**Taking Back Control**

by logan1973

Things went back to basics, as she took control of her body. After such an intense meeting previously, it was time for my ex-wife to feel in control again. The events of the previous evening had been quite intense and had left an impact of sorts on my ex. We had woken up the next morning, and at first, nothing was said. But as the morning wore on, there was a deafening silence. I had to finally break it and asked her to open up. It transpired that the feeling of being so out of control and dominated had confused her. She said she liked the thrill of what happened at the time, but after had felt used and cheap. It was the loss of control that she was unsure about, and that she had lost her anal virginity, not to me, and felt so guilty about it. We talked long about it all, and I reassured her constantly that we would do whatever she needed going forward to respect her feelings, whether that was forgetting it ever happened or something that made her feel okay about herself. We agreed to give her time to sort out her thoughts. Weeks passed, our sex life was normal, and we were in a good place. We hadn't discussed anything since that morning, and one night as we were fucking, she said she needed to take back control of her power. She said that she would like to experience the fun of being watched again as she got so turned on by it, and could we do it again? Plans were made, as we fucked, for the next evening. ~~~ "Are you ready?" She called down the stairs. I was sitting in the lounge, as asked, watching some porn DVD. She had asked me to do this whilst she showered and dressed. I had no complaints about it, as I knew we were heading out for dinner and fun. She was wearing a full-length dress with a split up to the thigh. Flesh coloured material covered her legs and she was carrying some high heeled court shoes, buff in colour. She looked at what I was watching and cheekily asked if I'd not cum as instructed. I reassured her, not as yet. The meal was enjoyable, and she drank a fair share of the bottle of wine. Every so often she caressed my leg with her foot playfully. We finished, with a good meal and drink in us, and walked back to the car park. As we passed through the High Street, she casually kept spinning around, her dress floating up revealing a lot of leg. More than one car got a good eyeful. She laughed. And at one point even pulled her dress up in front of me, from the back, exposing her underwear, which I discovered was a thong, stockings and suspender belt. As we got back to the car, I smiled to myself. Her confidence was back and she was excited. "So where to?" I jokingly asked. "You cheeky sod, you know exactly where," came her tipsy response. She sat in the passenger seat and had her hand inside her dress caressing herself. I couldn't see anything at this point, but that was her request. As we drove along she got more excited and this was nice. We turned into that familiar road leading to the industrial estate and she looked at me "Thank you for doing this for me," she said with a hint of orgasm in her voice. I smiled. I gained out of this just as much as she did, but enjoyed the fact that she thought she owed me. We drove along and there was a group of three people sat at the bus stop. My ex giggled. As we pulled into the parking area behind the bus stop, I realised why. We sat in the car, and the small group walked around from the bus stop. She'd arranged this meeting. She sat with the door open, her dress open to the crotch exposed. They were staring at her and admiring the sight. This was what she wanted. Her breathing was shallow and fast, she was excited. I realised why, as I switched off the engine and heard the familiar hum of a vibratory. I watched as she slowly slid the dildo out of her exposed pussy. She then slowly turned and got out of the car. She giggled and lifted the dress off over her head. She stood in front of them and they stared. All she had on was the suspender belt and stockings and heels. No bra. She walked past them out to the bus stop and sat on the bench. We all followed. "This is for me," she stated. " I want to be exposed, stared at, gazed at, explored. I want to enjoy being looked at by you all. I am sitting by a public road, in the early hours, in next to nothing, for my and your enjoyment. Tell me what you think and what you would like to see. You," she continued, staring straight at the regular contact, "have seen everything and even fucked me on more than one occasion. However, you two are new to me, as requested, so you get to answer and ask first." "What turns you on about this?" asked the first. "Being fully exposed. Knowing you can see everything, and enjoying watching my watchers," she replied. "So can we see your naked up close ?" The other asked. "And will we be allowed to touch ?" "I am more than happy to show you everything, and you can explore me however you want. Depending on how horny