**Discovering the Truth**
by Isabella

On the walk home I had to consider things, had I just committed adultery or not? The man had kissed me as he fucked the flesh-light inside my vagina but had he fucked me as well, it was very confusing.

When I got home I loosened the straps of the dildo and eased it out of my cunt, spunk was dribbling out of the fake vagina but there was almost as much liquid running down between my thighs from my own excitement that had been held back by the dildo plugging my cunt.

It felt really weird washing a stranger's spunk out of the flesh-light end of my new toy. I thought that most of the semen had dribbled away on the walk from the bus stop to my house but I was wrong, the rubber vagina was quite well sealed as I walked along because my own fanny muscles were squeezing it closed. When I gripped the flesh-light along its length, from fake clitoris to false perineum, the mouth of the flesh-light opened and almost spat the few tablespoons' full of jiz into the sink.

This was the first time I'd had a chance to inspect the dildo, feel the quality and manufacture of the thing, the imitation cockhead was solid, that was where the motor was mounted that caused it to vibrate. There was no opening for batteries or sockets for wires to charge it up. I opened my handbag and pulled out the instructions, it used an inductive coupled charging system. A hand written addition to the instructions noted that the charging unit had been placed into the package along with the security cameras.

I ripped the top of the parcel open and pulled the boxes out, one of the boxes had been ripped open previously and then sellotaped closed again. I opened that one first and tucked inside was a charging doughnut that acted as a stand for the dildo while it was charging. I plugged it in on my sewing table to charge the dildo before placing the first camera on the top shelf of the bookcase in my sewing room, because it was close to a corner the instructions suggested placing it so that the power cable at the back of the camera pointed into the corner and the camera positioned so that it was close to the edge of the shelf.

The camera looked like one of those small CCTV cameras that they used in supermarkets, the kind with a smoked glass dome to hide the direction the camera was pointing. I placed the second camera in my bedroom on top of the wardrobe, because it was on a flat wall the cable outlet just had to point at the wall.

I looked in my sewing room; it was a good thing that Johnny didn't come into my sewing room very often, it was starting to look like a sex shop in there.

I checked my watch, we were due to go to one of Johnny's cousin's birthday party this evening, I wasn't holding out much hope though, Johnny often agreed to go to parties and then had to work late.

I was tempted to have a little sit on the Sybian, I suspected that if I climbed on the fake cock on the top of the Sybian it would send a message out to 'Mids-CEO', telling him that I was on it and the only way I'd know for sure would be to try it out without having my lap-top on but I was a little worried about Johnny coming home early and catching me on my sewing room floor riding the Sybian. I had a flash of inspiration and picked the heavy Sybian up off of the floor and I placed it on the seat that I usually sat on to do my sewing and project work so I could sit on it and still see out of the window onto the drive.

I was just getting into position, straddling the seat of my chair, I had to go onto the tips of my toes to get over the cock on top of the sybian when my attention was drawn out into the street by the sound of a van's engine outside. Johnny was home an hour early but he was in his works van, a large Iridium Silver Mercedes Sprinter van with the logo 'Silverman Property Management Services' emblazoned along its side. Once on the drive the van was actually hanging out over the pavement because our drive was only six meters long and the van was thirty-three millimetres short of seven meters long.

Johnny coming home in the van wasn't unusual, because of the work he did, he had to be on standby in case of emergencies, he had the van at home for a week around every second month but Johnny's week was two weeks earlier so I assumed that he had come home in the van because he hadn't finished for the day and that after a quick dinner break he'd be returning to finish off his job for the day.

I didn't return the Sybian to its hiding place, I left it on the seat and ran down to meet Johnny at the front door.

Johnny opened the door and walked into me, "Sorry about the van darling but Robin Dixon's sick so we had to draw lots, I won, I've got to cover for Robin until midnight tonight, Colin Price had to cover from midnight tonight to midnight tomorrow and Brian Glover has to do from midnight on Saturday night until midnight on Sunday, then Gary Lord has to take over all day on Monday. Hopefully Robin will be back at work before my turn comes around again next Friday!"

