

Alice Marlow (MF, wife, reluc)

by Anonymous Author (c) 1991

Chapter 1

It was always a relief for Alice to get away from the hazy cigarette-smoke infested atmosphere and the continual noise of the rooms of the gambling joint. Not that she found the time dragged for her duty hours in the saloons of the Gregley Club. Far from it. A curvaceous dish such as Alice Marlow was never given time to be bored amidst the noise and activity of the roulette and dice tables. Always there was a gambler, a client ready to buy her drinks in exchange either for her encouragement or her sympathy if he happened to be one of the unfortunates on a losing streak.

It was not one of these unfortunates who was responsible for her leaving the club at this moment. Indeed, it was a man who had been on the crest of a winning streak that had cost Marko Hymes plenty. Marko didn't like paying the weekly wages to his staff, let alone paying out to a winning client who had headed straight out of the place as soon as his winnings topped the three grand mark. Fearful that John would not be returning to the club to play again, and so give them a chance to get even, it had not

taken Marko long to find out where the big winner was staying and what he was doing in town.

John Graham was the name of the client who had to be kept on tap to bring his winnings back to the Gregley establishment and he was just about to turn in after his very happy and successful evening's gambling, when he heard a soft knock at the door of his hotel bedroom, and who should be find there when he opened it but one of the attractive girls he had noticed at the gambling club.

Alice had been brought by taxi in company with one of Marko's henchmen and given her instructions. Whatever else she had to do, she had to make sure this John Graham returned to the club on a subsequent evening before he left London. There was nothing exclusive about the Gregley to make him return there, except that he had been lucky there, but if there was a woman he fucked and desired ... well ... then he would be almost certain to return. Alice had to be that woman, she had to make this elderly visitor to town want to see her again, and he would only be able to see her if he came back to gamble at the Gregley.

"What the heck are you doing here?" Graham looked at his shapely visitor. "I thought you were in the club this evening? Didn't I see you there?"

Alice closed the door. "Yes, I was there. I saw you too. I thought you looked like a man who was in London for only a short time and you looked lonely. Of course, if you don't want me to

stay I will go at once." She turned towards the door. She knew he had been greedily and intently looking at the low-cut neckline of her gown. His eyes had feasted on the brimming full contours of her breasts as they almost burst from the tight confines of the bodice. John Graham was surprised at her sudden arrival. He was a long way from his home town. Down from Newcastle on business and with his wife being lonely at home, there was little need for him to be lonely as well ... not now, at any rate,

"I ... I ... I never expected you to follow me up here," he muttered. "I saw you several times while I was at the roulette table. You are very lovely, my dear, I think you are one of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

She smiled at him, her expression sent thrills of lustful anticipation through his veins. When she patted his chubby face with her delicately manicured hand and told him she had looked at him many times while he was in the club, he felt he was ten feet tall. His response was totally predictable, his arms came around her waist, he pulled her closer to himself, found she was far from unwilling to let him kiss her. He pulled her tighter to his body as soon as he realized she was not going to object, and she felt the bulge of his thickening cock as it started to erect and form a stiff wedge between their bellies. She ground her belly and the upper part of her thighs against him. She had a job to do, she had to get this man to desire her time and time again, and yet

although she would get well paid by Marko if she was successful, it was not only the money that made her try and excite this robust old fellow. She was a woman, a full-blooded hot mature woman ... and this man seemed to have a real nice cock and balls ...

It was when he ran out of breath that he had to drag his mouth away from her clinging wet lips. His hands slid down from her hips to her fleshy cheeks. Not so many minutes later John Graham was stripped down to his pajamas and Alice had taken off the quite expensive gown so that it would not be creased or soiled. She was letting the lucky-streak gambler hug and embrace her, fondle her and excite himself with his lewd clutches of her lovely body. In only her black strapless bra, black matching nylon panties, a black and gold suspender belt, and her stockings, she made the most ravishing vision old Graham had been allowed to enjoy for many a long year.

"Your wife still alive, darling?" she asked him quietly, anxious to know if he was a widower or a man enjoying himself who could be put under pressure at a later date.

Graham was trying to ease his eager fingers into the shallow cups of her bra. He got his finger tips on her nipples and was beginning to rub them before he nodded in answer to her question. "Yes, dear, my wife is very much alive. She's up in Newcastle where I come from and she'd die of shock if she knew what I was doing at this moment."

They both laughed. Alice fell back across his bed letting her shapely nylon encased legs heave and jerk about to excite him even further. When he leaned on top of her to kiss her again, she clamped her hands over his hands that covered her tits and made him roughly massage her globes. Then to make sure it was clear to him just how far she wanted to go, she dragged his right hand down to the elastic waistband of her panties and made him thrust his fingers under the band towards her crisp curled black hair. She lay murmuring words of endearment to him as he tenderly stroked her cunt-hair, and then added softly, "You have a lovely touch, darling, your wife is a lucky woman, take my panties off if you want to darling ... I want you to feel my cunt properly."

It was many a year since John Graham had fingered his wife's pussy in this lewd exciting fashion and when he raised himself to stand beside the bed, the lustful arousal he was experiencing was clear ... through the open fly of his pajama trousers reared his thickly erected penis, throbby and jerky. She was sincerely delighted at the virility this elderly man was showing, she heaved herself to a sitting position and reached up her back to get the clasps of her bra undone. She had her eyes feasting on his huge aroused prick.

"Darling," he was thrilled to hear the emotion in her sweet voice, "Darling, you want to give me that wonderful cockie, don't you, darling? You are going to give it to me, aren't you?"

He took the unhooked bra from her, she saw his hands tremble as she handed him the intimate article and his eyes were setting on her now completely naked tits that lolled free and naked in their sheer white glory. She cupped her left breast with both palms, lifting it so that the pinky nipple was upward thrust, "Kiss my nipple darling, if you want to," she slyly invited him. He sank his face eagerly down to the raised tits, her murmurs and soft cries of pleasure were not acted. Alice was enjoying his anxious greedy way of gobbling at her raised knocker, she reached sideways to clasp his prick, she was both amazed and delighted to find the elderly cock was still growing, it was hard and firm, she had had far less virile shafts from men half his age. The way he was sucking at her firm rubbery nipple was making her impatient, she jerked at his throbbing shaft hard, knowing that he would not be able to stand much of that. Quickly he grabbed her wrist and made her slow the tempo, then he had both hands to the waist of her panties and began to push them down. He raised her up so that she lifted her ass and made it easy for him to slide the flimsy wispy panties down over her thighs and knees.

"Now you've got my panties off," she teased him. "Play with me some darling, I love you playing with me, you are so masterful with a woman, darling. Play some more with me ... please."

