

JENNIFER REYNOLDS



**A
WELL ENDOWED
WOMAN**

A Well Endowed Woman by Jennifer Reynolds

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Chapter One

Ruth looked at the figures on the pad before her and tried one more time to make them add up to what she wanted, then when they came out the same as before she sighed and turned to her husband.

“It’s no good Mai”, she said with a grimace. “We’re just not going to make it like this. We’ve got too much going out, and too little coming in. If we don’t get jobs soon we’re going to be in trouble. I’m sorry babes, but that’s all there is to it. We’re nearly screwed!”

Malcolm looked at his wife and nodded, then replied, “The trouble is there’s just no demand at the moment for I.T. Consultants, you know that, and now with you losing your place at the store, that’s finally done it!”

Ruth nodded, fully in agreement with what Malcolm was saying, but that didn’t alter the fact that unless they did something immediately they were soon going to be in deep trouble.

“I’ve tried just about every salon in the district to see if I can get something with them”, she told Malcolm, “but no-one’s got any openings for a therapist, and nobody’s hiring”.

Malcolm was silent, as he just didn’t have any answers, and Ruth thought once more about the notion that had been forming in her mind over the last few days.

She decided to broach the idea.

“Actually, I’ve got an idea”, she told him, “I’ve been thinking about something that might help out a bit with the money until we can get ourselves back on our feet”.

“Oh yes?” he questioned, looking at his wife with interest, “what’s that?”

“Well how about me placing an advert and trying to get some freelance work that I could do here at home?” Ruth told him. “I could advertise beauty treatments for the ladies, and I could set up the couch and offer massage, facials, aromatherapy, etcetera.”

She warmed to the subject as her own enthusiasm took hold. “We’ve

got the spare bedroom and it's got the en-suite bathroom, with a loo and a shower so the ladies can wash down after an oil massage. And if you think about it, apart from massage and cosmetic makeovers, I could also offer eyebrow shaping, waxing and hair removal, lash and brow tinting, and even nail extensions. There's a wealth of treatments nowadays that are *so* much in demand, I *might* do really well!"

Malcolm smiled at her eagerness. "All right darling", he laughed. "Calm down! I can see you really want to give the whole thing a go, and maybe you're right and if things take off you may not need to get another job, you'd be able to work from home permanently. Meanwhile, I'll keep looking for something for myself, and I'll give you as much help as I can to tidy up around your ladies in between any appointments you get. Ok?"

Ruth smiled. "Oh you are a darling", she said, throwing her arms around his neck and pecking him on the cheek. "Now give me a hand to draw up an advert. We need something punchy and eye-catching".

They sat down together and drafted various versions of what Ruth wanted to say in her advert, and finally they settled on what they believed to be the best wording.

Ruth looked at the words sketched on her pad. Qualified
Masseuse And Beauty Therapist Offers Relaxing Massage
Treatment To Relieve The Strains Of Everyday Life - Plus
Makeovers, Depilation, Nail Extensions And Manicures. Go On! -
Pamper Yourself Ladies! Call Ruth: 555 - 0894

"Right!", she laughed. "Hopefully that should get them calling, I'll ring it through to the local paper right now, and with luck it'll appear in Fridays copy".

She called the advertising department of the "free paper" that was delivered locally and in the surrounding area and placed a series of adverts to run for a few weeks. Then, all that remained was for her and Malcolm to get the spare bedroom set up as a treatment room. So they spent the rest of the day clearing most of the furniture and setting up Ruth's couch and the various creams and lotions she would be using once her first customers started to call. When at last everything was complete, Ruth surveyed the room and their work, then laughingly told Malcolm,

“So now we cross our fingers and hope they start calling in their hundreds!”

Within days Ruth knew her plan probably wasn't going to work, for hardly any ladies called at all, and it seemed they would rather give their business to bona-fide salons than private studios being run from home.