Johnny was cut short by a beep on his mobile phone, it sounded like a text message was being announced, it could have been the first emergency call out of the evening and he'd only just arrived home. He looked at his screen and grinned and then he ran to the living room window and looked out as a bus went past our house, "She must have been on the bus, she's already out of range."

"Who's she?"

"I have no idea, a mobile phone app has been spreading around town for the last three weeks, if anyone has one of the new remote controlled sex toys and comes within ten meters of a phone with the app on it you get a message, if you right swipe and the device isn't already under someone's control you can set the vibrations power, if you tap the screen and the device is already being controlled it sends a message to the controlling phone asking for permission to take over giving total strangers increasing pleasure."

He showed me his screen, Gail King's name was on his screen but the dot at the side of her name was red, "Why do you have Gail King's name on your phone?"

"It was her husband, Peter, who told us about the app, he bought her one of the remote controlled sex toys, when she has the toy in her the red dot turns green and I can swipe it right and try and control her vibrator."

"But Gail lives the other side of town, how can you see her from so far away?"

"Because I saved her details on this phone, she can be anywhere in the world and if she's inside a wi-fi zone and uses the vibrator than I'll see it on the screen and I could take over her pleasure so long as there is no one blocking me."

I looked nervously up towards my sewing room, what if his phone could pick up my strap-on dildo when it finished charging up? Should I run upstairs and pull the charger out of the powerpoint?

"So, what about your cousin's party tonight?"

"We'll still go and keep our fingers crossed that I don't get called out!"

"Well, you asked me to go to the party tonight dressed the way that I was for your companies Christmas party, this is the first party this year that our parents aren't going to go to and it could be your companies next Christmas party before I can play dress-up for you again!"

Well, you can still dress up for me at tonight's party!"

"Not if I have to catch a bus or a taxi home afterwards! If you get a call out and leave me in Kettering I don't want to take public transport back home wearing just that micro mini-dress with nothing on under it."

"If I get a call, I'll have to drop you off at home before I attend the emergency."

"Okay then, go and have your shower and get ready, I'll make you a quick sandwich before we go."

I went to my wardrobe to find the dress that Johnny had picked up for me in November the previous year, he'd been called in late at night to one of the Silverman hosiery companies, the label in the back of my dress had the name 'Silverman's Secret Pleasure' and the 'L' of Silverman had a Stars and Stripes flag fluttering from it making the 'L' look like a flagpole. I'd looked all over the place but had never seen anything in the shops from 'Silverman Secret Pleasure' since Johnny brought it home from the factory with him.

I had a new set of stockings, hold ups, with very pretty embroidery around the elasticated tops of the legs, they were darker than the stockings I'd worn the last time I wore the dress. I had cleaned my red patent leather shoes, the ones with the four inch high heels and I'd washed and pressed the dress, red silk effect man-made fibre. The dress was only a quarter of the weight that the same amount of material would have been if it were actually made of real silk. The spaghetti string shoulder straps could be altered in length to show more of my breasts and less of my legs or shortened to show more leg. I'd set the straps so that the bottom hem of the dress was nine inches above my knee.

I did my make up while Johnny dried himself and dressed in a silk shirt and soft cotton chinos and while he ate the sandwich I'd made him, I pilled my hair high on top of my head, exposing my long slender neck, emphasising the bare flesh on show above the scarlet material of my dress.

I climbed into the passenger side of the van while it was still on the drive. It crossed my mind that I'd already drunk a bottle of very strong wine before leaving the house...today, I was stone cold sober! I had to almost push myself out of the front door and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable about being out in the daylight dressed the way I was.

Johnny drove toward the A-six, the road to Kettering and as we pulled out of Kimbolton Road into the quite fast moving traffic his phone beeped, he took it from his shirt pocket and tossed it to me, "Can you check this message please darling?"

Johnny had nursed the van up to sixty miles an hour and didn't want any distractions as he was in a flow of traffic that was generally moving at closer to eighty miles an hour than his maximum of sixty.

I called up the text message, "It says there is a line breakdown at Pleasuretronics."

"Pleasuretronics...never heard of that one, must be a new contract...can you look it up on the factory directory app please?"