I get, will dictate whether your cocks touch me. Don't expect a fuck guaranteed. My pussy is very exclusive." I laughed a little. She had over the last few months actually fucked a lot of cock. My wife was becoming a bit of a slut. I loved it though, loved watching guys fuck her. "What turns you on the most?" asked the first lad again. "The freedom. The danger of getting caught. The thrill and adrenaline. The cool air on parts that are normally covered. Watching guys explore me with their eyes. The excitement," she replied. She was a bit giggly and relaxed. "Why here?" asked the second lad, obviously staring. "Here has special meaning. Here I'm the slut I want to be, away from normal life. I can be risky, I can be naughty, I can be naked," she laughed. I watched as she sat on the bench, caressing her breasts, tweaking her nipples. They watched intently. Then she spread her legs, slowly. Her pussy became exposed, then slowly, as she widened her legs apart, it opened and somewhat gaped open. They stared. "Please come and have a look, if you like," she prompted. They didn't hang about, walking over and crouching down to admire the open pussy in front of them. She sighed, enjoying the attention. This was what she really enjoyed. The power of exposure. The thrill of letting strangers get a good look at her naked body, her intimate parts. "What do you want?" she asked innocently. "Show us inside. Please," begged one. She smiled and leaned back against the rear perspex wall. Bringing her feet up to the bench either side of her, she splayed her legs open, and her pussy followed suit. The lips parted, the labia stretched and the pussy opened wide, glistening with juices. She slid her fingers over her tightly shaved mound. "Touch me. Slowly. One at a time. Explore me," she commanded. The first lad gingerly reached out and stroked her thigh, then brushed his fingers over the pubes. Then slowly, deliberately, he pushed a finger inside her open hole and explored the soft warm flesh. She shuddered, so turned on. He continued to explore until one of the others reminded him to share. For the next few minutes, the three lads explored and fingered her pussy, making her wetter and wetter. They rubbed her clit, caressed her pubes and thighs, and fingered inside her. I only knew at the time that the situation turned me on. I loved seeing my wife fully exposed. I loved the thrill of seeing strangers look at her body, seeing her intimate bits, and even touch them. I didn't know what she had become. I watched transfixed at the sight. My wife sat spread eagle on the bench, dressed in stockings and high heels. With three young guys ogling her and touching her. And she was loving it, controlling it. She controlled their actions with little moans and wiggles. She pinched her nipples and spread her labia, opening herself wider. We heard a vehicle approach from a distance. Everyone looked at each other, and then shockingly she said two words. "Carry on." Maybe it was the alcohol talking, but she made no effort to move. The lads shrugged and continued touching and exploring. A dark coloured delivery van pulled onto the road and slowed as it approached, the driver obviously seeing something going on. My wife was so turned on, you could hear her short breath, see her biting her lip. The van stopped opposite, and the window came down. "Fucking hell, that's a sight," The driver leered out of the window. My wife laughed cheekily and tweaked her nipples. He sat staring for a few minutes, watching the show in front of him. My wife tapped the two lads, who were knelt in front of her, on the head playfully. "Let the nice man see my pussy," she instructed. They sat back and allowed him the full view of her sitting spread eagle. She stared at him, then playfully sucked a finger, whilst rubbing her clit. He stared at the sight. "Now finish me off please," she again instructed, and without hesitation, two of them went back to exploring and fingering her wet pussy. The third placed his hands on her breasts. Losing his view, the driver wolf-whistled and then pulled away, leaving the lads fingering her swollen pussy, squelching noisily from how wet she was. She had sat and let a guy watch two lads fingering her open pussy, while one groped her breasts. Damn, that was exciting. "OK, now I want to see some cocks. Get them out." Her instructions were explicit. The lads quickly pulled out their erect cocks. She signalled them closer, and they stepped up. She repositioned on the bench and grabbed the two nearest and started wanking them. As she proceeded to wank the two cocks in front of her, I watched her breasts jiggle with interest. She wanked them both fast and hard, forcing the two lads to a fast and uncontrolled orgasm each. They both stammered that they were about to cum, and she simply smiled and said, "Yes, you are." And she continued to wank at speed, even as they shot their loads, causing their spunk to splash everywhere.