She'd had a few clients, but hardly enough to make a full-time living, and as she sat at the end of a tiring day she looked at the advert again to see if by deleting some of her original wording she could somehow cut costs and warrant still advertising. She was weary and didn't bother to waste too much time, so she quickly scribbled a re-worded version. *Masseuse Offers Relaxing Massage To Relieve The Strain, Plus Beauty Treatments, Etc.* Ruth: 555 - 0894

“Right! That's only thirteen words plus the phone number, instead of thirty words”, she murmured to herself, “that should cut the cost by more than fifty percent. I'll call the paper tomorrow”.

And a few days later she knew she had a sure-fire winner. But only if she could summon up her own courage to see the thing through, and only if she could get Malcolm's agreement to her new plan.

Chapter Two

“Your phone seems to have gone *mad* the last couple of days!” Malcolm said one morning as he stuck his head around the door of Ruth's treatment room. “You must be booking in loads of ladies? He added hopefully.

Ruth took a deep breath, knowing that finally she had to tell him about the new idea that she'd lain in bed thinking over and over the previous night.

“Actually, the diary's as empty as before”, she answered, waiting for Malcolm to say something.

“Really?” He looked disappointed. “And yet your phone's been ringing and ringing! What's putting them off?”

“Well to tell the truth, actually they *want* to book, but it's *me* who's not taking the appointments”, Ruth said enigmatically, leaving Malcolm with an extremely confused look on his face. “Quite a few of the callers would *like*

to visit, but it all depends on what *you* think”.

Malcolm was completely bewildered.

“Darling”, he said as patiently as he could, “I haven’t a *clue* what you’re talking about! What do you mean? And what’s it got to do with what I think? I’m sorry sweetheart, but you’ve *completely* lost me!”

“Sit down Mai”, Ruth told him, “I think you may have a shock coming, especially when I tell you that the “ladies” that have been calling are *men* who want to come over for a massage! I’ve been getting call after call from guys!”

“What?” Malcolm answered. “*Men?* Why the hell should *they* be ringing?”

Ruth giggled, then passed a copy of the paper with her advert in it for Malcolm to look at.

“Have a re-read of the ad”, she laughed, “and believe me when I tell you that the phrase “relaxing massage to relieve the strain” seems to be a major attraction!”

Malcolm read the advert a couple of times, seeing where Ruth was coming from. Then he frowned. “What do you mean about the phrase “relaxing massage” is an attraction, are they thinking what I’m thinking?” he scowled, immediately taking offence on Ruth’s behalf.

“It’s alright!” she told him, anxious to placate Malcolm. “I’ve told them all they can forget anything like *that*! Then she added, “Anyway, once I pointed out that I’m only offering *genuine* massage, from what many of them told me, lots of the guys were still interested in coming for treatment”.

“Well that’s alright then!” Malcolm said, his ruffled feathers smoothed by Ruth’s words. “I’m not having anyone talking dirty to you!” Then he laughed. “Christ, who’d have thought?”

“That’s right”, Ruth answered, “and many of them seem to have a problem getting a proper massage service anywhere else. According to what they’ve told me, the salons with female staff don’t want to know, or else they’ve got to see a masseur and they don’t want another guy handling them!”

“Understandable”, said Malcolm. “I’d be a bit put off myself by a man touching me, I’d much prefer a woman”. He thought about it for a moment.

“So are you suggesting that you start taking men for clients?”

“Well why not?” Ruth asked. “I reckon they’ll pay more than women, and you’d be here to make sure there’s no funny business from any of them! And let’s be honest with ourselves, the ladies just aren’t calling, so why not try it?”

Malcolm still seemed a little dubious. “Are you *sure*? After all, it’s *you* that’s got to deal with them. I don’t want you doing anything that you don’t really like doing! So think about this and make *certain* it’s what you want!”

“I *have* thought about it”, she told him. “I’ve thought it over and over, and I don’t have any problem giving a guy a massage. Why should I? If I was in a salon I wouldn’t be bothered at all, it just seems a little different because it’s here in a private situation. That’s the only difference. So what do you think?”

“Well, ok”, Malcolm replied. “If you want to, we’ll give it a try. What’s the next step?”

