**Helen's Confidence**

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**Helen's Confidence Pt. 01**

The last few weeks had come and gone in a dream of fond memories. Her 'morning after' at the shops had powerful but positive consequences for her normal life since. A long lasting alteration to what she considered the normality.  
  
No longer the shy and retiring creature she once was, a happy and proud animal had taken its place. Standing tall at all times no matter where she was or whatever the circumstance, shoulders back and tits out as she was once told. Confidence and clarity of thought to tackle life had taken control from the uncertainty and delaying nature she once had. No longer the procrastinator, she felt she could move the world if she so desired.  
  
The morning spent at the mall had given her the momentum to increase the diet and exercise workout, redoubling her efforts to lose those extra few pounds around her waist and feel even better when stood in front of the long mirror she had put in her hallway. Her wardrobe had been assessed and cleared out, the baggy loose fitting clothing bagged up and donated. The seemingly acres of cloth that's only goal was to shield and conceal her actual shape, gone. Thankfully. It was time to be proud of herself.  
  
It was time for a fresh start.  
  
It was time for self evaluation.  
  
It was time for a new Helen.  
  
Giving him that naked blow job crouched down between the cars had been the final decision making moment. It had felt gloriously freeing to squat there taking his full load blasted onto her face and into her mouth. It had shown her the way. Being buttoned down and reluctant to try new things had not helped all these years. Being afraid of public opinion crippling.  
  
What was the worst that could happen?  
  
What had been the outcome of that event?  
  
Passing cars as she crouched there weren't interested in her. No one stopped and shouted at them. No alarms had gone off. No security guards running at them waving her arms. Everyone had just got on with their lives. No one else knew. No one else cared.  
  
No. All that happened was that they climbed into the car and drove home with his hand on her knee. She had spent the journey scooping the spunk from her face into her mouth and licking her fingers clean. It was just a tangy thick water before long and quite enjoyable. No cars they passed were aware. No hooting. No jeering. Free to live her life.  
  
She mused the events whilst stood at the sink. Wearing his long plain blue t-shirt was the custom these days; she was naked beneath as usual. He had left it behind recently by accident and it smelled of him. She was reluctant to wash it, though with her extra fluids spraying it copiously by accident since, she was thinking it might be time.  
  
He wasn't directing the way to live or what to wear or how to act. Nothing that he had asked for, no stipulation, command or encouragement. It was her choice to wear the thin garment around the home, generally irrespective of whomever was visiting, revelling in the low cut stretch over her breasts. But she couldn't get over how her pussy looked with the dangling earrings and it fascinated her. Feeling the openness and freedom there was therapeutic; the soft tug of the weight on her genitals restorative of positive emotions irrespective of situation.  
  
Knickers were not a primary thought when dressing.  
  
Leaving the car for the house had been a slight problem when they had arrived back. It was not seemly to walk up the path and steps naked. Not at that time of the day. Not in full daylight. She had done it under the cover of night of course, the street lamp near the house too dirty to cast a decent light; too many shadows to give anyone clear line of sight. But during daytime, she did have a few nosey neighbors and had no desire to cause upset. There was a line she wouldn't cross.  
  
Throwing her dress over her head, it took inching to the edge of the passenger seat and stepping out of the car to pull it down properly. Her face had been still quite shiny from the liberal coating it had had but it was not obviously spunk - so not quite a full cum walk.  
  
As was the norm with these recollections, her hand drifted into the space between her legs and gently stroked her clit between the jewellery. The idea of a public cum walk turned her on. She couldn't work out why. Why did that send sparks to her lower body so easily? Why did it excite her so much? Naughty, dirty, slutty. Wondered if she could find an adult only situation?  
  
Her breathing changed, she gripped the worktop for support and threw her head back, eyes closed. Walking through that mall with spunk on her forehead! She felt the rising familiar sensations. Could she do that? His sex toy. If he made her, she would! If he made her she would dance the Salsa while it coated her. Electric bolts of lightning jetted around her groin. Her body for his use. The thought of it was debauched.  
  
Too much.  
  
Once again.  
  
Too much.  
  
On tip toes, her lower jewellery clattering noisily against the worktop she knew what was coming. Her cumpot was in the dishwasher once again. Only one thing for it.  
  
Thankful for the sink, she came hard, the resultant splash of squirt hitting the stainless steel bowl. Once, twice. A third decent sized quantity of ejaculate squirt swirled around and slowly ran down to the plughole.  
  
She was trembling and her pussy lips felt massive once more. Her clit was protruding out yet again, bright red and desperate for more. She sighed and watched her fluids disappear. As many times as she cum, she always wanted just one more.  
  
It almost felt too much to cum. Almost as though she preferred being in the state of arousal without the final pay-off. She had edged of course. Taken herself to the brink of orgasm and then forced herself to stop. Doing that a couple of times had made for a much stronger resultant cum in the end. But with the last few escapades still prevalent in her mind, it was feeling impossible not to give herself that final stroke. As much as she told herself that that was far enough, something in her brain bayed for more. Took control.  
  
She lifted the tap and splashed a stream of warm water around the bowl to take the last vestiges of her squirt away and then swilled her fingers clean.  
  
Come on, Helen.  
  
Jobs to do.  
  
A cuppa first maybe?  
  
A cup of tea was the first thing she had had on the return to the house after the mall. She had tasted him all the way home. Slightly salty, it was a unique taste. Not unpleasant but lasting. She had watched herself in the vanity mirror on the back of the car sun visor, clean everything she could. She had spooned and scooped it all in through her lips and smacked them appreciatively when she couldn't find any more, and then asked him if there was a second helping? She had pulled his cock through his fly and then dropped her head helpfully into his lap to clean stray smears from it; tried to make him hard again despite his recent ejaculation.  
  
She reached for the kettle abstractly with one hand, the other returning to between her legs. There was something about the freedom of having no knickers. No material to get in the way; being open and ready for use. It actually felt strange to wear something with a gusset now, as though a conscious effort to cover herself up. She had been shopping many times since and just not bothered, having it add a new element to an otherwise mundane task.  
  
Her stilettos were a good buy; she felt that they looked very feminine. Her legs always looked very long in them and that made her feel good. They were longer still in shorter dresses; shorter skirts. She had become aware of people watching her, felt people's eyes on her. The new leopard skin ones especially brought their own set of recollections when she slipped them on.  
  
Enjoying her.  
  
Admiring her.  
  
Hungry eyes.  
  
Perhaps not all people, but the salivating by some of the men she passed was a massive confidence boost. Not that she wanted them or that they had the nerve to approach her, the smile on their lips was enough to lift any mood and fill her with happy thoughts.  
  
It had promoted a game. A naughty game. A fun experiment she conducted the last time she had been shopping. Memories of it now flooded her mind and her finger probed deeper into her succulent depths in response to them.  
  
How high could she manage to get the skirt? Did she have the nerve to tease making that jewellery visible to others?  
  
It was a simple question she could well have imagined her man asking of her. A question she could barely wait to share with him. A self set task that would surely make his glorious blue eyes widen.  
  
A simple enough premise. The material always rose on her thighs anyway without looking out of place or awkward. It was easy to pinch the fabric on her hips and lift it whilst walking without being too obvious.  
  
But, how high could she take it and stay within her comfort zone? Not offend anyone. Not show her pussy. Not cause upset.  
  
No need for her man's direction.  
  
Her own rules this time.  
  
