

The Unfolding

Chapter 1

Six weeks was all it took! Not that she considered herself a finished product, but glancing in the restroom mirror while re-applying a little lipstick Camille couldn't help but be pleased with the results of her exercise routine over the last month and a half. Popping the lid back onto the gloss, she twisted left then right, letting her gaze take in her shapely hips, firm buttocks, and well-proportioned chest until her eyes met her own, and the confident hint of a smile now beneath them.



She found the woman she was scrutinizing to be pretty darn attractive for forty-six, and she was delighted with how she looked and felt in her dress: a silky thin, spaghetti strapped number that hugged her hips and butt before flowing easily and loosely down to just above her knees. The décolletage was accented with longer straps and a slight curvature providing an inviting view of her bosom while maintaining the class Camille would demand of any wardrobe selection. She looked good, and that made her feel good. Dave thought she looked great, and that made her feel heavenly.

Heavenly and naughty. Camille was working with a healthy level of arousal all evening. Between her husband's soft and hauntingly suggestive whispers in her ear, and the hand that spent the better portion of dinner tracing her knee and caressing her thigh, she was looking forward to the moment when the key would disengage their hotel room door.

She and David enjoyed what she thought to be an excellent sex life. A private person, with a principled foundation, Camille's sexual thoughts almost always focused on David. Oh sure, there was the occasional masturbation after watching a steamy movie or reading a particularly erotic chapter in a book, but her sexual energy was mostly saved for the love of her

life. However, any creative eroticism for the couple fell solely on David's shoulders – like tonight, for instance. David had convinced her, after some sensuous kissing to her nape while getting ready this afternoon, to attend this brouhaha sans panties. He reasoned that here they were, at a boring but obligatory business banquet 2,000 miles from home, with 1500 associates whom he never met before and would never see again, so why not add a little spark? Besides, he grinningly explained, she wouldn't have to worry about panty lines. Her dress was plenty long, and her bare bottom would keep their thoughts throughout the evening appetizingly on each other.

Camille knew by the horniness and tingling she'd felt all night that David, as usual, had been right. Glancing once more at the mirror as she set the lipstick back in her purse she closed her eyes and stole a deep breath. She imagined David standing behind her in the hotel room, softly and carefully pushing her spaghetti straps off her shoulders, letting his hands follow them slowly down her arms until his fingers grazed her nipples. She sighed and smiled inwardly, realizing that in addition to having one too many Cosmopolitans, her erogenous zones were communicating to her that it was time to grab David, make haste, and head back to their hotel.

They walked with their arms locked together to the foyer of the moneyed, west coast country club where David slipped the valet a ticket to retrieve their rental car. He wandered over to an unused hallway, admiring the artwork adorning the walls, and beckoned



Camille to come over and join him. Camille was wondering what he was doing as he began muttering about this or that artist, brushstrokes, composition, and other artistic matters of which Camille knew David didn't know the first thing. She quickly found out after following David as he calmly ambled farther down the deserted hallway. David reached behind her, turning her so that his back was to the foyer and hers towards the far end of the empty hallway, and pulled her in close for a deep, long kiss. Her senses exploded as their lips met and their tongues took turns exploring the other. David's hands slid down to cup her ass before returning to the small of her back. As they roamed down a second time she felt David's right hand drop even farther, then slowly climb her thigh, raising her dress and her excitement level with its ascent. David felt the soft skin of her thigh, and

lightly traced all the way up until his fingertips brushed the outer folds of her bare womanhood sending a tingling shock through her core. In concert with Camille's barely audible moan, David gripped her ass – his left hand on her dress, and his right on her bare, exposed, left buttock. Their mouths parted, and with arms draped over David's neck and eyes staring deeply into his blue irises, Camille whispered "I need you in me." David smiled, relaxed his grip allowing her dress to fall back over her backside, took her hand and placed it against his groin so she could feel his growing penis, and laughed "definitely time to go."

"The company is paying so why not?" David answered as they pulled away from the portico of the refined country club. Camille still wondered about the wisdom of renting a Mercedes SL550 Roadster. She worried how it looked for David and her to be cavorting about in such an expensive, sporty, 2-seat sports car.