“Simple!” Ruth laughed. “I start taking bookings! And we start earning some money!”

At that point her phone rang again. “So if this is a man, do I take an appointment?” she asked, and Malcolm shrugged his shoulders and then nodded.

She picked up the phone and spoke to the caller, and as she talked Malcolm could tell from the conversation that Ruth was speaking to a man.

After a couple of minutes he heard her tell the person on the other end of the line, “It’s Fifty Pounds for one hour. That includes a scalp massage, a facial massage, and a full-body massage with oils”.

There was a pause while the caller was obviously asking a question, then he heard Ruth answer, “No, I’m afraid there’s no extras available”.

There was another lull in the conversation, then he heard her say, “I’m free in an hours’ time”. And after a slight pause she gave out their address and put down the phone.

Ruth turned and looked at Malcolm, grinning a little as she said, “Well that’s the first one! He’ll be here in about an hour! “And she looked at her

watch and added, “So we’d better be ready for him!”

Sure enough, exactly one hour later the doorbell rang.

Ruth took a deep breath and opened the front door, and on the step was a middle-aged man dressed in a smart business suit.

“I’m Geoffrey”, he introduced himself. “I called about an hour ago?”

“Yes Geoffrey, of course. Come in please”, Ruth smiled, and she stepped back as the man entered her house.

“Follow me please”, Ruth told him, and she led him upstairs to the spare bedroom that was now converted to her therapy room.

She pointed to the small en-suite bathroom.

“If you’d like to get undressed in there, right down to just your underpants, and then come out. I’ll be waiting for you”, she smiled. And the man hurried into the bathroom.

Moments later he was back, naked except for a pair of boxer shorts.

“Now climb up on the couch”, Ruth told him.

“Could I skip the scalp and facial massage?” he asked almost apologetically. “I can’t afford to get my hair greasy, I’ve got an important appointment later on and it might look a bit strange if I’ve got oil all over my hair.”

“You can have a shower afterwards”, Ruth hurried to reassure him. “It’s included in the price”.

The man smiled. “Thank you. But I’ll still pass on the head massage. Just the body please”, he told her, and he climbed up on the couch and laid face down.

Ruth went to work, dripping oil onto her hands and then rubbing it into the man’s body as she slowly massaged him.

She started at his shoulders, then worked her way down the tops of his arms and back to the shoulders again. From the shoulders she massaged down his back, stopping just above his buttocks, then up his sides and back to the shoulders once more. She repeated the movements over and over again, until finally she left him for a moment and dripped fresh oil onto her hands.

Next she started on his legs. Working his thighs, calves and then down to his ankles, massaging slowly and making sure that as much as possible of the backs of his legs received treatment.

She was careful to not massage too close to the top and inside of the man's thighs, for with his boxer shorts being baggy-legged Ruth could clearly see the edge of his scrotum, and she was conscious that her fingers were only inches away from his testicles.

"Turn over please", she eventually told the man, and he wriggled onto his back and lay waiting for her to start on the front of his body.

Ruth poured more oil onto her hands and started on the man's chest, massaging the top half of his body. As she worked she couldn't help but notice that he clearly had the beginnings of an erection since there was an obvious bulge in his shorts, but she wasn't that much surprised, as although she hadn't mentioned it to Malcolm it was something she had expected she might witness now and again.

He was lying with his eyes closed, his breathing coming in measured little gasps whenever Ruth's hands went anywhere near his groin area as she massaged his belly or the tops of his thighs. And as she kneaded and rubbed his body, Ruth was fascinated to see his erection grow until the man's cock was clearly at full attention and sticking up so that his boxer shorts looked strained to almost bursting.

Suddenly his eyes opened and he looked directly at Ruth.

"How much for a little "extra" my dear", he asked quietly, obviously referring to Ruth giving him relief.

She shook her head. "I don't do that", she told him, her face flushing a little with embarrassment.

"Another Twenty Pounds?" he asked, ignoring her refusal. But Ruth shook her head again.