The poor old fool was quite taken in by her apparent wish to have him toy further with her and that she thought him a superman

at this womanizing. His own sex-life with his wife was a slow and boring affair, he always had the feeling that his wife Martha wouldn't worry if he never touched her again, yet here was this lovely young woman asking him to thrill her with his fingers and his kisses. He was already imagining what it was going to be like having these lovely nylon-sheathed legs wrapping themselves around his waist, what it was going to be like to sink his aching rampant prick hard up into her welcoming nest. Alice was lying back on his bed, letting him kiss her breasts while he gently frigged her between her open thighs with his hands. She knew from the way in which he kept easing away from her, how he slowed up his kissing and fingering, that he was afraid of coming-off. She knew she would have to let him fuck her very soon, or he would be angry with her for teasing him along too far. By mutual consent, by unspoken agreement, he was levering himself over to come on top of her. She held his cock in both hands as she carefully felt and guided his hard throbby prick.

"Lovely ... lovely ... uuurrrgggg ..." he seemed to be in a private world of his own delirium as he sank his pole of aching cock into her hot wet cunt between her welcoming thighs. Her hands groped under the jacket of her lover's pajamas, her fingers clawed at the flesh of his over-fat back. She managed to ease the jacket more open so that she could raise her head and sink her teeth into the softness of his shoulder flesh. She bit hard at

the flesh, making sure she broke the skin as she urged him on with frantic jerkings of her body and with the frenzied pleadings amid the biting to, "Fuck me darling ... fuck me hard ... ohaa ... harder ... fuck me harder, darling."

John Graham was in his paradise. Never before had he driven a woman so insane with lust as to make her give him this sort of love-bite. Her teeth hurt him but he loved the hurt ... her crude obscene words forced and urged him to frig her harder than he had ever fucked in his life. He wanted to show this young woman that despite his age he was every bit the satisfying lover that she thought he was.

She lifted her mouth from his shoulder. The trickle of blood from several skin breaks told her she had marked him just as she had intended. He would have her teeth marks on his shoulder for many months, marks that could be used in the artful game of successful and persuasive blackmail if it became necessary. "You lovely man ... you wild stallion, you," she urged him on, determined to make him have the most glorious humping of his life. "You wonderful man ... you're beginning to make me ... make me want ... want to come darling. Your wonderful cock is making me want to come darling."

The moment she stopped talking and tried to encourage him with more obscene ecstatic contortions of her impaled body, she noticed he slowed down. He was clearly one of those men who

respond to the dirty-talk routine ... he would not find her lacking in that sort of filth encouragement, with her mouth close to his ear she used all the dirty slang words she could to him, words that she knew he would never dare to use to his wife, phrases she was sure his wife would rather drop dead than use to him and then it was over ... he was filling her with his hot sperm ... he was draining himself into her and she hadn't come up here to get her own gratification, had she? ... she had made this man realize her luscious cunt could be his to enjoy, she had let him really sample it she was sure that he would be back at the club to find her again ...

Once he stopped back into the Gregley and started to gamble back his winnings, she would get her payment for this little interlude ... she felt ashamed she had not got used to this sort of deceitful use of her womanly beauty ... but Marko would pay her well ... very well.

* * * * *

"The boss wants to see you in an hour."

The phone slammed down and Alice still had the heavy jangling tone in her ear several minutes after she too put the phone back on its hook. She had been resting in her small apartment for the afternoon, getting her strength up for the long evening and night

of promenading, coaxing, encouraging and encouraging and enticing that her hours of duty in the Gregley Club entailed. She had not spoken to the big boss man since her very successful venture with John Graham. The poor slob had been back to the club to look for her, had finished up gambling for the next three evenings, and was in debt to the club for far more than he was able to pay in ready cash. Marko hoped his check would be an honest one, if it wasn't then poor old Graham would live to regret the day he tried to pass a bouncer to a smart-alec of the West End. That was over a week ago. Now at three in the afternoon, in the middle of her rest period, the gruff voice of Silas, Marko's right-hand henchman, had summoned her to the big man's office at the club. Alice had her small two-room apartment in a grim old-fashioned house almost next door to the club, and she knew that the 'invitation' had been for an hour's time, so that she could get dressed and make herself pretty for the boss-man.

She felt she wanted to be sick at the thought of being at the beck and call of a man like Marko Hymes, and yet that was just what she was ... at his beck and call. She had a quick bath, then chose her latest articles of underwear, her black and white spotted panties, the matching garter-belly the smoky-toned nylon hose and the shoes she knew Marko loved her to wear, the ones with the ridiculously high spiked heels. Marko had a sort of fetish about the high-heeled shoes his girls wore. It would have been a

virtual impossibility to wear these shoes all the time she was at the club, but now she had to visit the private office of the boss she knew she had to wear them, even if it made walking a penance, even if they caused her ankles to ache and her calves to swell if she kept them on very long.

She was not in the least surprised when she was told to go straight through his office into the private apartment that Marko had at the rear. When she entered the plush room she saw that he was in his gaudy silken dressing robe, she knew from past experience that he was naked, quite naked, underneath it. He was a horrid man, balding with thick eyebrows that made a mockery of his glistening pate. His eyes were deep set, but too close together to give his face anything but an evil expression at all times. He was in his late fifties, she supposed, and she felt squeamish and sick again when she saw how he ogled her legs as soon as she came into his room.

"Nice to see you, honey," he greeted her as if she had called on him of her own accord, and not that she had been ordered to attend. "Have a drink, let me see, if I remember correctly you're a gin girl eh?"

She nodded. He closed the door behind her, and went to the cocktail bar that was built into a corner of the room. He poured the drink, a long gin with a slice of sliced lemon and a dash of bitters. He handed the glass to her. His other hand roamed over

her ass as he stood close to her. She sipped at the potent drink and tried not to show her displeasure of the way his hand had moved down to caress over her rounded firm ass-cheeks. He nodded towards the very comfortable and expensive sofa. Alice moved across to it and settled herself down. He brought a footstool and couched down in front of her.

"You did really good work with that John Graham character, he said softly. "I was very pleased with you. I've got your little reward in an envelope over there." He nodded towards an envelope that stood on the table propped up by a cup. Alice guessed her payment in the envelope might be one hundred dollars. Might be more ... she hoped it would be as much as two hundred, for after all, the Graham man had lost all his winnings and more besides. She deserved to be treated well.

She winced. Marko was pinching her knees. His hands slid slowly upwards under her skirt. She knew that, as usual, she had to please this man or she would not get that money envelope at all. His strong hands slid up to the tops of her stockings, paused for a moment or so to grip at the stronger texture of the welts, and then the hot palms slid on to her bare flesh. She saw his face was crimson, he always went like that when he felt her legs. She knew she had the best pair of legs of any of his girls in the club, she knew exactly how much he enjoyed touching her thighs, knew too it was a type of fetish with him to fondle her

legs slowly and most thoroughly.

He moved his hands down from under her skirt, and gripped her slim ankles and lifted her legs well apart. Then he placed her high-heeled shoes firmly on the corners of the foot stool and with slow deliberate care he raised her skirt higher and higher until all her delicious upper thighs were revealed. Then the strangeness of his nature began to show itself. His face was even a deeper shade of crimson, his breath was fast and uneven as he indulged in his fetish ... his hands roamed slowly and carefully all over her nyloned legs. She had known men before that loved the feel of a woman's legs through nylon hose but never had she known a man who got carried away so completely by this comparatively mild emotion, this minor erotica. Slavishly he fondled her knees, her calves, her ankles, and slowly back upwards again to the tops of her nylons. She looked down at his kneeling form. It seemed so grotesquely obscene that a man should get such queer pleasure from feeling a woman's legs as he was doing. She wanted to slap him or better still, kick him -- kick him with those high-heeled shoes he adored -- and yet she knew she dared not ... now he was beginning to whine, from his throat came a strange low moaning whine, he was bending his horrid body forward, getting his flabby face to her legs, kissing her with the same slavish thoroughness that his hands had shown when fondling her.