"Look honey" David began, "the company doesn't care one bit about this. We're never going to be able to afford one so why not, just once, rent one? Just sit back and let's enjoy what this puppy can do." They had a healthy drive in front of them. Part of the panache of this affluent country club was that it was exceedingly private and remote. Ordinarily being forty miles away from civilization would be the kiss of death, but in this particular case it only added to the allure; an allure that David and Camille could do without.



Of the 1,500 guests at tonight's function, a safe guess would place a minimum of 1490 staying on the property through the weekend. An invitation to this club was just as coveted as a weekend in the Lincoln Bedroom. That is, except for David and Camille.

They wanted to be wherever the other 1498 people weren't. Ego stroking is not the stroking they envisioned. Just leave them undisturbed so they could suck, tease, nibble, and fuck however and whenever they wanted; weekends away were too precious to waste on glad-handing.

As they drove off into the night, trading glances, David began explaining what he was going to do to Camille at the hotel. Very softly he intoned that restraints, a blindfold, and feathers were involved. The journey was dark and desolate as they sped through the tree-lined road. As much as he was

enjoying the handling, David was soon regretting this particular choice of rental. The high center console separating the bucket seats instantly became



a major inconvenience as he couldn't see – let alone reach his hand onto – Camille's inviting thighs. Camille became equally frustrated. She had managed to twist her body and undo David's fly – finally giving some relief to his hours long hard-on. But because of the center console any chance of her being able to

surround him with her lips, and tease him with her tongue would have to wait. She couldn't comfortably reach to take him in her hand either. David extended his arm, rubbed and lightly squeezed her breast, causing her spaghetti strap to drop over her arm, as it - much to her displeasure - had done many times through the evening.

"Masturbate for me sweetheart" David whispered just loudly enough to be heard over the purr of Mercedes' V8.

"David!"

"C'mon honey. I can't reach you. I won't even be able to see your hand, but I will be able to see your face. I want to think about your fingers rubbing your hardened clit, and glance over to see your eyes, face, and body respond to your touch. Do it, honey. Cum for me here so I dive this cock into your pussy the minute we get back."

The words, the passion, the cosmos...Camille needed no more coaxing as her hands easily slid her light, soft dress up her thighs. As her finger found her labia her wetness confirmed the arousal she already knew. Her juice was hot, and her slickened finger moved easily; slowly circling and massaging her already hard and pronounced clit. She quickly felt the familiar pleasures reverberate through her body's skin. Her head turned and relaxed on the headrest so that she could gaze at David and she mouthed the words "I love you". David looked at his wife, her cheeks reddening, her eyes shut, her mouth open, and watched as her right bicep methodically contracted ever so slightly, causing the soft, gelatinous tissue of her right breast to jiggle with every stroke. Left hand on the wheel, his right hand instinctively dropped to his waist, and, with his thumb on top and index finger beneath, began slowly tracing his fingers up and down the length of his six inches. Speeding around a corner, his index finger slid up over his cock's soft head to meet and spread the first drop of precum.

"Shit" David suddenly exclaimed as he quickly began braking.

“Wha...oh my” Camille uttered as she snapped out of her amorous trance, thrust her right hand onto the dash to brace herself during the hard stop, and tried to focus on the road ahead.

David slid the stick to manual and downshifted, causing the engine to roar as the lower gear helped grip and slow the car. He quickly put the car as much off the shoulderless road as possible, and threw open the door to inspect the scene. A 7 series BMW had apparently lost control, spun, and skidded into a tree. Camille overcame the fear fluttering in her stomach, flung her door open and began running towards the Beamer. As she ran her boobs began fighting a battle with her dress that the delicate material would never win. Arriving on the scene of the accident, unbeknownst to Camille, her right breast had fully exited the dress using the fabric as a bustier of sorts.

David peered inside the car but no one was there. The damage was substantial, though not catastrophic. He saw no signs of blood, no torn clothing, or other signs of serious injury. Just as he was about to wander into the woods they heard a cheerful call from sixty to seventy yards up the road.

