Fenella's Feelings

by Calandria ©

Fenella McLeod was a respectable married lady. At least, she was married

to a man who was – James liked to describe it – 'something in the city.'

And her family was an old Scottish one, of impeccable lineage. It

occasionally weighed heavy upon her, because she was twenty eight years of

age, slim and attractive in a very Scottish way, with long, straight,

silky black hair and high cheekbones, and fine skin.

Sex with James was usually pretty good, really, she had to say – maybe a

bit lacking in variety, but after five years of marriage, not a cause for

complaint. And yet......yet there was something missing, something she had

difficulty in admitting, even to herself, and even thinking that she heard

herself sounding like one of those letters to 'Cosmopolitan.'

Then one day, as these things are apt to do, things changed, all of a

sudden. James had had to go in to work early, and his companion, Gareth,

who lived in the next smart suburban street, had offered her a lift to

work. He had a very snazzy little MGB – the latest model, which you had to

virtually crawl in and out of. Fenella got into the car easily enough,

smoothing her pleated skirt under her as she settled in the bucket seat,

and they discussed all manner of things with ease on the way. When they

arrived at her office, though, Gareth got out and sprinted around to open

her door for her. There was no way she could manage the manoeuvre

gracefully, and as she swung her long legs out of the low car, her skirt

rode all the way up to her waist, and she remembered too late that she had

neglected to put on a pair of knickers that morning. In fact she seldom

wore them in summer, as it was hot in her office, and she simply liked the

feeling of the breeze above her stocking-tops.

Gareth's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he helped her out of the

car, but she regained her composure, and kissed him lightly on the cheek,

thanking him for the lift, for all the world as if he hadn't just had a

first-class view of her hairy muff.

When she got into her office, Fenella was feeling strangely excited.

Gareth's own excitement had somehow got to her, and she suddenly knew what

it was, at least in part, that was missing from her life. For she had read

about exhibitionism – never really given it much thought, except that she

knew she liked wearing sexy clothes, that they gave her a bit of a 'lift.'

But the buzz she felt from Gareth seeing her pussy was of a different

order, and she knew she was going to make some changes from that day on.

There was, she thought, one possible problem. What would be her husband's

reaction? But she remembered that he had made several comments about her

refusal to shave her pussy (she had always refused because she knew it

would be uncomfortable when the stubble grew back) and that gave her a few

ideas.

That evening, she could hardly wait to get her clothes off, and take a

soak in the bath. Then she lathered her pussy thoroughly with James' foam

and set about it with a fresh razor, carefully taking off every vestige of

hair from her cunt-lips and mound, and inspecting the results carefully in

her little hand-mirror. She found herself getting moist as she manipulated

her labia just a bit in order to remove the last scraps of hair, and let

her fingers linger a bit longer around her eager clit before sighing and

applying some aloe vera lotion, which action again aroused her just a

little.

When James got home from work, she slowly opened her robe as he entered

the lounge, and his eyes widened in surprise.

'Is it my birthday?' he asked.

'It's my new look,' she gave, as an answer, and he made a grab for her, as

she swirled away from him coquettishly. But she let him catch up with her,

and he soon had her pinned over the arm of the sofa, inserting himself

between her legs as an urgent erection demanded attention.

'My, James,' she gasped, ' I should have shaved long ago!'

She had his fly open in an instant, and he wanted no delay, burying his

shaft in her waiting vagina, whose agile muscles held him within its

silken walls ass he pumped in and out, holding her arse cheeks in his

strong hands. His urgency meant that he was soon through, and spending his

seed in her with a shout that accompanied her own. It was a long time, she

thought, since the two off them had climaxed simultaneously, and this had

been good. Wow! Later, as she lay with James, he asked her why she had

decided to shave now and she hinted at the subject of her mode of dress.

He said he loved the idea of her going without underwear, when she

suggested that, and there, she let the matter drop, considering she had

gone far enough.

That night she slept well, knowing now that James would be no problem for

her new regime. The next morning, she went in to work with James, in his

BMW, dressed, on the face of it, as usual, but she knew that under her

short summer cotton dress and jacket, she was completely naked. She had,

furthermore, chosen the highest stilettos she possessed, which gave her

walk a sexy swing to it. In the car, James couldn't resist running his

hand up her naked thigh, and tracing just the very start of her crack for

a brief second. When she glanced at him, he was smiling.