 Mainly over her body. But it also ended up on her face, in her hair, over her arms, across her breasts and across her stockings. She wanked them until there was simply nothing left, except two growing flaccid cocks, spent and exhausted. Now it was the turn of the third lad, the one that had fucked her previously. "Wank your cock for me. Wank in front of me, so I can lick it, smell it and touch it. Cum on my tummy and drip it into my pubes and onto my cunt." Her instructions were again explicit. He did as asked, moved directly in front of her, wanking himself. She leaned forward and licked it as he wanked. She sucked it. Hard. Then she pushed her boobs together and rubbed them against his cock. And as soon as he looked ready to cum, she sat back and opened her legs, bringing her knees up, exposing her pussy. He started to cum, the first few drops splashing her breast and tummy. He aimed lower and shot the rest of the stream into her pubes, and then into her open pussy. She held it open for effect, catching some. "You're desperate to fuck my cunt, aren't you?" she asked, staring at them. "You especially, want it again, don't you," she continued at the regular's face. He smiled, whilst grunting his orgasm. "Yes, I really do, you're the best fuck I have ever had, " came his brazen reply. "Well, I think you need to earn it again. Another night, to give you time to make some effort. Maybe some more ideas, eh?" she told him, I was a little puzzled as to what she meant. "I'll reward you with letting you slide your cock inside me. I know you love fucking me. I'll tell you a secret. I love feeling your hard cock inside me, and feeling you pump my pussy hard. I actually need to feel you in me again." She ended the statement directly at the lad, and leaned forward and licked his cock clean. She had also accentuated the your cock comment. We watched the lads wander off, after dressing themselves, and she pulled me over. She kissed me hard, and put my hands on her breasts. I helped her off the sticky bench, and we walked back to the car. As we got in the car, my intrigue about that comment was too much. I indirectly asked what had been meant, in a non-bothered way. "Get your cock out and wank," she answered, "if I'm going to talk, you're going to get it out, so I can see what turns you on about what I'm going to say." She looked down at my cock. And smiled. "You love it don't you? The thought of another man cumming in me. I remember that day on the log when that older guy came on me and you stuck it in me. The thought of his cum inside me really turned you on. I didn't expect it, I was kind of shocked, but enjoyed the sudden moment, feeling his cock suddenly in my pussy. I didn't mind having his cock in me because you liked it so much. And the thought of him spunking inside me really turns you on now, doesn't it. Your cock is so hard." She was reading me by watching my reaction. I was clearly erect and pulsing. "And I remember the look on your face, watching the boys here at the bus stop the first time. Its wrong to do all this, but so right, isn't it?" She asked me. "It's just so different, and dirty, and horny," I laughed. "Different how?" she asked, curious. "I never expected to get so turned on doing this. Never expected to want to let you be seen. Watching other guys stick their erections in you, let alone actually spunking in you." I shuddered at the end bit involuntarily. She wrapped her hand around my cock, slowly pumping it. "It's kind of odd what we are doing, but watching you get so turned on, as well as getting to see and touch new cocks, is exciting. I fantasised about being seen nude when we used to lay in bed playing, but this is beyond that, so much," she stated. "I have had a few texts from him, the lad back there. He likes what we do. He even sent me a picture of his cock once. I replied... " she giggled. She opened up her phone and went to the gallery. Then she scrolled down some way. I saw an image of a cock scroll by. She scrolled back up a bit more on her phone, and there was a photo of her very open pussy, with a dildo in it. I wanked furiously. "How is it gaping so much?" I stammered, close to orgasm. "I frigged myself with a bottle, and then wanted to see what I could get in, and forced some carrots and pens and stuff all in. As in, at the same time. It was a tight fit, but good. Then just came loads." "You sent him that?" I asked, nodding at the photo. "Yes," she replied and watched my helmet expand in excitement. She giggled. "He also texted a request," she stated, rubbing her hand over her mound. Her fingers searching for her pussy. Her lip quivered slightly. "He asked whether you would consider a game involving tying me up and letting a few of them