I closed the message window and found his company's directory app, "Says it's on Bury Close."

Damned it, I'll have to go all the way around the 'A-forty five' roundabout and head back to Kimbolton Road."

"You could just turn left at the roundabout, take the 'A-five zero two eight' back into town, drop me off at home and then go to Bury Close and see what's up."

"It'll be quicker to come back down the other side of the 'A-six', it'll be something simple I'm sure and if it isn't I'll take you home before I start working."

I waited outside the factory while Johnny popped in to see what the problem was. I looked at the front of the factory, the name painted on the sign above the loading bay doors was 'Paxman Pleasuretronics'

He had a massive grin on his face when he returned to the van for his tools.

"Is it going to be a big job darling?"

"There are some gig jobs in there...I know where all the remote control sex toys are coming from now!"

"What, they sell them in there?"

"No, they make them in there...want to come in and see?"

My first reaction was a resounding 'No!' but I was dressed to show off and I was showing off for Johnny, if he wanted me to go into the factory with him then...why not!

I was introduced to a man in a white lab coat, his name was John Paxman so I asked him if he was the owner of the factory.

"Do, I was until three weeks ago, the banks didn't like it when they found out what I was making in here and they called in all their loans and bankrupted me, I had to sell out at the last minute to save the forty jobs here, mind you, it turned the company around, we can't keep pace with the demand now and have had to go from a single shift to three shifts."

"So instead of losing forty jobs...what, you've increased your workforce?"

"Yes, up from forty full time staff to one hundred."

Johnny asked if they had any new machines or if they had any problems, we were taken through to the factory floor, hundreds of different sex toys in the process of being assembled, I saw Sybians being made in one area and some long slim anal probes in another. Johnny whispered, that black anal thing there is like the one that Peter bought Gail three weeks ago!"

We were taken to the end of the production line that the charging units were being made on and John Paxman said, "Up until six o'clock this evening, the charging units were being packed in zip-lock bags that took three staff, our engineers fitted this bag former unit with vacuum pump and heat seal so that now the charging units are taken off the conveyer and bagged up without any humans in the process."

There was a half sealed and half cut bag stuck in the machine, the plastic bag had neem melted but not cut through and was now stuck on the heating element because the machine had cooled down when the power went off. Johnny used his box-cutter knife to cut the bag off of the machine and he passed it back to me. I looked at the content of the bag, I stopped myself saying that it was a little smaller than the one I had received through the post that morning.

John Paxman took the bag out of my hand, "This will need to be put in a zip-lock bag, can't run it through the sealer now."

"The plug on the end of the cable looks like a USB plug from a computer!"

"Yes, the vibrator can be charged from any internal USB port on PCs and lap-tops or a wall charger, it makes them very versatile but takes a little longer to charge them up."

Johnny checked the manufacturer's plate on the back of the new machine, "This is only a single phase machine, it's meant for a shop rather than a factory, it is six kilowatts so it'll be man enough for the job but it could put things out of balance!"

Johnny switched the machine off and walked to the power room, the fuses were massive, they were one hundred and fifty amp fuses but being close excess current protection would carry one hundred and fifty amps all day and every day but they would blow at one fifty two amps. The fuse was replaced and the factory was turned back on.

Johnny had a meter that clipped around the cables from the meter to the main isolator switch, I wrote down the readings for him:

* Red Phase = One hundred and forty amps
* Blue phase = One hundred and forty seven amps
* Yellow phase = One hundred and ten amps.

Johnny said, I'll bet the new machine has been wired into blue phase!"

We returned to the bag sealing machine and Johnny unscrewed the cover of the isolator, the brown cable from the machine went into the blue phase and the blue wire from the machine was connected to the black terminal.

"Has the machine been wired up the wrong way round?" both men looked at me with a look of pity at my stupid comment.

"The fixed wiring is colour coded for the three phases and the machine is wired in modern flexible cable where brown is live and blue is neutral."

Johnny unscrewed the cable from the blue terminal and pushed it up the yellow one before tightening the terminal screws again.

The bag forming and sealing machine was turned on again and the production line restarted, we watched the machine make, fill and seal three power supplies and then Johnny went back to the power room and checked the usage again, this time the yellow phase was drawing one hundred and forty amps and the buildings power consumption was more balanced.