His lips followed the path over her nylon stockings that his

fingers had traced ... she wanted to scream, she wanted to push him away from that unsteady crouching position between her legs ... his hot lips were tracing from her ankles up to her rounded knees, from the knees up to the tops of her stockings. Despite her disgust and her shame, she felt a little excited when his hot mouth traveled from the welts of her hoses on to her bare thigh flesh. She too was breathing more heavily than usual as she nibbled at her soft pliable white flesh. She saw him rubbing that glistening bald pate of his against her smooth nylons, saw and felt him caressing her skin with his cheeks. Once or twice he kissed her more intimately, pushing her knees further apart so that he could push his large head right up to the tops of her thighs and kiss her very lightly and almost lovingly on the nylon strip of black silkiness of her panties where they covered her cunt-lips.

When he pulled himself to his feet and then helped her to get up to stand close to him, he was panting like a man who had just completed a mile race. He was sweating and shaking. "Come on baby," he mumbled to her. "Come on, you know what to do, honey."

She knew. She wanted to vomit, but that was not what he meant. She knew what he meant well enough. Her hands shook as she started to unfasten the clips of her dress and draw down the zipper. She saw those dark close-together eyes of Marko staring at her as she prepared to show off her body to him. She wore her

black pointed brassiere, the sheerest of panties, the attractive girdle and those delightfully sensual nylon stockings and the ultra high-heeled shoes.

She slowly got her lush tits out of the bra and arched her body so that he could stare at her breasts as they became upthrust. He went across the room and stood as far from her as he could. "Do your stuff," he called out to her. She knew this game. He beckoned her and she had slowly and as provocatively as she knew how, to stroll across to him. All the way he watched the sway of her hips, the rolling lolling of her tits, the lovely long shapely legs in the nylons. When she got near him he quickly moved across to the far wall and then beckoned her again. For ten or more trips he made her slowly and sensually walk across the room, and then at last when he had his fill of this little game, he made her stand in front of him while he recommenced to feel and fondle her legs. He told her to adjust her bra again, and when her large full knockers were encased in the bra, as he directed, he tried to suck avidly on her nipple through the satiny fabric of the bra cup itself. He loved to make her nipples arouse; treatment of this sort made them really hard and firm of themselves, and by keeping them tightly encased pressure on the peaks was increased, and gave her more wanton sensations.

At last he suddenly shrugged off his gaudy dress-robe. His grotesquely hairy body was revealed to her. It was not the first

time she had seen it, but every time seemed worse than before. He was a horrid old man, more like a hairy beast than a man. Naked save for his slippers, he took her by the hand and led her into the bathroom that adjoined his private room. For some strange reason he was always able and always wanted to pass water while she was with him. The drill was always the same. She had to hold his prick and mutter flattering phrases about it while he urinated. It was always a heavy flush of water. Indeed, it always reminded her of a horse in the street letting the piss rush from its heavy dong. The penis of old Marko was like a stallion's; it even throbbed while she held it for him to empty himself, and after she had washed his prick and careful dried it on a soft towel, they went, arm in arm, back into the bedroom of his private apartment.

He lay on his bed, naked and erect as she slowly took off the rest of her scanties. She had to tease and tantalize him all she could as she rolled her nylons down, while she slid her panties to her feet, while she eased the elastic girdle down from her waist.

On the bed with him she knew what she had to do. Kneeling astraddle him, her ass towards his face so that he could look at her bush-hair and cunt when she leaned forward, and at the same time feel her legs with his hot hands, she lowered her face to his rampant cock. Just for a moment she hesitated, sickened again at the thought of being so completely this horrid man's sex slave,

and then she opened her lips and took the foul tasting smelling cockhead into her saliva filled mouth. She was glad he always allowed her to wash his prick before she had to perform with him like this. Once she had got over the initial shock, she had learned that it was not so bad once she got the wet hot spongy cock-knob well between her lips. He never touched her cunt when she was with him, always he fondled her legs, her thighs, and her bent knees, but never did he let his hands under to her more intimate cunt-hole.

He was gripping the backs of her thighs just below the overhang swell of her buttocks, as he started to slowly undulate his loins up at her face. She knew when he did this she had to keep her head still, she had to let him do the actioning with his cock, she had to let him use her mouth as he would have used her cunt ... pushing inwards, withdrawing almost to the tip of his rock-hard cock, then plunging in again to the back of her throat and almost making her choke. Once he had seen her close her eyes while he was doing this to her. He had been furious, he had threatened that if he had ever caught her again with her eyes closed, he would have Silas attend to her. The threat of having the brutal Silas "attend" to them was enough to put fear in the hearts and souls of any of Marko's girls. Certainly Alice never wanted to give the bossman reason to have Silas attend to her.

It was therefore with her eyes wide open that she had this

great cock see-sawing in her mouth. She was given a close-up view of the dark wiry bush of the old cuntlapper every time he thrust his cock hard into her mouth. Now and again he thrust so deeply those hairs at the base of the cock stem brushed and tickled her face. A few moments later, Alice was again in the bathroom, but this time she was alone. Old Marko was lying spent and tired on his bed, while Alice frantically washed and spat the sperm remains of his orgasm from her mouth. She knew that every girl he employed went through this ordeal at fairly regular intervals. Every girl at the club had tasted the vinegary semen of their boss man, although as far as she knew, he had never actually used them in the more normal fashion of man with woman. Perhaps he had the view that the precious cunthole between their legs was for the paying clientele, or to be used in the line of duty for the club, in the way Alice had with the not-so-lucky gambler John Graham.

Whatever his reasons, the sensual, weirdo Marko Hymes enjoyed his girls in the way he liked the best. Provided he was satisfied, there was nothing the girls could do about it. They did not get their wages at the Gregley for nothing. He bought them body and soul. And the more use he had from their bodies the better he liked it ...

Chapter 2

It was not often that Marko Hymes consented to let the club he owned be used for a private and exclusive function. The gambling rooms of course were not involved in such outside lettings, but now and again, if the price was right, Marko would be served and a dance held afterwards. It was through such an affair that Brenda Miller first came into contact with men such as Marko and his henchman Silas.

Tim Miller was a representative of the sales section of a fair sized importing firm. When the firm brought all their South of England representatives into London for a conference to be followed by a dinner-dance affair, Tim was as eagerly looking forward to meeting the big-wigs of the firm as his pretty wife was of having a night in London.

