**Showing Off**
by Isabella

I'd been visiting with Ann, an old school friend, for the day. We were taking advantage of the early summer sun to start our tans before the main summer holidays while we caught up on the past ten years, I'd suspected that if it was sunny we'd be tanning, because, when we were at school Ann spent most of every summer's day dressed in only her bikini so I'd taken my new bikini with me to her house. But Ann had changed a lot since our school days and I should have realised that she would...after all, I'd changed a lot since school. But Ann hadn't changed for the better, while I lay on a lounger, in her back yard, she was 'Sky-clad' and she spent most of the day trying to talk me into joining her in the nude. I'd turned her down every time she asked, there were too many windows looking down into Ann's back yard.

I'd told Ann all about my husband but it didn't take very long. I hadn't wanted to tell Ann just how boring my sex life was with him but Ann drew it out of me and I ended up telling her all about my sex life with my husband. Ann took great delight in telling me all about her sex life and in very graphic detail. Ann told me all about her three husbands, well, she'd had three of her own husbands and several more that belonged to other women.

We chatted for so long that I ran out of time and before I knew it we were into evening rush hour. I didn't bother to get changed out of my bikini, I just wrapped my small chiffon scarf around my waist as a sarong and drove home with only my bikini top covering my upper body.

Traffic was far worse than usual and a journey that should have taken ninety minutes tops in rush hour was even slower, after an hour I wasn't even half way home. I'd reached a stretch of twin carriageway road, just before Clophill, a small village just outside Luton...Clophill seemed to be where the problem was. The wider road didn't help the problem, it just allowed other cars to pass me and force their way back into the traffic queue ahead of me.

My mobile rang, fortunately I had hands free so I could answer safely. It was Ann...

"Well, you certainly stirred things up around here Sarah!"

"How...why?"

As soon as you left, Steve dragged me behind the shed and ravished me for an hour!"

"Steve...isn't your husband David?"

"Yes...Steve is the guy next door."

"You're incorrigible Ann. Wasn't David in the living room when I left..God..."

He was...what's up?"

"Well, I'm stuck in traffic and the guy in the car next to me is leering at me, he's making some rather disgusting gestures too."

"Wow, lucky girl, who is he?"

No idea, he's driving a massive American car, it has a company logo on it, a company car I think, the name on the side window says S&P Wright, Commercial Photographic Services of Luton."

"Is he handsome?"

"Ruggedly good looking!"

"Well then, I don't see a problem, give him a flash of your tits...see what comes up!"

"I can't do that... I'm not like you."

"No, I know that...and you don't have half the fun that I have because I'm open and upfront about sex and you're a closed book. I'm going to try and find out what's holding you up, I'll ring you back."

In the crawl of traffic he pulled ahead of me slightly and a few seconds later I caught him up again. I was scoping him out a little through my peripheral vision... without being too obvious. He was talking on his mobile phone not using hands free but with his phone against his ear.

My telephone rang again, the screen told me that it was Ann calling me back, "There's been a fire in Clophill, just ahead of you, there's a building in danger of falling down so nothing is going through the village. The only movement ahead of you are cars that are managing to get turned around ahead of you. His name's Simon by the way...if you're interested, let him get in front of you and follow him in to the lay-by that's three hundred yards ahead of you."

"How..."

"While I was on the internet looking at the traffic problems on the A6, I checked the company's website, they had Simon's name and mobile number in the contacts list so I called him. He's forty-five years old, divorced with no kids and he's just looking for no strings sex."

Talking to Ann distracted me momentarily, long enough for Simon to get his nose ahead of me, it wasn't so much me letting him get in front of me, which Ann had told me would be my agreement to meeting with him in the lay-by. A massive shudder ran through my body as I watched Simon's car wriggle ahead of me in the queue...phase one had happened by accident, but would I chicken out at the last minute, phase two would take an action on my part...I'd have to follow Simon into the lay-by.

It took another fifteen minutes for Simon to reach the throat of the lay-by and start his turn into it. The whole fifteen minutes were spent talking to Ann about my options. Ann was trying to talk me into following Simon into the lay-by.

"But, if I do, what if he does something that I don't want to do?"

I got another massive shiver running through my body as Simon pulled to the left and slipped into the lay-by and the moment of truth came to me, I'd just told Ann that Simon had reached the lay-by but that I wasn't sure that I'd be following him in.

"Just remember, it has to be fun for both of you, it's okay to say no to something or even to say stop if things go too far but I can hear it in your voice...you really want to...!"

I protested at Ann's comment that she could hear anything in my voice.

"You're kidding me, I can hear the excitement in your voice, stop being safe.... safe is boring...after ten years of boring, just try to be open and honest with yourself for once...go and have some fun but remember you can call an end to anything that you don't like"

I didn't tell Ann but I'd never said no before... I just didn't usually put myself into positions where I'd need to say no or stop. I waited another twenty seconds before I girded my loins and followed Simon into the lay-by.

Simon was standing at the side of his car when I pulled up behind him. The lay-by had a burger van parked in it serving hot food and drink, as I stepped out of my car wearing just a bikini and the chiffon scarf tied around my waist that hid nothing at all from view and at least six other men were watching me closely as I slid out of my seat to meet Simon.

I offered Simon my right hand to shake but he didn't teach out with his right hand to shake mine, he took my right hand in his left, his right hand caught my left shoulder and pulled my body into his, pressing his lips against mine and his groin into my belly. Usually when I kissed anyone, I closed my eyes but Simon's sudden launch into me took me by so much surprise that my eyes were still open and I could see that Simon and I were the centre of attention for six other men in the lay-by drinking coffee and tea.

After the shock of Simon's initial onslaught, I relaxed into his kiss and closed my eyes. It was a five hundred Mississippi kiss and as his tongue wriggled into my mouth, he twisted his hips from side to side, rubbing the bulge in the front of his trousers against my belly.