While Johnny was packing his kit I saw John Paxman hand him a box, "Thanks for that mate, you didn't have to fix the machine for us like that, all our contract calls for is to replace the fuse and leave the actual machine repair to our own engineers but I would have lost that production line for three days if you had."

In the van I asked Johnny what he'd been given, he grinned at me and revealed one of the black anal probes, "He heard me mention that Peter had bought Gail one of them so he gave me one as a thank you!"

We were sitting in the car park still when Johnny unpacked the vibrating anal probe, he read the instructions, "Needs to be charged up before use."

I was looking at the probe, it was six inches long, at its widest point it was around a half an inch in diameter with three narrow points that slimmed down to half that diameter. There was a flange at the base of the dildo that was wafer thin, it was obviously designed so that it could be inserted up the bum and then it could be sat on without discomfort. The box also held a wall charging unit as well as a small bottle of silicon lubricant to help the end of the probe get into place.

Johnny plugged the probe into his phone charger in the van and placed the doughnut coil over the top of the probe and stood it on its base in the box under my seat.

We drove to Johnny's cousin's house with no further call outs. The party was unbalanced; there were seven couples and five single men but no single women. The back sitting room had been cleared for dancing and the food and drink was in the front living room. Johnny encouraged me to dance with each of the single men in turn, that took care of the first hour. Then I had a rest, I sat in the front living room to have some food and a drink, Johnny made the drink quite strong and he encouraged me to finish it before I went back to dance with the married men. The married men were far more 'hands-on' than the single men, I had almost every inch of my body cupped, pinched, slapped or fondled in the second hour of dancing.

Johnny rescued me and talked me into joining him in the toilet. I thought that we were about to have sex with four men in the queue to use the toilet. He grinned at me, "Want to try this?"

I was a little disappointed but I shrugged my shoulders, "If you want me to!"

He dribbled a little of the lubricant onto the head of the probe and then he put a little on the tip of his middle finger, "Lift the back of your dress!"

I pulled the back of my dress and uncovered my bum, he eased his finger up and then buttered the entrance with more silicon lubricant. I hardly felt the probe going up my bum and Johnny's phone instantly beeped, he worked quickly to take control of the probe, he named the connection, 'Vicky-anal' and started it vibrating gently. There was a beep on his phone, he showed me the screen, it was a telephone number with a request to have control of the probe, Johnny flicked left to deny the request, there was a second beep, Johnny's cousin's face appeared, Johnny grinned at me, "You want the birthday boy to take control of your anal probe?"

"Not really...knowing him he'll take it too far and put it on maximum power before I've gotten used to it."

Johnny left swiped and then there were five other requests in a row, they were all on the screen at the same time. Johnny had three of the men in his phone's memory because they put the man's name up or their photograph, he cancelled them all.

"Johnny, how popular is that damned app, almost every man here has asked to get hold of my vibrator's control already!"

"I think every one of my mates has it on their phones and it's only been available for three weeks!"

We left the toilet and the queue was gone, all the men were at the front window looking out. Because the vibrator had turned up so late they had assumed that it was someone out in the street as no new guests had turned up, there was a massive discussion going on as I sat drinking a vodka and coke, sitting down increased the pleasure of the slow vibrations in my bum, it was giving me masses of pleasure but stopping short of tipping me into an orgasm but still very pleasant.

The consensus of opinion was that the woman with the vibrator had to be in a neighbouring house as there were no people ou in the street or in any of the cars. Johnny's cousin commented, "These remote control vibrators are popping up all over the county."

I saw him typing a name in the phone, "What are you doing Mark?"

"Well, I don't know who the vibrator belongs to so I just called her 'Birthday girl' so I'll see her next time she plugs the vibrator in her cunt wherever she is!"

I hid my smile behind my glass, 'Cunt!' I said to myself, 'if only he knew!'

