Lucy's Leanings

by Calandria ©

I suppose I could be described as an ordinary sort of guy – not

bad-looking, but no film-star, either, and, in my mid-thirties, although

I'd never admitted it up until then, I had an awful lot to learn about

sex. My wife had left me for somebody else, but I never had that much

difficulty finding other women – didn't even have to try very hard, living

in London, it's fair to say.

But then I met Lucy. Not in the way you usually meet a woman – I don't

know, in a pub, at a party, at work, whatever – no, in Tesco!

I was thinking about buying some new plates in the hardware department of

our local supermarket, and was minding my own business, comparing prices,

when I got a hefty shock. Stood not twenty metres from me, in the same

aisle, was a very attractive girl, bent over from the waist, looking at

pots and pans. Well, you may say, what's so different about that? There

are lots of attractive women shopping on any given day. Sure, but not too

many bend over, in a short skirt, and don't wear knickers! Neither are they

completely clean-shaven.

I fiddled about, as you may well imagine, picking up sets of plates and

putting them down again, and got a real eyeful. When she finally

straightened up, I may well have groaned audibly, but there was nobody

else to share the view, and I felt absolutely compelled to follow her

around the store, like some kind of pervert. I kept my distance, but

couldn't help being next to her at the check-out. She carried with her a

delicate perfume, and was definitely no slag. I guessed she was about 28,

with longish black hair and a slim figure. She wore a little pleated grey

miniskirt and a white silk blouse. Her feet were in strappy high-heeled

sandals, and, as far as I could see, that was the full extent of her

clothing – she certainly didn't seem to be wearing a bra.

I have never been one for 'stalking' women, and don't reckon much to those

who do, but I just knew I couldn't let this one go without at least

finding out who she was, or where she lived – something – call it

fascination, if you like.

I followed her, all casual, out to the car-park, and saw her piling her

stuff into a new Beetle, parked close to my Megane.

She turned from her task and said, straight out, 'You're following me!'

'Er.......well,' – grasp the nettle, Andrew, I thought – 'It's a fair

cop.' I spread my arms out wide, 'Do you not want to be followed?'

'I like to be seen,' she said, 'and enjoyed, perhaps.'

'I enjoyed you,' I indicated the store, 'back in there.'

'You are?'

'Andrew, a divorced man of 35, with a decent job. And you?'

'Lucy, 28 year-old dental nurse, single. There, we know each other.'

'Drink?'

'Why not?'

And so our relationship began. We had a beer in the café at Tesco, and sat

and looked at one another, wondering who was going to break the ice. Then

we both started to talk and once, stopped and burst out laughing.

'You first,' I said.

'OK. I've just kicked my boyfriend out,' she said, 'jealous!'

Somehow I wasn't surprised after what I had just seen, but thought it best

to say nothing. She carried on, 'I'm an exhibitionist. I don't know

whether it's a fetish, if I need some sort of treatment, but I just like

to show my body off. I don't know you, Andrew, but you seem an OK sort of

a guy. If, now you've heard that about me, you think you want to know me

better, I guess we can.....well, meet again?'

I was completely intrigued, and eager to date Lucy as soon as possible. I

said so.

'OK,' she said, 'but I'd like you to take me to a restaurant you go to

often. Let's say you're on trial. Tomorrow night OK?'

I arranged to meet her outside Giovanni's, an Italian place I had always

visited with my ex-wife, at least once a month, and where I was well-known

to both the staff and the regular clientele. I had difficulty getting

through the day, the anticipation killing me as never before on a date,

and wasn't a bit disappointed when I saw Lucy walk up in four inch black

stilettos, wearing a black coat against the chilly evening.

We entered the warmth off the restaurant, and the proprietor, the

eponymous Giovanni, slid behind Lucy to take her coat, whilst I stood to

one side, being shown our corner table. When she was divested of her coat

I gasped involuntarily, as she wore a black fishnet mini-dress, under

which she apparently had nothing more than the tiniest of thongs. The

obviously rouged, generous nipples on her smallish but still firm breasts,

poked proudly through the mesh. Giovanni looked on the point of having a

coronary, as he passed her coat to an assistant, then we were shown to our

table, the waiter also unable to take his eyes off Lucy's breasts.