She wanted to play her own game.  
  
She had done it yesterday while popping to the local supermarket. Her legs had felt smooth and glossy from the copious oil she had applied following an earlier shower. No knickers again focused her mind as ever and an appreciative glance from one random, actually quite attractive middle-aged balding man, had kick started the idea for herself whilst leaning over a freezer.  
  
The kettle was still a while from boiling, which provided the opportunity for her incessant finger to subconsciously stimulate her clit again as the memory of her sudden recklessness filled her thoughts.  
  
It made her legs tremble slightly with the recall. A flash of naughtiness through her very soul. The boredom of not having anybody's encouragement at that moment. The temporary suspension of decency.  
  
She had taken the skirt to mid thigh. To 'normal' Helen, this was unheard of. Normal Helen would be in long flowing material dresses that on occasion looked billowy like sails perhaps. Sexy Helen wore a clingy dress that crept up her thighs and got admiring glances from people she met in the shop. Normal Helen would be horrified. Sexy Helen was in her element.  
  
As she discretely raised the hem to ostensibly help her search in the chest freezer, she saw the man almost fall over a store pallet truck with his taken attention of just a little more thigh flesh. Her heels created a hell of a lot of definition in her muscles, right the way up. Captivating attention. She smiled to herself but kept an outward aloofness.  
  
The makings of a game..  
  
Slightly higher at the next freezer.  
  
And the next.  
  
All well and good, but those bottom shelves had to be reached too. She remembered her heart beating like a drum but the vigour of excitement was an adrenaline rush. A compulsion. A commitment to herself that she had no reason to renege on. She sauntered from the aisle into the next.  
  
An elderly man dithering between two brands of product was completely self absorbed. An employee on her way past her with a portable device and a non-threatening looking, mid to late fifties bloke with a well kept white beard who seemed to be in no hurry and whom was well aware of her.  
  
Her fingers worked their way in and out with the memory and she wondered for the umpteenth time if she had attained her goal of teasing the drop earrings when she reached for that last item?  
  
She had taken the hem so high.  
  
Definitely most of the back of her thighs.  
  
Most assuredly she felt the jewellery part company with each other and tug slightly on the lake creating between them.  
  
A groan.  
  
A groan of excitement.  
  
A need for fulfillment.  
  
Alone in the shop, under her own jurisdiction, she had compelled herself to go further than ever and not cared; she had fulfilled her own dare.  
  
She had told him of course. Texted him as soon as she got back in the car. Knew it had aroused him. Knew it made him all the more eager on his next visit. Knew he was sat at work then with an erection and a headfull of thoughts. Just describing it to him had caused a reasonable sized dribble down her leg which thankfully she had a tissue ready for..  
  
She groaned again; two fingers now deep inside herself. The kettle was almost there, and it wouldn't take long to come to the boil again for herself. She had had to cum again sat behind the steering wheel, though that time she had had the presence of mind to bring her cumpot to collect the inevitable squirt and save her car mats.  
  
It was no good trying to just edge however this time. The memories all too much, she groaned out loud with the second orgasm in just a few moments, this time to the accompaniment of a cloud of steam and the click of the kettle switching itself off.  
  
...  
  
Wrenching herself from the memories of the shopping trip she poured a cup of tea and resolved to now complete her morning task.  
  
With her new found confidence, this wanted to create a surprise for her tall blue-eyed lover; a totally unexpected treat. Having played a few of them, this was now to be a game of her own construct with rules of her own.  
  
The back bedroom was a space in a state of transition. Wardrobes were in the process of being emptied with the contents assessed for size and quality. Three large bin bags were in one corner of the room with items for donation and one behind the door filling slowly with the unsaveable trash.  
  
She entered and placed the mug on the window ledge before turning to regard the garment she had left earlier on the bed, a smile of mischievous pleasure creeping across her face.  
  
There lay a very old pair of faded denim jeans which she had discovered that morning on a hanger beneath two old coats. The stains and general condition had almost meant immediate discard to the trash pile.  
  
There was, however, a mild curiosity about salvage. Something her man had mentioned during one racy phone conversation when they had shared a few sexual fantasies. Something which jumped to her recall and made her wonder about the actual practical possibilities.  
  
She tried to remember the time she had purchased them; she had been younger by at least ten years. She traced her fingers across the denim recalling the circumstances of their last wearing before picking them up and opening the fly.  
  
Pulling them up over her thighs, it took a couple of tugs and a hopping on the spot to pull them right up. Sucking in her belly she fastened the top button and pulled the zip up.  
  
Actually they still fit all right. They were very snug over her hips and finished a little too high above the ankles for her liking, but they fit all right. An obvious large ink stain on a front pocket reminded her of the reason she stopped wearing them.  
  
It was now a naughty thought.  
  
A recollection of his throw-away comment.  
  
An urge for some fun.  
  
Time to get to it.  
  
Removing the jeans, she sat on the bed and opened them inside out over her lap. She took the small pair of dress-making scissors from the bedside cabinet and planned the next move.  
  
The job was easy to access. It didn't take long with the long blades of the scissors to split the thread holding the panels together but the trick was not to take it too far too quickly. The stitching was very tough to cut but she had determination and resolve, though this was most definitely a trial and improvement task.  
  
She giggled with glee to herself as her patient arts and crafts training took over as the desire for a favourable outcome took hold.  
  
After a while, she stood up and pulled them back on to ascertain the actually slightly disappointing effect. It was barely discernible.  
  
Never mind.  
  
Remove and adjust.  
  
Try again.  
  
It took her a good hour to become happy with her cutting and sewing work but she thought that it was time well spent. Standing in the hallway before the full length mirror, she rocked her legs left and right in the now customary stilletos to admire how the jeans made her legs look.  
  
She was even happy with how short the jeans were on her ankles, accentuating her calf muscle and defining her legs nicely below the trouser hem.  
  
Twisting back and forth in the mirror, to all intents and purposes, she looked modest and presentable. Slightly annoyed by the ink stain, there was nothing she could do about that. A leaking biro years ago had done it's worst.  
  
She walked towards the mirror to discover what others would see.  
  
All was good.  
  
All looked normal.  
  
Reaching the mirror, she squatted down onto her heels and parted her knees.  
  
The cut she had made in the seam below the fly opened like a mouth, displaying her succulent looking wet pussy, the rings in her labia reflecting brightly in the mirror, the drop earrings hanging through the aperture. The effect looked excellent and excitement flooded her. She took a steadying lungful of air and imagined his face when he saw this.  
  
She was very pleased with how it had turned out. She had managed to cut out just a little of the material too leaving a kind of discrete oval hole overlapping the usually sewn seam and then had strengthened the remaining stitching to prevent accidental tearing.  
  
Unless her thighs were clenched together, it meant a pleasant breeze and a discrete exhibition that she was becoming quite partial too, though now it would be gloriously constant dependent on her pose.  
  
Gleeful she grabbed her phone to take some snaps...  
  
No.  
  
No, Helen.  
  
This was going to be his surprise.  
  
Her mind's eye took them both to a quiet picnic spot or a coastal outcrop. A smooch at dusk watching a sunset and his exploring hand finding the gap in her clothing mid kiss. How would he react? How would he contain himself? Maybe he wouldn't. She wondered if she would most likely get a fingering; maybe his tongue exploring through the slit at the earliest opportunity, her sat on a wall. Most definitely his hard cock would find it's way, before long, through the homemade slit into the moist depths behind. Maybe she would be bent over the bonnet of the car happily feeling the residual warmth of the engine heating her torso.  
  