"Well, shall we say another *Thirty* Pounds?" he asked again, but Ruth still shook her head and answered "No!"

The man sighed, clearly a little frustrated at her refusal.

"Oh all right then!" he said in a resigned tone. "I'll *double* the fee!"

Another *Fifty* Pounds, so the whole charge will be One Hundred Pounds in total. How about that?"

Ruth hesitated for a moment, her mind working overtime. One Hundred Pounds! For a massage and relief! That was *twice* what she'd expected to make, and about four times more than she could earn for an hour's work with one of her ladies.

She made a decision.

"Fifty Pounds extra then, making a hundred in total. Agreed?" she said in a low voice, and the man nodded his acceptance.

She thought of Malcolm waiting downstairs and out of sight.

"You have to be *very* quiet", she told him. "*Don't* make a lot of noise. My husband's downstairs and he mustn't know! Now slip off your underpants! And *no noisel* Understood?" And she reached for a box of paper tissues and placed them close to her.

The man nodded, then wriggled out of his shorts and lay back, closing his eyes once more and waiting for Ruth to relieve him.

She looked at his cock and was amazed by the size of it, as he was much better endowed than Malcolm, with a thickness and length that seemed almost remarkable when compared to what she was used to. At a glance she took in his bulbous helmet and the tiny drop of pre-cum that was already leaking from him because of his arousal, so she quickly wiped it away with a tissue, then spread fresh oil on her fingers.

Ruth took him into her hand and held his prick as she gently slid her hand up and down him, wiping the lubricant over his cock until his rod was shiny and glistening with oil.

The man wasn't the first Ruth had masturbated of course, for there was Malcolm, and before him a number of boyfriends and lovers, so with a fairly practiced skill Ruth wanked the man and brought him nearer and nearer to a climax.

Suddenly the man decided to test how far Ruth would go, and she heard him murmur, "I don't suppose you'd finish me by sucking me off, would you?"

Ruth couldn't believe her ears!

“No, I most *certainly* would *not* she told him in an affronted voice. “I’ve never heard anything like it! Now *don’t* push your luck! Shut up and be grateful for what you’re getting!”

The man grinned. “Yes Madam”, he answered, “I do so *love* a forceful woman!”

Ruth couldn’t help smiling herself. She knew he’d been chancing his luck and testing her, and she’d never been called “Madam” before except by shop assistants or waiters, and it sounded funny to be spoken to deferentially by a naked man who was lying on her therapy couch whilst she masturbated him!

She went back to her task, slipping her hand up and down him faster and faster, and it seemed only seconds before he was starting to shake slightly and moan as she brought him to the point of coming.

“Ssshhh”, she warned him. “Don’t make a noise!” And the man had to bite on his bottom lip to keep quiet as Ruth’s fingers forced him to orgasm.

As he started to climax Ruth instantly recognized what was about to happen, and with her free hand she grabbed for a tissue and directed his thick globs of semen into the paper, wanking him with one hand to get every last droplet of cum and catching the white ooze with her other hand.

Finally there was nothing left for him to give, and Ruth passed him another tissue, then left him for a moment to give him a chance to recover his senses.

The man got up from the couch and went to the bathroom to quickly shower and dress himself, and when he returned he passed some notes to Ruth, saying with a smile, “Excellent Madam! And worth every penny! May I book again for the end of the week? Same service, same fee?”

Ruth was astonished! He wanted to pay a Hundred Pounds *again* for a wank? This was incredible! And in her bewilderment it was all she could do to get her diary and book him another appointment. As she wrote Geoffrey’s name into her journal she suddenly realised that she’d committed herself to masturbating him again, but any lasting doubts were quickly dispelled when she thought of the money and how easy it had been to toss him off.

She accompanied him downstairs, and at her front door Geoffrey

turned and took her hand, lifting it and kissing the back of her hand in an old-fashioned gesture, as he said, “Until Friday Madam”. And then he was gone.

Ruth shut the door behind him, then leant against it and took a deep breath.