Not that they lived very far outside the metropolis, as they had a nice semi-detached down Reigate way, but with Tim having a lot of traveling to do, and having to be away from home so much, it was very seldom that he and Brenda came up to town for an evening's entertainment. After looking forward to this dinner and dance for several weeks, Brenda was a little taken aback and disappointed to find that instead of it being held in a lush hotel, the firm had hired a part of what could only be described as a gambling joint or a glorified night dive.

The meal was very good, however. Marko knew how to give his customers value for money in good food as well as entertainment ... and other enjoyable pleasures. After the meal, Brenda and some of the men, the young salesmen in particular -Ñ of which Tim was a liveÑwire member -Ñ congregated together at the bar and were happily drinking and talking shop with a few of the important directors of the firm. It was this neglect that gave the watchful Marko the very chance he had hoped might crop up.

He had singled out the very attractive Brenda Miller from the other wives, and had given Silas his instructions. So it was that far from being neglected and having few dances, Brenda found herself in the company of a charming if ugly and strangely-built, character who told her he was known as Silas, and was employed at the club to make sure everyone had a good time. The persuasive charm of the experience cunt-procurer soon had the comparatively inexperienced Brenda Miller drinking far more than she was accustomed to doing. By the time Tim and his colleagues were partly under the spell of the heady, heavy, smoky atmosphere of the stuffy rooms, and with the drink flowing fast and furious, he was relieved to see that Brenda was having a good time. Unlike some of the other wives, she was not sitting mooning at the table where the meal had been served; no, Brenda was dancing, she was laughing and having a ball. He felt less guilt at neglecting her for this parley with the important men if she was enjoying

herself, even if he did not like the look of the burly beefy character with whom she was dancing.

Brenda normally would have been far from enjoying the type of dancing she was having to indulge in with this apelike man. But with the drink and the intention to have a good time, she let him guide her around the tiny space set aside for their dancing. She even found after a little while that she enjoyed the naughty way one of his ham-like hands had settled over her asscheeks while they danced, and the way he kneaded her responsive flesh. He passed some rather rude but distinctly complimentary remarks about the softness and voluptuous feel of her ass, which she could not help but admit thrilled her in a sensually naughty way. It was while the tempo changed to a slow sultry beat that the lights, already not very brilliant, were dipped even more. During the dance, and hidden by the other dancers around them, Silas took advantage of the dimness of the light to fondle the young woman's lovely tits. When she showed her relish at such petting, he dived his hand down into the low-cut neckline of her cocktail dress and began to rub the nipple through the fabric of her bra. The dance was now a mere excuse for couples to embrace. Brenda hoped Tim could not see how close she was dancing to this horny character. She hoped he would not see the hairy hand thrust down the front of her dress, and it was certainly a blessing that no one could overhear the obscene things that Silas was muttering in her ear as

they danced close together and his large face was alongside her hot flushed cheek.

It was while they were dancing slowly around shuffling in each other's arms that Brenda felt another arm on her shoulder. For a moment she went cold, she thought it was her husband suddenly arousing himself from his alcoholic bliss and coming across to give this man dancing with her and petting her a thumping for his pains. Not that she would have liked Tim to get entangled with a man like Silas. Silas was much older but he looked tough, his muscles were just huge and Brenda guessed he knew how to take care of strapping young men who became angry or violent about anything that went on in this sort of establishment ... But it was not her husband's arm. It was an oily, grinning Marko alongside them. "Having a swell time, honey?" he asked quietly, giving her shoulder a squeeze. "Is my friend here looking after you well?"

"I'm having ... a really good time," she blurted out. "I haven't felt quite so light-hearted or enjoyed myself more for ages."

"Good ... good ... " Marko saw that this young wife was well boozed although not drunk in the true sense. He put his arm round her slim waist and hugged her. "I'm giving a little film show for some of my friends and clients from the gambling rooms my dear," he murmured, in a low intimate whisper, "If you like I will let

Silas take you to see the films. Would you like that, honey?"

They had stopped moving on the floor; already between the two men Brenda was being ushered towards a door covered by a green curtain. Without saying yes or no she was finding herself in a darkened room just across a narrow hallway from the rooms hired by Tim's firm. In the dark room she heard chucking and wet noises like kissing. A shrill giggle or a gasp filled the air now and again, and Brenda was being pulled down on to Silas' lap as soon as his groping hands had found a chair. She was not sure where Marko went to, she was too preoccupied in trying to grab the fat wrists of Silas as he tried to feel right up her legs.

"You'll ruin my stockings," she protested quietly, as she tried without much success to keep his hot hands down around her knees. He laughed dryly. "Don't worry about that, honey, Marko will buy you nylons by the gross," he retorted as his hands flicked her dress well up her lovely legs.

She wanted to slap his face when she felt his hands at the tops of her nylon hose, she was going to struggle and get off his lap and get out of this stuffy dark room ... but as his hot hands slid on to the bare flesh of her thighs above her stockings she felt a tremor of sensual excitement race through her. No one could see what was happening, no one knew she was in here with this man. If she was missed from the other rooms, Tim would think she had gone to the cloakroom, he would never know she was in this

little room astride a strange man's lap, with the stranger's hands up to the tops of her legs. A few yards ahead a flickering light illuminated a screen hung on the wall. Brenda pulled her dress down so that the hands of Silas would not be so noticeable up at her thighs. She was glad she had pulled her clothing over his hands to hide what he was doing, for now he was getting more bold ... his hands had reached the edge of her panties ...

Brenda Miller had read many times about clubs where blue films were shown. In one certain Sunday newspaper quite a feature had been made about the extent of this depravity; but of course she had never seen a dirty film before, or thought she would ever get the opportunity. On to the screen came the title "HOUSEWIFE LOVING." The flickering had grown less now and the film seemed much clearer. The first shots showed a pretty woman at her dressing table. The camera moved at various angles, and Brenda saw the woman was about her own age. She was in a negligee and a nightie, and a low murmur filled the stuffy room when it was seen that she stripped off the clothing and stood before the mirror admiring herself. She quickly put on her negligee again when it appeared that someone was at the front door. A man dressed as a milkman -Ñ it was clearly Silas -Ñ was at the front door. A few seconds of chatter, and the hefty man was carrying the flimsilyÑattired female back to her bedroom.

It was enthralling for Brenda to see the woman on the screen

trying to fight off the attentions of Silas, while Silas was, in person, feeling up her own legs. The woman on the film was a good actress or else she really was afraid of the hefty man, for Brenda saw her putting up a good fight before at last she was forced to give in and lie stretched out on the bed. Brenda could hardly believe her eyes when the camera moved in for a really careful close-up of Silas opening his fly and getting out his immense penis. Brenda had never known any man could have such a thick whopper as the one being shown in close-up on the screen. She felt even more aroused and excited at the thought that she was on the lap of the possessor of that great prick.

When the 'milkman' began to use his sexual equipment in the way that nature intended, the close-up shots showed the pleasure the woman was now experiencing, after her fear, and Brenda could see that the woman was not acting now, even if she had been before.