Once in the office, she took off her jacket, and laid it over a chair. As

it happened, she had to spend quite a bit of the day walking about the

office-block, and eyes followed her everywhere as her small, pointed

breasts jutted obviously against the thin cotton print of her dress, and

jiggled prettily as she walked. Under this dress, nobody could have known

she was without knickers, but she was acutely aware of the fact herself,

and kept imagining that everyone knew she was naked underneath. Her shaven

pussy made her feel doubly vulnerable. She spent the whole morning in a

state of arousal.

At lunchtime, she went to a sandwich bar, and, while her sandwich was

being made, she squatted on her haunches, to extract a bottle of orange

juice from the fridge. As she did so, a young bank-clerk from a

neighbouring block assumed a similar position opposite her to take out a

bottle of something else, giving him a sudden, unexpected view of naked,

clean-shaven cunt. In a comic display, he went bright red, stood up, took

off his spectacles, and began polishing them furiously with a

handkerchief. Fenella smiled sweetly at him as she went to pay for her

purchases.

She liked her stilettos, and decided she ought to have another pair, so

her next stop was a shoe-shop near the office. She sought out a young male

assistant, and found a guy who seemed scarcely out of school, still

showing traces of acne around his cheeks, but tall and broad-shouldered.

She told him what she was looking for, and he was gone, leaving her on an

upholstered seat in a quiet corner of the store. When he came back, he had

a pair of strappy sandals, with a four-inch metallic heel.

'Mmmm, sexy,' said Fenella, and the lad laughed nervously, dropping onto

one knee with his shoe-horn and the shoe at the ready. She put her foot up

on to the stool provided and let him take her shoe off, making sure that

her skirt rode up her thigh as he did so. My God, this was the most

exciting thing – her juices were on the move! Almost involuntarily, her

legs opened just a shade as he fitted the gorgeous shoe to her foot, and

she wriggled her foot about in his hand, bending to 'help' him, and, in so

doing, 'accidentally' catching her skirt and pulling it up just enough.

Just enough that the youngster could see everything. He gulped as his eyes

feasted on her naked, shaven pussy, and, glancing around the shop to see

they were not being observed, she quickly transferred her foot to his

crotch, where a monstrous erection was bulging the young assistant's

trousers. There was nothing she would have liked more than to fuck him

there and then, but it was not a practicable possibility. So, again

glancing around to make sure nobody was looking, she reached down,

unzipped him, and pulled out his long, throbbing cock. Two or three

strokes from her long, sensitive fingers, and he came, in great, gushing

spurts, all over the shoe-box he had left on the floor.

Mightily embarrassed now, he was relieved when she told him not to worry,

and cleaned up the mess with tissues, then bought the shoes with her

credit card. He watched her wistfully as she left the shop.

The afternoon passed uneventfully, but Fenella spent time reliving the

events in the shoe-store, and found herself getting quite wet – so much so

she started to worry that she might be leaving a damp patch on her chair.

Next day she wore a pale blue silk blouse. It was quite opaque, and not

even tight, but when she walked, her breasts moved in a highly suggestive

manner, and her nipples thrust against the soft silk so that their

hardness could be seen very clearly. Below that she wore a pleated acrylic

skirt, mid-thigh length, and black lace-top hold-ups, with the shoes she

had bought the day before.

James looked at her as she got into the car. 'Are you sure you want to go

to work? Or shall we just stay home and fuck?'

'When I get home, big boy,' she said.

The boss sent her halfway across London in a taxi to deliver some papers,

and she saw the cabbie adjusting his mirror to take in her lower half. She

smiled to herself when she realised that her skirt had ridden up, and the

poor man had a tantalising view of her stocking-tops. She opened her legs

just a shade, and let her skirt slide up a fraction more, then, feigning

complete disinterest, and looking out of the window, let an idle hand play

around the tops of her thighs, a finger straying into the beginnings of

her crack. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the cabbie's sweating

countenance. He was blinking twenty to the dozen, and she thought she had

better desist before she caused an accident.

Back in the office, the boss, whose name was George, called her in, and

seemed more than happy with her 'new look.' In fact, he couldn't get

enough of her. He was a fit-looking fifty-something, and had always been

rather cool and distant with Fenella up until then, but now asked her if

she would care to take lunch with him. She agreed.

