' the man had said, but there were ways and means, and Trevor used to love a good blow job. She resolved to try something, and went up to the bathroom, stripped off and had a long hot shower. Then she carefully lathered the remains of her pubic hair, and very carefully took off every last vestige of it, inspecting herself from every possible angle. She thought it looked lovely, and again admired her new silver ring, lewdly dangling there at the very peak of her pussy.

She brushed out her hair to a silken sheen, and hung a heavy silver chain around her narrow waist, the slipped into a totally transparent long black nightdress. She stepped into a pair of stiletto-heeled mules, and then went downstairs, lit candles, put a bottle of champagne on ice. She put on some music and waited for her husband to come home.

She knew she wouldn't have long to wait, as he was always home for 'Match of the Day.' Her anticipation heightened when she heard his car drive into the garage, and more so as she heard him come through the kitchen. Then he clattered into the room, followed by two mates. They were all clearly half-pissed.

'What's up love? You not feeling well? Any beer in the fucking house, is there? Gary, have a shufti in the fridge. Jason, put the telly on, we're missing the bleeding match.'

Ann ran up the stairs and shut herself in the bedroom.

For the first time, she began to wonder whether their marriage had a future, and, if not, where did that leave her? She locked the bedroom door, not caring what Trevor did that night – or any other, at that moment – and went to bed.

Next day, Sunday, while Trevor was still sleeping it off, she picked up the car-keys from the place he always left them, on the kitchen table, and drove the short distance to Tina's, where she immediately broke down in tears and blurted out the whole story to her friend. Tina was sympathetic, as ever, and held her as her sobs died away, then suggested they go for a quiet lunch in the country.

The rest of the day passed quietly enough, and Ann kept her mobile switched off. She didn't want any rows with Trevor, at least not yet.

Hardly a word had passed between Ann and Trevor when their paths crossed the night before, but he managed to say good morning to her on the Monday, and she prepared to start another week's work. She felt strangely excited by what she thought of as her rebirth, and getting on the bus in a new dress, a simple button-through silky one, with the hem just above knee-height, she felt extremely sexy and desirable. The sensation of the silky material against her naked mound was making her juices start to flow, and she so sensed that her nipples were hardening, that she couldn't resist a downward glance, to see if they were visible, poking at her dress. Before the bus reached her stop, she even worried a little that she would be in danger of having a damp patch on the seat of her dress, if she went on like this.

At the office, she felt herself the centre of attention for much of the day, and the boss wanted her to take dictation several times more than seemed normal – or was it her imagination? During the afternoon, she thought she would try going a little step further, and instantly started to tremble with nerves at the idea. Her boss, the son of the Managing Director, whose name was Justin Price, called her in again, for his regular afternoon session. He normally stood by the window of his palatial office, whilst she sat in a leather armchair and took shorthand.

She knocked and went in, and there he was, smiling, stood, as ever, looking out at the traffic far below. He turned to her, as she sat down, 'Hello, Ann,' he said, 'not a lot today, just a couple of quick letters to the boring bastards we have to deal with, eh?'

He wasn't normally this chatty, and it made her relax, as she had determined to do. Her nerves disappeared, and she smiled in what she hoped was a mildly sexy manner, and wriggled back a little in the luxury of the soft leather, letting her skirt ride up her long legs, to the lace-tops of the white hold-up stockings she wore.

He started the letter, and she crossed her legs as he did so, noting that his eyes were firmly on her shapely knees. She was really enjoying this, and knew the effect it was having, when his dictation faltered, and he said, 'No, I didn't mean that at all – let's begin that one again, shall we?'

She dropped her pencil off the arm of the chair, and leaned right over to pick it up. The action momentarily exposed a little of her upper thigh, above the stockings. Justin Price was almost speechless for a moment, but somehow got through his dictation session.

The next day, Ann went with Tina at lunchtime to a shoe shop, where Tina was interested in buying a pair of boots. Tina hung around waiting for a good-looking male assistant, and finally managed to catch the eye of a lad, who must have been a student, with long blond hair and deep blue eyes. The girls sat together on a bench while the boy went off, and eventually came back with a pair of spike-heeled boots.

'Sexy,' he said.

'Cheeky,' said Tina, offering her his foot as he knelt in front of her.

He eased off her shoe, and put on the soft leather boot, zipping it up to her knee, then smoothing it up her leg with his hand, obviously enjoying the feel of her slim leg. She responded, by first glancing around her to see that nobody was close by but me, then surreptitiously hitching up her miniskirt and parting her legs just enough so that he was looking right at her naked, shaven pussy.

'Oh my God!' he said, 'how's a guy supposed to cope with this sort of thing? Could we fuck someplace?' Ann realised he was American.

Tina somehow calmed him down, gave him her telephone number, with a promise for that evening, and bought the boots, with staff-discount!

As we left the store, Ann said, 'That's one way to get staff-discount, I suppose.'

'And I gave the young prick a false telephone number,' she laughed, 'can't stand kids.'

The shoe-shop incident, however, had given Ann an insight into exhibitionism, and she knew just how much she was turned on by showing off her body – knew with certainty that all the women who said they wore miniskirts 'because they liked the freedom,' wore stilettos 'because they were more comfortable' – stuff like that – they were really exhibitionists at heart, prick-teasers at least. She also knew that some women were turned on by restraint, by wearing very tight skirts, so they could hardly walk – all part of the same thing, she thought. Well, just watch me, she said to herself, as she went to bed that night, her husband Trevor safely tucked away in the spare room.

Next day, Tina was waiting for her in her office when she arrived.

'Silk Traders' Club phoned me last night,' she said, without preamble, 'they say they want a couple of hostesses, two nights a week – good money – how are we fixed?'

'But they go topless,' Ann said, 'I couldn't do that.'

'Please yourself,' said Tina, 'but they want to know by tomorrow.'

That evening Ann made an effort to 'build a bridge' to her husband, going to him in her negligee in the spare room, but he was engrossed with his Play Station in front of a small monitor he had in there, and merely grunted when she came up behind him and stroked his hair. She went back into the lounge and rang Tina.

'It's yes,' she said to her friend – her marriage wasn't going to recover, she now knew.

The next evening, the two girls reported to the club. Trevor had shown no interest in where Ann was going when Tina called for her, and she was beyond caring anyway.

They were interviewed by the glamorous blonde wife of the club's owner, who introduced herself as Carla, and were fitted out with their uniform, which consisted of patent leather spike-heeled thigh-high boots and a black velvet miniskirt. 'Underwear is your affair,' she told them, with a knowing look, and Tina whispered, as they left the office, that most of the girls wore minimal thongs, or nothing at all. They changed for the evening, and Ann started to have doubts that she could face the public like this.

'What if there's somebody who knows me out there?' she asked.

'They'll be too ashamed to admit being here, anyway,' grinned Tina, and Ann saw the sense of that.

They went behind the bar and learned their duties, and Ann was soon surprised at how much she enjoyed flouncing around, her naked breasts jiggling as her hips swayed with the exaggerated height of her heels, the cool air around her shaven pussy. When she bent down to take an order at one table, she slightly parted her legs so that those seated directly behind her got a tantalising occasional view just below the hem of her skirt. It was obvious she wore no panties, and she made a habit of glancing around each time, lowering her eyelids provocatively, and just pursing her lips a little. After a time, she got bolder, and deliberately raised the hem of her skirt, wriggling her buttocks together while she served the people in front of her. More than once during the evening a hand reached out and brushed her arse-cheeks, and she slipped away as gracefully as she could.