use my body." "That turns you on, doesn't it?" I asked, watching her suddenly open her legs and finger her pussy. "It kind of does, provided you're in control," she replied. "The thought of my pussy getting fucked by a few cocks is exciting. And being helpless to who touches me and where is very sexy. And maybe if I was merry enough and horny enough I'd let them explore everything." I gave her a curious look, whilst wanking fast. "My bum, silly. And the thought of how turned on you would get watching. And how much spunk I'd get in me. We'd get to see just how much spunk I can take." I shuddered at that last bit, getting so close to orgasm. "So is that your ultimate fantasy?" I asked. "No, it's a horny idea. My ultimate fantasy is being fucked hard in public in broad daylight, with no one nearby knowing I'm getting fucked. What's yours?" She replied, close to cumming yet again. "I've kind of been living it the last few months," I stated honestly, "but getting an intimate photoshoot done of your body really turns me on. That, and watching you insert objects in your, er, your cunt," I said the word out loud, "for a stranger. Various items, odd items, lots of... " "I like the sound of both," she giggled. "Whatever made you start enjoying showing off my pussy?" She suddenly asked. "That day in the woods with the jogger. I had never been so turned on by something so random. Before that, the thought of anyone ever seeing your intimate parts never crossed my mind. But seeing you show it off changed it all," I frankly answered. "I'll be honest, on that day I actually had my first thought of watching you get fucked." "Really?" she replied. "I did get lost in the moment, hadn't meant to be exposed to anyone, but he was just suddenly there. I hadn't meant to let him see me, but I kinda froze. And then he stated, and I was so horny already. I enjoyed him staring at me. Afterwards, I was worried about what happened." "You actually enjoyed him staring?" I asked. "It was new for us. Different. I was shocked at first, then the more he stared, the more horny I got, and the more I wanted to show him. Letting him see my pussy like that was immense. Now I kind of like men seeing my pussy, and knowing they shouldn't is just such a turn on." She was now fingering her pussy fast. "Letting someone I don't know get a good look turns me on. Anything after that is just bonus." "What about them having photos of you?" I asked. "That bit is more of an 'in the moment' thing, it's not something I mean to do, but I get so turned on and lost in the moment. It worries me a little after, but also turns me on knowing they are getting off looking at me," she was rubbing her clit faster. "I think they may have more than just your pussy," I offered. "That night with the trucker, they took a few extra." "Like boobs and ass?" she questioned, the thought really making her horny judging by the increase in pleasuring her clit. "Yes, definitely your nipples and asshole..." I commented. "And? You're going to say 'face' aren't you?" she asked, partially worried but also a little excited. "Yes, there were some full-body shots and cock in mouth photos." I waited for a response. Expecting something probably angry. She gasped a little. "I think maybe a short video," I finished. "Oh fuck." Her response short. But then, "Ohhhhh fuck, oh wow, God, yes," she started cumming, hard. "Turning you on, isn't it?" I asked, watching her frig herself off hard. I was unsure as to the exact response but allowed her to enjoy the orgasm, groaning loudly. As she came down from the high, she looked at me. "I never intended for us to be doing this, but we both enjoy it so much, and it hasn't caused us any problems, so we can carry on, as long as we both are enjoying it?" She looked at me, questioningly. "I'm definitely enjoying it." I laughed. "Did you want me to fuck them tonight?" she asked. "What I want is kinda irrelevant. This is about your pussy," I replied. "You know what I mean," she replied, "but thank you for understanding. I needed to feel in control. I do again now, thank you, Logan. Problem now is, I'm covered in spunk, and horny, and wished I had actually been fucked for you." She smiled, somewhat wickedly. "If we can find someone, would you like to watch them stick their cock in my cunt?" I laughed. I was kind of dying to see exactly that. I once again wanted to watch someone else stick their cock in my wife and fuck her, and enjoy her cunt. I wanted to watch them grope her tits. I wanted to see their spunk drip out of her used cunt. And she was happy to too. "And for the record, we probably shouldn't let them have face shots. But it oddly turns me on that they do." She smiled at me. Just at that moment, through my open window, I heard a van. It was getting closer, but sounded like it was slowing down. I stared out carefully and suddenly recognised the van from earlier. As we watched the van drive slowly past, I realised he was the guy and was obviously hoping to see more. "Honey, step out of the car, quickly, and lose the dress," I instructed. She responded immediately, opening the door and stepping out. Her