They went to a small Italian restaurant just around the corner, and sat at

a table which appeared to be his regular spot, as the waiters all knew

him. Fenella ordered salad and a steak, whilst George plumped for crayfish

and a veal concoction. When they had finished eating, and were relaxing

over coffee, he looked at her over his cup, and said, 'I hope you don't

mind me saying, but I've noticed something about you these last two days.'

'Oh?' she said, eyes teasing slightly.

'You have taken to dressing a bit more............'

'Sexily?' she supplied.

'As you put it like that,' he said, 'any reason, may I ask, or would that

be impertinent?'

She smiled, and said, 'My life needed it, that's all, George.'

He suggested then that Fenella might be interested in working more closely

with him, which hardly came as a surprise, and she gave her guarded

agreement to this, especially as more money was mentioned. Her 'new look'

was starting to pay off in more ways than one.

That evening James wanted to take her out to a pub they both liked, in a

trendy area, near the river, so she decided to dress even more sexily for

the occasion, and put on a white satin corset which left her nipples

uncovered, but had the effect of pushing her tits up. She had to get James

to help her lace it up tightly in the back, so that her waist was really

constricted by its boning, but it was highly arched below, leaving her

buttocks completely free. She fastened a pair of white stockings to the

garter straps, then put on an almost completely transparent organdie

blouse, and a translucent, layered, flared and frilled nylon miniskirt.

She stepped into her recently purchased heels, and said to James, 'How do

I look?'

For an answer, he pushed her up against the table, bending her over it,

and lifted her skirt up around her waist. Brusquely, he felt her slit with

his hand. It was soaking.

'You're wet through,' he said.

'I know, it's the corset..........' She started to reply, but his erection

was already pushing at her glistening portals, then thrusting its

inexorable way into the depths of her willing cunt. She groaned as he

buried himself in her, and he pumped her, right to the very neck of her

womb, until he came in a great hot stream.

'Oh, my God, now I'll have to repair all my make-up,' she said.

'Shame,' he sympathised.

When she had carried out the necessary repairs, they went out, and, sure

enough, Fenella was the object of much comment as they walked to the pub

and once they were there, whenever she got up to go to the toilet. She

wasn't sure if it was the restraint of the corset, the height of the

heels, the transparency of her outfit, or a combination of all three, but

she felt she could have any man she wanted, and as the evening wore on,

one or two women as well.

Next day was Friday, and it was another day when James was unable to ferry

her to her office. She disliked driving, and, anyway, was excited at the

idea of Gareth again giving her a lift. This time she wore a black silk

skirt, mid-thigh length, and a white silk blouse, with most of the buttons

open, so that a lot of her unfettered cleavage could be seen. She had

stuck with the same pair of heels, but resolved to go back to the store

for another pair.

'Oh my God,' said Gareth, when he saw her, 'how the hell do I concentrate

on driving?'

She smiled enigmatically, and he asked her what had brought about the

change

'You did, dear,' she said, truthfully, and leaned over to give him a peck

on the cheek.

'Fenella,' he said, 'I think you ought to explain that. I've got a hard-on

like a stallion, and if that skirt rides up any higher, I'm going to need

first aid.'

She looked at her watch. They were passing a quiet stretch of Surrey

woodland.

'Turn in here,' she said, quickly, and he wasted no time in complying.

As he stopped the car by the side of two rubbish bins, she unclipped her

seat-belt and turned to him. He was shaking with desire for her, and had

her blouse completely unbuttoned in an instant. His hands cupped her

breasts, and drew a gasp from her as he tweaked her long, hardening

nipples between thumb and forefinger. She had his zipper down and groped

around for the opening in his underpants, then his cock was in her hand.

She admired its rampant length and rigid thickness for a moment, then took

it slowly, ever so slowly, between her small white teeth, sucking hard at

his glans, then moving her red lips down, down until she had taken him

deep into her throat. When it seemed to Gareth that she couldn't possibly

take any more of him, she took him still deeper. He had never had his cock

sucked like this. As she did so, he ran his hands up her lovely legs,

right to her beautiful shaven mound, and, as he felt the moisture welling

up around her puffy labia, he knew he was about to shoot his load. When it

came, it did so in a great, shuddering, heaving climax, and he spent his

wad deep into her throat, where she swallowed every drop with relish, then

licked him completely clean.