When things started to quieten down, about half past one, she was sat at the bar, taking a moment off, when a deep voice spoke up behind her.

'New here, aren't you?'

She turned and looked into a pair of dark, fathomless eyes, set in a mature face, topped with black hair, greying at the temples. He could have been anything from forty to fifty.

'Let me get you a drink.'

She already had one, but would have agreed to anything the newcomer said, anything at all.

'You are?'

'Ann,' she replied, 'the new hostess.'

'When do you finish, Ann?' he asked.

The barman, listening in, unbeknown to Ann, chipped in, 'You can go now, darling, we're all done here.'

Ann looked surprised, and turning back to the newcomer, said, 'It looks as if I'm free then – but who are you?' It came out more brusquely than she had intended, and the man smiled at her as she got down from the stool.

'My name is Victor,' he said, 'may I offer you a lift home?' and she now detected a slight accent she couldn't place. His suit was impeccable, and he wore a hand-made shirt with a Gucci tie.

She had to excuse herself while she went and changed, and wondered if her escort would have disappeared when she got back. But no, he was there waiting for her. Ann felt her knees weakening as she walked with him out to the car park, and when he led her to a brand new Lexus, and held the door open for her, she thought she had died and gone to heaven. Although she had changed into the clothes she had arrived in, they consisted of a nice pleated miniskirt and a silk blouse, and, as was her new habit, no underwear, so as she swung her long nylon-stockinged legs into the footwell of the car, she knew she was treating Victor to a brief glimpse of her shaven pussy, with its silver ring probably glinting as it caught the interior light. The thought made her damp with anticipation, because she knew beyond doubt that she was about to be fucked, and there was nothing she wanted more, nothing in the world.

'I hope I don't look too bad with clothes on,' she said, when he started the car.

'On the contrary,' he said, though if you don't mind me saying so, you have lovely breasts.'

She blushed, and said nothing, wondering suddenly how he knew which direction to take. She asked him.

'Carla told me where you live,' he said, 'and she also said you are not a very happy lady at the moment?' It was rendered as a question.

She murmured noncommittally at that, and he reached over and touched her knee. The gesture was not an overtly sexual one, but an electric tingle rushed through her body, and she put her hand reflexively over his, looking at him in the light of the passing streetlamps.

He appeared to come to a sudden decision, and took a sharp left turn.

'Come on,' he said, 'I'm taking you somewhere first.'

She knew she should protest – any decent girl would – but said nothing, just stroked the back of the hand that still lay on her knee.

A couple of minutes later they pulled up outside an apartment block with a state-of-the-art entryphone system and palms in the foyer. He entered with a key and they rode the lift to the ninth floor, where he led her to a studio apartment, beautifully furnished in modern style. He flicked on the light.

'Would you like a drink?' he asked her, as they entered the spacious lounge.

Ann shook her head, and started slowly to unbutton her blouse, keeping her eyes on his, as she faced him across the room.

When she shrugged the blouse off her shoulders, Victor came to her, and cupped her breasts in both hands, caressing them gently. She moaned with delight as his fingers played on their tips, massaging her nipples to hardness. Only then did he kiss her, first letting his lips brush hers, then probing with his tongue, darting it between her teeth in a parody of the sex act she knew was to follow. She could feel her juices flowing now, and when he pulled her towards the bedroom, she was only too happy to comply.

Another spacious room, it housed a large bed, fitted with black satin sheets, and Ann slid onto it, still wearing her skirt, garter-belt and stockings. Victor was in no hurry, and, laying beside her on the bed, started to stroke the full length of her legs, right up to the lace-tops of her stockings. He went ever higher, until he was just touching the outer lips of her sex at the extremity of each stroke. She was getting delirious with anticipation.

'Oh, Victor,' she moaned, 'please, please!'

He responded by tracing the outline of her puffy, excited labia ever so lightly with a teasing fingernail, taunting her, then putting his finger to his own lips, tasting her wetness. Impatiently, she went for his zipper, dragged it down, and found him rock –hard, imprisoned beneath it, so that when she opened his trousers, his cock sprung out, instantly to attention. He had been wearing no underpants – it seemed not only the women at the Silk Traders' went without underwear! His shaft was long and hard, longer than Trevor's, if not quite as thick, she thought, and Ann stroked it lovingly, running both hands up and down its whole length, and cradling his balls while she tenderly licked a drop of precum from the very tip of his crown. He sighed at this, and manoeuvred her into '69' position, easing her legs apart, then taking her clit-ring between his teeth, and pulling gently. The sensation made Ann shudder with sheer pleasure. She licked the length of his rod, then took it deep into her throat, trying to reach her lips right down to the base of hiss shaft, then slowly, slowly, suck as hard as she was able, giving him all the sensation she could. He responded by plunging his probing tongue deep into her wet cunt, so that her juices spurted and drenched him. She had never known an orgasm of such intensity, and he hadn't even fucked her yet. He simultaneously lapped her and flicked at her clit with his fingers, and she continued to suck him as hard as she could, knowing he was about to cum. She wanted him inside her more than anything in the world, but sensed that it would have to wait, and felt him give one great heave, stiffen, and then he shot a great wad of hot spunk straight down her throat. She was ready for it, and swallowed it hungrily, loving the salty taste, and writhing with pleasure as another, more gentle, orgasm overcame her too.

They lay together for a time she had no way of quantifying, and when she felt him stir against her stomach again, she pushed him away, then knelt on the bed, her knees by his face. She opened her legs, and spread her labia with two fingers of one hand, showing him her waiting, pink cunt. Then she played for just a moment with her little silver ring, and he knew he was lost. Kneeling back on her haunches now, she cupped her breasts, and toyed with her hardening nipples, saying, 'Come on, Victor, fuck me now, please.'

His cock was now as stiff as a ramrod once again, and he lay back and let her mount him, easing herself down onto his cock, feeling him penetrate her for the first delicious time, inch by lovely inch, then pinching him with the muscles of her cunt-hole, which made him moan with sheer pleasure. She rode him, bringing him to the very brink again and again, and he played with her clitoris as she did so, so that she lost count of the times she came. Eventually he was unable to contain himself any longer, and roared his triumph as he thrust himself hard into her slender body and spurted again, deep into the inner recesses of her womb.

'Oh, Victor,' she said, 'I needed that!'

'Me too, love,' he said, and she knew she had given him the ride of his life, and that he'd

be back for more.

'Better get you back to your loved one, eh?' he said, a sly grin on his handsome face, as they got ready to leave.

'Don't!' she said.

'You could stay here,' he said quietly, in the silence that followed, looking at her intently.

'My husband will expect me home,' Ann said.

'No, I mean live here – for a time at least,' he said.

'Thank you, but no thank you,' said Ann, 'I'm still trying to make it up with Trevor.'

Trevor, in fact, went out of his way to be pleasant to her for the next few days, and when he suggested they went out together on the Friday night, she agreed readily, and let him take her to a local disco.

It was a cool evening, so she had a coat on over her dress, but when they arrived at the disco, and she checked in her coat, Trevor was aghast.

'You can't wear a dress like that – you've......you've got no bra under it,' he said.