Suddenly the sitting room door opened and Malcolm appeared. “How did it go?” he asked. “Was everything ok? No trouble?”

Ruth pushed herself upright and walked down the hall towards him.

“Everything *wasfine*” she re-assured him. “No trouble at all!”

Then she smiled, crossing her fingers behind her back as she lied to him, “The easiest Fifty Pounds I’ve earned in a long time!”

Chapter Three

By the end of the week Ruth had earned herself Hundreds and Hundreds of Pounds, although she’d only confessed to Malcolm exactly half of what she had really taken, for he still thought her clients were paying Fifty Pounds for an hours massage. Whereas, instead of what she’d told him, Ruth was actually charging One Hundred Pounds for a massage and a wank, since she’d soon found that every male client she had as a visitor always wanted the same thing.

And then on Friday afternoon Geoffrey returned for his second visit.

Ruth went through pretty much the same routine as before, massaging Geoffrey, and then finishing off the little “specialist treatment” routine by masturbating his enormous cock.

As he was getting dressed, he looked at Ruth speculatively, then seemed to come to a decision.

“Madam”, he addressed Ruth, using the same title as he’d been using throughout his visit. “May I talk to you? I’m possibly being presumptuous, but I believe I might be able to give you some useful advice”.

“Yes, of course”, Ruth answered, curious at what Geoffrey might have to say, and she indicated towards a chair and invited him to sit down.

He seemed to think for a moment, almost as if he was searching for the right words, then he said,

“Obviously Madam has been seeing gentlemen callers for years, yes?” And it was obvious to Ruth that he meant the opposite and was trying to be tactful, so she just nodded and accepted his diplomacy.

“Of course, of course”, smiled Geoffrey, “when one has been around as much as I have and visited *many* ladies like yourself, one can always tell a true professional.”

Ruth was silent, waiting for his next remarks.

“Now as I’ve just said”, he carried on, “I have visited *numerous* ladies who offer a service such as yours, but I have to say this Madam, you could be in a class of your *own* if you decided to specialize a little!”

Now Ruth really *was* intrigued. “Go on”, she answered.

“Well Madam”, Geoffrey warmed to his subject, “Madam doubtless already *knows* that she is incredibly good-looking! But perhaps Madam has never considered that the way she dresses and styles herself, whilst absolutely acceptable for a salon in a shopping center, could perhaps be a little different when Madam is entertaining at home?”

Ruth felt herself blushing at Geoffrey’s complimentary remarks about her looks, but she was a little perturbed at his implied criticism of how she dressed for work.

“Is there something wrong with what I’m wearing?” she asked. “It’s just a standard therapist’s coat”.

“Exactly Madam! Exactly!” Geoffrey answered. “But may I be so bold as to venture the thought that if Madam wants to positively attract her gentlemen callers to return *again* and *again*, perhaps Madam should consider a slight change of image?”

“Ok! Let’s stop beating about the bush!” Ruth laughed. “Give it to me straight! You obviously know that I’ve only been doing this for a short while, so tell me what you *really* think!”

Geoffrey smiled. “I find it difficult to believe Madam when she says she has only been entertaining for a short while! Madam is so *very* accomplished at her work! Nevertheless, I accept Madam’s word.”



He paused for a moment, then carried on talking, “Now, I believe that madam shouldn’t necessarily discard her white coat, but what Madam should perhaps consider is ridding herself of the slip that she wears and which can *clearly* be seen under her coat, and instead contemplate wearing only a brassiere, panties, and suspenders and stockings under her therapists jacket. And if I may suggest, Madam should bear in mind that her underwear should be *black* so that it can *clearly* be seen through the material of her coat and conjures up all sorts of provocative images!”

Ruth nodded, seeing the point that Geoffrey was making.

“Furthermore Madam”, he continued, “I believe that your bra should be the push-up type to create a deep cleavage, and that you should perhaps leave the top buttons of your coat undone?”

Ruth laughed again. “Yes, I know what you mean Geoffrey! Turn them on with a bit of bosom!”