“My lucky day! I didn’t think anyone would be coming down this road until morning” Seth Ducere shouted, without any hint of trauma in his voice. Walking briskly, briefcase in tow, he closed the distance fast. With David a half dozen paces behind her, Camille was steadily walking towards him, and as she got within 20 yards his handsome countenance and 6’ 1” athletic body came into focus. This was not at all what she expected to see when they first stopped. Save for a slight bruise on his cheek, a rumpled suit coat, and dress chinos freshly torn at the knee, the strapping hunk of man looked like he just emerged from the August GQ cover.

A woman was emerging from the blur of darkness and Seth’s attention was quickly drawn to a perfectly shaped breast gracefully rippling with each step she took. Entranced by the natural undulations that seemed to spiral around a taut, large, protruding nipple, Seth’s thoughts were quickly shifting from relief to intrigue.

At five paces, his well-trained decorum restored, a relieved and natural smile easily spread as Seth held out his hand. “How do you do? Seth Ducere.”

“Camille McKay” Camille replied, noticing this debonair stranger’s eyes confidently and easily eying her body – particularly her chest – before casually extending his gaze over her shoulder to her arriving husband.

“And this is” Camille started as she turned “my husband David.”

When David's eyes left the stranger and focused on her chest the instant she turned; she immediately felt the heat of her cheeks reddening and the cool air of the night on her chest before glancing down to confirm her state of undress. While David and Seth were exchanging introductions she attempted as nonchalantly as possible to correct her wardrobe malfunction.

Seth was effusively thanking the two of them for stopping, and David was equally adamant how lucky Seth was to have escaped serious injury from the crash. Camille looked on, occasionally nodding and smiling, forcing the necessary words when need be, but her mind was drifting trying to reconcile her embarrassment and fascination at having given this handsome stranger a very clear view of her breast.

The discussion turned to what the next appropriate steps should be. Seth informed his samaritans that cell coverage was nonexistent where they were, by design. The club wanted a "dead zone" for miles around, adding to the allure of exclusivity. Of course, coverage existed at the club, but only by signing on to their private piece of network backbone. Once off property, you'd better have a sat-phone, or hold your calls for the next forty minutes. They resolved to give Seth a ride to town where he could talk to the police and make arrangements to have his Beamer towed. Camille gave Seth a pen and paper so he could leave a note on his windshield with his contact information should a policeman happen by, and then headed back to the Mercedes.

"This is one exceedingly beautiful automobile, David"

"That it is, Seth. That it is. Unfortunately, it's a rental. And, we seem to have overlooked the sad fact that this car only has two seats for three people. Tell you what, if you're feeling up to it, do you want to drive? Camille can sit on my lap then."

"I'd be happy to, but I don't think I can, unfortunately. I've been fighting a little dizziness since the crash, and to be perfectly honest I was having some lightheadedness the last few weeks that I'm afraid probably contributed to the accident in the first place."

"You're right. Even if you felt fine after a jolt like that it's best you don't drive. Tell you what, if you don't mind, could Camille sit on your lap? I won't leave her out here and she really prefers not to drive at night. Honestly, she doesn't weigh as much as she looks" David quipped with a wink and a smile to Seth.

As soon as the words escaped David's mouth Camille's emotions and senses were in overdrive. How can she sit on this stranger's lap – in this dress, without any underwear! Didn't David remember?

With an easy smile and striking eyes that peered so directly into Camille, Seth said "Oh, I'm quite certain her weight is not a concern. David, you are to be complemented..." gazing again directly at and through Camille, "...Camille, you are a most beautiful woman."

As she gazed back at Seth her core instantly felt a quiver. Was it apprehension or excitement? If it was excitement, why? Why were this handsome man's eyes so captivating? This evening's liquor and foreplay blended with the adrenalin of the accident and recovery left Camille fighting her composure. And, other than those private times with David, Camille Roberta McKay was always composed.

"Thank you Seth, but perhaps your head *is* bothering you" she smiled.

"I'm sorry honey, is that alright with you?" David asked. "This car certainly isn't very big."

Camille wanted to glare at David and scream "No, it isn't fucking alright! I'm a 46 year old woman with no underwear; I'm not going to sit on some man's lap that I've never met before!"

"It's fine, Seth needs to get to town" is what came out of her mouth.