She had put on a short silky nylon halter-neck dress with a loose top, which allowed her breasts to jiggle under the plain cream-coloured material. Their shape, and the outline of her nipples was as evident as if she had been naked.

'I'll let you into a secret,' she whispered, thinking it would turn him on, 'I'm not wearing panties either.'

She couldn't believe his extreme reaction.

'Slut!' he yelled, slapped her hard across the face, right there in the foyer of the disco, and dragged her bodily out to the car-park, not even letting her retrieve her coat. He threw her into the car and drove home like a madman, almost causing several accidents on the way. Ann, crying her eyes out by now, raced upstairs, and shut herself in the spare room until morning. When she got up, the house was empty, and the car was gone.

She phoned Tina and recounted the events of the previous night.

'Leave him, darling,' was Tina's conclusion, and she was inclined to agree. That night, they were due to work together at the Silk Traders' anyway, and Tina said they'd have a chat.

Ann didn't want to spend long in the house in case Trevor returned, as there was nothing she wanted to say to him, so she went into town, her things for the evening with her, and spent some time window-shopping.

That evening Ann and Tina met in the dressing room at the club, and were getting ready for the long evening session, when Carla, the owner's wife, put her head around the door. 'How about a striptease from you two tonight, girls?' she asked. Tina and Ann looked at each other and back at Carla questioningly. She was smiling. 'Come along, don't be shy. You'll both do great – sexy young bodies, nice movers, and it's extra money, why not?'

'Sure,' said Tina, answering for them both, while Ann kicked her, 'we'll give it a go, won't we Ann?'

'OK then, eleven and twelve spots respectively then,' said Carla, 'see me here, ten minutes before, will you.'

When she had gone, Ann looked daggers at her friend, 'Another fine mess you've got me into,' she said, 'I've no idea how to go about this.'

'Neither have I,' said Tina, 'but we'll wing it, eh?'

Ann was too busy serving drinks and being touched up, admired, and propositioned by clients, both male, and, which surprised her, female, to worry very much about what was to come, but tried to find a quiet corner for long enough to watch Tina's strip.

She came onto the low stage in a sort of parody of a nurse's uniform, with a little starched cap, apron and so forth. She stripped slowly, to wild applause from the crowd, and the music swelled as she got down to thong and bra. She teased them with these as if she had been doing it all her life, and, when she was naked, got down on a cushion, and simulated masturbation with her stethoscope. She left with her robe wrapped around her, to much clapping.

Ann felt someone at her shoulder. It was Carla. 'Think you can do better?' she asked.

'I don't know,' she replied, 'but I'll have a go.'

At ten minutes to twelve, Ann went, nervous now, to the dressing room. Carla was there waiting for her. A little while later, she was attired in a business suit with a silk blouse, a full set of underwear, and a pair of fake reading glasses.

'There,' said Carla, 'you look the perfect young executive. Go out and stun 'em!'

Ann's nerves disappeared when she got out on stage, and the music started, a slow, sensuous beat. She had been given four numbers to dance to, and told not to start stripping until the first one had finished, so she started by simply running her hands up and down the curves of her body, as she strutted around to the music, but she had been entertaining an idea, and now was the time. She slowly raised the hem of her pleated skirt, using both hands, up past her stocking-tops, so that the spectators had a view of the white flesh above, then reached a little further with one hand and untied the bow in the ribbon of her panties, letting the ribbon hang down. Then she repeated the process at the other side, and her silk panties fell to the floor. She picked them up and passed them to a silver-haired gentleman on the front row, who promptly put them in his top pocket, to considerable applause.

Ann now had the audience's attention, and, when the music changed to thee old Jane Birkin hit 'Je t'aime' she found herself getting in the mood. Off came her outer clothing, and she had already decided that she wouldn't remove her stockings or garter belt, so she only had her bra to take off – and two and a half records to go! The rest of the number she filled in playing with her tits, as she walked about the stage, licking her own nipples, which she was just able to do, and teasing them to hardness. But then the music changed to a blues number, and she took a chair from the side of the stage. She knew the clients here had come to see pussy – she'd give them some pussy. It felt wonderful to be displaying herself to all these men. She saw that several were masturbating openly, as she opened her slender legs and parted her labia with her long-nailed fingers, letting them drink in the sight of her silver ring, glinting in the arc-lights, and the pink wetness of her glistening cunt. She plunged two fingers deep into her fuckhole and wriggled her arse on the seat as if she was in ecstasy. In truth, she was not too far off.

Then, when the music changed again, this time to a faster beat, she dropped to the floor, where she took up a position on a cushion, spreading her legs wide, and changing the angle around, so that everyone got a view of her naked pussy.

When her turn finished, the applause was deafening.

Carla was quick to congratulate Ann when she got back into her normal gear, and told her that her bonus would be substantial.

A little later, she was delighted to encounter Victor as she was collecting drinks from the bar.

'I hear you did a striptease earlier,' he said.

'Oh, er..... yes,' she replied, hesitantly.

'You don't have to be ashamed,' he said, and then, 'thought any more about my offer?'

'You mean.........'

'I mean living at the apartment I showed you.'

She looked at him and burst into tears. He took her in his arms, and led her into a lobby, just off the cloakroom, where cleaning materials were kept.

When he had calmed her down sufficiently, she heard herself agreeing to move into the apartment where they had made love, for a trial period of two months, at a nominal rent.

When he drove her there later, she didn't feel like making love, and he was a perfect gentleman, not forcing himself upon her. He said they would talk in the morning, and that he wouldn't come around too early. She sent a text message to Trevor, telling him not to bother looking for her, and slept like a log.

Next morning, Sunday, Ann got up late, and explored the apartment. Victor had told her it contained everything she was likely to need. He had said, with a sly smile, that he had kept it supplied 'just in case' since he met her.

She found plenty of food, coffee and a fridge full of drinks and fruit in the kitchen. When she investigated the lounge, she discovered a wide range of music CDs, a nice TV with plenty of DVDs and lots of reading matter. She wasn't going to get bored. But what really impressed her was the wardrobe, which Victor had stocked so well she at first thought the clothes must be someone else's. Then she saw that everything was brand new, labels still attached – and all her size, precisely. He had spared no expense – there were dresses, skirts, blouses, underwear, shoes, and all to her taste, so far as she could see. On closer inspection, she realised, with a grin, that there were neither panties nor full bras – he had really understood her preferences! Neither had he neglected the bathroom, where she found a full make-up kit, and all the toiletries and fragrances she could think of. She wandered around the apartment, with eyes like saucers – at this rate, she would scarcely need to collect anything from her home.

At about twelve, the entryphone buzzed. Ann didn't know what to do at first, but eventually found the instrument, and pressed the button when she heard Victor's voice. In a few moments, he was at her door, and she kissed him lightly as he entered the hallway, a bunch of flowers in his hand.

'You really do think of everything, don't you?' she said.

'I try. What about we go out for a nice pub lunch someplace?'

'That would be lovely. Will I do like this?' She had dressed simply in a cotton dress and low heels.

'You look just great,' he said, and sounded as if he meant it.

They drove out in light Sunday traffic, beyond the city limits, to quiet countryside, and pulled up at a small country pub which advertised food.

When they had been served with the wholesome country fare, Victor looked at Ann to see if she was ready for what he was about to say. Satisfied, he put a hand on hers, and said quietly, 'Ann, my dear, I know you hardly know me, and that I'm quite a bit older than you, so you may be a bit.......a bit wary, shall we say, especially coming from a horrible marriage such as it seems you have been in.'