“Precisely Madam!” Geoffrey smiled. “Use Madam’s natural assets to her best advantage!”

“Anything else?” Ruth grinned. “What other changes do you advise I make?”

“Well, I suggest that your nails *are far* too short! As they are may be fine for the salon Madam, but *glamour* is now called for!” said Geoffrey. “Longer Madam, and varnished please!”

He thought for a moment, then added, “And as a couple of extra points Madam might well consider, I suggest *much* heavier on the make-up with plenty of lipstick, and discard the flat white shoes in favor of a good pair of high heels! Men *love* a woman in stilettos!”

Geoffrey smiled. “Of course if Madam *really* wanted to rake in the money, then added to Madam’s own *considerable* charms there’s one thing that would bring in clients like bees to the honey!”

Ruth waited expectantly. “And that is?” she asked.

“A second lady Madam! A second lady!” Geoffrey told her enthusiastically. “Men would fall *over* themselves to be attended to by a *duol* So if you have a glamorous friend you could bring into the business? Well, Madam would find herself retiring to sunnier climes almost before she knew

it! You could *double* your fee at the very least!”

He stood up to leave.

“Well”, he told Ruth, “I’ve taken up enough of Madam’s valuable time. I should be going.” He made for the door, then stopped and turned back, adding, “Give it some thought Madam.

You have a natural ability to “entertain” gentleman. Consider using it to your advantage!”

Ruth saw Geoffrey out, then wandered through the house to find Malcolm.

Her mind was working overtime digesting everything Geoffrey had advised, and she saw no problems with implementing any of his suggestions, any that is except a second woman to assist “entertaining” callers, since she had no friend that she could possibly call on to help.

It was such a shame she thought to herself, to at least double her fees would have been wonderful]

And then she found Malcolm, and as Ruth looked at him the obvious solution suddenly hit her! And she wondered if it was at all possible to achieve?

Chapter Four

Ruth knew she had to be subtle about the whole thing, and that if she just approached Malcolm directly with her idea there would probably be hell to pay, for apart from almost certainly turning down any suggestion she might make to him for advice and help, he didn’t even know that she was earning an additional Fifty Pounds per client for a little “extra”!

She thought long and hard about the whole thing, searching for a way to enlist his support, and finally she decided to try the only scheme that seemed to offer any slim chance of success.

Later that evening Ruth disappeared up to their bedroom, leaving Malcolm reading, and when Ruth was alone she quickly prepared herself and the few props that she needed, then went to the top of the stairs and called down to her husband.

“Malcolm”, she purred in her most inviting voice, “would you like to come up and look after your sex-hungry wife, I’ve got an underfed pussy that needs *lots* of attention!”

Within moments Malcolm was leaping up the stairs and into the bedroom, his expression one of enthusiasm, which was a look that turned to pure lust when he saw the way Ruth was dressed.

She had on a set of bright red underwear that he’d bought her a couple of Christmas’s before, and with sheer black stockings and scarlet high-heeled shoes she looked a picture. She’d quickly made herself up, and her eyes were dark with shadow and mascara, whilst her lips were covered in thick and glossy crimson lipstick that matched as near as possible to her lingerie. With her blonde hair piled high and secured with a bow, coupled with her semi-naked appearance, she looked absolutely captivating, and Malcolm couldn’t wait to get his hands on her.

“No, no, no!” she laughed as he stripped out of his clothes and lunged at her. “Steady boy! This is *my* night, and you’re going to do *exactly* what I want! Ok?”

He nodded, eager to do anything she said.

Ruth placed her hands on her hips and prowled around him in an almost cat-like way, purposely swaying her hips in a provocative manner, and Malcolm’s eyes followed every move she made. Then she stopped in front of him and whispered, “I want *really rauchy* sex tonight! *Really* kinky! Understand?”

He didn’t, but Malcolm nodded anyway, since he was so hot for her he’d have agreed to anything.

Ruth smiled, knowing she had him in the palm of her hand. She licked her lips enticingly, then told him, “I want to be *thoroughly* screwed by you! I want you to fuck me like I’m a *whore*! I want your cock ramming me like I’m a debauched *slut*! And I want you to wear my suspender belt and a set of my stockings while you’re doing it!”