"Let me move the seat back so you have more room" Seth said as he bent to slide back the controller on the side of the bucket. He noticed a small, oblong area on the new leather that was slightly darker and glossier, and reflexively ran his finger over it. It was wet. Instinctively, he looked up to see if there was an open water bottle in a cup holder or on the floor to avoid potentially spilling more while getting in. David had opened his door and was climbing in the driver's side when, with the aid of the interior lights, Seth noticed that David's fly was open. Seth smiled as some basic societal arithmetic became clear. Perhaps it was the accident, or perhaps it was related to the lightheadedness he'd experienced the last few weeks, but this new information, coupled with the surprising sight of Camille's



succulent breast a few minutes earlier produced a delightfully mischievous idea in Seth's mind.

Seated in the car, briefcase in hand "David, would it interfere with your driving if I place my case on the center console? I'm afraid my leg is becoming a bit more painful to bend so I'd rather not put it on the floor" Seth lied.

"Go ahead, no problem."

"Thanks. Ok, Camille, let me make room here" Seth said as he lifted, turned, and placed the upright case onto the center console, strategically blocking David's view of them from the shoulder down.

Apprehension, her previous arousal, cosmopolitans, a wardrobe malfunction, and a strapping gentleman with a crashed 750il cast a surreal milieu. Camille felt as if she were both spectator and actor in an erotic thriller as she lowered her head and bent her knees to slide into the car and onto Seth's lap. Seth held out his hands to brace Camille as she lowered herself. Camille felt his hands connect with her sides, lightly gripping her ribcage. The edges of his index fingers were positioned just below the sides of her breasts, and as her buttocks came to rest on his thighs, she was very aware of the slight compression of her breasts against his fingers. It fleetingly reminded her of the sensual feel when her masseur comes into contact with her fleshy tissue while kneading her back and sides.

"How's that? Are you ok?" Seth asked

"Yes, I'm fine"

"You look like you'll bang your head on the roof the first time we hit a bump" Seth said as he released his hands from her sides, letting them fall to the top of his legs. The outsides of his hands came to a rest against the door handle and the center console, and the inside of his hands – the thumbs and index fingers – rested ever so slightly against the thin material of the dress concealing Camille's thighs. "You need to be able to lean your head back" he quipped and Camille sensed Seth's quads tighten, flex, and slightly lift to adjust himself in the seat so that her head could recline back to his left shoulder.

"Thanks, that is better" Camille admitted as she was able to rest her back against Seth's shoulder.

"Are you two situated?" David asked

“We’re as ready as we’ll ever be” chuckled Seth.

The first several minutes of the drive proved uneventful. The night was dark, and no one was saying much. Camille began to slacken and Seth could sense Camille’s body becoming less rigid and sinking relaxingly into his chest. He waited a couple minutes more, and then the next time the car went over a slight bump he allowed his hands to bounce in concert with the car, letting them land lithely and innocuously more on Camille’s thighs. He smiled inwardly as he felt Camille stiffen for a second and then quickly relax again.

Camille had become accustomed to Seth’s hands lightly touching her legs, but felt a shiver when his hands settled onto more firmly on them. “Of course it’s coincidental,” she concluded. Camille didn’t want to seem prudish or rude, and considering how uncomfortable this ride must be for Seth, as well as everything else he had been through, she thought it inappropriate to acknowledge Seth’s resting hands, and was certainly not going to embarrass him by trying to move them. Maybe he was trying to fall asleep, she thought. And, after a couple minutes passed her relaxation returned, almost into sleepiness, no longer aware of Seth’s hands. As the drive continued she allowed her eyes to shut while leaning her head back on the stranger’s shoulder. She imagined the electricity of the evening, and David softly caressing her thigh under the table during dinner. Just a thumb, moving tenderly and slowly, subtly stroking her thigh under the hem of her dress. It had felt dreamy, it felt sultry, it felt wonderful, and it felt...real.

Camille’s mind raced and her body quickly came alive as she realized that Seth’s thumbs were lightly caressing her. It felt calming, even peaceful, but it was inappropriate she knew.