Brenda felt a lot of fumbling going on under her asscheeks and quickly guessed what Silas was doing. He had opened his trouser-front, he was maneuvering her on his lap, lifting her skirt at the back. On the screen the camera seemed to be fixed on the face of the woman, her facial contracting and contortions, her wild expressions of lust, the intense pleasure she was getting from the union of her cunt with that gigantic cock was there in great detail for all to see. Brenda found herself almost wishing

she was that woman ... almost ... she felt the hot breath in her ear, then the hoarse whispered voice of Silas, "Bend forward and lift up a little honey," he was murmuring. "And I'll give it to you."

She knew what he meant, knew what he was suggesting. "No ... please ... oh no ... I can't let you go as far as that," she managed to mumble to him at the same time trying to resist the way he was pushing her hips upwards to allow that huge shaft of his penis to weave upwards from where her ass-cheeks squashed it down to its unnatural position.

"Don't be silly, you want a good fuck," it was not Silas speaking to her now, she realized the voice came from the kneeling Marko beside the chair. In the darkness she had not known he was there, now he was getting his hands up her dress, he had his fingers clawing at her panties trying to get them down, whilst the strong arms of Silas eased her off his lap and made the removal of her panties easier for his boss.

Suddenly it was not only the hands of Marko up her legs, it was his large head as well. Her dress front bulged as he somehow leaned across her knee and got his face right up to the tops of her thighs. Silas kept his arms about her so that she could not get up, and with her panties down to her stretched-apart knees, Marko was actually licking at her crotch.

Brenda had to bite her lip hard not to gasp out in sheer and

utter pleasure as a delightful sensation swept through her. She had never known such a feeling as this. She knew it was very wicked to have this sort of heavenly pleasure with these men. All around her sounds of grunts and sobs could be heard, and no one seemed to worry that the film had almost reached its climax, and the 'house-wife' was now indulging with Silas in the most grotesque and obscene frigging. Brenda was glad when the film ended, for the room was in utter and complete darkness now, and she lay with her back against Silas' body, while Marko crouched at her knees and lathered her cunt with his saliva and his tonguing kisses.

Still keeping his face to her hot wet cunt, Marko reached up to grab her wrists and make her feel under her buttocks to the huge cock that reared close beneath her. For the first time since she had married Tim she was holding the cock of another man ... and it was the grandest, most throbby prick she had ever imagined. She tried to close her thighs and imprison Marko's head when she felt him ease his face away from her lust-crazed hole. She heard him give a low chuckle in the darkness, she heard him murmur, "It's not my mouth you want, honey," he was saying. "Go on ... slip it in! Guide that lovely cock in, my honey. Don't try and pretend you don't want it."

She lifted herself upwards and allowed the huge hot shaft of stiff cock to be levered under her crotch. Carefully and slowly

she lowered herself down to be impaled on the fattest hardest prick she had ever known. Silas had his arms around her body, his large hands groping to cup her titties. She felt him playing with her breasts; and at the same time she felt the hands of Marko gripping the tops of her thighs between her nylon tops and her Vee. "Go on, honey," he was urging her. "Move your twat. Work hard and fast. We can't keep the lights off in this room forever!"

She gasped. Silas was hurting her tits with the cruel grip he imposed on the soft flesh through her bra. Brenda began to jerk herself up and down on his lap, getting the weird sensation that she was behaving more like a barnyard animal than a respectable young wife out for an evening with her husband! Despite the fact that she felt guilty, the sexual arousal within her made her want to continue like this until she got the supreme thrilling pleasure of her orgasm ... when it did explode within her, she experienced the most satisfying, twitchiest come of her life ... never had she felt her cuntjuices being drawn from so deep with her ... never had she known Tim exude so much wet hot into her as this stallion was doing now.

Brenda Miller was still panting and enjoying the aftermath of her fierce fast fucking when one of Marko's girls helped her from the dark film-room to the coatroom not normally used by guests. It was Alice Marlow who helped Marko's latest victim to douche

herself out. If Alice was not mistaken, this young wife would be visiting the club again, without her husband, not that he had been very much in evidence this time. She would be coming back again and again so that she could enjoy once more the sheer ecstasy of the sort of fucking she had just experienced. Next time it would not be with Silas. Oh, no. It would be with a client who would be paying Marko to have the fresh twat of a young attractive woman not too experienced in whoring.

Alice watched Brenda make her unsteady way back to the dance room. The douche she had used had contained a very powerful sperm-killer, so the young wife would be perfectly safe from pregnancy. But it had also contained an irritant that would make absolutely certain that the young woman would need plenty of hot-fucking in the near future. Alice knew where Mrs. Brenda Miller would come for her cunt-satisfaction. Marko was, once more, on the way to having another girl join his sex kingdom.

Chapter 3

Marko was not a man to leave things to chance. Fate helped him sometimes, but never nearly as much as he helped himself. He did not find it difficult to get information about the Miller

couple. It was just as easy to find out when Tim Miller would be away from home for a few days and nights, and easy to persuade Brenda Miller to come up to the club again for a little party, which Marko was giving to a few select friends.

Brenda had toyed with the idea of making a trip to town and a return visit to the Gregley club as soon as she got the chance. That chance would be when Tim was away on his travels and then out of the blue had come this invitation from Marko to his private party. Brenda felt flattered and she felt on top of the world when she arrived at the club and was escorted through to rooms around at the rear by the doorman, as if she had been nobility, at least.

She found about ten people already at the party. They were a mixed bag alright, and she did not like the look of some of them at all. One man, who from his voice she assumed was an American, was a huge brute, whose crew-cut hair and large florid face made look grotesque. He looked about sixty, but very strong. With him was a younger man, about twenty-nine or thirty, a pale-faced specimen of manhood. She hated the way "pale faced" eyed her, as if she was there to be bought if he so chose to pay for her.

At the bar was a man and woman in their middle forties. They seemed to be husband and wife, and that was how they were introduced to Brenda. She was pleased to see the nice girl who had helped her that night after the film show. Brenda waved

across the room to Alice Marlow. With introductions over, the party got down to the serious business of drinking and dancing. Brenda was soon feeling high and very happy, and she tried to keep pace with the glass-lifting of Alice ... but it was a task beyond her. Alice seemed quite sober by comparison, and Brenda saw she was enjoying the way that pale strange young man was kissing her and feeling very boldly up under her dress.

By midnight, Brenda was well-past caring how she was going to get back to Reigate in the early hours of the morning. A lot of booze had been going down the hatch, music blared out and everyone was having a ball of a time. That man in his mid-forties, what was his name -Ñ oh, yes, Brenda remembered -Ñ they had been introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Lasson. Well, there was no sign of Mrs. Lasson, but her husband was busy ... very busy ... he was tweaking Brenda's nipples as hard and as fast as he could as he swayed in front of her, and then leaned forward to nuzzle his boozy face against her cheeks, and kiss and murmur to her.

Suddenly Marko was in the center of the floor, holding up his arms. "Quiet!" he cried. Then he announced that it was time for a little "specialty" and would they all take their seats. Brenda stumbled her way to a chair. In the journey she lost Mr. Lasson. Instead, to her dismay, she found she was sitting next to that pale-faced specimen who had been with Alice, and had been introduced to her with that huge gangster-looking man. If there

was one man in the party she did not want to be near or have touch her, it was this anemic creep. She found him repulsive, and yet as she tried to get to her feet to find another chair he was grabbing at her waist and pulling her down beside him.