I went back to the back sitting room looking for a dance, the lights had now been turned out totally, the music was being fed in through Bluetooth from Mark's mobile phone in the front room so there wasn't even the light from a hi-fi blinking away. I opened the door and sent a shaft of light into the room, it was like a spot light on Mark's wife, Kim, she was dancing with her brother, Ben, but there was something wrong with their positions as they danced, Ben's head was low down, he suddenly straightened and looked nervously towards the light source.

Mark's wife's blouse was wide open and her bra was up under her chin, her brother had been sucking on his sister's tits when I opened the door, they were all alone in the back room so I closed the door and backed away, Kim opened the door and stopped me, she was buttoning her blouse up as she came through the door into the hallway but her bra was still up under her chin but she was slowly hiding her breasts under her blouse. "Vicky...you won't tell..."

I stopped her, "Don't worry, what goes on in the party dark room...stays in the party dark room."

I went and got myself another vodka and coke, all the men were still in the front living room discussing who they thought might have the remote controlled vibrator. They were all fixated on their mobile phone screens, Johnny was copying them but rather than requesting control of the sex toy, he was rejecting the requests from his cousins and subtly varying the speed of the anal probe up my bum.

The front door bell sounded, I heard it but none of the others seemed to so I went and opened the front door. There was a six foot tall African man on the doorstep, he looked at me and then at the door number, "Erm...is this Mark's birthday party?"

I nodded my head and stood to one side, "I'm Curtis, Mark told me to pop by if I got back to Kettering tonight."

I gestured towards the door into the front room, "Mark's in there...all the men seem to be in there!"

Well, all but one but I didn't need to tell the new arrival that Ben and Kim were dancing in the unlit back room, I was missing five women so I went off to look for them, I didn't have to go far, the five other women were all in the kitchen, they were all talking about their children, they avoided mentioning kids around Kim because she'd been trying to have a baby for at least ten years, they didn't mention kids around me either because I couldn't have one, the only difference between me and Kim was...I was happy not to have kids.

I turned on my heels and bumped into Curtis leaving the front room, "The guys seem to be playing some kind of game, I'm looking for someone to dance with!"

I offered him my hand and pulled him towards the back room, once again, opening the door shone a light into the back room, Kim and Ben were no longer dancing, they were sitting on one of the large floor cushions that had been dumped onto the floor all around the outside of the room. It was obvious from their body positions that they were in the middle of a rather passionate fuck session.

I closed the door and started dancing with Curtis. The first dance was 'chaste' to say the least. Because Curtis wasn't a cousin he didn't jump straight in to the inappropriate groping like Johnny's cousins did, it was the third tune before his hand slipped onto my arse and then things took an interesting turn. It was a serendipitous turn of events that at the precise moment that Curtis pulled my abdomen against his groin by pressing down on my bum, Johnny had stepped up the power of the vibrator in my bum.

Curtis was kissing me that that moment and as he felt the mechanical vibrations through his hand as well as his cock, his mouth formed a smile against my lips, "Well, I guess I've found out who the woman is with the remote controlled vibrator!"

The fourth and fifth dance were just short of full on sex while dancing a square step to music that didn't have the right beat for a square step.

The sixth tune started just as the door opened again, I pulled my hand away from Curtis' cock as quickly as I could but Curtis was much slower taking his hand off of my bum. It wasn't totally innocent but at least our hands were on the outside of our clothes still but I have to admit to myself that might not have been the case by track number seven.

Johnny was at the door, it had just turned ten o'clock, "I've just had a call to a leaking oil pipe at Stirling's office block..." Johnny stopped talking and looked at Curtis' hand still on my bum. "...I was going to take you home first but you can stay here if you like and I'll pick you up after I've fixed the leak."

I pulled away from Curtis and ran for the door, I closed the door and kissed Johnny on his lips out in the passage way.

"Curtis wants to fuck me, he was getting close to trying it standing up in there!"

"I could kind of see that much for myself."

"I was stopping him...I'm not sure just how far you want me to go on this new exhibitionists adventure...do you know?"

"I would love it if you had sex with another man...especially with an African. I remember the look on your face when you saw Suleiman fucking Gail King last Christmas and I wondered what it would look like to see you like that!"

"I could ask Curtis to give me a lift home, you could get straight off and fix the leak and meet us at home...if you'd like that idea!"