Seth felt her suddenly stiffen. He thought it would be sooner, as he had been lightly caressing her for a couple of minutes. He felt her back tense, and her buttocks contract, as if in just another moment she would lift up and off of him. He paused a second, waited, then resumed...only moving his thumb and inch or two up, then down, ever so lightly against her soft skin. She hadn’t stopped him yet, and now as his boldness and intrigue grew, he resolved that if this game was going to end, he would force Camille to end it.

Should she say something, tell Seth to stop? She didn’t want to distract David, or make him worry and regret helping this otherwise very nice, and very handsome, stranger. She was confused. Too much liquor and too much natural testosterone from an evening of playfulness sent conflicting and strange signals through her. She knew it wasn’t wise to let this continue. She was horny as hell earlier but she couldn’t let that cloud her judgment; she had to do something.

“Seth?” she lightly asked.

A quick, uneven inhale and gurgled “ah, uh-huh, yes?” followed.

Camille didn’t know what to say. Clearly, she had woken Seth up and why? Because she was uncomfortable with his soothing – and innocent she now understood – caresses. Feeling slightly ashamed of her intolerance she offered “oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t know you had dozed. I just wanted to see if you were comfortable and if blood was still getting to your legs.” She tried to laugh slightly as she said it, but to her mind it came out somewhat awkwardly.

“I’m fine, but yeah, if you don’t mind can you scoot up just a tad? My femoral arteries seem a bit pinched” Seth laughed.

Immediately Camille leaned forward, lifted her butt from Seth’s lap, and pushed herself back towards Seth while lowering herself back onto his lap. Seth was prepared. The moment Camille began to lean forward Seth had taken hold of the edge of her dress. As her weight was lifted off of him, he immediately began to move his hands back, towards his beltline, undetectably bringing the bottom of Camille’s dress with him. As Camille shifted herself back towards Seth she wouldn’t – couldn’t – interpret any unnatural movement. It had only taken a second for Camille to move, but Seth had expertly managed to hike the back of her dress almost clear over her ass, pulling the front with it delightfully exposing a couple more inches of Camille’s thighs.

Once she had repositioned herself she could feel that her dress was bunched underneath, and heaven forbid, practically behind her. She hoped that between the darkness in the car and the undeniable discomfort Seth must be feeling with her on his lap for this long drive that it wasn’t necessary to rise again just to adjust her dress.

“Do you two want me to stop? Maybe get out and walk around a bit?” David chimed in upon hearing the exchange.

“If it’s all the same, I’d rather just keep going.” Seth quickly interjected, placing the emphasis on the end to indicate a request.

Camille added, “Let’s just get there so we can all go to bed – to sleep.”

She regretted the clarification before it was even out of her mouth. “Dammit” she thought, the sentence was innocent enough, why did she have to go and try to make it so? The others chuckled – as she feared – the law of unintended consequences was again proven. David’s mind was instantly

brought back to the sight of Camille's flushed face and dreamy eyes as she sat next to him, less than an hour before, masturbating in anticipation of the fuck she'd receive once back at the hotel. For Seth, the instantly conjured image of the three of them in bed, and in particular of Camille's naked body writhing, gyrating, and responding as only a female can, further fueled his fiendish mind. And, now, he felt the first familiar hint of penile response. Seth tried to save her any further embarrassment by promoting the belief that Camille was intentionally trying to be funny by quipping "good one, no worries."

Seth was delighted. Camille had accepted that he was sleeping; something he would now use to his advantage. Camille hadn't said anything, which he knew meant one of three things: she is shy and embarrassed to bring the subject to light, she enjoyed it, or both. He was impressed with himself for the impromptu idea of getting her to move so he could hike her dress. "What a MILF this woman is" was all Seth could think, smiling as he fended off the urge to raise his hands and press them against the braless breasts in front of him.

After a couple of minutes Seth let his body go limp, and began breathing more slowly and audibly. Not a snore, but not entirely silent either. Relieved that Seth had dozed back off, Camille uncoiled from the embarrassment she had been feeling since her faux pas. Moments passed and Camille began to feel the same soft, rhythmic caresses on her thigh. Instinctively she tensed for a moment, but soon began to relax and ignore the intrusion as Seth's continued breathing indicated the touches were the innocent, calming movements of an exhausted and sleeping gentleman.