The eroticism of being taken easily whilst fully dressed excited her even in the safety of her own company on her own home. It took a lot of will-power to not stroke herself.  
  
A little too much with the dangling drop earrings hanging from the rings, she thought. Too obvious. Discretion and surprise here was far more erotic. She unclipped them and was pleased with the effect, even though she felt lost without the gentle weight and constant soft tug. She could always clip them back on if he asked her to or if she felt naughty with them hanging out through her jeans when they were out and about.  
  
Again, her hand strayed towards the phone to record the moment for him, snatching it away at the last moment and reaffirming her resolve to keep it as a surprise gift. He was always coming up with things to keep it fun. This was going to be her contribution to the relationship.  
  
Maybe she could reveal the split during a meal. Could he continue his meal calmly knowing that that was there? She giggled once more and had to resist smoothing herself between her legs. She was not going to cum until he was with her. He was not the only person now with a game in his head; she could step up and bring her own too. A reward of sorts for him.  
  
Her confidence was brimming.  
  
The trip to the supermarket had proved her capable of creating her own special and exciting moments. It crossed her mind and she wondered about taking these jeans out today for a spin?  
  
Deciding not to; the first time should be with her man on her arm. His size was a security. His quick thinking and ability to get her out of awkward situations should they arise, her safety.  
  
It was for him essentially.  
  
A call from him was expected soon anyway.  
  
An evening date was on the cards.  
  
One last twist in the mirror and an over the shoulder glimpse of what it looked like from behind confirmed that when stood up naturally, the split was impossible to see. She stood and walked and checked.

Bending over was a different story. From behind, the slit in the clothing showcased her entire moist crack, her lower lips squeezing to escape.  
  
She recalled the white bearded bloke in the store. He had stopped in his tracks at the meerest glimpse of the bottom of her jewellery. He would have cum in his shorts if he could see this now.  
  
A fun tease, but the full effect was for only one person...  
  
And talk of the devil, her phone chose that moment to trill with an incoming call.

**Helen's Confidence Pt. 02**

The call spurred her excitedly into life for the afternoon. Still plenty of jobs to do. Her bedroom to tidy. Clean sheets to put on and a boudoir to create. Plus a lot of general housework.  
  
She had resisted telling him of her arts project, the result of which she was currently wearing quite happily around the house to do said jobs, adding a naughty element to everything, especially when she caught an unexpected glimpse of herself in a mirror.  
  
Integrity needed to be tested.  
  
Resilience to movement.  
  
Her stitching and sewing ability.  
  
The call had given her a test point. A moment in time to work towards. An instance of fruition.  
  
But that didn't mean she couldn't gain a little familiarity with her endeavours. Putting the washing on the line in the backyard for example meant a little private then public display. Fetching and carrying things to the garage at the foot of the front steps meant a lot of stretch in the legs.  
  
It felt natural, but inside she was stifling the giggling glee of a teenager, for she had spent an hour that morning opening the stitching and cutting back some of the jeans material right at her pussy lips.  
  
The new slit started at the base of the zip and travelled as far as she dared through towards her ass, and opened as far as she dared into the tops of her legs. With her legs closed, it looked like a regular pair of denims. Open, and she looked available for use.  
  
She had then strengthened the material to stop it accidentally ripping and removed, for the moment, her lower jewellery that wanted to hang through.  
  
It was a constant exciting thought. During the conversation with the neighbour over the low fence she felt extremely naughty and especially when face to face with the mailman whilst he ferreted in his bag for a parcel, whilst she stood there wondering how far apart she could take her legs without arousing suspicion.  
  
Taking them off a while later, and still extremely wet between the legs, she had been impressed with her basic road test and was looking forward to the evening ahead. She folded them neatly and tried to ignore them for a while.  
  
...  
  
He arrived at 7 and on his motorcycle. A warmish evening with only a couple of white wispish clouds, it looked perfect for biking. She hadn't been quite prepared for that. As she watched him from her upper floor engage the stand at the kerb and dismount, her mind went into overdrive.  
  
She already felt like a biker chick with the jeans, plain black stilettos and a fancy white lace blouse that she had found during the afternoon rummage and clear out. It had a very light pattern that, though it didn't make it completely see through, made it thin enough to give the illusion. The fact it hung from her breasts just about down to her midriff she thought was quite sexy too. A soft scoop above her chest completed the look.  
  
Her hanging jewellery was carefully stowed in a front pocket. Ironically, she was beginning to feel naked without that familiar soft weight and gentle tug on her. Still, it was only for a while.  
  
She had planned on wearing a thin beige tailored raincoat over the top which was long enough to conceal the present to her man. Now, because of his choice of mode of transport, she had to change her mind. Despite the warm evening, exposure on a bike meant risk of a slight chill. She needed something slightly thicker.  
  
Looking at her recently thinned rail of coat options, she saw the perfect one and plucked it happily from the space.  
  
Opening the door, he beamed at her and remarked favourably on the obvious few extra pounds of weight loss and how gorgeous she looked. She beamed and rotated on the spot to show him the efforts that she had been putting in. His eyes flicked to her ass, but apart from a gentle pat there he didn't make any remark, more intent on and pleased about the soft pert under-boob that was showcased before she zipped up the leather jacket.  
  
He didn't notice the split in her jeans; had no expectation of her doing what she had done. Keeping kissing to the gentle end of the scale rather than passionate, she kept the surprise secure for the moment.  
  
She wanted to tell him.  
  
She wanted so much to show him.  
  
She wanted to feel his hands there.  
  
He made a brief remark about the ink stain, but a smile and a change of subject prevented him from looking too closely. They ought to get moving and enjoy the sojourn.  
  
She had a game in mind with all the elements created and ready to be played. This was not the time to fall apart. It was far more erotic to hold back and hide it for the moment. Keeping her legs closed whenever he was looking straight at her, she felt herself moisten in anticipation of playing her hand, and was more concerned about leaking down her leg.  
  
Front door locked and helmet on her head, she waited for him to first mount the large engined tourer. Standing at the house kerb now, she felt like a biker chick. The leather jacket, that she had previously worn at the restaurant, only reached her waist and it did mean that she had no way of hiding her wardrobe addition should she need to.  
  
But hey, it made it more fun.  
  
She cast residual doubts from her mind as he mounted the bike and eased it off the stand to bring it totally upright.  
  
Checking that there was no one behind her to get an eyeful, she prepared herself.  
  
Stepping her first foot up onto the passenger stand, she swung her other leg up and over to sit squarely on the pillion and settle her stilleto clad foot onto the other. There was a soft mound of pummel between rider and pillion and her lower lips opened softly to almost kiss it as she settled behind it, and settled behind him.  
  
Well this was a new feeling.  
  
Her naked pussy was almost being ground into the leather stitching on the seat and whilst looking down into the narrow void between their bodies, she was suddenly hit by the stark realisation of what she was wearing.  
  
There was no closing her thighs now.  
  
No modesty if she suddenly needed it.  
  
She was open.  
  
As he started the engine, her entire attention was taken by the feel of the leather between her legs. Though not cold, the material on her legs contrasted immensely with the cooled feel between her very open pussy. Her thighs couldn't be closed due to her position on the seat behind him. And despite needing to be close enough to hold his waist for safety, the void was maintained between their bodies and the soft mound of the seat snuggled softly with her soft mound.  
  