"Would it freak you out if I walked in on you and Curtis in bed together?"

"I think it could be very exciting...so long as you can handle the jealousy angle!"

Johnny grinned at me, I've been dreaming of something like it since our summer holiday last year."

Johnny almost ran to his van to get off to work. I returned to the back room and picked up the dance with Curtis.

"Is your husband coming back when he's finished work?"

"No, he told me to ask you if you'd like to take me home when I've finished my drink and said goodbye to everyone..."

Curtis kissed me, his lips betrayed his smile.

"...that's if you'd like to take me home that is!"

"Definitely. How long do you think it will take your husband to do his job?"

"Not sure...why?"

"I was just wondering how long we'll have!"

"If you're shy...I'll close the bedroom door and Johnny will sleep in the guest bedroom, if you're happy, I'll leave the door open and Johnny will join us."

"You guys do this kind of thing often?"

"No, this will be the first time...so long as I don't chicken out at the last minute...Johnny might chicken out as well, he'll leave a message on the answer phone at home if he changes his mind."

Kim left the room, leaving her brother sitting on the floor cushion on his own, I decided that it was time to go back and finish my drink, Kim was half way up the stairs holding hands with Mark's brother, dragging him along behind her, Curtis saw the confused look on my face, "You've obviously not been to one of Mark's birthday parties after midnight before!"

"No...Johnny is usually at work or on call out like today at this time of the year."

"Mark and Kim are so desperate to have a baby that she takes all of his cousins to bed, fucks them all in the hope that she cops out with one of them."

"I thought that they were having fertility treatment!"

"They've had their three cycles of treatment on the National Health Service and they've paid eighteen thousand pounds for one cycle of private treatment but none of them worked so their only hope is for Kim to have sex wit as many of their cousins as possible so that she can have a baby...Naturally I'm not invited into her bedroom, Mark doesn't want a brown baby, no matter how popular they are in this neighbourhood."

I found my drink and took it into the kitchen to say good bye to the wives of the men who were waiting patiently to screw Kim. I said goodbyes and kissed the eight men waiting in the front room for their turn at Kim and thirty five minutes after Johnny left the party, Curtis and I followed him.

I gave directions to my house and when we got there I routed Curtis past Silverman's office block to see if Johnny's van was still there.

I was attacked the moment we walked through the front door but I pushed him off, "I've just got to check my emails, would you like a drink?"

"Depends!"

"Depends on what?"

"Depends on if I have to drive home after or not!"

I looked at the answer phone, there were no new messages, "Well, Johnny hasn't changed his mind yet so...I'd say you can stay here until breakfast at least."

"Okay then, I'd love a drink!"

I opened the drinks cupboard and told him to help himself, then I opened my lap-top up and checked my emails, there were no new emails so I opened the chat room.

'TrackDayGirl' - "Mids-Ceo...are you there?"

'Mids-Ceo' - "Yes. How are you?"

'TrackDayGirl' - "Have you connected to the two cameras today?"

'Mids-Ceo' - "Yes I have?"

'TrackDayGirl' - "Can you record what's going to happen in my bedroom in about ten minutes time?"

'Mids-Ceo' - "Sure I can."

'TrackDayGirl' - "Cool, I need you to burn the video onto a DVD and send it to me so I can show Johnny later!"

I said my goodbyes and then closed my laptop down.

I took Curtis' hand and pulled him towards the stairs, he had his glass in one hand so he shook my hand free and started pulling at my dress, I slapped his hand away, "Wait until we're in the bedroom!"

I opened the door to the bedroom and turned the lights on, I looked up at the camera and smiled knowing that Mids-CEO would be turning the recorder option on at his end.

My dress was off in a second but then I slowed things down, I spent almost an hour stripping Curtis off, I worshiped his cock with my mouth as he lay on his back on the bed. I got him close to an orgasm with my mouth before I straddled his hips and lowered my cunt down the length of his cock. As I bottomed out the anal probe started buzzing again causing Curtis to gasp as the vibrations invaded the wall of my perineum and engulfed his cock in additional pleasure.