He pulled his mouth away from mine and said, "Can I get you a coffee while we get to know each other better?"

He looked from the burger van to a picnic table out in full view of the cars out on the main road as well as all the men drinking their beverages in the lay-by.

"Thanks for the offer but I've had gallons of coffee already today and there isn't a toilet on the way home."

"Actually, there is a public toilet in Clophill's market place, at the back of the car park...but if you don't want a coffee, we can still sit at the picnic table and get to know each other better!"

I had to suppress my smile at his eagerness to sit out in the open with me dressed the way I was.

"I'm sorry but I'm not really dressed for sitting at the side of the main road!"

Ann's voice whispered in my ear as if she was sitting on my shoulder, 'You're trying to back out of it...you're never going to have any fun unless you grab situations by the horns!' With that thought running through my head I'd chivvied myself to agree to his next question...whatever it was!

"Okay then, come and sit with me in the back of my car and we can get to know each other better in there and no one can see in because I've got privacy glass fitted."

My "Yes!" came out a little too quickly, I must have seemed very eager to get in the back seat of his American behemoth.

He walked over to the off-side rear door and opened it. I slid in and sat behind what should have been the driver's seat in a British car, "Slide over!"

I looked at the other door, if he was a gentleman he would have closed my door for me and run around the car to the other side and get in, not expect me to slide all the way over the massive bench seat...that was until I realised that there were leaves pressing against the window of the other door, because his car was so much wider than mine he'd had to put the left hand side of his car into the bushes.

I slid over to the left and I saw him looking down at the seat with a massive grin on his face. I looked down and to my right, there was almost a puddle of my excitement sitting under where my bottom had been and worse...there was a slime trail, from that puddle to my current position on the left hand side of the back seat.

Simon slid in, he didn't stop on the right as I'd expected him to, he slid into the middle of the seat and then on a little further, closer to me, he leaned in and kissed me, digging his tongue into my mouth again as he slipped the right shoulder strap of my bikini top away from my neck and pulled it down over my right arm. He kissed down onto my neck and over my collarbone as I looked all around to see who could see in. I could see all six men quite clearly but realised that they could see almost nothing in the back of the car. There wasn't even a gap between the two front seats to look through as the front of the car had the same bench seat as the back.

Simon exposed my right breast and then kissed his way down over my breast to my nipple. As he worked my right nipple with his mouth he was easing the left shoulder strap of my bikini top down over my left arm. I was now effectively topless while sitting in the back of his car. I had a minor climax as he switched from one nipple to the other as he unfastened the back strap of my top.

He eased his body away from mine as he looked at my bare breasts, I was looking nervously at the six men outside the car who seemed to be closing in on the car, he saw the worried look on my face and checked where the other men were, "You don't need to worry, they can't see anything inside the back of the car unless they come right up to the glass and cut the background light out with their hands."

"What about from the front?"

"All they can see is our heads but I can cover that for you!"

He pulled my right shoe off and lifted my leg, he eased his back forward and pushed my right foot between his hip and the back of the seat. I was suddenly turned in my seat so that my back was against the door but people would still be able to see my head over the front seat. He hooked his hands behind my knees and pulled my bum away from the door. The back of my head slid down the glass and bumped down over the leather door card and onto the armrest set in the door. Now I was truly hidden from view from the front and he was untying the chiffon scarf from around my waist.

He kissed his way down from my breasts and over my stomach; he kissed down to my bikini bottoms. I'd chosen tie side bikini bottoms but I'd tied them in double knots for security...I'd have to rethink that though because they didn't hold him up much, the right hand side was untied in just a few seconds and he was pushing my panties down the length of my left leg just as his lips reached the point where the waistband had been.

He kissed his way over my ginger powder-puff and onwards, down even further, he was kissing me now where no man had ever kissed me before and then not kissing, licking, easing his tongue deeper inside my body, drinking the nectar of excitement that my body was producing.

I was pulled again and my head fell off of the armrest, he kissed his way back up my body and pushed his tongue back into my mouth as he pushed another part of his body in that tight place that his tongue had just left. I gasped as his cock slipped into my body, the first man apart from my husband to ever invade my body. As he fucked me he kissed and then he said, "Does your husband like to watch you being fucked in the nude?"

"My husband hasn't seen me in the nude...not really..." my voice tailed off at that point as I couldn't speak while my orgasm crashed through my body, the most powerful orgasm I'd had in my life.

"You look surprised!"

I put my hand against his chest to stop him fucking me and then fought to get my breath back before saying, "I never knew sex could feel like this!"

I took my hand off of his chest and he started to fuck me again, then he pushed his body away from mine and looked down the length of my body. I lifted my head as well and looked down. I'd assumed that he had just unzipped his trousers and pulled his cock out of his fly to fuck me but I was wrong, his trousers and underpants were down below his knees and his cock was heavily veined and looked a little like it was coated in tree bark, he looked at my face again and grinned. "How often does your husband lick you out?"

"He's never even looked down there, never mind licking me down there."

"How often have you sucked his cock?"

I felt my face colour up as I shook my head, "I've never sucked him either, he's never asked me to."

"Have you ever offered to do it for him?"

I shook my head, "I'm not the kind of person to ask for any kind of sex...I'm not usually the kind of person to do this either. Not having sex in a lay-by or having sex with a stranger."

"Would you suck my cock if I asked you to?"

I had another minor climax from his cock as well as his asking me for oral sex. Ann was back on my shoulder again, she was whispering over and over again, 'Say yes!'

"If you'd like me to try...I can't promise anything special though!"

He pulled his cock out of me and then dragged me onto my hands and knees on the seat at his side. He gave me directions on how to suck his cock as he sat on the right hand side seat in the back of the car. He didn't get to his endgame in my mouth, just let me give him fifteen minutes of pleasure with my mouth before stopping me.

"Did you like that?"

I lifted my head up and nodded it as I leaned in and kissed him. As I kissed him I realised that anyone looking in the front window would be able to see quite a bit of my body now but I suddenly didn't care.