Her pussy fluttered in expectation of a stroke. Removing a hand from his waist, she obliged, working them between and into her crack, her knuckles accidentally in his lower back a couple of times.  
  
He was asking if she was all right.  
  
She could barely hear him above the engine but nodded her head in reply more intent on scratching the erotic itch she was feeling.  
  
Engine gunning.  
  
He pulled away from the kerb.  
  
They were off.  
  
She couldn't deny that there was a certain degree of anxiety over the course of the trip. In traffic, there was a concern that the person in any car behind could or would notice the fact that material wasn't covering her entire derriere. Leaning forward holding her man's torso did create an angle that she had hoped would be shown to him first and not random other people. Feeling around, it did feel very open to the elements, despite her being sat on the main split.  
  
Maybe it would be a negligible view? A couple of pink pieces of an undefinable origin? Pocket decoration perhaps?  
  
On the open road, it actually felt thrilling. The air flow around her nether regions were soothing and exciting in equal measure. At lights, she found sitting upright helped improve her confidence that no one was going to toot their horns or leer at her, though with a helmet on, no one would know who she was anyway.  
  
She reached behind herself a couple of times to run her finger down over her ass and feel the start of the cut in the material and wondered how much anyone behind could see? The concern that was making her heart beat even faster was, that at this angle, was her puckered asshole winking at the following motorists?  
  
Helen was riding the line between it being a very exciting thought and being slightly anxious that she had started the game. There was not much she could do right now. The noise of the engine and the fact that they had two heavy helmet lids between them meant conversation was not an option and there was no way she could encourage a shorter journey. Not a regular pillion passenger, she felt safe with both hands looping around his waist and her chest pushed into his back.  
  
The fact that the people, if they were looking, may see the split was just a current fact of life.  
  
It excited her more than made her anxious.  
  
It definitely excited her.  
  
That particular line in the sand was perhaps moving as the journey went on.  
  
She could feel her excitement collecting on the leather seat. Hemmed in between the pommel and her legs, and with no immediate place to go, it felt like a very specific part of her was sat in a bath.  
  
The movement of the bike and forced lean into the bends. The permeating throb of the engine which made the whole frame rumble. It was like a very large engined sex toy that was directing it's power to the one place it mattered. A direct line to her clit.  
  
Through the tumult in her head, the sane thought was to not cum. The seat was one long design, with her position being higher than where he sat. There was potentially one place her natural and copious squirt would end up and she couldn't see him being particularly happy spending the evening with sodden trousers if it seeped down to him.  
  
She bit her lip and desperately tried to look at the passing scenery and think about other things.  
  
A beautiful hedgerow in full bloom.  
  
A glimpse of the sea through a field.  
  
The fact that her pussy was so open.  
  
Taking one arm off his waist, she tucked her fingers into the front of her slit and felt the squirt. Not such a large quantity from what she could ascertain, thank goodness, her orgasm had been quite low on the power scale, created by the vibration rather than a lot of direct internal stimulation. A lot of it now on her fingers.  
  
Not wishing to wipe them on him or herself, she paused for a moment before doing the only option she felt she had left. Feeding them in through her visor, she licked them clean.  
  
...  
  
Dismounting gratefully at their parking space at the harbour they had decided to visit, she removed and passed him her helmet to clip to the bike and unzipped her jacket. The residual damp on the seat had dried quickly by the looks of it. No harm, no foul. The material on her inner thighs similarly had too. A residual slight stain but not as bad as the ink blot. Her breasts bounced free of the jacket constraint and she watched his eyes light up appreciatively once more.  
  
His hand at her neck.  
  
A passionate kiss.  
  
Another feeding it's way onto her chest.  
  
Feeling gloriously happy and once again back in control of herself, she allowed herself to wrap into his arms and returned the kiss. Content, she allowed herself to smile and took his offered hand for a pre-meal amble around the port.  
  
She walked upright and proud, conscious of the shelf her naturally pert middle aged breasts created and revelling in feeling sexy and his frequent smiles.  
  
Passing other evening strollers, they greeted them happily, though totally happy in each other's company. It wasn't until she posed for a picture before a particularly nice background, that he first noticed her handiwork.  
  
She had seated herself on the harbour wall and brushed her hair into place with her fingers whilst he backed off a way to take the picture. She then laughingly made a play of lifting her breasts as though to position them which was really to delay him taking his snap.  
  
She then smiled and looked down into the lens... and slowly and deliberately opened her thighs.  
  
Did time stop?  
  
He looked giddy with excitement.  
  
He almost choked.  
  
His jaw opened in amazement.  
  
Within seconds he was at her side.  
  
An exploratory hand.  
  
A look of delight.  
  
A laugh of pleasure.  
  
She had been craving his hand between her legs since dismounting the bike. It had altered over the course of the stroll from the excitement of having a present to give - to complete and frustrated desire that he hadn't yet made the discovery for himself.  
  
He made up for it now. The kisses were good. The finger that found its way straight onto her clit even better. She trembled with his touch. His caress. His intrusion. Right there, port-side and ostensibly fully dressed, her moist lips opened to match the gape in her jeans and accepted his invasion with relief. It was seconds later that her eyes closed, her head was thrown back and she accepted the familiar rising sensations with gratitude.  
  
Opening her legs further just in time, the squirt jetted to the floor with two good blasts before a final dribble cleaned her out. She gripped his arm and bit her lip as the orgasm blasted through her brain.  
  
She hoped that this was just the beginning and that desire was to be rewarded.  
  
Her seated on the low harbour wall, him stood before her, they both watched the squirt flood the paviours and smiled at each other; hers in relief of the excitement, his in wonder of her ingenuity, resolve and fortitude. She pushed her fingers along her slit and felt the rings clink together.  
  
Several people were still walking the area, two particularly approaching their position. One eye on the lookout for their proximity, they lost themselves once again in a deep kiss, tongue on tongue, lips locked. Praying that the damp ground didn't spark any unwanted interest.  
  
Closing her legs, all seemed decent.  
  
Passing pedestrians.  
  
Opening her legs, decadent slut.  
  
She giggled at her own nerve. This was truly a game she loved. Another couple of evening strollers were nearing whom he hadn't noticed. Keeping her breathing in check, she wondered how far she could let them get before she lost her nerve and had to close her legs.  
  
His hand resting on her shoulder, he turned to sit beside her, happening to look up at the point that the couple crossed in front of them.  
  
He saw that she was just closing her thighs.  
  
They walked on, oblivious.  
  
He raised his eyebrows.  
  
She giggled again and bit her lip.  
  
There was a time that going out without underwear would have been unheard of. A lacy top left behind years ago. A crop top never done at all. Stilletos a thing of her twenties. Yet here she was with all those things, having just stepped off a motorbike also with a hole the size of a saucer cut into the crotch of her jeans.  
  
This was new territory.  
  
Very new territory.  
  
Unexplored opportunities for fun.  
  
Her obvious deliberate late recovery of her public decency had been noted and was about to be tested with the next passing group of men. Obviously pub goers; loud crude comments and raucous laughter filled more of the air as they got closer. A couple of them eyed her up as they approached, but the fact that she was already with a tall well-built bloke was an instant dissuasion from any interaction.  
  
All passed safely trailed by a younger, shorter man who was obviously desperate to keep up with his peers. A friendlier face, smaller build and a nervous quality about his movements made him almost the runt of the group.  
  