 bare breasts wobbled as she moved quickly, and her high heels clicked on the floor. "Now wave and grab a tit," my instructions were explicit. She did as asked, and caught the drivers attention. He stopped the van, in the bus lane, and jumped out. He quickly walked down the path by the bus stop. He stood in front of the car and looked at her body. "So do I get a proper look now?" he asked. "What do you want to see?“ she asked, "I'm sure you saw it earlier." "Obstructed from across the street," he replied. "I'd like to see it up close and personal." "These?" she asked holding her naked breasts and gently wobbling them. "Or this?" and she slid her hand down over her pubes and slid a finger between her labia. He stood staring for a second. "All of it," he stated. "OK, then come and have a look," she offered. He walked over and stared all over. He reached out and caressed a nipple. "I never said anything about touching," she teased. "You want me to," he laughed. "Yes. Yes, I do," she replied, "touch me everywhere." With that invite, he immediately groped her pussy, and pulled her close. There was no hesitation, he simply went for her pussy. His fingers were playing and pulling her labia. She bit her lip sexually, and let him explore. Fingers going anywhere. He obviously wanted her pussy badly and was making the most of the fact she let him. He then explored her body, fast and hard. Hands touching every key bit. "Let me see your ass please," he asked tentatively. "Let me see you wank your cock first," she instructed. He responded immediately, pulling it out, already erect, and wanking. She looked at me. "Do what you want," I stated. She walked away from the car to the nearby benches. I got out and followed. Cock in hand, wanking. I watched as she turned and bent over, revealing her anus and pussy. He continued to wank. She bit her lip, and pulled her cheeks apart, spreading the wonders. Once again tonight she was exposed to a stranger. But this time her pussy ached to be filled. "I need to be fucked," she stated, "right here and now." "I ain't got any protection," he replied "Good," she said. "I want to feel you cum in me, fill my hole with spunk." An explicit command, still letting her be in command and control. I watched as he slowly proceeded forward. His cock twitched in excitement. "Which hole?" he asked, staring at both. "Fuck my pussy," she hesitated, "forget that, fuck my cunt hard." She looked at me and smiled. My cock pulsed hard. "Fuck my cunt, deep and fast and cum inside my hot wet cunt." She pulled her lips apart, inviting him in. He didn't need to be asked twice. He walked up, holding his cock in one hand, and held her ass cheek open with the other. Getting a clear view of her open quim, he found his target and pushed his engorged helmet against the wet swollen labia, which opened and swallowed his cock. He pushed in hard with a loud grunt. Then pulled it out as far as the helmet, then ploughed it back in. "God, fuck, yes," she breathed. Her overwhelming desire to be fucked after an evening of teasing pleasure was getting fulfilled. The guy placed his hands on her hips and started to thrust. She pulled her torso horizontal and held onto the table to steady herself for the fuck. His hand slipped up her back and grabbed her hair. Then his other hand slid to the side of her chest. Not being able to reach her breasts, he pulled on her hair, forcing her further upright until he could grab and grope at her exposed breast. He continued to fuck her, gathering momentum. His spare hand was fully groping her breast, a little roughly, alternating pulling at the nipple, squeezing the flesh hard, and then yanking the areola. But she seemed to be enjoying it. He pumped harder into her crotch, slamming his balls against her clitoris. He released her hair and slid his arm around her waist, pulling her pussy against him, forcing his cock in as deep as possible. Fucking her wet, swollen cunt as hard as possible. He suddenly grunted, and thrust in deep, obviously ejaculating in her. She groaned at the sensation. He pulled out of her, looking down at the swollen flesh. Cum dripping off his penis, and down her thigh. She looked at me, then turned and looked at him. "Up on the table, quickly," he told her. She responded and sat her bum on the edge and laid back on her elbows, propping