"Would you like to do it again?"

I started to move back to his cock to take him in my mouth again...perhaps to completion this time.

"Not on me, I'd like to fuck you doggy style and cum in your cunt...I was wondering if you'd like to suck him while I fuck you!"

I looked at his face, he was nodding his head in the direction of the left hand side door, a man had managed to squeeze in between the car and the bush and he was looking at my naked arse. He hadn't needed to shield his eyes from the sun, the trees and bushes were doing that job for him.

There were two voices urging me on, Ann's voice in my head telling me to do it and Simon's voice telling me that I'd love the feeling of two cocks in me at the same time.

Simon turned me around and my nose was almost touching the glass in the door as Simon manoeuvred his body into place behind me.

"You ever fucked this way before?"

I shook my head and looked over my shoulder at him. I looked to the front of the car again, I could see the men out in the lay-by drinking coffee and tea and if I could see them, the chances were that they could see me as well. As Simon started fucking me from behind he wound the window down and the man who was watching us leaned in and started fondling my breasts as he kissed me.

Simon said, "Give her your cock to suck!"

The man stood upright, he didn't need to open his trousers, he already had then down around his knees as he had been masturbating himself as he watched us through the darkened glass.

He pressed his body against the car's door and fed his cock in through the open window to me. I started to suck him, the way that Simon had just taught me to, as Simon threw his hips against my buttocks hard, causing a resounding slapping sound and causing me to gasp into the man's groin.

Simon was fucking me far harder than I'd even thought possible, hitting me from behind so hard that he was forcing my mouth further down the stranger's cock than I'd intended. I started to gag and cough as the cock in my mouth sank ever deeper.

Simon grabbed a fist full of my short hair on the back of my head, pulling it back hard, altering the angle between my throat and the guy's cock, "Relax and swallow as hard as you can!"

There was another hard slap of his hips against my buttocks as he rammed his cock into my cunt hard again and I felt the twang of my larynx as it was being moved out of the way as the cock in my mouth bulldozed into my throat and I stopped gagging.

There was the sound of a mobile phone going off, I knew that it wasn't mine; my phone was still in the cradle in the car being charged up.

"Hello..."

It was Simon's phone, he was still fucking me as he listened on the phone, "...hold on, I'll face time with you!"

I heard Ann's voice on Simon's phone, "I was just ringing to see if my friend followed you into the lay-by."

Simon chuckled and then I heard Ann say, "Good God girl, when you get going, you really get going!"

I eased my mouth off of the stranger's cock and looked, Simon was holding his mobile phone against the back of the front seat so that Ann could see the three of us in action.

"Having fun Sarah?"

I nodded my head, I was about to say something when the guy leaning against the door of the car tapped my shoulder and pushed his cock against the side of my face.

"Sorry Ann, can't chat now!"

I turned back to the cock and started swallowing it again, Simon didn't need to pull my hair this time, it appeared that once a cock had moved the internal organ's of the neck around the first time, the cock could get inside it easily thereafter.

Knowing that Ann was watching me suck and fuck added an extra dimension to my orgasm and to my sucking the cock, he exploded in my throat in just two minutes as Ann encouraged him to fuck my face harder. I took his ejaculant directly into my stomach so didn't actually get to taste it.

There was a beep, I wondered if it was another call coming into Simon's phone but heard Ann say, "Ooops, got to take this, I'll call back later!"

Simon exploded into my cunt and fell against my back puffing and panting as his phone rang again. He left my body and pulled me back onto the seat before opening the call up again to Ann.

"Well darling...you look a lot happier than you did when you were at my house earlier...you look well fucked. That call was from your John, he asked me if I knew where you were, he'd tried to call you on your mobile but you didn't answer. I told a little white lie on your behalf, I told him that you had only just left and I also told him about the fire in Clophill and told him that you could be very late home...so you can stay there and have as much fun as you like!"

Ann then started holding a conversation with Dave in her living room and she closed our connection without saying goodbye.

I sat kissing Simon for another twenty minutes, I was totally naked and there were even more men in the lay-by getting drinks and using the bushes as toilets but I didn't care if anyone saw me sitting there naked or not.

I thanked Simon for introducing me to cunnilingus and to teaching me how to suck his cock as I pulled my bikini back on as well as my chiffon scarf.

When I got back to my car I saw the missed call from my husband on my phone, I called the house phone but he wasn't there so instead of just ringing him on his mobile phone, I used the 'Where's my iPhone app', John's phone was programmed into my phone so if he left it anywhere, we could use my phone to find his but I didn't need to be registered on his because my phone was either in my handbag or in my car.

I was shocked at just how close John was to me, as the crow flew, he was less than a mile away from me, he was actually in Clophill. I zoomed out as much as the map in the app would allow, he was in the car park at the back of the Market Place.

I checked the road at the side of the lay-by, the traffic still wasn't moving so I was going to be stuck there a while. I was just about to close the app down when I saw my husband's phone move across the car park towards a small building in the car park. He was in the building for a few minutes and then I saw him walking back across the car park again to his starting point. I unplugged my phone from the car, locked my car and then walked across a field towards Clophill.

I was looking at my phone screen as I walked the mile and saw John walk across the car park to the building several times in the fifteen minutes it took me to reach that car park. I just stood watching, the image on my phone showed that John was in the small building in the car park and now that I was there, I could see that the building was the toilet block.

I watched a man walk out of the toilet and a few seconds later John followed him. John looked a little disappointed or frustrated as he walked back to his car and sat in it, watching the men's toilet intently. Every time a car drove into the car park I saw my husband perk up, especially if the car only had a man in it.

I watched a car park quite close to the toilet block and the driver just sat there in the car, like John, the driver was just looking at the toilet door.