She nodded, and smiled, waiting for what he was going to tell her.

He went on, 'I have thought a lot about you, and I don't want to ask you to move in with me, or anything like that, even though I am a free agent. I think we both may value our independence too much for that. But I see in you some things I have long sought in a woman. You are beautiful, you know you are, and like to show it off to the world, but you are not a whore.'

She had gone bright red, and he said, 'And now I've embarrassed you – I'm so sorry!'

They sat and ate for a while in silence, then Victor said, 'Well, Ann, what do you say, will you stay in the apartment for a few months?'

'Of course,' she replied, 'but on two conditions.'

'What are they?'

'That you let me pay a proper rent, and that you take me out sometimes.'

He laughed, and said, 'Done!'

They talked for a long time, and she learned that he was, in effect, a property tycoon, with interests in many countries, and that his one marriage had broken up some five years ago, leaving behind a son whom he never saw. When she asked him why he went to the Silk Traders' Club, he replied frankly that he was an incurable voyeur.

'But doesn't that mean you're a Peeping Tom?' she asked.

'It doesn't seem to manifest itself that way in me. But I am incredibly turned on if you are with me and you show yourself to someone else in some way. I will demonstrate on the way home, if you like. I take it you are not wearing panties?'

She smiled back at him, and nodded slightly, feeling a small surge of excitement.

In the car, Ann again relaxed in the soft leather seats, and noted that Victor headed towards the city's ring-road. Even on a Sunday, there was always a good deal of traffic. Once he turned the Lexus into the flow of cars, he said to her, 'Pull your skirt up, now.'

She raised the hem off her dress until it was almost up to her crotch, and, glancing sideways, he said, 'No, more, right up to your waist!'

She bunched her dress up in her hand and pulled it right up, exposing herself completely, while Victor was seemingly concentrating on the traffic.

Suddenly, he said, 'Now, open your legs, just a little, and caress your lovely pussy!'

At that moment, he drew smoothly alongside a blue and yellow painted coach full of adolescent boys on some school trip. Through the raked front windscreen of the Lexus, anyone looking down at that moment would have an unforgettable view of Ann fingering the pinkness of her cunt, her dress up around her waist.

Victor deliberately let the coach draw ahead, and saw that two boys were staring, open-mouthed, out of the rear window on their side. They had seen!

When they turned towards home, he asked her how she had felt about showing herself like that.

'It almost made me cum,' she said, 'I can't describe it to you, but take me home, and I'll show you.'

When they got to the apartment, he had no sooner shut the door behind them, than she turned to kiss him, snaking one arm around his neck, and feeling his hardness with her other hand. There was to bee no waiting, and she pulled him into the lounge, where she simply bent over the small table and parted her legs. Without preliminaries, he thrust his throbbing cock straight into her waiting cunt, which sucked him greedily into its soaking depths. She alternately gripped and released him with her agile cunt-muscles, bringing him to a raging climax which matched her own, as he kneaded her hard nipples with his fingers. When he shot his hot, creamy load, it seemed to go on for ever, and she

felt she could purr like a cat, with the sheer satisfaction.

They talked some more about what they could do together, and Ann thought she had never felt so happy.

At work the next day, she told Tina about her stroke of luck with Victor, and spent a good deal of the rest of the day teasing her boss.

That evening Victor had asked her to dine with him, at a classy restaurant. 'Dressing up job,' he had said. Ann was restricted to the clothes Victor had bought for her, as she hadn't yet plucked up the courage to collect anything from her old home, but that was no great hardship, as she had a wide enough range to choose from.

'Dressing up' she imagined, meant a long dress, and she had difficulty in seeing how she could find anything really sexy, but long, until she had a closer look at what Victor had left in her wardrobe. She found a long white silk dress, high-necked and long-sleeved, which fitted her like a glove. She could wear nothing whatever underneath it, and had to wriggle and squirm her way into it. When she looked at herself in the long mirror, her nipples poked out defiantly through the thin silk, and the shape of her firm breasts was outlined perfectly. When she turned around, her buttocks too were defined as if she were naked. The skirt was so tight about her legs that she could walk only with short steps. She put on ultra-high metal-heeled stilettos, and cinched a heavy silver chain around her waist.

Victor pronounced himself 'enchanted' with her appearance when he arrived, and they set off to the restaurant. When they got there, the other diners stopped eating to watch them – or rather to watch her – as they made their way to their table, and their waiter couldn't take his eyes off her nipples as he served their food.

At the next table, a young couple were just starting their meal when Ann and Victor arrived. He was probably Asian, and about twenty, she a lovely slim blonde, probably a bit younger. Victor drew Ann's attention to them: 'He keeps glancing at you, and she's jealous,' he whispered.

'She's no need to be,' said Ann, 'she's terrific.'

'Isn't she? Shall we invite them?'

'But we don't know them,' said Ann.

'Watch,' said Victor, and got up, went over to the couple's table, and bent over to talk for a few moments.

He came back with a smile of his face, 'That's settled then,' he said, 'they're coming back for coffee.'

After the meal, the young couple lingered over coffee to let Ann and Victor catch up, then they all left together. Ann had never been to Victor's town house before, and was interested to see it. As she anticipated, it was beautifully furnished, and all in impeccable taste. The young couple introduced themselves as Asif and Lisa, and they all made themselves comfortable in the spacious lounge, while Victor's coffee machine did its stuff.

Ann took the opportunity to take a look at their visitors. Asif was lean and supple-looking, with liquid black eyes and longish jet-black hair. Lisa was like a film-starlet, with a great deal of long blonde hair and big tits. She was dressed in a red tank-top and a pink, silky fifties-style skirt, under which were lots of stiff petticoats. She wore matching pink high heels. She had spent a long time making up.

Victor went into the kitchen and returned with the coffee tray, then put on some music – it was a rumba, with a seductive beat.

'Doesn't anybody want to dance?' said Lisa, her local accent grating slightly.

Victor extended a hand to her and pulled her up to dance with him on the parquet floor, while Ann and Asif followed suit. She moulded herself to Asif's slim form, and soon felt the urgency of a growing erection pressing against her stomach.

'You're a naughty boy,' she whispered in his ear, then bit his lobe, gently. She looked across at Victor, who had dimmed the lights, so that it wasn't easy to see, but she could have sworn he had his hand up Lisa's skirt as they danced.

They all paused for coffee, and sat close on the two sofas. Asif had an arm over Ann's shoulder and was toying with a nipple with his fingers, whilst she stroked his thigh.

On the other sofa, Victor and Lisa were kissing passionately.

They danced again, this time more slowly still, and Ann knew that Asif wouldn't be denied any longer – he had an erection like a stallion now.

But first, she felt she had to do something, and tapped Victor on the shoulder, as he danced steamily with the voluptuous blonde.

'May I?' she asked.

'But of course,' he said.