'I don't normally wear knickers,' she said, ' but with this dress, I

thought it might be better.' I saw her point.

Each time the waiters came to our table they were in danger of dropping

something, and I could see other diners exchanging comments, the men being

quietly rebuked by their wives and girlfriends for looking hungrily in

Lucy's direction. I had to say that I rather enjoyed it all, and, as I

paid the bill, I told Lucy so.

'You don't find me embarrassing?' she asked.

'I should like very much to make love to you,' I said, by way of a reply.

'As opposed to fuck me,' she said, a twinkle in her eye.

'If you put it like that,' I said, and hurried her to my car.

Whilst we were in the car, she had her thong off, so that as soon as I

closed the door of my flat, she climbed onto the dining table, visible

from the entrance, and opened her legs wide, letting her hands play

wantonly around the lips of her sex.

'I'm so turned on, Andrew,' she said, 'I want you in me, NOW!'

'Wait,' I said, and knelt on the floor in front of her, tonguing her

clitoris to complete erection, then gouging two fingers deep into her wet

cunt.

'Now!' she yelled, 'I've got to have you deep in me.'

I was in danger of shooting my load before I was installed within her,

after the evening's excitement, anyway, so I obliged, and, standing up,

rammed my shaft hard into her dripping, oozing fuck-hole, whose muscular

walls gripped and released me in time with my pulsing thrusts. But I

couldn't stave off my orgasm for more than seconds, and came in huge, hot

spurts, as she screamed with the writhing, bucking fury of a stormy

orgasm.

'Andrew,' she said later, 'not bad. I think you passed the test. I will

introduce you to my friends, and we may also explore some other stuff,

eh?'

What 'other stuff' I wondered, all the next day at work, still walking

about in a dream after the previous night?

The following day was Saturday, and we had arranged to meet for a coffee

and to do some shopping, then she was going to introduce me to 'someone I

want you to meet.'

I picked Lucy up outside her home, in which I had yet to set foot, a trim

town-house in a quiet part of town, and commented favourably on her

appearance. She indeed looked lovely, in a layered white cotton miniskirt,

and loose navy-blue silk halter-necked top, which allowed her pointed

breasts to jiggle constantly as she walked. On her feet, she wore the same

strappy heels she had worn the first time we had met. As she got into my

car and kissed me lightly, she very deliberately took hold of my hand and

placed it, with no resistance on my part, under her tiny skirt. As

expected, she wore no knickers, and I was obliged to drive into town with a

raging erection tenting my trousers.

She patted him, as I arrived at the multi-storey car-park, 'Down, Fido,'

she said, 'later!'

I made her wait before we sallied forth into the precinct, and talked

about work, which made her laugh, and then we set off for the shops.

We did some window shopping, but Lucy only really wanted a pair of boots,

so we made for a big shoe-shop, and Lucy sat on the big padded divan in

the centre of the store and waited for the assistant to attend to her. She

soon caught the eye of a young guy, in his early twenties, probably a

student filling in on Saturdays, and asked him sweetly if she could try

some of the boots she had seen in the window display. He went off and soon

returned carrying three pairs. He squatted in front of her, whilst I sat

beside her, and she let the assistant take her shoe off, resting her foot

on his knee, then smooth the thigh-length boot up her slim leg. As she

accommodated his action, she opened her legs just enough, and almost

imperceptibly let her skirt ride up, so that he had a grandstand view of

her hairless pussy. He did a double take, and I smiled knowingly, as I

felt I was supposed to do. She told him the boots were not to her liking

and he nervously fumbled around to try another one on her. She was smiling

sweetly at him as he zipped up the new boot, and his face was a picture as

he fought a desire to look long and hard at her gorgeous crack, knowing he

should try for common decency.

'Perhaps you have more models in the store-room?' Lucy suggested, 'it

might save you time if I came with you and helped choose.'

The youth looked around nervously, and, seeing no other assistant, said,

'You really shouldn't, but I suppose it'd be alright.' With that they set

off for the store-room, leaving me sat on the bench, admiring rows off

shoes. Not five minutes later, Lucy was back. There was no sign of the

assistant, and she was carrying a pair of boots to take to the check-out.

She smiled at me, 'Come on!'