I watched as John climbed out of his car and walk to the toilet again, John walked with an exaggerated wiggle in his bum as he walked along, he looked a little like a cat-walk model. John went into the gent's toilet again and a few seconds after the man in the car close to the toilet got out and followed John into the toilet.

I walked over to the toilet block and stood just outside the toilet's door. Because it was close to seven o'clock in the evening, the sun was low in the west and shining in through the toilet's windows. I could hear John and the other man talking, small talk, mentioning the fire and the fact that the village was closed off to the north. I could see that there were two distinct shadows on the back wall of the toilet.

The other man said, "I think I was the last car to get past the fire from the north, they were still allowing single file traffic to pass in turn until the roof fell into the road and they had to stop the cars moving totally!"

As the other man spoke I saw one shadow on the back wall turn sideways on, then John said that he wasn't going any further north, he just had a little business here in Clophill and then he'd be heading south again and as John spoke the second shadow turned sideways on. Now usually the shadows could have been facing either way around but the shadow play I was watching I could tell that John and the other man were now facing each other from the movement of their hands. I could actually see their fists pumping up and down their cocks.

I watched as the shadows closed in on each other and hands moved from their own cocks to rub the other, their arms forming a cross on the wall. One shadow suddenly shrank down and the head closed the gap totally, one man was sucking the other's cock.

"Ohhhhh God yes, that's lovely!" I could tell that it was John's voice.

John was being sucked...either that or he was talking with his mouth full of cock.

I looked around, there were only two cars in the car park and because of the way Victorian toilets were built, their doors were always out of sight at the back of the building, I took the bald step and tiptoed into the toilet. John had his back to me, the other man squatting down in front of John and as he sucked he was unfastening John's belt and pulling his trousers and underpants down past his knees.

I watched as the man sucking John explored John's bottom, I actually got a perfect view of the man parting John's bum cheeks and pressed his middle finger into John's anus. He pulled his mouth off of John's cock with a slurp and looked up at John's face.

"Do you take it?"

John nodded his head and the man stood up, he kissed John on the lips...I thought that would have disgusted me...seeing two men kissing even though seeing one suck the other's cock didn't but...well, I guess that both men were quite handsome and seeing handsome people kissing was actually a beautiful thing...even if one of them was my husband!

It wasn't a long kiss but there was a little tonguing action and then John was turned to face the urinals and then turned so that he had his back to the other man and then I had to stop myself gasping as John leaned slightly forward and the other man's cock slipped into John's arse as easily as if it were a vagina. The fucking started out gentle but soon escalated into more frantic fucking.

I heard the trickle of tyres against tarmac but without any engine sounds, that was suspicious and because of the way they were fucking, neither of the two men in the toilet were paying any attention to the rest of the world. I stepped back out into the real world and looked down the side of the toilet building, a white car with a fluorescent orange stripe down the side, I whispered, "Police!" and ran to the door into the ladies toilet and hid in there. I heard the other man's car start and drive away within seconds. It had obviously taken John slightly longer to get out of the toilet because his trousers had been around his ankles.

John walked straight into the police as he left the toilet, I listened from the doorway of the ladies toilet as the police officers talked to him, mentioning that there had been complaints from members of the public about anti-social behaviour. John sounded very uncomfortable as he talked to the police. John lied about heading north on the A6 and being unable to get past the village, he'd sought out somewhere to rest and use the toilet.

As I listened I realised that one of the two male officers was walking in my direction so I ran deeper into the toilet and dived into a stall. There was no bolt on the door so I just closed it over and pulled my bikini bottoms down and sat on the toilet seat just as my door was kicked open by the policeman.

I screamed out, **"What the fuck!"**

"I'm terribly sorry madam!"

He was giving me a damned good look over before he stepped out of my cubicle and closed the door behind him.

I heard the faint sound of John's car as he left the car park so he wouldn't have heard my shout in the ladies toilet. I didn't actually pee, I just pulled my bikini bottoms up and flushed the toilet and stormed out of the toilet. The two police officers were still standing outside and I got another apology but I rejected it and put on my angriest voice as I told him that I'd be making an official complaint to the chief constable first thing in the morning before storming off.

It got darker and darker as I walked back to the lay-by, I walked down the road this time as the fields would be dangerous to walk on in the half light.

The building that had been on fire was still smouldering but the wall had been knocked down, pushed inwards, into the footprint of the building for safety. Cars were being allowed to pass the scene in single file, one direction at a time as the police and council workers swept the rubble off of the road.

As I approached the lay-by, I saw that it was empty apart from my car and the now closed burger van. A car drove into the lay-by from the north and parked just behind mine, there was just enough light for me to see the man leap out of his car and walk over to the back of the burger van. I realised instantly that he was going to take a piss against the back of the van, out of sight of the few cars still passing on the A6.

The usual voice in my head that I listened to was telling me to change direction, to walk around the front of the burger van so as to not disturb the man peeing behind it. The new voice piped up, Ann's voice, 'That's the safe option, you know now that safe isn't fun! Go around the back and say hello to him!'

I walked up to the back of the van on the grass without making a sound, and said, "Hello!"

He jumped back and turned towards me, he wasn't actually holding his cock, he was just allowing the stream of piss to hit the back wall of the burger van. As the stream of piss approached my legs, I reached out and took a hold of his cock to keep it from splashing down all over my legs. He looked a little shocked that I was now holding his cock in my hand and I was actually aiming his cock back towards the burger van. The piss stream slowed and then stopped all together as his cock started to grow in my hand.

I would have loved to have practiced my oral skills again on him in the dark but I was put off because he'd just been pissing so I just used my hands to get him off while he played with my tits.

It was starting to get cold now that the sun had gone down so when I got back to my car I dug out my blouse and skirt and took them into the front seat of my car to get dressed while the engine warmed up. I saw headlights swing off the A6 and into the lay-by; the headlights dimmed to sidelights as the car closed in on the back of my car and at about ten feet away they went out completely but the car continued moving until it stopped just a foot behind my car.