Helen left her legs parted.  
  
To be honest, she didn't know why she did, as though she wondered if he would notice her. Busy looking at her man with just a distant awareness of the passing pack, her peripheral vision noticed the double-take and the almost instantaneous drop of his jaw. That was followed by a slight trip as he stumbled which his friends noticed with backward looks and much jeering.  
  
Her man couldn't quite believe her audacity. Watching the men round the corner and disappear, she told him happily about what she had done and how it had made her feel very naughty indeed.  
  
Laughing, they took to their feet to continue their stroll. The gentle click of her heels on the concrete and tarmac a steady background rhythm as they strolled holding hands towards the destination pub.  
  
She could tell that she was making him horny. There was a bigger than usual bulge at the front of his own jeans and she noticed him slide his hand behind his waistband to rearrange himself for comfort. She took off the jacket, swung it over her shoulder and enjoyed his appreciative gaze, feeling sexy and desireable with her bared tummy and hint of under-boob.  
  
They walked on to a quiet area of the marina. People were around but maintaining a distance.  
  
He knelt down to pretend to sort the laces on his boots and she turned to his face, knowing that he was being turned on by her frivolousness. Getting closer and closer, she felt his nose at her wet lips and his tongue take an exploratory lick.  
  
She felt a judder through her body and twisted a leg to open her thigh even more, presenting herself open and very wet to him.  
  
Desperately trying not to throw her head back or show anyone from this distance that she was enjoying oral comfort, the brief laying of her hands on his shoulders were the only actual public contact she initiated.  
  
Her lips tasted pungent from the recent squirt but also fresh in places from the air drying that they had received since. He lapped hungrily leaving her to look around for upset or annoyed observers.  
  
No one was around for the moment, the shafts of golden light from the decaying sun, unobserved for the moment, but causing beautiful reflections on the window glass on distant buildings.  
  
The fact that she was to all intents and purposes still fully dressed preserved her courage and allowed her enjoyment of something that would otherwise have been totally out of her comfort zone.  
  
She felt herself moistening yet again and her legs beginning to tremble and knew she needed him inside her. Turning and resting herself against a metal hand rail she told him so. She draped her jacket over the rail to one side and parted her legs teasingly do as he could see her naked slit.  
  
Her breasts felt free, the lacy material barely covering the flesh. She tossed her hair back. She felt half her age.  
  
Suddenly he was behind her. She felt him fumbling with himself, his hand knocking against her ass as he was obviously freeing his cock from his trousers. And then felt his bulging head poking at the flesh of her cheeks, guiding his way in though the hole in her jeans, his reaching finger handily holding one of her lower rings to one side for ease of access.  
  
Another couple of people were approaching them. Rounding the corner towards them, they were moving slowly but resolutely towards their vantage point, obviously keen to watch the setting sun before it was too late.  
  
Shit.  
  
Compromised.  
  
Caught.  
  
His obvious desperation to complete his self set mission had to be paused. Movement was too obvious.  
  
He didn't wish to offend.  
  
Leaning against the rail, she propped her head into one of her hands as though she was just gazing in wonder at the beautiful marina scape and he stayed upright and aloof, as though he always stood that close to his woman.  
  
Her other crossed arm covered and protected the open aperture to her breasts and she closed her feet together subtly as an instinctive move.  
  
The golden glow and colours created in the sky were a compelling draw as was it's effect on the water. They watched with true contentment.  
  
Trying to fake naturality, she pointed at an abstract part of the view and commented banally about it as the couple, obviously in their late sixties and oblivious to their predicament, leant against the rail a few yards away to look at the same view.  
  
Fuck.  
  
Predicament.  
  
Dilemma.  
  
His cock was beginning to loose it's complete hardness in the quandary that they faced. Though neither of the elderly couple had seemed to notice, it was far too obvious for him to start any sort of pelvic thrusting but he was too desperate to cum to want to stop.

Having already had her own pleasure and still wet and aroused from it, she tried shifting her weight from leg to leg on the spot to cause friction and movement. Though her legs were together, there was enough of a gap for him to feel comfortable. She was rewarded with feeling his cock start to swell slightly once more. The soft click of her stilettos an erotic staccato in the quiet of the evening.  
  
She heard his soft low groan.  
  
She wanted to tease him.  
  
This was fun.  
  
The unassuming couple were quite unaware as they gazed off to the right as she changed the weight on her legs and both caused more suction with her pussy and created a soft lineal motion back and forth.  
  
His soft gasp.  
  
His shaky breathing.  
  
His subtly shaking body.  
  
The elderly couple were looking towards them now. Time to pause. A moment of stillness. Important that they don't offend as an angry exchange would spoil the entire mood. They were moving towards them now.  
  
They looked a nice couple. Holding hands, her movement looked quite pained with each step but his demeanor very supportive. Then they were looking down for the moment to navigate some uneven ground.  
  
Helen took a short sway forward, arched her back and forced herself back on the intruding cock.  
  
Once.  
  
Twice.  
  
The third couldn't come.  
  
The elderly couple had looked up and their slow shuffle was still closing the distance at a reasonable pace.  
  
Another look away.  
  
Another pelvic thrust.  
  
Another soft gasp.  
  
Helen felt his hands brushing her waist. Could tell he desperately wanted to hold her and pound into her. To mawl at her breasts; to take a handful of her ass cheek; to claw at her clit; to fuck her.  
  
Understood his natural disinclination to be too obvious.  
  
Suddenly they were speaking to her.  
  
Remarking on the pleasant evening.  
  
Commenting on the view.  
  
Responding in kind, they wished fervently that they would move on... and quickly.  
  
And then they had passed. Turning her head to watch them, she took the opportunity for a few more forceful movements and was rewarded with his contrary thrusts and his rapid return to full stiffness, feeling and enjoying the pressure of her labia rings on his flesh.  
  
Now she desired his release.  
  
Wanted his cum.  
  
Needed his ejaculate deep inside.  
  
Left and right, no one was near.  
  
She opened her feet on the ground a little more and tilted her hips and chest higher and lowered her belly. She felt her breasts free themselves of her arms and the sea breeze attack her stiffening nipples.  
  
She gripped the rail and took his fucking gladly.  
  
Breathing deeply as the sun seemed to be making its final renewed glow on the horizon, she closed her eyes in bliss as her ass took the pounding and felt him approach his orgasm.  
  
A hand on her shoulder.  
  
Twisting through her hair.  
  
The other with a handful of breast.  
  
His grunt and groan of ecstasy. A release. A sudden flood deep into her uterus. A couple more thrusts cleared his stock, presenting her with it all.  
  
...  
  
He had had to sit down after that whilst she stayed at the rail enjoying the moment. Eyes closed, a blissful look on her face, she gripped the rail and enjoyed the sensations around her body.  
  
The cool breeze was gorgeous and invigorating. Up and under her top, it swathed her breasts and maintained the hardness of her nipples. With her legs apart, it found its way in through the gap in the material and freshened the gape of her slit, cooling the metal of her rings and with it keeping the heady stimulation on her lower lips.  
  
Cum was oozing to the outer edge of her lips. She would have to do something about it otherwise it would be all over her jeans.  
  
No one was around.  
  
She squatted onto her haunches.  
  
She pissed.  
  