If fact, after a few minutes, she began to welcome the light touches, and within minutes found herself relaxing, leaning back further into Seth's chest, and resting her head on his shoulder while she absorbed the recurring strokes against her bare thighs. Soothing and relaxing, these sweet, soft caresses felt delightful, like the slow, prolonged foreplay that was so frequently missing in her otherwise great sex life. She began to anticipate each stroke, and her skin reciprocated by becoming more sensitive with each subsequent touch causing a familiar, if unplanned, commotion to begin to gather within her midriff.

Seth continued his slumbering seduction, planting painstakingly soft, slow, light caresses on Camille's thighs being careful not to move too fast. He knew the fish was interested, and a smooth and steady hand would be required to get the fish to bite. It only took a couple minutes more.

Without her realizing it, Camille's body began to betray her. While she outwardly and consciously fought an unwinnable battle to ignore Seth's strokes, her body was on its own path. An unplanned sigh escaped and,

unbeknownst to her, those succulent legs of hers relaxed further causing them to fall a bit more open. The shift was imperceptible to her, but not to Seth. The fish had taken the bait; it was time to set the hook.

Suddenly, the caressing stopped. After several seconds Seth's arms raised. His left arm bent across Camille's body, causing his forearm to contact and slightly press against her breasts. His right hand also reached across, on top of his left arm, and began to absentmindedly scratch his off arm, all the while his breathing continued undisturbed in its napping cadence. Camille surprised but unconcerned, sat still so as not to wake her guest. When Seth stopped scratching and his hands lowered, a shot of unease quickly stiffened Camille's body. Seth's hands had dropped and were at rest squarely atop Camille's bare limbs. His fingers lay motionless and lifeless against her warm inner thighs.

"Shit, now what? Do I nudge Seth to wake him? That would embarrass him I'm sure. But he's so close to my pussy...to my bare pussy" she remembered as once again a flood of heat rushed through her face to greet her silent embarrassment. "Maybe I can pick up his forearms and move his hands back where they were." But this had its risks. What if Seth woke up while she was moving his arms? "That, too, would embarrass him. Or worse, what if he thinks I was the one directing his hands?" That could cause a whole slate of problems she didn't want to begin to contemplate. "No, just lie back, shut your eyes, and if he wakes, feign sleep. That will save him and yourself any embarrassment or awkwardness" she decided.

Seth continually monitored his even, but drawn breathing, controlled pulse, muscular relaxation, and other variables - thankful for his prior military intelligence training. He had played possum before, and under much more stressful circumstances. Now his subject - she really wasn't prey after all - was trying to deceive him. To his trained mind her sham sleep was sophomoric. Her pulse was strong and obviously elevated, the muscles in the small of her back were rigid, and her hands were still clasped too tightly together in her lap. With the steady hum of the road vibrating beneath them Seth decided it was time to double down on their game of pretense.

Camille's eyes were shut and she kept trying to talk herself into calm. It wasn't easy. Sitting bareback on an attractive stranger's lap while his large and gentle hands were resting curiously in her warming inner thighs created anything but a restful state of mind for the prim and conservative Camille McKay. Then it happened. A burst of adrenaline shot from her core to her toes as the gentle caresses suddenly began anew. Now, so close to her sex, Seth's fingertips were lightly stroking, teasing, almost tickling her; sending pulses all over her bod. Show implored herself to relax, to keep her eyes shut

and her mind clear. But her rapidly dampening pussy was quickly filling any open space in her mind with a host of indulgent ideas.

She remembered David standing behind her, lifting her dress in the warm, moist air of a tropical garden and bending her forward while she reached back with one hand to find his hard, bare cock. He teased it against her butt cheeks, and slid it along the bulbous, yielding lips of her outer folds before she helped direct him into her fiery hot, wet depths. And as David thrust into her that unforgettable evening on St. Thomas he brought his hands forward, around her ass and hips to her inner thighs, pressing into them ever so slightly to coax them wider.



It was so familiar, so realistic, so improbable, but it was happening now as it did then. And though her brain frantically intoned “no”, her right leg helplessly fell slightly more open to the tender force of Seth’s prodding.