The driver of the other car climbed out and walked down the side of my car, I locked my door and wound the window down an inch as I carried on buttoning my blouse as the man walked to my door.

"Hi John, you hear about the police at the toilet as well?"

"John!" resonated in my head...I often lent my husband my car to go out because his car was usually full of work stuff and although his car was actually bigger than mine, all four of my seats were usually empty. I looked up at the man, he wasn't looking in my direction at all, he was looking all around the lay-by area and the road beyond as he unzipped his trousers.

"How about a little suck then John?"

His cock was out now and he was waiting for me to let my window down.

"I'm sorry mate, I think you've got the wrong driver!"

He pulled his cock away from the window and zipped his trousers back up, "Oh God...I'm so sorry!"

So it looked to me like my husband often visited this town when he was looking for fun...fun that he should have been having with me and not other men.

The driver of the other car let out of the lay-by like a bat out of hell and I headed off home.

John was watching TV when I got home, I really wanted to ask him what he was doing in the public toilet in Clophill but thought that would be too confrontational.

He smiled up at me, "Hi darling, did you have a good visit with your friend?"

"The visit was great but the drive home was brutal."

"How was Ann, you haven't seen her since our wedding have you?"

"No, I haven't...I'd say she has changed quite a lot, she was a dirty little cow when we were at school, screwing every boy in our class and half the girls as well, I thought that she would have calmed down a little over the past ten years but if anything she's got worse."

"In what way?"

"When she came to our wedding, she was single and in the last ten years she's married three times and divorced twice."

"Well, that sounds like par for the course for Ann from what you've said about her...so what makes her so much worse now?"

"Just a feeling I got from talking to her, Alan, her first husband, had a little difficulty in getting or keeping an erection so Ann bought him one of those strap on sex toys so that she could still have her fun even on those days when he couldn't get an erection or after he'd climaxed too quickly."

"That sounds sad!"

I thought, 'Not as sad as a man only fucking his wife three or four times a year even if he is looking for sex a lot more often.' But I didn't say that.

"She got custody of the strap on in the divorce settlement even though she didn't need it with Colin, he was hard all day long and always ready for sex but when he found the strap on toy he talked Ann into using it on him!"

I looked at John's face, it light up when I mentioned that Ann had fucked her second husband up his bum with a strap on dick. He was definitely turned on by what I'd said but he tried to hide it from me.

"So, that idea must have really disgusted you...I mean...you've never been into anything adventurous have you?"

"Why would you say that?"

"Because...while we were courting...you said no to everything that I wanted to try that was more than just missionary position!"

"I was very young, you were the first man I let screw me and some of the things that you wanted to do to me seemed totally disgusting and instead of introducing me to things slowly, you just expected me to do whatever you wanted without any questions asked, just because you were five years older than me and had been with a dozen other girls before me. At eighteen, I didn't even think that half the things that you asked me to do were even physically possible!"

John looked shocked at what I'd just said.

We'd first met when I was eighteen and John had got me drunk at a party. Back then, they called it 'Taking advantage of a girl', but today it would have been classed as rape. After three months we split up and didn't see each other for a year. We bumped into each other one day quite by accident and started up again but John's sexual urges had been definitely toned down since the first time we met and after five years, we'd married and settled into our boring sexual routine after just a few years.

"So Sarah...what are you telling me?"

"I'm telling you that even sixteen years ago I might have been more inclined to trying new things if you'd been a little more considerate and gentle at introducing me to things!"

"So...are you actually saying that...perhaps if I asked you to suck my dick...you'd do it this time?"

"If you took your time and didn't blow your top if I wasn't the world's best cock sucker...then yes!"

I saw the cogs churning in John's head and then the little light bulb symbol above his head, "What if I got something to use as a dildo, would you let me use it on you?"

"I guess so."

"Would you use it on yourself while I watch you?"

Now it was my turn to hide my excitement, I'd only been an apprentice exhibitionist for a few hours but once I'd got into it I found that I really loved it and the thought of frigging myself off with a root vegetable while John watched was a massive turn on for me.

"I'd do that if you asked me to!"

"Would you use it on me if I asked you to?"

"What, like Ann was doing to her second husband with her strap on sex toy?"

"Well, yes but of course, you'd have to hold it in your hand to use it on me!"

"I'd do that if you wanted me to."

"How about if I wanted to watch you with someone like Ann? Would you fuck a woman while I watched?"

"What? With a carrot or courgette?"

"Or her strap on dildo!"

"Well, I don't really have any interest in other women but if you really wanted me to do it while you watched, I would."

I was on the very edge of an orgasm, just from John talking to me about the things he'd like to try, things he'd like me to do while he watched me.

"Okay, so you'd be willing to fuck another woman while I watched...what about another man, would you let another man fuck you while I watched you?"

I waited until the shiver running through my body subsided before I lied, "I've no interest in having sex with another man but I suppose it would be no real difference to doing it with another woman."

"So you'd go with another man if I really wanted you to?"

I looked down at my feet, "I suppose so, if you really wanted it."

I was suddenly reminded of the old John, the one I'd dumped after just a few weeks.

"What about outside...would you have sex outdoors with me?"

"Like, in the garden you mean?"

"The garden, the back seat of a car...a park...perhaps even a public toilet!"

I made it look like I was thinking about it, mulling it over in my head before I nodded my head, "If that would make you happy!"

We had dinner and then I started on my new sex life with my husband in a small way, I sucked his cock for an hour before he fucked me in the missionary position. I got the feeling that John would have liked more but he had to leave home at five o'clock in the morning to do a job in Central London and he needed to get into London before the rush-hour started.

I didn't have to worry about getting up early, I was due to volunteer in the morning at the local Manor House, it was part of Historic England's inventory, they didn't own the place outright, the twelfth Earl had to agree to allowing public access to part of the house to get out of paying a million pounds in death duty when he inherited the house from his father.