Ann led Asif to the sofa, and sat down, leaving him standing, then, looking up into his dark eyes, she took his zipper between her teeth and pulled it down. He was wearing boxers underneath, so she had to wrestle his rampant shaft free, but then it sprung free in all its dark glory, and she sheathed it in her lips, taking his entire, considerable, length deep into her throat. She knew he couldn't last long, and left off after a few moments, to drag the tight skirt of her dress up to her waist. She sat back, her buttocks on the very edge of the sofa, waiting for him to kneel and take her, and saw that Lisa was bent over the other sofa, awaiting Victor. But she was on her knees! The stiff petticoats were around her waist and she was holding her arse-cheeks wide apart with both hands, presenting the dark tunnel of a well-used arsehole to Victor! Just as Asif came to Ann, she saw Victor spearing Lisa with his wonderful dick, thrusting it deep into her beckoning anus. She resolved, even as she was about to be fucked by this lovely Asian boy, that she would go down that road with her new man, whenever he wanted her to.

Asif fucked her with all the vigour of youth, cumming twice in half an hour, after she had rammed a finger up his arsehole to keep him hard. Then they all went to bed together, laying on Victor's queen-size bed, stroking and caressing each other until the dawn-light streaked the sky.

'Shit, I've got to go to work today,' said Lisa, suddenly, and Ann and Asif said the same thing, but Victor just grinned and said, 'Bad luck.'

Ann had decided on her new life with Victor. She had no idea how long it would last, and didn't care. All she was sure of was that it was a lot more fun than what she had left behind.

**Ann's Awakening Ch. 02**

Ann's life had changed, and it had changed for the better. She had no sense of being a 'kept woman' even though Victor had provided her with her apartment. She paid him rent, and continued in her job – it was just that he took her out, and understood her urge to show her body off, to wear provocative clothing, and he wasn't jealous.

Finding the right clothes to suit her new persona was not always easy. She didn't have much trouble with her tops. Although tight blouses and jumpers showed off her prominent nipples to good effect, and she sometimes wore them, she much preferred loose, soft items, like silk blouses, which allowed her smallish, pointed breasts to jiggle when she walked. If she chose pale, plain colours, and light, translucent materials, so much the better.

Skirts were more problematical. She liked to wear flared silk or pleated cotton miniskirts, but they were not always practical, and were too revealing, even for Ann, and could be construed as indecent, in working environments, so she often settled for a simple full skirt, just above knee-length, which gave her a nice sense of freedom, allowing the breeze to waft around her shaven pussy, reminding her of her naked vulnerability, which she could heighten by inserting a pair of Chinese balls into her hungry vagina, keeping her 'on the edge' all day. Lately, she had experimented with a small-size rubber butt-plug, which she had had some difficulty in pushing into her tiny arsehole, even with the help of liberal quantities of lubricant. It hadn't been a great success, as she had not been able to keep the plug in place for very long, but Victor had suggested a different model, as he was eager to have her anus available to him, so she thought she would extend the experiment.

Ann's awakening had extended in another direction too. She had become interested in the concept of restraint. It wasn't, strictly speaking, an exhibitionist tendency, she knew, but the truth was that the tight skirts she had had to make herself were so form-fitting that they left nothing to the imagination, and nothing could be worn under them at all.

For day-wear, she made two skirts which were just below knee-length, so tight that she could only walk in tiny little paces, the effect increased by dint of the teetering needle heels she always wore. For evenings, she hobbled her legs in a sheath of silk, whilst her breasts were unfettered in the loose tops she wore. Victor had other ideas, and had given her a pair of tiny gold nipple clamps, which she had yet to try out. She had decided to save them for a special occasion.

Living in the apartment she rented from her lover pleased Ann so much that she asked him if she could extend her lease, and he readily agreed, then suggested they throw a sort of house-warming party to celebrate.

'That would be nice,' said Ann, 'but the flat is too small, surely?'

'Oh, we'll have it at my house,' he said, 'and we should call it a pyjama party.'

'But I don't have any pyjamas,' she protested.

'I know, so let's call it a nightdress and pyjama party.'

'That sounds better.'

They advertised it amongst friends, and at the Silk Traders' Club, where they had met, and Ann got her friend Tina to help get food and drinks organised well in advance. After giving it some thought, she even invited one or two people from work, including her boss, Justin, who she knew had the hots for her, and had an inkling of her taste in clothing. To all invitees, they made the 'dress code' for the evening clear.

When the evening came around, Ann spent a long time preparing herself, and when she walked into Victor's study, to find him sat in a pair of elegant silk paisley pyjamas, he was stunned at the sight of her.

'If I were anyone else, I would say that you can't possibly go to a party dressed like that,' he said, as she posed for him under the overhead light.

She wore a long shimmering silver transparent nylon nightgown, with spaghetti straps, deeply cut away between her breasts and at the back, and tied at the waist with a silver ribbon, the ends of which hung down behind her. Her feet were in silver high-heeled mules, and through the nightgown's material could be seen a heavy silver chain she had draped around her slim waist. Less obvious was a more delicate chain she raised her skirt to show Victor, that she had clipped to her clit ring at one end, and her waist chain at the other. Anyone looking closely enough at her would be able to see it through the gown.

'God, you look fantastic, Ann,' said Victor, and massaging her breasts through the gown would certainly have led to a pre-party fuck, had not the door-bell rang there and then.

It was Tina, with a long black cape wrapped around her like a vampiress in an old movie. When she stepped into the study, at Victor's invitation, she whisked off the cape in a dramatic gesture and was left wearing scarlet nylon baby doll pyjamas with a fur trim at the neckline and hem, which was at waist-level. The tiny matching panties were as sheer as the top and were tied with ribbons at the hips. She wore four-inch heeled stilettos, and heaps of jewellery.

'Wow,' said Victor, 'you look great Tina, too. If all the girls look like you two, I'm not going to be able to move from the chair in these pyjamas.'

Ann ran her hand down his trouser-front and found the reason. His pyjamas had a big slit at the front, and he wore nothing underneath – he had taken the pyjama-party idea seriously!

Asif and Lisa turned up soon, Asif, slim and dark in short pyjamas, and Lisa in a long, flowing black silk nightgown, completely backless, which contrasted beautifully with her extravagantly long blonde hair.

'Who the fuck are they?' asked Tina, who had never met Lisa and Asif before. When Ann told her, she whistled and said, 'I'm going to have to go to bed with the both of them before I'm much older!'

'From what I know of them,' said Ann, 'I doubt you'll have much of a problem!'

Soon, guests were rolling up, clad in fur coats and wraps, which they left on the tables in the entrance hall, as they entered the well-heated and spacious lounge, where they had music playing.

All the women were in nightgowns, mostly transparent or flimsy silk affairs, whilst the men wore silk pyjamas. It made for very interesting dancing!

Ann was just starting to enjoy herself, dancing with a variety of hunky men, when in walked her boss, Justin Price – she hadn't really expected him to appear. He was clad in loose silk pyjamas, and held the hand of a lady who was, presumably, his wife. Ann had never seen her before. She had rich auburn, shoulder-length hair, and wore a very classy looking peach-coloured long nightgown, which might have been Janet Reger. Ann and Victor greeted them at the door, and Victor made sure they were supplied with drinks, but Justin's eyes were for no one else but Ann, and, as a slow number had just been put on the sound system by Tina (by accident or design) he asked her to dance, while Victor led his wife, Sarah, into the crush on the floor.

Instantly, Justin's hand went to Ann's near-naked buttocks, and as he pressed her to him, she felt the entire length of his rampant shaft thrusting against her belly.

'You're a naughty boy, aren't you, Mr Price?' she said.

'I'd very much like to be,' he replied, and she wriggled against him, the points of her breasts rubbing his chest, as he nibbled the lobe of her ear.