Seth had to fight the urge to smile. He continued to regulate his breathing and pulse, and used such slight pressure that it would have been easy even for someone that *was* sleeping to resist. Instead, Camille’s leg cooperated, falling waywardly toward the door, for all intents and purposes inviting him to explore her fruits. The game was still beginning, but he knew he’d already won.

Eyes closed, absorbing the delicate and delicious strokes, Camille recognized the moist heat between her legs and thought she might have caught the faint waft of her scent. She was flummoxed, unable to process what was real and proper from what seemed so dreamlike, yet delightful. Her mind was speaking to itself, but not understanding a word other than her repeated appeals to block everything out and go on as if nothing had, or was, happening. As the soft coaxing continued nerves were sending alarms throughout her body, but their message was an indecipherable mixture of fear, embarrassment, guilt, arousal, pleasure, and intrigue. It was all so surreal. Her thoughts returned to David behind the wheel, and the security and confidence he gave her. “What could really happen?” she thought. “The stranger – Seth – has had quite the day, and is obviously having a much needed pleasant dream. It feels good, it’s innocent. Don’t rock the boat, just ignore it and enjoy it all the same” was the best she could do to make sense of it all. They weren’t far from town now, so whatever degree of horniness this handsome stranger created in her, she reasoned she could soon put it to good use fucking David.

That rationalization was the license she needed. No longer blocking out the sensations, she invited them in. Instead of fearing Seth's next stroke, her body anticipated it, welcomed it. She was being teased, she knew, and with her lover sitting next to her she came to accept the stranger's hands on her flesh.



The instant Seth felt it he knew his patience had paid off. The rhythmic, careful massage of her inner thighs was melting her. He sniffed her musk, sensed her heat, and without pressure or prodding, in one minute but suggestive movement, Camille's hips arose, and her thighs fell further open to meet Seth's

fingertips' next foray. Seth made his fingertips so light that it was as if they were dancing across Camille's skin, floating from point to point with the sensitivity and fluidity of a goose feather. The slow, swirling motion began to move higher, inching farther up Camille's thighs. Camille knew it was close, expected it, wanted it, but when it came it still shocked her, causing an eruption of neurons to fire. She quietly gasped, and her hips reflexively tightened and vaguely bucked as his velvety fingers first grazed the hot, wet, engorged folds of her sex. Instinctively her head dropped further back into Seth, unable to remain still with the first blow of pleasure.

Seth had calculated every part of this game, but when he went to lightly brush her panties, all his fingers found was the soft, hot, slippery skin of Camille's essence. His now wet fingers coupled with her responsive buck and gasp quickly turned his intrigue into arousal, and his cock instantly swelled, pressing against Camille's ass. "I'll be damned, who would have thought a classy babe like this would be going commando" he thought. There would be no turning back now. Seth continued his breezily light fondling of Camille's outer labia; a stroke up the left fold, returning down the right. Then slightly separating his middle and index fingers, he ran them both up and down her lips.

Camille was awash in teasingly pleasant sensations, her horniness now palpable. She wished she could grab something to steady herself, but each hand only had the other for support as they clenched more tightly together.

Her breathing, choppy and rapid, was no longer her own and allowed the murmur of a moan to escape when a particularly delicate caress brushed her inner lips and clit. She was so high, so exquisitely teased that her clit was ready to explode. Less had proven more and she knew despite her position, nature, or modest temperament that it would take scarcely more for her body to ignite in orgasm.

The feigned slumber had served them both, but the game – and Seth’s cock – had grown to the point of ending the charade. Feeling his cock rigid against Camille’s posterior, Seth slowly rotated his hips a touch upward, allowing his firm member’s ultra-sensitive skin to move between his slacks and Camille’s bare, warm ass as he continued to caress Camille’s pussy and clit with a painstakingly soft touch.

Camille almost grunted but thought better of it when she first felt Seth’s hard cock slide against her. Seeing stars, her conscious mind was lost, reduced to a trance like dream state as the jolts of pleasure rocked through her with each beautiful assault on her clit. She could sense the heat in her cheeks, and feel the beads of sweat on her face as she involuntarily let her tongue part and rewet her dry lips. She embraced the feel of Seth’s cock and her body took over. Without prompting or thought her hips began to pivot, first up and back, then down and forward, allowing her ass to trace Seth’s hard rod.