The Earl had given over the front half of the house and the main stairway to the people at Historic England, he had kept the rear half and the servants stairway for him and his family to live in. The Earl had also given over half the grounds of the house for car parking and public access.

I had to wear a uniform for my volunteering, a dress that came to six inches above the knee on the average female volunteer but because I was six feet two inches tall, the uniform dress looked a lot shorter on me.

I put my bra and knickers on, pretty lilac and lace set that came with a suspender belt but stockings and suspenders were out of the question under my uniform dress because it was so short. I was looking at myself in the mirror as I painted my face, three undercoats, one gloss and a top coat of clear varnish, I saw a tiny version of Ann sitting on my shoulder in my reflection, she was totally naked as she sat there and she whispered in my ear, "Your lingerie looks very sexy but...wouldn't you feel even more sexy, why not go to work in just your uniform with nothing under it?"

I was about to argue with Ann but I remembered the fun she gave me yesterday while sitting on my shoulder and I changed my mind.

I stripped totally naked, looked at my reflection and saw my body shudder in the mirror. I stepped into my dress and pulled it up my naked body. I'd have to be careful not to bend over while I was dressed like this.

I drove to the Manor House and parked in the car park, Pam Green, our volunteer team leader's car was already there as was Sam de-Vere's. Pam and I worked the cash desk together usually, taking the admission fee and selling the stuff in the gift shop. Sam was a guide, he usually stood in the Ladies Bedchamber, giving people information about the room and making sure that no one touched anything in the room.

I was there at nine-thirty, the house opened at ten, so I was thirty minutes early.

I went into the gift shop, Sam was sitting at the table in the coffee shop closest to the gift shop drinking a coffee that he'd made himself, Pam was sitting on her tall stool behind the cash desk on the right, I took my usual seat at her left and opened the duty book, "Looks like it will be a quiet day today, the coach tour has cancelled today's visit so it will just be casual walk in customers!"

Pam looked up from her book, "It's a sunny day, some of the walkers might pop in for coffee and cake later...oh, and can you mark Sue Carter down as sick, she rang me at home earlier."

"Sue was our only cleaner on the roster for today!"

"Good thing we're expecting a light day then."

"Should I go and check the toilets?"

"Sarah, you're a darling...if you're okay doing it!"

I slipped off my high stool and walked across the reception area, I spotted Sam deVere's cup was still on the table but he had gone, I picked his cup up, he hadn't finished drinking it, it was still half full of coffee but it would be better taken back to the kitchen to wash the cup up.

I left the reception through the front door and walked towards the car park, our toilet block had been built in a wooded area to the side of the main path. I took the side spur off of the main path to the toilet block, there was a main entrance, the ladies toilet was off to the left, the gents to the right and a store room straight ahead. The toilets had been open since dawn so dog walkers and the like had been able to use it while they were walking the grounds. I unlocked the cupboard and heard sounds like sex coming from the gent's toilet.

I wanted to go in and see what was going on but it would have been against our rules, I would have to put our sign out first, the one that said, 'Female cleaner in attendance!" And then I would have to wait until any man who was already in the toilet had left before I could go in. Even though I was interested in seeing who was having fun in the men's toilet, I went into the ladies instead.

The floor in the ladies toilet was pristinely clean, the outer area as well as the floor in the four stalls. I had a sanitizer spray bottle and a clean cloth. I sprayed every surface that anyone touched, the door handles, the toilet flush, the toilet seats and the taps on the sinks.

While I was cleaning, I heard the sound of people leaving the gent's toilet, 'Damned it, I missed them!'

I'd noticed spiders webs behind the doors to the stalls as I was sanitising the door handles, obviously Sue Carter didn't clean the toilets too thoroughly.

I moved over to the gents, I shouted out, "Anybody there?" And listened for a reply before going in. They had four urinals, there were wet spots on the floor beneath each urinal bowel from the misses, there was only one stall, I pushed that door open, it looked like someone had been spitting on the floor in front of the door but then I remembered the sounds of sex I'd heard earlier, some bloke must have wanked himself off in there while I was outside.

I'd have to mop the floor!

I sanitised the outer handle to the stall, I stepped over the spunk on the floor and sanitised the seat and the toilet flush handle, I closed the door to sanitise the inside handle and was shocked to see the back of the door was covered in writing and drawings.

Someone had drawn a caricature of me on the back of the door, I knew that it was me because of the short hairstyle and the massive tits but because it was labelled, 'Big Bird' and that was the affectionate nickname that the male volunteers had for me behind my back. There were all kinds of fantasy stories, the things that men would like to do to me if I ever got down off my high horse. The writing was mainly in black felt tip marker pen but there was one message in blue ink, 'Big Bird came to work today without knickers on and I saw her ginger bush...I came straight out here to wank!'

As today was the first time that I'd ever left my house without my knickers on, the comment must have been fresh. I sprayed the message with sanitizer and watched as it washed away in the foam before wiping over it with my cloth.

I started mopping inside the stall as I finished reading the other messages on the back of the door. I heard a sound in the main toilet area, I opened the door and mopped out into the main room, a man was standing at the urinal...

"I'm sorry, I did put out the 'Female cleaner' sign!"

"I'm sorry too but when a man's got to go...a man's got to go!"

I mopped around the sinks so that I could have my back to the man pissing at the urinal but, that meant that I was looking straight at a mirror and had an even clearer view of his cock with the golden rod flowing from it. I watched as the flow died away and he shook his cock but he didn't move away from the urinal or put his cock away. I continued to mop until I had to face him, when I did he rocked his hips slightly, turning to face me slightly, showing me more of his cock as it slowly grew.

"I've never seen you cleaning the toilets before!"

"No, I usually work on the reception desk."

"Is Sue okay?"

"She rang in sick this morning."

"I'll miss her if she's ill for long, she usually helps me out with my little problems!"

"What problems are those?"

He didn't answer, he just looked down at his cock and it was now standing at attention.