'I can see why your last boyfriend might have felt a shade jealous,' I

ventured.

'Oh, come on,' she said, 'the poor lamb was desperate – and a quick

hand-job was the least I could do.' My mouth fell open, and she laughed,

and gave me a playful punch.

'What do you want, Andrew, a nun?' she asked.

We took a coffee in a local Starbuck's and I forgave her – I was not a

jealous person by nature, and her openness was refreshing. She told me

she'd arranged for us to meet her oldest friend for lunch, and felt sure

I'd like her. During the rest of the morning we paid visits to a number of

shops, but no more shoe-stores, and Lucy didn't actually flash her pussy

at anyone. I was always conscious, however, that walking beside me was a

girl wearing the shortest of skirts, with no underwear, and a loose silk

top, under which her lovely breasts had a life of their own. I felt the

eyes of every man in town boring into her as we walked along, and knew

that not one would have refused a fuck if offered, however happily married

they may profess to be. And Lucy knew it too.

We walked into a small Indian restaurant for lunch, and were met by an

obsequious owner, who showed us to an alcove, where Lucy's friend was

already waiting for us.

'Andrew,' said Lucy, 'I want you to meet my great friend and mentor,

Karen.'

As we exchanged pleasantries, I took stock of Karen. She was in her early

forties, but still very trim, just showing signs of crow's feet at her

eye-corners, and smile-wrinkles around her mouth. She had a heart-shaped

face, piercing blue eyes, and short-cropped, platinum blonde hair. She

wore a lilac business suit and a brown silk blouse, with single pearl

ear-rings.

'Karen,' Lucy was saying, 'introduced me to exhibitionism.'

'You don't look much like an exhibitionist yourself,' I said to the older

woman.

'Oh,' she said, 'but I'm working. I'm a lawyer, and this is my uniform, I

suppose. Now, I hope you two will do me the favour of coming to dinner

tonight. I've asked Amy and her current man, and my husband will be there

too, of course.'

'We'll come, won't we, Andrew?' said Lucy, and I could scarcely refuse.

'You'd better warn him about our dinner parties, Lucy,' said Karen.

'I will, don't worry,' she said.

'What did she mean by that?' I asked, when we were out on the street.

'You should know,' she replied, 'that Karen's parties are a bit unusual.'

'How – unusual?'

'Well, you know she introduced me to exhibitionism – that should give you

a clue as to our dress-code – and let's say that things get a bit wild.

She's Scandinavian, you know.'

I confessed I didn't know, and she told me that Karen and her husband

Bjorn were Danish, and that they had an 'open' marriage – whatever that

meant.

By that evening I also knew that Amy, Lucy's friend, who was coming to

dinner with us as well, worked at the same dental practice as Lucy, as did

her new boyfriend, Rod. But beyond that I was none the wiser when I called

around to collect Lucy from her home at eight o'clock. Although it was a

warm evening, she had a light coat on, so that I had no idea what she wore

under it, as she got into my car, and when I asked her, she was coy: 'Wait

and see!' she said.

We arrived at Karen's palatial home, a riverside colonial-style dwelling,

set in well-tended gardens, and I parked behind her Mercedes on the gravel

drive.

We walked up the steps, and the first surprise awaited me, when the door

was opened to us by an oriental-looking maid in traditional uniform of a

little black dress, with a frilly white apron. Her skirt was so short that

the tops of her stockings could clearly be seen as she walked in front of

us. Then she turned, smiling, and held her arm out for Lucy's coat. Lucy

was just amazing, in a white satin whaleboned corset, which constricted

her already tiny waist until I felt sure I could span it with the fingers

of my hands. The corset supported her uncovered breasts, so that her

rouged nipples were thrust forwards and upwards. Around her waist, she

wore a transparent nylon frilled slip, mid-thigh-length, which hid

nothing, and to emphasise this, she had put on a pair of white stockings,

clipped to the garters of the corset. A pair of metallic stilettos

completed her ensemble.

Karen greeted us in the dining room – a very different lady from the one

whom we had met at lunchtime. She was now clad in a fishnet cat-suit, and

absolutely nothing else, but I was surprised to see that her nipples were

adorned with two heavy metal rings, to which she had attached a silver

chain. Her husband Bjorn, a huge, blond, giant of a man, wore a silk

dressing gown – I wondered if I had needed to bother with the suit.