She tried to struggle. He showed remarkable strength, and all her efforts did were to help him to finish up on the carpet instead of on the chairs with her. She saw that several others were sprawled out on the thick carpet and so she had to remain there. In the center of the room a single beam light illuminated a space. The rest of the room was in darkness and Brenda was pleased about this as this awful pest was already feeling well up her legs under her dress. Into the spotlight came three figures, two women and one well-built handsome man. Brenda saw the man was wearing skin tight trousers and an open knit shirt. Both garments clung to him to show off his massive build to the best advantage. The women were older than the man. One was a petite well-rounded blonde, the other a brunette and more angular in build. The "show" started by the handsome brute showing his admiration for the blonde woman, while the angular brunette was very interested in the man. The trio acted well. The blonde expressed fear at the attentions of the man, the brunette was avid in her caressing of the male prize, but at last gave up her fondling of him to help strip the struggling blonde. The room filled with the sound of the blonde's clothing being unzipped and torn. When she was

stripped to her stockings, the fleshy little blonde was held by the other woman while the man went to work on her with his hands and his mouth. The thrilling part of the act was to see how the struggling, protesting blonde gradually surrendered herself to the lascivious thrill that the obscene fingering and kissing of the huge man made her experience.

While the blonde lay writhing in complete surrender, the brunette commenced to strip the rampant man. The watching Brenda felt the same thrill when this handsome brute was exposed to the one she had felt at the film show when on the screen she had seen the huge prick of Silas. This horrid pale-skinned man now with her was frigging her lewdly and fiercely as she moaned at the sight of the great erect prick of the 'showman.' The angular woman was getting her own clothes off now, and when she was down to her nylons and girdle she began to use her mouth on the man to get his already horse-like cock even more stiffly erect and throbbing. Brenda was getting the urge to get her hands on a man's prick and balls. Horrid and repulsive as her companion was to her, she could not resist getting her hands to his fly. She was soon eagerly rubbing his prick while he frigged her, and they both reveled in the fierce way that the blonde was getting fucked right there a few feet away from them in the full glare of the spotlight. The naked angular woman had been given a lifelike flesh colored dildo which she used energetically on herself, while

her blonde companion was getting the real thing up her twat. Then, when all three had reached and expressed vividly in movement and voice their complete fulfillment, the spotlight went out. The room was in darkness, and Brenda found herself being drawn to her feet and taken across the room. Not until she was in another room and the light was turned on, did she see she was in a bedroom, alone with the pale-faced character.

She watched him getting his clothing off -- when he saw she was standing there gaping at him, he almost spat the words at her -- "Get your clothes off, bitch!" he snapped angrily, "unless, that is, you want me to tear them off you piece by piece from that lush body you've got."

Afraid, and also excited, Brenda did as she was told, and was soon in his arms. Nakedly they embraced one another, and she saw that there were several long mirrors in this small room and her companion was lustfully watching their movements in the glass. He seemed to glory in seeing her naked body from different angles ... She was aware of a maddening tingle in her cunt, the unmistakable urge in her belly to be "filled." This man she found so repulsive was kissing her shoulders, her neck and her face, his long lean fingers twisted and tweaked at her nipples until she thought he was trying to get them off her tits; and yet despite the pain his fingers caused her, her nipples felt they were reaching out with tentacles, drawing the entire breast up and outwards with them,

and making the whole breast feel alive and throbby and tingling with the same lustfulness that she had in her cunt. She found she was stroking this pale-skinned fiend's head with her hands as he bent his face to her breasts and took a nipple into his thin hard lips. He suckled at each breast in turn, his long fingers crooked under her wet snatch ... she knew she was experiencing the oldest and most natural urge known to the female body ... she knew she wanted cock ... she yearned for it ... she had to have it.

He brought his face up from her pinky firm nipples, he smiled up into her flushed face. "How long you been married, honey?" he asked. "Marko tells me you're a new girl up here."

It seemed incredible to her that he could speak in so matter-of-fact a tone, to ask such a question at a time like the present. He seemed so much in control of himself, while she was befuddled and eager with aroused lust. She was panting like a long-distance runner as she muttered her reply, "I've only been up here once before. That was with my husband. We've been married nearly three years."

Pale-face nodded; he seemed pleased with her answers. She looked down at his naked skinny loins, his crimson-headed monstrosity of a cock reared from its nest of black lush-hair ... she knew, however much the man disgusted her, she had to have pleasure that big cock could give her. She resolved however that this would be the last time, the very last time that she would

come to the club. She knew what would happen and she had been excited and pleased to accept the invitation, but she had to consider Tim, she had to think of her marriage. She would turn into a cheap cock-loving loose woman if she kept coming up here, and letting strange men screw to her. This would have to be the last time ... the very last time. "UuuUWURRRGGGHHHHAAAA!!!!!"

The lean man was aiming his over-thick penis into her moist cunthole. She gasped and then groaned although she would have been sent out of her mind if she had been denied this pleasure at the stage her lust had now reached. She had fallen back across the bed, and he was on top of her. She managed to lift her knees to cross her calves over his lean, strangely cold back, and now he was commencing to frig her, using a strange swiveling type of sideways and inwards probing all the time, as if he were alive well up inside her cunt, and was moving all around. She had been ashamed afterwards at her abandonment and pleasure when Silas had taken her body in the darkened film-room, and now she was feeling very much more ashamed at the way in which she was responding to this vile white-skinned man. She felt she wanted him to take out of her cunt the thick, hot prong that he was using so cleverly and bizarrely so deep in her belly. Tim never used this sort of action, his sort of fucking was inwards and back. This lean angular man seemed like a strange, naked white creature clamped to her belly, his stiff gouging into depths where no man had probed

with his cock before.

Before morning, four of the five men at this select party had availed themselves of the sweet sexual charm of the cunt between Brenda's lovely thighs. It was the first time in her life that she had performed the fuck-act so many times in quick order. Never had she known the experience of being made to come more than once at any one lay, and although each cock only made her have the one peak or orgasm, she nevertheless had the four lovely "comes" during the space of a few hours.

It was that understanding kindly girl, Alice Marlow, who once again helped her to cleanse her semen-full twat afterwards; and it was the same Alice who accompanied the tired and fully-satiated young Mrs. Brenda Miller back to her suburban home, and made sure she arrived safely. She was too valuable a property for the great Marko to be allowed to go astray on her way home to Reigate, or to turn up in a way that would give rise to comment by the neighbors.

Marko Hynes smiled as he listened to Alice. "So our charming Mrs. Miller does not think she will visit us any more, eh?" he muttered, after Alice had relayed to him some of the conversation she had had with Brenda on the way home.

"That seems to be the way she wants it, Marko," Alice replied. "She loved the hot cock alright, but she is afraid of her marriage breaking up, afraid her husband will find out she is being made to fuck. She wants to keep herself for him and play

the good and loving wife. You know how it is."