Her clit, hot and engorged, was filling with intensity as the sublime punishment of Seth’s stokes continued. Camille’s hips increased their pace wanting – needing – to feel that stiff cock between her cheeks. She was grinding herself against Seth as her desiring mind thought of David tying her hands to the hotel’s bedpost and impaling her folds with his beloved cock until he would withdraw and climb above her just as his warm seed burst from his cock unto her tits. Seth’s fingers were quickening, and her swollen clit was sending pulsing sensations out to every zone of her body. She no longer cared that she was grinding herself against a stranger’s cock two feet from her husband. She didn’t even recognize that a man to whom she had spoken only a handful of words was touching her, pleasing her, in incalculable ways and that all she desired was that it not stop. She wanted to cum, she needed to cum. Every cell in her body was bursting with electricity, neural connections were scrambling her senses; Camille was so close. An indulgent but soft whimper escaped her lips, begging for release. Her hands freed themselves from each other, and quickly lifted herself up to remove the last hint of bunched fabric between her and her stranger. She set herself down on the raised tip of Seth’s cock, only the fabric of his slacks prevented him from entering her. Her hands found her knees and they braced her body while she dry-fucked her delicious stranger.

She was ready; her clit was preparing to explode as she felt the shrouded head of his cock dancing between the now open and soaked folds of her pussy. When she thought this fantastical ride couldn't reach any higher, Seth raised his left hand and rapidly tweaked her right nipple through the thin material of her dress. The areola of her right breast quickly restricted, her already hardened nipple shattered with pleasure sending riveting throbs on a straight line to her pussy. Camille's thoughts went empty; all she saw were waves of colors dancing through her mind as her clit erupted, surging decadent numbness to every organ, electricity to every pour, and her pussy violently and rhythmically contracted as her orgasm washed over her. She tried mightily to stifle her grunts as her torso involuntarily wrenched. Even her hands seemed to twinge as she unwittingly dug her fingers into her knees. Wave after wave came over her shuddering body as the pleasure swelled in her brain. On and on the orgasm rocked her, her head slouched forward as her vagina continued to spasm over Seth's hard cock. After what seemed an eternity the emerging hyper-sensitivity of her clit brought her back to earth as she reached up to tightly grab Seth's hand.

She collapsed into Seth, and under the sound of the Porsche's engine whispered "thank you."

David heard the grunt and quizzically looked at Camille. "Are you Okay?"

The darkness hid her flushed cheeks and glistening brow.

"Yes, just a cramp" was all she could manage.

Camille leaned up again, ostensibly to stretch, and discreetly pulled her dress back under her ass and over her thighs. They were pulling into the hotel, and she wanted to look reasonably composed when she got out of the car. Confusion and confliction would wait; still bathed in arousal, all she could think of was David, and how soon she could get his cock inside her.

For his part, Seth was impish to the end. Upon Camille's remark to David about her cramp, Seth allowed "you must have endured a most unpleasant ride."

As Camille was exiting the car, she quipped back "oh, I've have better."

Seth was careful upon exiting to use his case to conceal his still hard cock, and the mark of Camille's juices and his pre-cum around it.

Proper thanks were given to David and Camille, and they patiently helped Seth to the concierge so that he could begin to make arrangements. When they finally parted Camille put her arm through David's and whispered in his

ear “David, when we get to the room there are to be no words. Listen very carefully; tie me up, blind-fold me and fuck me like you’ve never fucked me before.” David’s lips curled into a smile in concert with an appreciable increase in his stride as they walked down the hall towards the elevator.

Seth turned and looked over his shoulder, taking in the delicious sway of Camille’s ass, and unnoticeably raised his hand to his face to delight in her scent. The concierge informed him that a tow truck was on its way to retrieve his vehicle, and that the hotel’s private car would gladly take him to his hotel. Seth turned back to face the concierge and said “can you arrange for a room here? My plans have changed.”

Seth had discerned many things about Camille and David McKay from this ride. Indeed, his plans were just beginning.