I was relieved, however, when Amy and Rod appeared, because Rod was a guy

of my own age, and wore a jacket and chinos, but Amy – wow! Amy was a

stunning blonde, younger, I guessed, than Lucy, and with a fuller figure,

and sported a long black nylon gown, which she must have changed into in

the lobby, as she couldn't have arrived in it. It had long sleeves and a

narrow skirt, which she could scarcely walk in, but was utterly

transparent, and every detail of her gorgeous body could be seen through

it. She had a pierced navel, with a large silver pendant hanging there,

and between her legs hung another pendant, which must have hung from a

piercing in her clitoris-hood. When she was introduced to me, her pierced

tongue grazed my cheek.

'Impressed, eh?' said Lucy. I could hardly be otherwise, the gathering was

a voyeur's dream, and Lucy was amused to see my eyes unable to leave her

friend Amy for long, as we ate.

I toyed with my food, quite frankly, not helped by Lucy's hand, which

found my ready erection under the table, or Amy's stiletto-clad foot,

which insisted on playing with my ankle from directly opposite, while I

watched the subtle movements of her full breasts as she talked and

laughed, under the black, transparent nylon.

When we finished, and were enjoying a coffee, still sat around the table,

Bjorn came and stood behind Lucy, massaging her shoulders. She turned half

to me and said, 'Bjorn has always had the hots for me - haven't you,

darling?' this, turning back to him, as his hands gently dropped to her

hardening nipples, and she sighed in contentment, wriggling in her seat. I

felt her hand tighten around my cock with her own excitement, and saw that

Amy was watching intently. Meanwhile, her boyfriend, Rod, was engaged in

conversation with Karen, who had moved around to his side, and was leaning

close to him.

As I watched Amy, her tongue darted from between her lips, just enough for

me to see the arcane silver stud, and ran along between her little, even

teeth. She lowered her lids, and I felt her foot ran further up my leg,

then back down again.

Suddenly, Lucy's mouth was at my ear, 'She wants you to fuck her,' I was

astonished to hear her say, 'but she likes it best in the arsehole, by the

way.'

Amy seemed to know the way to a bedroom, and, as we went, Karen was

leading Rod off to another one, whilst Lucy, Bjorn, and the maid, Su-Lin,

were going in yet another direction.

When we got to the bedroom, Amy turned to me, and took my head in her

hands, kissing me fiercely, her tongue-stud a new experience in my mouth,

as she sought my own tongue with hers. Her dress was a crumpled mess on

the floor in no time at all, and she knew no shyness, dropping to the bed,

her legs wide apart, so that the ring in her clitoris-hood, with its short

pendant attached, dangled down across her hairless pink slit.

I fell upon her, and parting her labia, drew a great gasp from her as I

pushed my tongue hard into her wet cunt, tasting the sweet juices now

oozing from her. I pulled back to admire her, and saw at a glance the

truth of what Lucy had said. Her arsehole was a lovely, broad tunnel, a

mystic cavern, and I couldn't resist delving my tongue into its dark

depths, as far as it would go, then plunging three fingers in, which

brought a great moan of anticipation from her.

But Amy was pulling me around all the while, too, reaching for my shaft,

and I resisted as long as I could, because I knew that if I spent long in

her mouth, I was going to cum in no time at all. But now she had me in her

hands, and fondled me before taking my length into her lips, and running

that stud around my crown, driving me to distraction, so that I had to use

all the control I had at my disposal. I pulled out of her mouth to avoid

any accident, and she grinned, as I knelt at the portals of heaven, then

with the one single thrust it took, entered its kingdom. For heaven was

Amy's anus, its velvet walls gripping me with sheath-like power as I drove

into her, and stimulated her decorated clit with my hand.

'Oh, Andrew,' she yelled, 'fuck me, hard.' And so I did, until she

screamed with the ferocity of a massive orgasm, and I released, at last,

the pent-up contents, of my tortured balls, in hot streams, into the

depths of her bowels.

'Good evening?' asked Lucy, later.

'Yep, and you?'

We are still together, two years later.