Looking up at him and hoping he was keeping an eye out for onlookers, she maintained the flow as long as she could until it dwindled and stopped, the pool flooding out beyond the pointed toes of her stilleto shoes.  
  
Patting herself dry with a proffered handkerchief, she was about to get up but was stopped in mid squat.  
  
Where was her jewellery?  
  
She knew she wasn't going to get away with that for long. Retrieving the two pieces from her pocket, she fumbled for a few moments reattaching the drop earrings to her lower rings and then got to her feet.  
  
That was better.  
  
The soft tug was like an old friend, only this time outside her clothing instead of beneath and very visible if you were looking. It was obvious she wasn't going to be allowed to have a choice in the matter... they were staying on.  
  
It was time for a meal.  
  
They were both now hungry.  
  
He took her hand and made for the pub.

**Helen's Confidence Pt. 03**

He was spent.  
  
Exhausted.  
  
Out.  
  
His cum had been quite a powerful one considering the erotic circumstances that it had been under. If they had been in bed, he would most likely have been asleep by now. His eyes certainly had a dreamy, soft, relaxed look about them.  
  
However she was feeling more alive and more ready for follow up action than ever before. Seated there on a scruffy pub chair opposite him in front of a small circular wooden table, she would have been dancing on it if she had had some music and a little encouragement. A happy smile filled her face; a glow of accomplishment.  
  
Protected from anyone's direct view by his large body opposite, her jeans had been artfully cut between the legs and her pussy jewellery was hanging through the created gap. She sat with relaxed split thighs uncaring of the openness. Revelling in her feelings. Sensing the prickle on her lower lips.  
  
She had already cum a number of times that evening, squirting quite an amount outside the pub and then taken his frenetic fucking in-between passers by without the need for either of them to undress. The glow now was of a well fucked woman, content in the knowledge of her being desired and then taken and used.  
  
She had been pleased with his reaction once he had discovered what she had done to prepare for their evening. Couldn't wait to push inside her where she stood and cum, despite a number of passing pedestrians. The split in the seam at her crotch had worked better than she had expected and meant that the time had taken to do it had been well spent.  
  
So now they found themselves across the table with a couple of drinks between them and plates of a chip supper ordered and shortly on their way.  
  
The soft jangle beneath the table was the sound of her drop earrings hanging from neat ring piercings in each of her labia. Clipped one to each ring, the soft tug and slight sway kept her aroused when in a certain position. Sat upright and forward in her chair, this was most definitely one of the occasions. Resting over the front edge of the chair, they were keeping her lower lips apart and constantly wet.  
  
She half wondered if anyone would spot them, but that thought only aroused her more.  
  
She had been trying to get used to sitting up straight. A habitual sloucher, for years she had been extremely shy about her height and size. Recent weight loss and efforts to body tone had created a lot more self confidence, both privately and in public. Efforts of her man recently to extricate her from the embarrassed little cocoon of her own making had worked wonders. Taking her to the edge of her comfort zone in a variety of public settings had broadened her mind and attitude.  
  
Sat up straight now in the creaky old chair, she felt the eyes of surrounding people frequently flicking towards her. It might have been her top that they were looking at. It might have been the stilletos.  
  
Her jacket was draped over the back rest of her chair, and she was proudly seated there in only a lacy crop top that put a lot of emphasis on her moderate sized but well presented breasts. Sat up straight, her posture kept her belly pulled in and made her breasts almost a self supporting shelf above.  
  
A lot of admiring looks from men.  
  
Disgusted cutting eyes from women.  
  
Happy chatter from a nearby group of lads whom she had noticed earlier at the marina and were now in the corner at the pool table with a selection of drinks.  
  
A big smile from her and a corresponding though weary one from him. They gazed at each other with very different emotions. He needed his meal. A little sustenance. A recharge of sorts. She on the other hand was feeling in her element. She was wired.  
  
Bright.  
  
Invigorated.  
  
Alive.  
  
The journey on the back of the motorcycle had started her entire evening of constant arousal. Her pussy had started the sensations by being squashed open wide into the leather mound between rider and pillion and then had built more and more intensely since. The resultant fucking she had received had been very welcome and wanted more than anything in the world right then...  
  
But.  
  
On reflection.  
  
Too soon.  
  
She was still sat in a state of exposed dress. Her pussy was gaping and still feeling needy; the night was still young.  
  
There was still a lot of erotic exploration to go. He had spent himself far too soon. She wondered if she should have been more coy; spent more time teasing; enjoyed him panting after her for a little longer? Her fault as much as his, she had needed his cock to fill her there and then. She had succumbed to her immediate carnal desires. Drained him dry.  
  
Helen desired only her man. She had eyes for no one else and was most definitely not interested in exploring anyone else. Luckily, she knew him. As powerful as his cum had been and how spent he was, he would always have another game up his sleeve, his fingers ready to continue even if his cock needed a longer recovery time. She needed those fingers.  
  
He had strong hands and a deep sense of mischievousness. She looked at them now. Wondered if he could reach under the table; how many her pussy could take?  
  
Those fingers did not. Instead, they went into his own jacket inside pocket. After ferreting around for a moment, he pulled a well known high street erotic store bag from the depths, and placed it on the table between them. Mostly black with the store name written in slanted red writing, it was most definitely from the place where they had been after she had got her piercings.  
  
She recalled him guiding her to the entrance after their browse around and then popping back inside for something that had taken his attention. She had wondered then what he had purchased. Pondered what he had had planned.  
  
Not a large box inside.  
  
Not small either.  
  
Intriguing.  
  
They both heard the clatter of her drop earrings against the wooden frame of the chair as she leaned forward eagerly to take it. Ruefully she looked around and wondered if anyone had heard.  
  
No one was staring or glaring.  
  
She ran her finger down the slit between her legs and felt moisture collect. She ran it back and rubbed it on her clit which felt like it glowed in response. Her body tingled happily. She closed her eyes, relishing the feelings. Taking hold of each dangling piece of jewellery in turn, she stretched them slightly, enjoying the tug on her labia.  
  
She opened her eyes and watched his amused look. Gone were the days of embarrassment and self questioning. Playing with herself in front of him was a fun pastime, driving him crazy with longing and an easy win especially in public. Even though he couldn't see her personal manipulations, the look on her face spoke volumes. His amused expression was of a shared enjoyment.  
  
Not wishing to take herself too far, she reluctantly dropped the jewellery and returned her hands to the table to relieve herself of temptation. She took a few deep breaths to compose herself.  
  
Her pussy remained swollen and warm.  
  
She tried to ignore it. No doubt it would be getting more attention very soon.  
  
Instead she reached forward for her present. Opening the bag, she took out an anonymous black box and placed it on the table.  
  
They looked at it.  
  
A grin on his face.  
  
True intrigue on hers.  
  
He swept the empty bag away and folded it back into his pocket as the waiting staff brought them their meals. She closed her legs beneath the table and smiled up at the young waitress. The box betrayed no information; there was no awkwardness.  
  
The box remained teasingly in the centre of the table as their plates were put down with a variety of condiments either side. They picked up their cutlery and began their meal, each with one eye on the two inch long box.  
  
Laughing and chatting and eating. They enjoyed the meal and played a silly game of twenty questions about its contents.  
  
She felt happy and safe.  
  
Blessed and aroused.  
  
Relaxed but eager.  
  
The contents eluded her guesswork as their plates slowly emptied and were pushed to one side. The pie and chips seemed to have done the trick with her man. The accompanying pint definitely having given him a perk up. A second drink was unnecessary and they sat back in their chairs, more than sated by their food.  
  