I took the sudden vibrations in my arse as a sign that Johnny was probably driving his van back to the house having finished clearing his oil leak up. I started a slow trotting movement on Curtis' cock as the sound of a three litre Mercedes diesel engine sputtered to a stop on the drive below my bedroom window.

I heard the front door open, the footsteps climbing the stairs and I transitioned from a trot to a canter. Johnny stood in the open bedroom doorway and as he said, "Can I come in?" I spurred into a gallop and brought Curtis to his climax.

I rode Johnny the way I'd done to Curtis earlier, Johnny loved the feeling of the vibrations rippling through the wall between my arse and my cunt, Curtis was watching us fuck as he lay on the bed next to us, he was using Johnny's mobile phone to speed up and slow down the vibrations but before Johnny climaxed the vibrations slowed down to a final death throw as the rechargeable batteries died.

The name 'Vicky-anal' slipped from the screen as the lack of power dropped the link between controller and vibrator. Curtis eased the probe out of my bum and then he climbed up behind me and he fed his cock up my bum. Having a vibrator up my bum for so long had certainly prepared my anus for invasion by a man's cock. There was no pain at all, just a feeling of uncomfortable fullness. Johnny certainly appreciated the feeling of a second cock slipping up my anal sheath, adding pressure to his cock and that was enough to drive him over the edge and into his own climax.

There was lots of swapping and changing until three o'clock in the morning when we all fell asleep. We were all still just a tangle of limbs at noon on Saturday when I woke up. I took the anal probe to the bathroom and washed it and then I had to pull on my short, silk, kimono to go out to Johnny's van to find the charging unit. I was at the open passenger door, bending in the van trying to reach the vibrator's box and it's power supply when the postman came up behind me, he cleared his throat, "Afternoon Mrs Clarke, I've got a collection of bills for you as usual today."

I looked over my shoulder, I knew full well that he could see my bare backside as he stood there grinning at me, Johnny's voice came from high above, Johnny was at the bedroom window, "Afternoon Pat, you need a cup of coffee? Vicky's just put the machine on!"

I saw the postman's grin widen, he turned to face Johnny, "I'd love one mate!"

I decided to leave the box, with its picture of a black anal vibrator on the front, in the van and just retrieved the wall power unit and the cable that would connect it to the charging doughnut before sliding backwards out of the van.

The postman followed me into the house and was totally surprised to see Johnny and Curtis wandering around in the kitchen wearing just their underpants. I poured four coffees out and then took the charger up to my bedroom to start charging my anal probe. Curtis left Johnny and the postman who Johnny called Pat but, we didn't actually know his real name, and he joined me in the bedroom.

"I've got to run in a minute, any chance of one last fuck before I go?"

I let him drag me onto the bed, Curtis was playing to the gallery, he didn't want me on top controlling my own pleasure, he wanted me flat on my back so that he could pile-drive into me, take his own pleasure as quickly as he could but also cause me to boil over and verbalise my own orgasm, leaving Johnny and 'Postman Pat' in no doubt what we were doing above their heads.

Curtis left after fucking me and I put my kimono back on and went to find my cold cup of coffee. Pat was still there talking to Johnny about football, Johnny's team, 'Ferrers Saints', were due to play their first friendly fixture before the start of the new season and our postman was keen to hear all about the team's new setup. In the past, Johnny and his team mates had to get changed into their football strip at home because their pitch was on a local park with no facilities, not even a toilet to relieve themselves. This year, Johnny's boss had been talked into sponsoring the team because all twenty eight players registered to play for the team worked in one or other of the Silverman group of companies and Stirling had thrown himself into the deal with full vigour. He had provided three acres of farm land to give his workers a brand new football pitch of their own as well as a clubhouse with changing facilities as well as a bar.

I'd never actually seen the new facility but Johnny and his fellow maintenance men had all donated some of their free time to do the wiring and the plumbing inside the new building as well as painting the walls.

I sat at the kitchen table and our postman gave a sly look at my legs under the table. He usually looked at me with lustful eyes in the past but after being there in my kitchen with my husband while I fucked a strange man in my bedroom, that lustful look was now tinged with hope.