herself somewhat up. She brought her shoes up on to the bench either side, exposing her swollen pussy. We both moved to the end and stared at the open hole, cum dripping out. "You enjoying this?" He asked me. "Fuck, yes," I replied. "Good, cause I want to enjoy her pussy some more," he stated. He stepped forward, and reached out, rubbing her labia. She shuddered, still horny. He caught the spunk on his fingers. "Let's not waste this," he stated and stood at the edge of the table, reached his hand forward, past her breast, gesturing to her mouth. She leaned slightly forward, and sucked the fingers. It was then that I realised he was still very erect, and had, in fact, started wanking himself. He was so close to the table that as he wanked he was rubbing against her thigh and pussy. It was so wet and swollen, it was acting as a lube to his wank. She was still sucking his fingers. He looked down, aimed his cock, and pushed back inside her. She gasped, not realising he was still ready for action, and felt him push deeply in again. He leaned forward and she let go of his fingers. He moved both hands to her breasts, cupping them and then kissed the nipples. Then licked them. He continued to thrust in her. She gasped, her orgasm building fast. He let go of the boobs, and slid his hands up to her head, caressing her hair, then suddenly stopped kissing her breasts and moved to her face. His mouth found hers, and kissed her lips, then forced tongue in. He was cupping her face now, and his movements became more slowed and controlled. I realised, a little shocked, that he was making love to my wife. Not just fucking her cunt, but he was slowly, intimately, kissing her, and gently thrusting his cock into her pussy. She kissed him back, now wrapping her arms around him, pulling him into her. Her breast heaved. She was cumming, wrapping her legs around his torso, pulling him deeply into her pussy. I wanked hard. They continued, not changing position, just kissing and making love. One hand moved from her face to breast and caressed it. She was still cumming, riding a long orgasm. Then his pace quickened as he reached a second orgasm himself, and he pushed all the way in as he finished. There was an intimacy to their actions. I hadn't expected to watch her be passionate with another man, let alone let him make love to her. A fuck was one thing, this was quite another. And again I was turned on. He continued to hold himself in position, thrust deeply inside whilst kissing her. Then he slowly pulled out, looked down at her wet, swollen hole and stepped away. "Thanks," he simply said, and walked off. She lay there, exhausted. I helped her up, back to sitting on the bench. We watched as the van drove away. She turned to me. "Are you OK? You're very quiet," she asked. "Honey, that was very different from anything else. What was that about?" I replied. "What do you mean?" "That was no ordinary quick fuck. He just made love to you." She sat silently thinking. Then she comprehended. "Oh god. I was so lost in the moment, and horny, I didn't actually realise. Oh, fuck." "No, not really a fuck. He was passionate." "You must hate me. I got so carried away. I hate me right now. Please, what can I do to make it up to you?" "Do it again," I replied, simply. She looked a little confused. "God knows why, but that turned me on too, I'm a different way." My response tailed off weakly. She laughed softly, relieved. "All the same. I want to punish you now, for doing that. It's my turn to fuck you," I stated, a little angrily. She looked at me, and without hesitation, knelt on the table, kneeling in a squat. "Do it," she said, "shove it in my arse." This was my first anal fuck. I complied. Partially. I took the dildo out of my pocket and forced it into her quivering pussy. She gasped. Then as she adjusted to the toy filling her cunt, I swiftly pushed my full erection into her anus. She cried out, but quickly stated, "Do it, I've been a bad slut. Fuck my arse. Dildo my cunt. Do me hard." I needed no second invitation, and started to fuck her hard. Her arse was so tight, and I could feel the dildo pushing against my cock through the internal walls. I grabbed a tit and squeezed it hard. I wiggled my hand around and pulled her clit. This was a hard, dirty fuck. I continued to plough into her arse hard, looking down at her cum covered stockings. I grabbed her shoes and pulled them off. Then yanked at her stockings, I ripped them off. I wanted her naked, bare, exposed. I didn't get to get them off however, as, without warning, I came hard and fast. As I collapsed on her back, she turned her head. "Tonight was about my control. Next time it's your choice. I'll do anything, anyone, you want. I owe you that."