"I certainly do," he muttered. "I think perhaps the worthy but prudish Mrs. Miller deserves a visit, my dear?" He went to a cupboard and brought out a roll of film and a small portable projector. "This only came back a few minutes ago from the developing room, my dear," he said, tapping the film roll. "I'll make a call on the Miller residence tomorrow afternoon, and perhaps we can give Brenda a little preview of our latest in erotic films, eh?"

It was almost four in the afternoon when a startled Brenda Miller allowed Marko and Silas to push her back from her own front door and go into her lounge. She protested and watched as Silas set up the projector on the sideboard, and ran the cord to the wall socket where the television set was connected, Marko was pulling back the curtains meanwhile, and he muttered over his shoulder, "I heard that you weren't too keen on visiting my club again, my dear. Just see if this little film can help you change your mind."

The room in darkness, the camera was focused on the drawn curtains, which were pale in shade and made a good substitute for a screen. The film began to flicker. It showed the naked grinning white-skinned man sitting on a bed, a shapely woman using her mouth greedily on his long, thick prick ... Brenda wanted to be sick, she wanted to vanish through the floor and never return

... the film showed all too clearly that the woman who was cock-sucking the man so avidly was none other than herself ... When the film had run its course, in silence from the three, it had shown her with various men at that vile party last night, doing all sorts of lewd fucking willingly and with energy. Marko turned off the projector while Silas returned the curtains to the open position.

"Now my dear woman," Marko was gripping her arm, "I think you will visit the club whenever I send for you, unless, of course, you want me to take some choice still from that film and have them sent to your husband, and perhaps one or two to your parents. Do you think your husband would like to get a full-size glossy photograph of his wife with another man's cock stuffed up her cunt to the hilt, and another photo showing her face and the expression she adopted when she enjoyed being frigged? Does your husband like that sort of photography, eh? Does he my dear ... tell me, does he?"

Brenda had been quite unaware of the hidden cameras that had been doing their vile work while she had been screwing with such abandon for the pale-skinned man and then the other three men. Now her obscene acts were on film, her deeds of animal-like frigging were on record, and in the possession of a man she knew would not hesitate to use such power over her. She knew she was trapped.

One of the reason why the Gregley Club had been the location for the dinner-dance at which Brenda and Tim Miller first went there, was because the firm's top man, a certain Andrew Dimmock, was not only a regular visitor to the gambling tables but also a very good spender with the girls. In his sixties, he had a wife many years his junior. She was, in fact, his second wife. His first had divorced him for what the divorce court judge had described as the filthiest bedroom habits he had ever heard about between man and wife. A few nights after the dinner-dance, Andrew Dimmock was back in the club not for a dinner or a dance, not to enjoy Marko's girls -- of whom Alice Marlow was his favorite -- but escorting his own wife. She was a pretty woman who was gradually getting accustomed to her husband's bizarre habits and strange way of life. In one of the many small bedrooms at the club, Mrs. Dimmock had got on a bed with Silas. Seated on a chair just a few yards away, her excited and horny husband was watching greedily. He liked the spectacle of seeing his wife being undressed by a man like Silas, he liked the kinky kick he experienced when he saw the large hands of this brute of a man taking the intimate clothing of the woman from her, and holding it to his face in order to inhale obscenely at the perfume from her cunt.

Andrew Dimmock had purposely kept his wife starved for cock for the last week so that she would welcome the advances of this

big man, even if she was afraid of him and disgusted that her own husband should bring her here for fucking and then sit and watch.

Dimmock watched the large mouth of Silas worshipping Mrs. Dimmock's breasts. Few things made any impression on a man such as Silas, even to the way this quite attractive wife was made to degrade herself. But he could not help feeling somewhat antagonistic to the rich old man who was so horny and selfish that he could force his young wife to fuck with another man in front of himself. Listen to the poor bitch, Silas thought to himself. Mrs. Dimmock was only doing and saying what she knew was expected of her. While Silas suckled her tits and fingered her hot wet pussy, she was looking at her perverted husband and saying in a sweetly sickly voice, "There, honey, do you like seeing your wife enjoy herself fucking with another man?"

Old Dimmock was so excited in his horniness that he almost fell off the chair as he shifted to the very edge of it and leaned close to the bed. "Does he frig you good, baby?" he muttered. "Do you like that strong mouth on your titties, my sweet? Doesn't that horny finger in your cunt make you want to have him do everything to you, my darling wife?"

Gradually Mrs. Dimmock was finding it less necessary to act at all. She WAS being thrilled by Silas ... "Oh, darling," she moaned to her leering old husband. "He is making my cunt feel wonderful ... wonderful ... I'm so glad you made me come here

darling. You are a very good husband bringing me to a man like this."

Dimmock was well pleased with her responses and watched her hug the huge frame of the naked Silas to her own naked body. Dimmock leaned right over them and looked into his wife's face. "You need a man, don't you darling?" he muttered down at her. "You need a man's cock really badly, eh? And I have got this wonderful man for you. I have bought him for you to give you pleasure and to do to your lovely cunt what it needs to be done to make you happy, darling." The old man patted the huge naked asscheeks of Silas. "Go on, Mr. Silas," he urged. "I have paid you well, now give my wife the cock she needs. Let me see how well you can take care of her. Like all horny wives, she needs a lot of taking care of, and you are the man to do it. Go on, Mr. Silas ... do it to her ... give my wife the hot fucking she needs."

Her arms went round the broad back of the man on top of her. Silas had to guide his cock into her cunthole, and with her cunt gaping and so wetly ready it was not a hard task.

"Is that good, my love?" old Dimmock was peering over the naked shoulder of Silas at his wife's upturned face. "Has he got a good cock ... Is he making you feel really good, my dear?"

Silas began to frig her, making her shake and tremble with the force of his inward lunges and the way he fucked hard at her

every time, he sank in to the fullest depth. Even a blind man could tell she was getting all the cock she could take, but old Dimmock was not satisfied. "You tell me, darling, tell me yourself," he kept on at her. "If he isn't big enough, tell me. Tell me if he isn't strong enough."

The poor woman was almost frantic with her cock-madness now, she was almost squashed out of sight down into the bed as Silas fucked away atop her. From under his bulk she gasped, "Darling ... ohaa ... darling ... he's wonderful ... a real stallion ... a real man for a stud ... ohaaammm ... I'm nearly ... there ... ohaaa ... daaarling ... make him keep on ... make him keep on ... I'm coming ... I'm there ... ohraauugggrrreeeeegguugggg!!!!"

While his wife moaned in her throes of lust, old Dimmock climbed on the bed behind Silas and directed his prick which he had drawn from his opened fly, down towards the cunthole where the great cock rammed into Mrs. Dimmock. Jerking his cock as hard as he could, the old man managed to come at the same time as Silas. Mrs. Dimmock had the full quantity of hot wet sperm of Silas in her womb while her cuntlips and pubic hairs were drenched with the scum of her own husband. She knew her perverted husband had derived more pleasure from doing this, than when he actually fucked her in the normal way. He loved to see a man like the stallion Silas fucking her, she knew he derived great sensual gratification from seeing her given pleasure with another man's

cock in her twat, and if the truth were known she herself enjoyed having a good fuck more with a man like Silas than with her own elderly husband, although Dimmock still had a fair sized dick for his age and knew well enough how to give a woman pleasure using his own cock.