Tina, in charge of lighting now too, turned the lights down really low, as the highly inappropriate 'Three Times a Lady' played, and Ann risked reaching down through the slit in his pyjamas, and briefly running her palm around the crown of Justin's torrid erection.

'Oh no,' he moaned, 'do that once more, and I'll cum, right here!'

She desisted, and, peering through the darkness, saw that Victor was sat with his arm around the shoulders of Sarah on a sofa beside the dance floor, deep in conversation.

When the music changed to another slow number, she saw that Tina was now dancing with Asif, and, as they passed close by, she noticed with a shock that Tina's panties were now missing. Then she saw the red ribbon trailing from the top pocket of Asif's pyjama jacket.

'You cow!' she mouthed to her friend, who smiled back knowingly.

When, as she disentangled herself from Justin after the dance had finished, she looked around for Lisa, she saw her sitting on a couch at the back of the room, holding hands with a tall black girl in a white negligee, who must have come from the Silk Traders' Club, because Ann didn't recognise her. Curious, she watched them out of the corner of her eye for a minute, and the black girl leaned across and kissed Lisa, long and tenderly, stroking her long blonde hair, while Lisa's hand sought the black girl's breasts through the thin nylon of her garment.

Ann's reverie was suddenly interrupted by Victor. 'Pretty sight, they make, don't they?'

'Yes,' she replied.

'I've been talking to your boss's wife.'

'I know, what's she like?'

'She's OK, but inhibited. She's seen the effect you have on her husband, and wants you to help her. Will you?'

'Of course, but on one condition.'

'What's that?'

'That you fuck me, now!'

'Then I have a condition of my own.'

'Oh yes, and what's that?'

'Come on, you'll see!'

He went over. Leading her by the hand, first to Tina, to ask her to keep things going, then to Sarah to tell her that she had agreed to help her, and then he led her up the wide staircase, several pairs of eyes following them as they went, knowing full well what was their mission.

When they got into the privacy of Victor's bedroom, he flipped the lock.

'Now what's the condition?' Ann demanded.

'On your knees!' he told her, and she knew what his condition was. It was what they had both wanted for so long. Maybe she was ready for it – she wasn't sure. Her cunt was wet through, with the excitement of wearing the nightgown and showing off her body all night, the dancing with so many men, the feel of Justin's hardness against her. She had worn a butt-plug several times, so it wasn't as though her arsehole was completely virgin, and yet.....

Ann felt the fear of anticipation, as she knelt in front of his couch, her breasts cushioned on the soft upholstery, and he gently eased her legs apart, then threw her nightgown up over her waist, and trailed his hand the length of her soaking slit, toying for a moment with the ring in her clit hood, and then teasing her clitoris to erection, before poking two fingers easily into the steaming hot depths of her cunt.

His fingers traced her slit again, this time running up towards her arsehole, finding the puckered entrance. He rammed a finger deep within, and she knew something approaching total ecstasy, but was also aware that she should have to endure terrible pain when his thick cock penetrated her.

Two fingers, then three, worked their way into her, and tears flowed from her eyes as he violated Ann's tender arsehole, passing her sphincter with the aid of lubricant.

'You're ready, darling!' he told her, and, before she could protest, he was kneeling behind her, his knob forcing its unstoppable way into her virgin anus. Ann screamed with pain as he passed her sphincter, and knew the real meaning of passion for the first time in her life when a tremendous orgasm welled up and sent her to heaven. She came again and again, screaming, calling him names she should never recall, as he drove his great rod into her, tearing her, hurting her, she didn't care. Then she felt him stiffen and knew the joyous warmth as his hot load shot up into her bowels.

'Oh, Victor,' she said, 'why did we wait so long?'

The next day was Saturday – just as well, as she needed a couple of days to rest her sore arsehole, and cleaning the house up was no easy task either.

On Monday, almost as soon as she got to work, Justin called her to his office.

He sat behind his big desk, in sports coat and striped tie, and Ann came in, in her usual pleated skirt and silk blouse. They must have looked like just about anyone's idea of boss and secretary.

'Hi, Ann,' he said, 'my wife says you're going to help her.'

'If that's what she wants,' she said.

He looked at her in a strange way, and said, 'Look, Ann, can we forget our dance the other night? I mean, I fancy you like mad, as you know, but there are things you mustn't do on your own doorstep, as you know, and I think the world of Sarah.'

'OK, said Ann, 'I understand. How can I help? With your wife, I mean.'

He looked relieved. 'Right, here's what I want you to do. Take the day off work tomorrow, and spend it with her. She wants you to help her get a new wardrobe, will you do that?'

'Delighted,' said Ann, and left, clutching directions to Justin's home.

Next day was warm and sunny, so as Ann didn't have to go into the office, she decided on a pleated mid-thigh maroon cotton miniskirt, with a loose printed silk blouse. She wore a satin garter-belt and long white lace-top stockings, cinched to the straps, and metal-heeled stilettos.

When the Sikh taxi-driver opened the car door for her, she caught him admiring her legs, so she deliberately gave him a brief glimpse of naked pussy as she swung her into the seat. He gulped, and she saw him desperately trying to see her in his rear-view mirror during the short trip across town. She tipped him well.

Ann arrived at Justin's neat town-house at around ten to find Sarah waiting for her, dressed in jeans and tee-shirt.

'Would you like a coffee first?' she asked.

'That would be nice,' agreed Ann – anything to set the obviously nervous Sarah at ease.

As Sarah got the coffee, Ann sneaked a good look at her. She was not really pretty, but had strong, even striking, features, with huge almond eyes, and an aristocratic set to her face, She had a good body, with a slender waist and long, slim legs.

'Justin said you'd help me choose some clothes which would – er...do something for him,' she said.

'Of course,' said Ann, 'but it's a much a matter of attitude, Sarah.'

'How do you mean?'

'You've got to be prepared to show yourself, at your best. Are you?'

'I......I don't know.'

'Look,' said Ann, 'there's just the two of us. This is what I mean.' She lifted the hem of her skirt just enough so that Sarah could see her shaven mound, and further accentuated the act by running a finger lazily up her thigh, just to the very start of her naked slit.

Sarah's mouth dropped open, and her big eyes grew bigger still.

'Oh my God,' she said, 'you go into my husband's office like that! I ought to throw you out of the house, but..........but, well....he's so open about it, and so are you, Ann. I can't help but admire you. Let me go and think for a few minutes, will you!'

She stood abruptly and walked out of the room. Ann was left wondering what was going on in Sarah's mind.

In a few minute's, however, she was back, smiling.

'I've had a good talk to myself, Ann,' she said, 'and it's not just that I want to keep my husband. In fact, I'm not even sure I do, between ourselves, as I have independent means, but I loved the scene at your party, and talking to your Victor.......' She let the sentence hang, then she continued, 'so, tell me what I have to do!'

'First,' said Ann, 'get out of those jeans. Let's see you in something more revealing, and then we'll have a look at what you have, and what we need to go and buy. How's that?'

'Come on upstairs, then,' she said, 'you can have a look at my wardrobe.'

As they had quite a large house and no kids, Sarah had her own dressing room, and Ann admired the big, mirrored wardrobes, as Sarah slipped off her jeans and tee-shirt. She stood, looking a bit awkward, in a pink bra and matching panties. Ann looked pointedly at her, and she nervously reached behind her and unclipped her bra, shrugging the straps from her shoulders. Her breasts were firm and nicely formed, with well-centred pink nipples.