She looked down once more at the gap in her jeans and felt the thrill of excitement at her protruding lips and their respective attachments. She folded one leg over the other and wondered if anyone would notice her bare pussy under her raised cheek?  
  
Her nipples felt very erect and stiff beneath her top, as though trapped slightly in the lace. She felt relief when the pub's front door was opened and a soft breeze cooled her.  
  
No longer able to wait, she reached for the box and rattled it at her ear. Her pussy fluttered excitedly, but denied it a rub and instead changed the crossed leg which had the effect of creating an enjoyable friction in just the right place.  
  
There was a clunk inside.  
  
One item. Quite heavy.  
  
She couldn't wait any more.  
  
She had to open it.  
  
She felt her pussy moisten instinctively.  
  
The lid to the box was a tight fit.  
  
It took two hands to pry it off.  
  
She gazed at the contents.  
  
A heavy piece of contoured steel lay in the red tissue paper at the base of the box. A thin piece of mildly curved cylindrical metal connected a bulbous shiny egg shape at one end and a bejewelled flat disc at the other.  
  
She looked at it, amazed.  
  
In wonder and fascination.  
  
Incredulity.  
  
She reached in for it and instinctively he rmoved his arm across the table and held his hand over it, looking quickly left and right for unwanted observers. Giggling she tried again with more discretion and this time held the box in her lap before she slipped a finger under the central shaft and popped it up on end.  
  
It was pretty. The jewel on the end was a bright glorious pink crystal that, though a type of resin, sparkled even in the poor pub lights. It's shape matched the disc it sat in and was a soft but obvious heart. She turned it so the heart shape looked upright and it's point was at the bottom.  
  
The bulbous tapered egg shape was chrome plated, quite girthy and with quite some weight in it.  
  
She looked up at him and smiled.  
  
Her eyes held his with the question.  
  
He smiled his affirmation.  
  
Helen calmly palmed the object and got to her feet. Discarding the empty box of packing tissue paper on the table and checking that her lacy top was covering her breasts, she stepped away from her chair, and around the table.  
  
He looked up expectantly and she responded by leaning down to give him a kiss, careful to not bend too far knowing the sight she offered from behind.  
  
Then she was off across the sticky hardwood floor towards the toilets the opposite end of the bar, her heels clicking rhymically as usual.  
  
He watched her go with feelings of pride that she, this gorgeous and sexily dressed woman was sat with him. He saw her sidestep a couple of elderly gents seated on barstools and pause to wait for a woman carrying drinks to pass across her path.  
  
He looked at her ass and was quite pleased to see that, though the gash she had cut into her jeans fabric was quite large when deliberately displayed, from behind, it looked like a mild inconsequential fray and it took knowing what to look for to notice the glinting earrings hanging through at her crotch.  
  
She felt his eyes on her and looked back before pushing open the door and disappearing from his view with a large grin at his countenance.  
  
The toilet was relatively spacious with three booths and a row of sinks on the opposite wall. As she entered the space, the lock was being clicked back on the last booth, and a young woman was exiting. Helen paused to let her choose a sink before stepping behind her and taking her vacated place.  
  
She closed the door and locked it, before unzipping her jeans, carefully pushing them down to her heels and seating herself on the plastic horseshoe seat. Two fingers of one hand gently splitting her lower lips, she swung the drop earrings as apart as she could before the first jet left her body.  
  
Letting herself empty with some relief, she held the chrome plated device and looked around it. No indication of construction but just one contoured piece of design.  
  
She knew exactly what it was of course. Had had palpitations just seeing it for the first time. Heavy breathing and excitement at being presented with it. Slightly aghast at the size of the egg but nonetheless eager to try it.  
  
The spray was dying off and she patted herself dry with a folded piece of toilet paper before letting go of her labia and resuming her inspection of what she knew was a plug for her ass.  
  
She opened her thighs on the seat and hitched herself forward to be as central as possible. Holding it by the jewelled disc she reached between her legs into the toilet bowl and stroked the egg shape along the crack of her ass, making it poke at her anus.  
  
Dry.  
  
Her puckered hole resisted.  
  
The drop earrings danced around her hand and she caught her clit a couple of times.  
  
Removing it and returning it in front of her, she opened her mouth and licked it, feeling the metallic texture on her tongue. More saliva would help. She had seen porn videos.  
  
She tried again.  
  
The lubrication helped somewhat and her ass opened helpfully but just not quite enough.  
  
Taking it to her mouth once more, she softly spat on it and licked it all around. It felt tarty; a whorish thing to do but didn't care. This had been something she had often thought about. Wondered about. Fantasised about.  
  
She tried again.  
  
It was definitely the way to go. Her ass hole opened up far enough to take it and she held it in the aperture, relishing the feelings it was giving her. Moving it back and forth forced her smallest hole to open and close softly, drinking the spit from the device.  
  
Her heart was beating.  
  
She clamped her spare hand to a breast and squeezed it as the eroticism of what she was doing to herself proved a little too much. Her pussy fluttered and gaped for itself. More spitting. More licking. She took the whole thing into her mouth and clamped her lips around the curved shaft and tried not to groan too loudly. The other two booths sounded as though they were still occupied, though one occupant sounded like she was nearly finished.  
  
Closing her eyes she held it in her mouth as her hand now sought out her clit. Eyes closed and breathing deeply around the oral intrusion, she rubbed between the rings to feel the urgent rise of very familiar feelings.  
  
No!  
  
Not now.  
  
Not here.  
  
Holding it by the heart shaped disc, she pulled it from her mouth and spat on it again. More was better.  
  
Running it between her legs, she once again pushed it against her anus which opened as before. It was making her feel full. The sensation of being opened there was curious and invigorating. She let out a tremulous breath.  
  
She had had anal sex before of course. The last time was after being pushed over her sofa whilst they were both a little inebriated. A couple of his fingers in her alternative hole and then his cock had replaced them for a memorable few minutes and then the final ejaculation.  
  
This was the same but different. She couldn't quite decide on the specifics. The smoothness of the chrome steel felt good but unrelenting.  
  
No lumps.  
  
No bumps.  
  
No texture.  
  
It was all the way in. She felt her anus closing around the shaft. Oh my goodness she felt full. She gave a slight gasp and clasped her hand across her mouth to stop it being louder.  
  
Pulling it, she felt her puckered hole open to accommodate. There was definitely a position of intensity. A place where it felt the best. Most erotic. The familiar act of thrust and release, gape and close but in the alternative location. Transferred feelings onto all the right nerve endings.  
  
The earrings knocking and tugging on her labia helped too as her exploring hand between her legs naturally bounced them around.  
  
She pushed it back in and, though she obviously couldn't see it, could feel the heart shaped disc on the outside of her ass. She turned it. Felt it turn inside her. Slowly. Gently. She wanted the heart the right way up for her man to see. Plus it felt more comfortable that way up; she understood the reason behind it's soft arc now.  
  
Breathing deeply once more, she released it and moved her fingers to her pussy instead.  
  
The weird fascination of having it inside her was still too great to ignore and she pushed a finger between her lips. The cavity beyond seemed smaller now. The vagina wall hard and unyielding, the act of sliding her finger in created a communicated pressure on her clit.  
  
She felt a slight unexpected squirt and grimaced at the unplanned trail over the toilet bowl rim. A mild cum this time but she wanted to wait.  
  