I was now mopping under the urinal next to the one he was standing at.

"Excuse me please, I need to mop there!"

He stepped away from the urinal...I'd expected him to zip his trousers first but he didn't, he just stepped away from the urinal with his cock sticking out. I mopped under his urinal and then stopped, "What is it exactly that Sue does for you?"

"She usually gets rid of this for me."

I stopped mopping the floor and rubbed him off, it took me ten minutes to get him off, he splashed down on the floor, fortunately not a part of the floor that I'd already mopped. The man's spend was less than half that of...I presumed Sam deVere...that I found on the floor when I first came into the gent's toilet.

I mopped the rest of the floor, including Sue's friend's spunk and threw the water away.

I went back to the Manor House; I'd taken so long over cleaning the toilets that the house was now open for visitors.

I went to sit on the seat in the coffee shop that Sam deVere always sat at to drink his cup of coffee before taking his place as a guide in the house. I looked over at Pam and was shocked to see that there was a gap in the gifts displayed in the glass display cabinet that we used as a cash desk...well, two gaps actually. Through one gap, I could see the seat of my tall stool, and through the other gap, I could see Pam's knickers under her dress. I now had a dilemma, to tell Pam or not...another dilemma was, if I didn't tell Pam, should I alter the gifts in the display cabinet to block Sam's view.

I checked the roster, every room had a guide but there were still no customers...wrong, one elderly lady had turned up to look around the house. I saw her climbing up the magnificent staircase as I looked around the rooms on the ground floor to see if anything was out of place or needed cleaning, I asked the guides if they needed anything, I'd stand in for them if they needed a toilet break or a drink. I then climbed the stairs as well, Bernard Kinch was in his favourite room, the Earl's bedroom and he was explaining the history of the house to the lady.

Bernard loved to talk about the layout of the main bedrooms in our part of the historic house. There were two massive rooms, the Earl's bedchamber and the Countess' bedchamber. The two bedrooms were separated by a much smaller room. The smaller room didn't have a doorway onto the head of the stairs but one door into each of the two main bedrooms. People thought that it could be a nursery but it was in fact the Countess' maid's chamber, she was actually called the night maid, it would be her job to maintain the fires in both bedrooms, light them early in the evening before the Earl and his wife went to bed and to ensure that the fires didn't go out during the night. The night maid's job was also to help the Countess into and out of bed and if the Countess needed to use the toilet in the night, the night maid would help her onto the commode and back to bed, before removing the chamber pot, clean it out and return it.

Bernard loved to point out that when the tenth Earl was on residence, the night maid would close the door to the Countess' chamber and hop into bed with the Earl, leaving his door to her bedroom open so that she could hear if the Countess rang her bell in the night.

I went into the Countess' chamber and asked Sam if he needed anything, his face turned bright red, it was just like someone flicking a switch on. He stammered that he was okay but that if I could get some pamphlets from the night maid's room he would be grateful. I gave him an incredulous look, the night maid's room was just twenty feet away from him through one unlocked door.

"I'd get them myself but Bernard put them on the top shelf and I can't climb, I mean, my vertigo, if I stood on the stool I'd fall and break my neck!"

I opened the door to the night maid's room, Bernard had the other door open and was showing the woman inside, this room hadn't been made ready yet, we were just using it as a store room and wasn't usually open for public inspection.

I used a three step ladder to climb up to the top shelf to find the pamphlets that Sam needed. Bernard closed the door to his room before I found the box with the pamphlets in. Suddenly I was aware of a warm breeze on the backs of my knees and looked down to see Sam standing behind me, so close that I could feel his breath on the backs of my legs. "Can I help to steady you?"

I smiled to myself, I knew what was on Sam's mind, he wanted an excuse to touch me up.

I didn't say yes or no, I just lifted the flaps on the next box to look in and felt Sam's hands on my bum, at least for the moment his hands were on the outside of my dress. Sam had a good feel while I was finding the box of pamphlets. I took a handful of the information documents out of the box and then wrote on the outside of the box what was inside, just to make things a little quicker the next time.

Sam had a massive boner standing out in front of his trousers when I rejoined him at the foot of the steps, I had to brush against him as I reached the floor, I handed him the sheaf of pamphlets as he brushed his erect cock against my thigh through his trousers.

I looked down at his trousers, "Would you like me to stand in while you go to the toilet and get rid of that Sam?"

His face reddened again and then he grew a little more confident. "Would you help me get rid of it?"

I was about to reach out and open the stable doors for him and take him in hand but I stopped myself, "How do you want me to help you?"

"All I want you to do is go and sit on the bed for me!"

I sat on the edge of the high bed facing Sam, he stood just inside the night maid's bedchamber and opened his trousers, he was holding a plastic box in front of him with one hand and he took his cock in the other hand. I just sat there watching Sam as he wanked off, he was looking up under my dress, I wasn't deliberately flashing him...he actually didn't want that, he just wanted me to sit there as I usually would on my seat at the cash desk.

I'd already seen how much spunk Sam had generated earlier on the toilet floor but while he was looking at me, he pumped about a half a pint of jizz into the plastic box. He cleaned his cock with tissues and dropped them into the box, Can I be a little cheeky Sarah, can you take this and wash it out for me please?"

"Do you usually use this box when you wank?"

He grinned at me, "At least once a day if it's quiet."

"And what do you visualise about while you do it when you're on your own?"

Sam giggled, "I fantasise that you and Pam are on the bed fucking each other and I'm in here peeking at you!"

We actually had five visitors during my four hours volunteering at the Manor house, at twenty pounds a head, the coffers had only swelled by one hundred pounds...well, one hundred and twenty actually because all five people had signed the gift-aid tax forms so that we could get the twenty percent tax, tax that they'd paid while earning their twenty pounds each, from the exchequer.

I was busy with boring stuff at home for the rest of the afternoon. Because John had started work so early he was home earlier than usual. We ate together and I washed the pots while John changed out of his work clothes and showered while I was cleaning up.