'Don't be shy!' said Ann, and Sarah hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and eased them off over her nicely-rounded buttocks, letting them fall to the floor, where she stepped out of them. She was naked but for her bedroom slippers.

'Well?' she asked, 'what do you think?'

'I think you've got a lovely body,' said Ann, 'and you ought to enjoy showing it off, but just one thing.'

'What's that?'

'We ought to do something about this!' Ann reached out and touched Sarah's bush of pubic hair, which grew in a dense forest all around her mound and in long wisps right up between her legs.

'Oooh!' she said, but meekly allowed herself to be led to the bathroom.

Ann sat Sarah down on a plastic stool, and rummaged around in the bathroom cabinet until she found scissors, shaving cream and two plastic razors, then she ran a bowl of hot water and set to work.

First of all, she used the scissors to clip away the majority of the hair from the whole of Sarah's pubes, getting her to open her legs and working her way right around to her arse. Then she lathered the whole area thoroughly and set about shaving every last vestige off hair from, firstly, her mound, then around her labia, then right up her crack to her arsehole, taking care to ensure that not a single hair remained.

'Now you must make sure that you keep shaving every two or three days, or it will itch, and stubble will grow,' she said, as she anointed the whole area liberally with aloe vera lotion. As she smeared the lotion around sarah's labia, she let her fingers linger a moment, teasing her, drawing a little involuntary 'Oh!' from Sarah's lips.

'What does it feel like, Sarah?' asked Ann, as the other woman stood up and walked about naked.

'Funny,' she said, 'kind of.......well, naked!'

'Wait until you are dressed,' said Ann, 'you'll feel lovely!'

It was time to inspect Sarah's wardrobe, and Ann prepared to be critical. She asked Ann if she was really serious about what she was doing, and Sarah replied that she was. However, having a quick look at the vast array of clothing that Sarah had in her wardrobes, Ann told her that she was proposing simply to put aside the things of which she didn't approve in one wardrobe, keeping the other two for things she considered 'appropriate' to Sarah's new lifestyle. She would do the same, she said, for her underwear drawers.

Into the third wardrobe went all Sarah's trousers and trouser-suits, evening dresses which Ann considered too boring, and many skirts which were, in Ann's view, 'neither one thing nor the other.' She was left with very few clothes in the other 'appropriate' department, and the third wardrobe was full to bursting.

When she attacked the underwear drawers, all panties were discarded immediately, and all but one or two bras were similarly tossed out. The ones that survived did so because they were 'platform' models, leaving the nipples entirely free. Ann found two garter-belts and some nice stockings, and kept these.

She turned her attention to shoes, and threw out all but three pairs, two of which Sarah said she'd bought for weddings, and one pair she said she'd forgotten she had. They were all stilettos, with at least three inch heels. Ann didn't like them very much, but decided they'd do at a pinch.

'Right,' she said, to Sarah, 'let's get ready and go shopping – perhaps have a bite of lunch out. It's a nice day; a shame to waste it, eh?'

Sarah agreed, and Ann laid some clothes out for her. It didn't take long.

'But.....but – I can't go out in just those!' said Sarah, waving at the skirt and blouse Ann had laid on the back of the chair.

'What do you think I'm wearing?' asked Ann.

Doubtfully, Sarah slipped on the cream silk blouse, and stepped into the blue cotton skirt, which was about four inches above knee-length. When she tucked the blouse into the waistband, Ann stood back to have a look at her.

'What do you feel like?' she asked.

'Funny. Naked,' said Sarah, 'I can't go out like this!'

'Yes you can,' said Ann, 'you have no idea how attractive it is to men when your breasts jiggle all the time, and your nipples poke through like that.' She touched the point of Sarah's breast through the silk. It was hardened by grazing against the thin material, and probably by the arousal of her forthcoming exposure.

'And you are wearing stockings,' said Sarah, 'I think I'd like to put some on as well.'

Ann nodded, and dug out a little satin garter belt and a new pair of patterned black stockings. When she finally had Sarah dressed, she told her to try walking about in stilettos, which she hadn't worn in years.

Ann looked a question at her, and Sarah grinned uncertainly back.

'I feel very odd,' she said, 'sort of completely naked down here,' – she patted her pubes with her hand – 'and as if everybody is going to be looking at me.'

Ann smiled at her, 'I think we'll attract a few looks, yes, and we're going to do the sexiest thing known to mankind.'

'What's that?' said Sarah, in alarm.

'Buy shoes!' said Ann.

As they left the house, Sarah reached for Ann's hand, and said shyly, 'Ann, can I tell you something?'

'Of course.'

'I liked it when you......when you touched me!' She looked ashamed to admit it.

Ann squeezed her hand in encouragement.

'Your husband wants to avoid me, because he doesn't want to mix business and pleasure,' she said, 'but that doesn't stop us....'

Sarah interrupted, 'He said that, did he? What a lamb! I almost wouldn't mind if he did, now that we're friends, Ann.'

They were at the bus stop now, and a bus was just drawing up. They boarded, and there were very few seats spare, so Ann and Sarah had to sit at opposite sides of the aisle.

Sarah kept glancing in a conspiratorial way at Ann, who smiled back at her as they made the short journey into town, and she caught several male eyes following them as they headed for the big commercial centre. Ann knew that her walk, in four-inch metal-heeled stilettos, was very sexy, and that any breath of breeze would reveal a glimpse of the lacy tops of her white stockings under her short skirt. Looking at Sarah, she was aware that her heels were not really doing her any favours, so suggested that their first stop should be a shoe shop that she liked.

The store they went to had young male assistants, forever changing – it was the one her friend Tina had taken Ann to a few weeks ago at the start of her 'new life.'

They sat on an upholstered bench, and Ann told a dark-skinned Asian guy that her friend wanted to try some sandals with very high heels.

'I'll bring you some to try,' he said, casting a little look back over his shoulder at the two of them as he went to the store. Ann was well aware that she was displaying a good percentage of her leg-length, and smiled, her eyes deliberately hooded.

Sarah dug Ann in the ribs before the assistant came back, but Ann merely chuckled, and said, 'Got to make the guys remember you, dear!'

Then he was back, with a bundle of shoes. He had seen Ann's shoes, and knew what she wanted for her friend. He had brought various strappy stilettos, all with needle heels, some with platform soles as well.

When he knelt on the carpet in front of her, Sarah yielded her foot up into his hand, and let him take off her very ordinary high-heeled shoe, replacing it with a shoe with a four inch needle heel and a platform sole.

'Yes, ' she said, 'can I try the other one?'

He went away and fetched the other one of the pair, and, when she had them on, she walked about a little, tottering just a shade with the unaccustomed height.

'They're lovely,' said Ann.

Sarah agreed to take them, and then Ann suggested she also buy a pair of boots.

The assistant went away again, having been told to fetch some good leather thigh-high boots.

Again Sarah gave her stockinged foot to the young guy, and he eased the supple leather up her leg, past her knee. As he did so, she eased her buttocks a shade on the couch, so that the young guy got a distinct glimpse of her stocking-tops, the white flesh above, and, almost certainly, her hairless pussy. He fumbled with the zip, indicating that he had, indeed, had an eyeful.

Before she finally bought the boots, Sarah had reduced the assistant to a gibbering wreck – it was her first experience of showing off her pussy.