While they were having a drink in the bar afterwards, Marko brought up a photograph to show Dimmock. It was a perfectly respectable print, it showed one of the tables that had been occupied at the dinner-dance. It was the table where Mrs. Miller and her husband had enjoyed the meal. Marko nodded at the photo of Brenda Miller. "Nice looking piece of ass that one," he murmured to old Dimmock, who nodded in absolute agreement. "Do you fancy her?" Marko went on.

Dimmock's jaw dropped. He had for some time admired that pretty wife of young Miller. Now here was Marko making the most attractive suggestion he had heard for a long time. The price was quickly settled. Mrs. Brenda Miller was on the cunt market.

The way it was put to Brenda she knew there could be no escape. She had to "go with" old Dimmock, whom she had met several times when she had been with her husband and whom she had known, with her own womanly instinct, had desired to hump her, but the possibility that he would ever get his desires fulfilled had then seemed remote if not utterly impossible. Now the impossibility was to become real. An evening was chosen when Tim

would be away on the firm's business. She was taken to the Gregley Club by taxi, and found old Dimmock waiting there for her. They had a few drinks together, and when, after a couple of attempts at dancing, he suggested they make their way to a room Marko had reserved for them, she knew the time had come when she was willingly and knowingly to give herself to a man she knew had paid for her cunt. To make matters even more degrading, the man in question was her husband's boss.

Once in the privacy of the small bedroom, old Dimmock took her in his arms and his lips came wetly down on hers. She was surprised at the sensual feeling she got. It was by far the oldest man who had ever kissed her, and the first time she had ever been 'bought.' She felt the swelling of his dick at his loins and the involuntary jerks against her that rammed the erecting prick into the softness of her belly. Even through their clothing his cock felt quite big, she began to get the well-known tingles in her breasts and loins. She slid her hand down the front of their bodies and boldly clasped his pecker through his trousers. Yes, he was large, he was a well-preserved old gentleman alright, certainly where it counted.

"I hear you fuck with Silas," he mumbled to her. "I let my wife go with him, too. I think a good strong bull-prick of a man like that does a woman good. I'm afraid you won't find me as satisfying as him," he added with a smile, "but afterwards I want

you to be truthful and tell me how I compare with him." There was a wicked gleam in his old eyes as he went on. "And I want you to tell me how I compare with your husband, Mrs. Miller. I have him calling at my office in the morning for a long sales discussion, and it will be invigorating to be talking to him and knowing that I fucked his pretty wife last night, won't it? And better still if I know how his wife rates my cock and his."

Brenda was trembling, partly with disgust at this line of conversation and also with the eager anticipation of the pleasure she was going to get. The old man watching her, she reached behind her back and undid her zipper. He moved to help her get her frock up over her head, and then stepped back to get the full beauty of her breasts as she unhooked the bra, and shrugged the slim shoulder harness down so that the cups fell away from her milky white breasts.

The thought that she would soon be writhing in passion under this man's cock, this elderly employer of her husband's talents, filled her with an excited lust. This was being naughty with a vengeance. She found herself wishing she could be an unseen party in the office the next morning when Tim and this man had their discussion. It would be so bizarrely thrilling to know both men had enjoyed her cunt-pleasures. What on earth would Tim say and think if he knew the old man, his own boss, had had his cock up Brenda's twat the previous night? Old Dimmock dropped to his

knees in front of her, and his cracked hands gripped the top of her panties and dragged them down a few inches. She held her breath as he leaned forward and implanted a hot kiss on the warm belly flesh that her panties had been covering. He seemed to change his mind, stood up again and with a sharp, "Take them down, honey," he started to take off his own clothes. Brenda soon had her panties slide down to her ankles and was stepping out of them. She climbed on to the bed and lay on her back to await him as he at last got rid of all his clothing. She saw his dong was thick and erect and quite long. His pecker was not as large as Silas', but he was every bit as much a man as her husband, and the sight of that throbbing hard length of male prick made her anxious and impatient.

"Come on ... come on darling," she heard herself mumbling, almost against her will. "Come and do it to me. I feel just in the mood now."

He was on the bed with her, his face down to her titties, her nipples being tweaked by his old fingers, and guided to his lips. She spread her legs, her cunt muscles were working, but they had nothing to work on, no stiff dick to lap onto ... she began to realize her real need for a man ... She was now inwardly glad to have this chance to get more sexual pleasure and relaxation. What a change had come over her, she pondered, to be so urgently seeking release, and from a stranger at that. Before that dinner-

dance at the club, anyone who had suggested to her she would ever be lying wanting another man to put in his cock up her cunt, she would have thought not only dirty-minded but insane ... and yet here she was, horny and anxious for this old man, her husband's boss, to fuck her.

Eagerly Dimmock gripped her twin asscheeks in his fists and held her while he twisted his body round. She had hold of his throbbing dick and guided the long thick cock to her warm wet cunt as he lowered himself to her. She gasped as he slowly entered her, she humped and ground up at him until his hard stomach was compressed slowly and closely against her soft heaving belly, and she raised her legs to lock them around his back. She was a woman in need of a man ... it did not matter who the man was ... she was getting the stiff dick she craved. Dimmock gripped her shoulders, and hammered away for dear life at her gripping cunt ... at last he was screwing the desirable Mrs. Miller ... at last he was sharing her luscious sexy cunt-hole with that good-looking husband of hers. He was intent on showing her that if he could not match the virility of an exceptional man like stallion Silas, he could at least out-fuck her husband. Old Dimmock was capable of showing more control and restrain than Tim Miller. For the first time in her life, Brenda came twice with the same rigid cock in her. She thought for one wonderful moment he was going to fetch her to the hump-peak three times, but he was unable to perform that feat and

was pumping his scum into her when she was midway up the slope from her second come to her third.

Afterwards she admitted quite truthfully to a happy Andrew Dimmock that she had enjoyed it with him as much, if not more, than when her husband did it to her. Dimmock smiled at her. She was going to be a real asset to Marko if she enjoyed fucking this much with his elderly clients. He wondered which lucky client would be the first to use her lovely asshole, which man would be content to let her use her mouth on him without her body? Which man, he reflected, would be the first to get her to use the electric vibrator on him? Which of Marko's many clients would be the first to get her to wear a rubber dildo and bugger him? Which man would be the first to watch her "perform" with another woman? Oh, yes, there were plenty of first-timers to be enjoyed by and with this attractive young wife now that she was in the clutches of Marko.

As far as Andrew Dimmock was concerned, it had been money very well spent to be allowed the pleasure of screwing this attractive wife of one of his young salesmen. He wondered how long it would be before Tim Miller discovered his attractive consort was being whored. He would make a good virile stud for Mrs. Dimmock now his employer came to think of it. The old man chuckled to himself. Marko had achieved so much already, maybe a word in his ear and the necessary hump-arrangements might be made.

The End