It was just getting dark when John asked me if I'd like to go out for a while. I was a little suspicious that he had more than a little exercise on his mind. I hadn't bothered to change out of my uniform from work, so I was still naked under it. John suggested that I change out of my uniform as it might get dirty on our walk,

"Jeans and t-shirt?"

"Well, what about a nice summer dress...if you think it'll be warm enough!"

I took my uniform dress off and put a voluminous white summer dress on, I still didn't bother wearing any underwear though.

While I'd been in our bedroom, John had been busy in the kitchen, when I returned to the living room, he was getting a small backpack ready to take out on our walk, he was putting two water bottles into the backpack as I walked in the room. John smiled when he realised that I was naked under my dress, he could clearly see the dark rings of my areola and nipples through the top of my dress, the ginger triangle wasn't so visible because of the folds of material that made up the bottom half of my dress but he did get little flashes to prove that I wasn't wearing knickers.

John drove us towards Clophill in my car, he stopped in a gateway to a field just short of the village and asked me to get out and rest my bum against the bonnet. He took the backpack out of the car and took a plastic bag out of it, he'd peeled and cleaned a carrot that he offered to me, it was actually the biggest carrot that I had in my vegetable rack.

John gave me the carrot and said, "Use this like a cock while I watch!"

My back was to the road and it was after nine o'clock so the 'A6' wasn't so busy but there was still an occasional car driving past as I used the carrot in my cunt while John watched. I had the front of my dress hiked up above my hips at the front. John was facing the road, his trousers were tenting out at the front because he was so excited at watching me using the carrot up my fanny but every time a car passed by, he looked over at the driver.

I got myself off easily with the carrot in the open but John's hands didn't go close to his cock, he actually lit a cigarette to keep his hands occupied, even though he only usually smoked one pack of twenty a week. I heard a car slowing down and John's expression changed to one of alarm so I dropped the front of my dress, just as a voice from behind said, "Everything okay there, sir?"

I turned around, the car that stopped was a police car and the driver was just getting out of the car.

"No real problem officer, my wife's car started overheating, I told her to pull in here to give the car a chance to cool down...the expansion bottle is empty, as soon as it's cool enough to drive we're going to Clophill and find some water to top the radiator up."

"The car's a bit new to be having trouble with overheating, sir!"

"Yes, my fault unfortunately, I'd put the radiator cap on twisted the last time I checked it."

The policeman was half way to my side, I was standing there with nine inches of carrot sticking out of my pussy under my dress. Fortunately, John's explanation and a radio message managed to turn the police officers interest away from us and he returned to his car.

I burst out laughing, "Fucking hell, that was close!"

As soon as I was happy that the police officer was out of sight, I lifted my dress and pulled the carrot out and handed it back to him.

John wrapped the carrot in the bag again and we got back in the car. I expected John to drive us back home after our close shave with the police but he didn't, he drove on to Clophill. He drove slowly into the market place and looked down at the toilet block, the police car that had stopped out on the country road to check up on us was down at the toilet block, checking them out. John got out of the car and stopped the police car, "Is that toilet actually open or have I got to go to a pub to get water for the car?"

"The toilet block is okay, sir...have a good evening!"

John was checking his mobile phone as he walked back to the car, he got in, reversed back a few feet and then drove down to the toilet block and parked right at the side of the toilet.

We sat in the car for a few moments and the back window of our car lit up in the headlights of a car pulling into the car park. "Okay, let's go!"

"Where?"

John grinned in my direction, "In the toilet!"

I opened my door and climbed out of the car, I saw John nod in the direction of the other car, I looked over at it, I recognised it instantly, it was the car that pulled up behind me in the lay-by after I'd wanked the guy pissing at the back of the burger van.

I walked into the toilet first followed by John and one minute later, the guy that had asked me to suck his cock in the lay-by, thinking that I was John, walked in. John and I were just standing like lemons in the middle of the toilet.

"Hi John, I'm assuming that you're Sarah and I'm sorry about our little misunderstanding yesterday!"

I looked to see John's reaction but the room was just a little too dark to make out his features.

"I'm Robin, I've known John since he was in school."

Robin walked over to me and he pulled my face into his and kissed me, then he pulled the front of my dress right up and over my head in one fluid movement. My shoulders trapped in the mass of material and stopped my dress falling to the toilet floor.

I was pushed down onto my knees in front of Robin and he pushed his cock into my mouth. John shuffled over to my side with his trousers around his knees and as I sucked Robin's cock, Robin reached down and took John's cock in his hand. John was being wanked rather rapidly and quite hard by Robin, John reached his end in record time and Robin pointed the tip of John's cock at my face, shooting my husband's spunk all over my face and neck.

I got the little jet of pre-cum warning me that Robin was close to shooting me in the mouth and he pulled his hips back, pulling his cock out of my mouth.

Robin said, "You or her John?"

John whispered, "Me...please!"

So, I just stood there, almost naked in the men's toilet as John was turned around, pushed forwards and Robin pushed his cock up John's bum and while Robin fucked John, I was pulled on close and Robin started kissing me and fondling my body, tits and cunt.

The whole thing was over in twenty minutes and Robin was gone.

John drove us home but again, he stopped short, he stopped close to a small park and we got out again, "I'd like to watch you do a pee!"

"I'm not sure that I need to do one."

"I'm in no hurry, I can wait."

We walked slowly around the park until I felt that I could do a pee and I squatted down on the path, right in front of John and let my pee flow.

"Taking the dog for a walk, John?"

I jumped, the flow of pee jumped...John's shoes got wet and he jumped. The voice was from one of our neighbours, he squatted down at my side as I finished draining my bladder and he stroked the short hair on my head before he fondled my breasts through my dress.

I ended up standing under a lamp post in the middle of the park while one of our neighbours was fucking me from behind and John was kissing me and playing with my tits.