After the shoe-shop, Ann took Sarah to buy some skirts. She had good legs, and Ann decided she needed some miniskirts, either flared or pleated, though not necessarily too short.

It was time for lunch, and they went to a wine bar, where again they gained quite a lot of admiring glances.

During their meal, Ann asked Sarah, straight out, if she liked restraint.

At first she looked shocked. 'Isn't that like bondage?' she said.

'In a way,' replied Ann, 'but look at her.' She pointed to a middle-aged woman walking up to the bar in a very tight skirt, which virtually hobbled her about the knees.

'Now why would she wear a skirt that tight?'

'Fashion?'

'Pull the other one,' said Ann, 'it's restraint she wants.'

Ann went on to tell Sarah that she sometimes wore very tight corsets, and skirts so tight she could scarcely walk, especially for evening wear. Sarah said she found it very new and exciting, and that she'd give it some thought.

In the afternoon, they went to various shops, bought Sarah three transparent tops, a fishnet cat-suit she fell in love with, another two pairs of shoes, two lovely evening gowns and some sexy jewellery. They finished off at a lingerie store, where Ann talked her into buying a black satin corset, as well as some stockings.

Ann was about to set off home, but Sarah wouldn't hear of it.

'You must come and have dinner with us!' she said, and wouldn't take no for an answer, so they took a taxi back to her home, where Justin had just arrived from work.

'Hello, girls,' he said, kissing his wife, and giving Ann a brief peck as they dumped all their bags.

'What have you been buying then?' he asked.

'Wouldn't you like to know!' said Sarah, following him into thee kitchen, leaving Ann standing in the lounge.

'Wow,' she heard Justin cry out, 'wowee!'

They emerged, the two of them, and Justin said to Ann, 'Would you like to shave me as well?'

'Justin!' yelled Sarah, and bashed him with a cushion. 'For that, you can take us both out for dinner.'

'But I can't go like this,' said Ann.

'We'll stop by your place on the way,' said Justin.

Sarah put on one of her new evening gowns, with Ann's help. It was a very expensive creation in shimmering gold material, with a halter neck, completely backless, open right down to the start of the crack between her buttocks. She wore her new needle-heeled stilettos, and pendant ear-rings so long they grazed her shoulders.

When the stopped off at Ann's flat, she chose a long black transparent tube dress, under which she had to wear a pair of black lace panties, tied at the sides with black ribbons. Her breasts, however, were entirely visible, and after she had rouged her nipples, they jutted out at the thin black material, just asking to be caressed. She cinched a heavy silver chain around her waist and stepped into silver stilettos.

'Oh my God!' said Justin, when he saw her.

They went to a nice restaurant near the edge of town, and the meal was a very high quality one.

When they relaxed over coffees, Sarah told Justin about their day's shopping, and, as Ann heard her talking about her feelings at going without panties, she suddenly felt a hand on her thigh, inching its way upwards. She was inclined to reject any advance from Justin, and put her hand under the tablecloth to push him gently away, only to make a remarkable discovery. Two hands were involved! Sarah's hand was holding her husband's wrist, impelling his hand up her thigh!

Ann looked at Sarah's earnest face, and saw her slightly parted lips. Then she ran her tongue, unmistakeably, out between her teeth, just for a nano-second. Ann felt the hand creep up, ever up, until it nestled between her legs, a finger probing into her crack, pushing the layers of thin material with it, as she responded by letting her legs drift slightly apart. She switched her gaze to Justin, and saw that he was breathing a little more rapidly.

'I think we'd better go,' he said suddenly, and summoned the waiter. Ann wondered why he had decided they had to go, at that precise moment.

In Justin's car on the way back to their home, Sarah sat in the back with her arm around Ann, but no one spoke a word.

When they got there, she had a surprise awaiting her. Victor's Mercedes was standing on the driveway, and he was stood beside it, smiling. Justin had obviously arranged for him to meet them.

Justin unlocked the door and they went in. Victor whispered to Ann and she went into the downstairs toilet. When she emerged, she had divested herself of the panties, and was naked under the transparent dress.

Sarah had put a CD on, slow, sensuous music, and she and Ann started to do an impromptu dance, writhing around together, all the day's excitement encapsulated in the moment. The men sat in the armchairs, enjoying the spectacle, knowing their respective desires would very soon be satiated,

Ann reached down and clutched the hem of her dress, easing it up her long legs, slowly past her hips, revealing her naked pussy, the ring in her clit hood, which she flicked proudly with a finger as she opened her legs slightly. As she turned her arsse towards the watching men, she spread her buttocks lewdly with both hands, showing them her newly-invaded, dilated arsehole, and emphasised it by fleetingly inserting a forefinger. She knew that she needed a prick in there – and soon. In one quick movement now, she whipped the dress over her head, and was naked in front of them, and helping Sarah undo the clasp at the back of her neck.

When this was open, her dress simply fell to the floor in a whisper of soft material, leaving Sarah standing naked in her teetering stilettos. Ann caressed her new friend's body, drawing a little moan from her lips as she worked a hand through her moist crack, finding the little nub of her clitoris. Then she took her hand and led her quite firmly towards Victor.

Victor was sat, fascinated by the novice, and reached up to run his hand up the inside of her thighs as Ann led her to him. Sarah gasped, and Ann, leant down, unzipped Victor's trousers, and took out his already erect penis. She knew him well enough to know he would be ass hard as a rock, and also that he would be wearing no underpants. Sarah's eyes widened when she saw how huge he was in Ann's hand, but Ann guided her down, down, to straddle her man, with legs wide apart, and soon his mighty weapon was stretching her cunt to its limit, as he gently forced his way into her and she settled on him with a tremendous sigh, gripping his entire length within the silken sheath of her vagina. Before she began to ride him, she rested a moment, and allowed herself to savour the joy of having this massive tool within her body, and then she squirmed a little from side to side to allow her cunt muscles to really get some purchase before she began to thrust up and down, up and down, groaning and saying things to him she would never recall, as she felt one orgasm after another build, take her by storm, then start to come at her again. He kneaded her breasts, rubbed her clit, reached behind her and fingered her virgin arsehole, did all the things she had never had done to her – she was in heaven!

All good things come to an end, and Victor couldn't go on for ever. She saw his eyes cloud over and felt him quicken and stiffen as he thrust hard to meet her final great heave, and he came in one violent spurt of hot creamy spunk, deep within her.

Ann meanwhile had turned her attention to Justin, who was nowhere near as big as Victor, but equally eager, and had wanted Ann's body for months. He pulled her to the sofa, and first lapped her soaking cunt hungrily, driving his tongue deep within her warm, inviting fuckhole.

She pulled him away by his hair, needed his cock inside her, and groaned with relief as he entered her, drove into her. She had to prevent him from cumming there and then by grasping the base of his tool hard, and using all her experience.

He controlled himself with a huge effort as she climaxed, and she showed him what she wanted him to do next, pulling him out of her and directing his crown to the portals of her anus. He got the message and slid into her velvet passage, its peristalsis transporting him to untold regions of pleasure, as she was carried off into a thunderous orgasm. He could hold off no longer, and shot his load into her bowels with a triumphant shout.

He thought: you can't mix business with pleasure, no – but this was pure pleasure!

And Ann lay there just reflecting that she had perhaps brought a bit of joy into two more lives, at least.