'Come on,' she said, then, looking at her watch, ' I've got to get to

work.'

The day passed off normally, but Fenella enjoyed walking around the City

at lunchtime now, letting the office-workers see the movement of her

breasts. If she got the chance to give anyone a 'flash' of her pantiless

cunt, she would do so, she thought, but to do that without offending

normal ideals of decency, or beaking the law, was no easy matter.

Next day, Saturday, James was away on a hang-gliding weekend, and Fenella

was to be left to her own devices. Before he went, she asked her husband

what he thought to the idea of her getting pierced, and he seemed

indifferent about it. She hadn't discussed details with him. She dressed

in a pleated skirt, silk blouse, and heels, and got him to drop her at the

station on his way, and caught the train into London, then went to the

Notting Hill area, where she knew there were places where you could get

these things done.

Hesitating on the pavement outside a shop advertising tattoos and

piercing, she almost had second thoughts, but made up her mind and went

in. A bored looking Goth girl in a tartan skirt with rings just about

everywhere asked her what she wanted, and she told her she wanted a ring

in her clitoris hood. The girl looked twice at her, as if in surprise that

a woman dressed in a good skirt and blouse should be asking for such a

thing, then waved her into the back room. A large, muscular guy in a black

tee-shirt showed her various rings, and she chose a quiet large silver

one, which she thought would fall nicely against her clit. The man went

about his work in a businesslike way, expressing no surprise that she wore

no knickers, and the pain was only fleeting, as he pierced the flesh with

his sterilised needle. But the feeling of the new weight there between her

legs was quite novel, and was going to take some getting used to, even

after the little sterile dressing he had given her was dispensed with.

She decided to spend the rest of the day shopping in the West End, and

looked for clothes that would suit her latest craze. One challenge was to

demonstrate that she was not wearing knickers, whilst remaining, to all

intents and purposes, decent. One idea was to wear a dress slit right up

the side to the waist, and she spent a lot of time looking for such a

garment, but no such thing was to be found. She did find an evening dress

which consisted of just a front and a back, joined together by little

clasps. It would have been impossible to wear knickers with this – they

would have shown – so she bought it, for far too much money. She also

bought several skirts in very thin material, which were so tight and

figure-hugging that any panty-line would have been obvious. They would

knock 'em out at work, she thought. While she was at it, a top or two,

similarly tight, were added.

When she got home, James phoned to say he was staying the night at his

course venue, somewhere in Kent, and wouldn't be home until Sunday night,

so Fenella busied herself around the house until Sunday evening.

When he arrived home, she was eager to show him her new ring, and he was

amazed. They celebrated it with a fuck, of course.

Next morning was work again, and time to try a skin-tight outfit. She

wriggled into a skirt so tight she was afraid she would not be able to zip

it up, and it hugged her down to the knees like a second skin. When she

turned and looked in the mirror, the cheeks of her arse were outlined as

if she was naked. Then she pulled on the elastic material of the top,

which was high-necked and long-sleeved, and moulded her tits almost

indecently.

'I can't wear this, just like that,' she said to James.

For answer, he flicked her long dark hair over her shoulder, so that it

fell in front of her breasts, then dropped a heavy coral necklace over her

neck. She looked a bit more decent. She reflected upon how lucky she was

that her husband was happy to have her exhibit herself so wantonly.

During the week, she visited the shoe-store once more, making sure that it

was a day when she wore a short skirt. But she was disappointed that the

young man didn't seem to be on duty – in fact there was no male assistant

on at the time. She contented herself with one of the girls, a pretty

little blonde. Fenella couldn't resist trying on a pair of thigh-boots,

largely to gauge the assistant's reaction to her shaven pussy, which she

was bound to see, when she tried the boots on.

The girl helped her ease the boots up her slender leg, and do up the

zipper, and was face to face with Fenella's glistening quim, and the new,

erotic, ring. She looked a question at Fenella, but said nothing, though

it may or may not have been Fenella's imagination that the girl's hand

stayed a little longer than was strictly necessary on her leg...........

Life, Fenella reflected, had grown more interesting in the very short time

since she had taken her decision, and there were many avenues to explore.