More paper.  
  
A bit of a wipe down.  
  
Dry now.  
  
She stood and pulled the jeans back up and over her thighs, watching the drop earrings swing through the gap in the seam like arrows through a bullseye. Pulling them up over her ass she immediately felt around to wonder if the heart shaped crystal could be seen.  
  
Confident it couldn't, she flushed the toilet and exited the booth to stand in front of the sink wall mirrors. Regarding her image she took stock of herself.  
  
Feeling the tension in her calves from the stilletos, she remembered a time when that had been a new experience. Well since then, she had come a long way on a voyage of self discovery, to be standing here now in the state of dress she had chosen and in an almost constant state of arousal.  
  
Of course she would end up with her ass filled and exposed genital jewellery. Of course she would end up in a state where, the slightest touch in the right place would make her cum. And most importantly, of course she had no regrets.  
  
Another woman left the second booth and started washing up at the next sink. She was dressed in a long, all encompassing dress, with flip flops on her feet. In contrast to herself, muted, dreary and obviously with no special effort made for the evening.  
  
Helen gave her an easy smile.  
  
She felt alive and sexy.  
  
She felt half her age.  
  
She felt confident.  
  
She washed her hands and with a deep breath, pulled the door open to return to her man, excited for his reaction to her wearing the new accessory.  
  
It was more of a sashay back across the pub bar returning to her man. Eyes fixed on him all the way, she knew he was imagining what was in her ass but watching her entire look. One leg in front of the other, but a slight twerk of a hip each time to emphasize it. She wondered how many other eyes were watching?  
  
The sashay was a confident walk. She was happy that her recent weight control had had such a positive impact on her body shape. The hourglass look of her body that she had been so keen to develop; the tummy tone she had worked so hard to achieve. She felt proud of her figure and pleased that it was emphasised by the height afforded by the stilettos.  
  
Regardless of the tug on her labia, she couldn't care less if anyone noticed the glint of the earrings hanging down between her legs. Her labia weren't on show. It was their problem if they wanted to wonder and to draw conclusions.  
  
The plug in her ass felt huge.  
  
It gave her a glow knowing it was there.  
  
Looking pretty. The crystal reflecting any light. Keeping her open.  
  
As she reached the table, it was with amusement she noticed his slack jawed expression and lustful eyes.  
  
There was a napkin on the floor.  
  
Any other time, this would have been ignored, but right here, right now, she felt compelled to pick it up.  
  
Confidence surging through her entire being, she turned away from him, and bent over at the waist to retrieve it.  
  
From his intake of breath, she knew the effect had been positive. She could only imagine the view of her gaping hole in the crotch seam, the jewellery pierced through her lower lips, and now the flash of a crystal heart filling her ass; winking at him.

His hands went into his lap. Obviously needing to adjust himself she smiled at the surreptitious necessity to do so.  
  
One last quick arch of her back before she straightened back up and she was confident he had seen the entire crack between her legs right there in the public bar. His sharp breath told her that he had.  
  
Turning to retake her seat, she wondered if she had provided too much of a view for the couple beyond. The woman's hand was at her man's face, holding it forward. She could be admonishing him. They could just have eyes for each other.  
  
Helen didn't care either way.  
  
It was not her problem.  
  
She did what she did for her own man.  
  
This would be the first time sitting on a hard flat surface with the butt plug embedded. She would exercise caution. Pulling the chair out, she crouched to sit, feeling the material between her legs open in response, the dangling jewellery clattering customarily against the wood before her bottom flattened on the seat.  
  
She couldn't help but gasp.  
  
The pressure forced the plug deeper into her anus, the disc between her cheeks gently pushing against her pussy. It was a delicious feeling. Her eyes glazed over slightly as she came to terms with the forced intrusion.  
  
Shifting in her chair made it better or worse depending on how she viewed it. Every movement was like being fucked where she sat. Looking across into her man's blue eyes she tried to focus on him rather than the sensations between her legs.  
  
It proved difficult...  
  
It didn't work.  
  
All it made her want more than anything else, was to be in his arms. To feel his embrace. To respond to his kiss.  
  
Her body was his.  
  
To do what he wanted to it.  
  
Whenever he wanted to.  
  
Sensing her beseech, he responded by getting to his feet and holding out his hand for her to take.  
  
As she got to her feet, he collected her jacket from the seat back and held it for her to push her arms into. She smiled her thanks, and pulled her hair back down into place over the collar. Shaking herself slightly to seat the jacket properly she felt the drop earrings dance between her legs.  
  
Then he gently patted her ass.  
  
Good girl!  
  
He avoided the crack as he patted. It was enough however to create the needed sensations as her cheeks clenched the disc and she instinctively felt herself moisten. Damn him - he always knew how to create the right effect on her.  
  
Holding the inner front porch door open for her, he ushered her through ahead of him then followed close behind, his hand searching through the slit in her jeans for the hard disc. She giggled and looked back over her shoulder at him. She could feel that she had already wetted his hand, most likely leaving a trail of squirt.  
  
Having him hold the disc was an intense experience, especially whilst walking. In fact, the whole walk back to the bike was an intense erotic experience. Stepping up and down curbs, a long stride to avoid a manhole cover, side-stepping street debris. All of it acted on the hard chrome steel device inserted in her ass... all directing every sensation back to the very core of her being.  
  
All of it building her emotions to an unavoidable, unprecedented crescendo.  
  
A handy bench.  
  
Thank goodness.  
  
No one around.  
  
They sat together with his arm around her shoulders. They kissed. Kissed deeply, twisting to face each other. His other hand at her chest. On her nipples. Pulling them. Softly twisting them. Making her groan.  
  
At her belly.  
  
Stroking down her torso.  
  
Teasing.  
  
Now between her legs which she opened eagerly to accommodate him. Flesh on naked flesh. Running a finger up and down her lips. Teasing her rings; soft tugging on her labia. His finger now through in between, easing into her moist wet hole.  
  
She could tell he was desperate to find out how the plug felt. Gasping with him, mouth to mouth, his finger probed deeper and deeper. Hooking in. He could feel the solid bulge in her intimate cavity. Could feel the effect it was having on her. Could feel her entire pussy moisten and begin to drip.  
  
She didn't care who was around, all she wanted right now was an orgasm. She lifted a buttock from the bench and felt him reach to grasp the crystal heart shaped disc. Gripping his biceps before it happened in anticipation of what he was about to do, it was still the most extreme sensation she had ever felt.  
  
He started to pull it out. Opening her ass right here on the bench. Wider and wider. She felt so full.  
  
Her eyes tightly closed.  
  
Desperate.  
  
So desperate.  
  
Her one hand let go of his arm and found its way to her clit. Rubbing furiously, all she wanted was to orgasm. Without control. Without limit. Without care.  
  
He pushed the egg back in.  
  
She came and came strongly. Her face twisted with the exertion. Tears of pleasure as she sagged into his arms and after a gaze into his face, closed her eyes.  
  
She was spent. There was no way she could find another and the only thing left now that she wanted to do was to curl up with him for a long deserved sleep.  
  
They sat for a long while, on the bench in the warm dark evening, just cuddling. Holding each other. Content.  
  
Seconds.  
  
Minutes.  
  
Hours.  
  
She had no sense of time but as they stood up to return to the bike the only thing on her mind was wondering if he would make her keep the butt plug in to travel home?