The postman dragged his coffee break out as long as he dared but he still had a satchel full of mail to deliver so he eventually had to drag himself back out to work.

I made Johnny a snack lunch so he wasn't overloaded before his football match. And then I dressed in leggings and a T-shirt with no bra or knickers under. We drove to the new football ground in Johnny's company van. The ground had a large car park, just gravel that ran up behind the new clubhouse. Peter King had beaten us to the pitch, his car was parked closest to the clubhouse and as soon as we pulled off of the main road, Johnny's phone pinged. I thought that it was showing that Gail King was nearby but when I looked at the screen, it was an unknown vibrator.

I always looked after Johnny's phone and wallet when he played football on the park because they had no secure facilities and even though the new pitch had a lockable changing room, I still held his valuables.

We pulled up alongside Peter's car and as I climbed out of the passenger side of the van I spotted Guy Redwood's wife Samantha, Guy was the team's goalkeeper, sitting next to Peter, her overnight bag was on the back seat of Peter's car, the distinctive design and her initials gold blocked onto the leather made it stand out.

Johnny's phone pinged again and Gail King's name popped onto the screen, I saw Peter check his phone and he smiled at Samantha, he tried to whisper, "Gail's just plugged in so they'll be here in a few minutes!" but I heard him.

Samantha for her part said, "I'm not happy, you boys assured me and Gail that we'd be the first two cars here and now other people have started turning up, I said that we should have gone to my house to pick Guy and Gail up!"

Peter went to kiss Samantha but she pulled away from him because she could see that I was watching them closely.

Guy Redwood's car was the next to turn up with Gail King sitting next to him. Guy had one of the few sets of keys to the clubhouse and as he went to unlock the building, Samantha and Gail swapped their overnight bags into their respective husband's cars.

The fourth car to turn up was a surprise, the sleek black Rolls Royce Phantom 'V' limousine with the registration index, 'BO55' driven by Suleiman, the huge black man I'd seen shagging Gail King outside the company's Christmas party. The bigger surprise though was that Stirling Silverman was in the back seat of the car.

Johnny helped Suleiman to carry the massive kitbag full of the brand new kit for the brand new team from the boot of the Rolls Royce and carried it with one handle each into the home changing room.

Silverman gathered the three of us together, he had three carrier bags, each one had our name written on the side in thick marker pen, I looked into the bag he gave me, there was a silver football shirt with 'Clarke' on the back above a massive black number two, silver football shorts with the smaller black number two on the right leg, Johnny played in Centre Back position on the pitch and would usually play as number two or number six, I guessed that for today he would be playing number two.

"Should I take this through to him in the changing room or is it a spare kit?"

"No, didn't Johnny tell you that I was providing you girls with a football strip of your own to wear so that the visiting team will all know which player you support?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I've told everyone to get here early so that you girls can use the visitors changing room to get changed in before our opposition team turn up."

I followed Gail and Samantha into the visitors changing room, the walls were painted a deep blue colour, there was the almost swimming pool sized bath set into the floor that was already full of water and had steam rising from its surface. I tried to hide the fact that I wasn't wearing underwear but I needn't have bothered hiding that fact as neither Samantha nor Gail had any underwear on and they both seemed totally happy being naked together. I did catch sight of pink rubber between Samantha's legs and black rubber between Gail's legs, they both had vaginal devices that didn't need strapping to hold them in place so they must have been the egg or ball shaped vibrators and not like mine with the addition of a fake vagina that unbalanced the thing and would pull it out of the cunt.

I'd pulled my shorts on just in time because there was a flood of wives all carrying their own carrier bags. By the time I'd pulled my football shirt on the other eleven wives were naked and I could clearly see that at least six of them had vibrators inserted in their vaginas. I was about to drop my old clothes into the carrier bag when I spotted Johnny's phone screen, it showed that there were actually nine remote control vibrators within one hundred feet of me., I turned his phone over so that it was face down and then noticed a DVD in the bottom of the bag in a clear jacket, it had yesterday's date written on the disk.

I froze, Mids-CEO had to be Stirling Silverman and he was probably responsible for the sudden spread of remote controlled dildos in the Higham Ferrers area.