Malcolm’s expression had grown more and more eager as Ruth told him what she wanted, but when he heard her last request his excited look turned to one of shocked surprise.

“*What did you say?*” he managed to stumble out the words. “Wear a set of your *stockings?*”

Ruth reached around her back and undipped her bra, letting her breasts spill out as she nodded and told Malcolm, “That’s right! I *told* you, I want kinky sex! And I fancy being fucked by a “lady-boy”, and you’re going to be one!”

She slid her panties down, purposely raising one leg at a time as she stepped out of them so that Malcolm got a flash of her exposed cunt.

He was completely speechless, for he’d never seen Ruth acting in such a lewd manner, and he’d *certainly* never heard her insist that he wear some of her underwear!

She walked over to a set of drawers, purposely turning her back on him and pouting her buttocks to entice him. Then she took out a suspender belt and a set of stockings and came back to him.

“Just do as I say!” she ordered. “Be my lady-boy and I’ll fuck you like I’ve never fucked you before!”

She passed the suspender belt around his waist and clipped it together, and then she knelt down and helped Malcolm put on the stockings and pull them up his legs to attach them to the belt.

“Mmm!” she murmured as she stood up and looked at him.

“Yummy! *Just* what I had in mind!”

Telling him to keep his hands to himself, Ruth stood in front of Malcolm and played with his cock, stroking and rubbing him until his penis was fully erect. And regardless of the turmoil inside him at the way he was dressed, Malcolm couldn’t stop himself from moaning from the pleasure she was giving him and the sight of his wife’s breasts jiggling before his staring gaze.

Ruth leant forward and deliberately kissed him, then she stood back and looked at him as if in surprise.

“Oh, you’ve got some of my red lipstick on you”, she smiled, “now we can either wipe it off, or we can...” And she ran the tip of one of her fingers over her own lips, then gently traced around the outline of her husband’s

mouth, transferring the lipstick to him and rubbing it in until his lips were almost as red as hers.

“Taste it!” she whispered. “Feel how smooth your lips are? It’s wonderful, isn’t it?”

Malcolm didn’t know whether to nod yes, or shake no, so he just stood rock still and waited for whatever was to come next from his wife.

Ruth took Malcolm’s hand and led him towards the edge of the bed, and then she bent over and placed her hands on the mattress. She looked around at him, then stuck her arse out and wriggled suggestively, telling him, “*Now fuck me from the rear! Screw me like I’m some kind of dirty bitch who needs cock like she needs to breathe! Come on ass-boy!-Fuck me!*”

Malcolm placed himself behind Ruth, then slid himself into her pussy, shoving himself right in until he was tight up against her bum.

“Good!” she told him. “Now give me a screwing I won’t forget in a while! I want cock from my lady-boy, and I want it *deep* and I want it *severe*”

Malcolm followed her orders, slamming himself in and out of Ruth as he hard-screwed her cunt from the rear as thoroughly and completely as he could. In the act of being penetrated Ruth moaned and groaned, perhaps a little more than she should have done, but Malcolm didn’t seem to notice that she appeared to be putting her heart and soul into her performance, and anyway, Ruth really was quite enjoying herself!

“Reach around me and finger my clit!” she ordered after a while. “And frig me off while you’re rough-fucking me!”

Malcolm stretched around Ruth and felt for her clit, then he started to rub her while he still was screwing backwards and forwards.

Now Ruth unquestionably *was* becoming more and more excited, and any moans or groans she made were quite genuine!

She felt her orgasm starting, and she pushed herself backward to open up her pussy as much as she could for Malcolm’s cock, then she gave an almighty shudder and climaxed.

“Oh, *shit*, I’m coming!” she cried out, and even through the flashes and explosions in her mind she still retained just enough sense to direct her next

words towards her husband. “What *a fuck* you are lady-boy! What are fucking sensational screw you fucking-well are!”