Lady Audrey's Birthday

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A 65-year-old is discovering her sexuality

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On the day in March 2001 when her husband suffered a heart attack and died, Lady Ausrey made a decision: downsize. After a minimal period of mourning she began to act. Among the first tog were the Belgravia mansion with its numerous staff and the Bentley, which she had always considered ostentatious.

She traded them in for the penthouse suite in a block of exclusive apartments on Chelsea Reach. She approved of the underground garage where the new Mercedes CLS 250 was parked. She approved of the penthouse as one who firmly believed that sex was more exciting with the curtains open. In her new home she could lean forward while being taken from behind and simultaneously enjoy the panorama of the river below.

The large Belgravia receptions, at which no one ever exchanged more than two sentences with anyone, gave way to small dinner parties to which Lady Audrey invited the great and the good from politics and the arts.

However, having now reached her 65th birthday she had to accept that the penthouse was not adequate. Private facilities at the Savoy were booked and the invitations were sent. It amused her to have sixty-five guests: myself and thirty-two couples, a considerable number of whom had figured in the most recent Sunday Times Rich List.

The toast to Lady Audrey having been proposed by a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, she now stood, champagne glass in hand, ready to respond.

“My dear friends,” she said, “I thank your first for joining me on this happy occasion. I thank you also for donating to one of my charities rather than brining presents; I have all I need. I will also thank you in advance for keeping anything I now say to yourselves. If one word appears in the press I will not hold an inquest. In future you will all be removed from my list.”

The murmur that greeted this was initially of surprise but could also be understood as acceptance. No

one wished to be excluded from Lady Audrey’s circle.

“it is now more than eleven years since I lost Rupert ...” She paused to allow everyone a moment’s respectful recollection of the late Sir Rupert, property tycoon and financier, whose only notable achievement in this life had been to turn his large inheritance into an even greater sum of money and hide it from the tax inspectors.

, “When Rupert died I could have decided to moulder away. Sit on a few boards, look after my charities, do nothing very much. But that’s not my style. I was only fifty-four. There were decisions to be made.

“I had no desire to drive in London traffic but I still wanted to get around without spending a fortune on ludicrous taxi fares. I was also keen to continue going to the gym. I didn’t want to be a weight-lifter but I did enjoy feeling fit. That gave me an idea. I spoke to Conrad. It was he who had been supervising my fitness programme.”

She turned to smile at me in the position I had taken up by the door, ready to prevent any inopportune return by the waiters.. I smiled back. I knew what was coming.

“I asked him could he drive and did he have a clean licence. The answer was yes to both. So I suggested that he might like to take up employment with me as a chauffeur-cum-full-time-fitness trainer. And together, we have gone from strength to strength.”

She held out her arms to draw me to her side Once I had joined her she continued, “Our relationship has changed. From being an employee, my dear Conrad became a companion and then a friend. Well, I know how the gossip grapevine works. It will have been assumed that among many common interests, we share a bed.’

Having allowed a moment for that to register, Lady Audrey went on, “Of course we do. Not only had I no wish to give up sex, I saw an opportunity that was not available when poor Rupert was alive. He did his duty in that department but that’s what it became - a duty. For me, it was not often enough nor good enough.

“Please,” she said, looking round the room, “don’t feel the need to appear shocked. For goodness sake, this is the twenty-first Century. That is the world that Conrad and I live in, and I’m delighted to say that Conrad is a knowledgeable and skillful practitioner. And we have progressed. To the point that we are now ready to take another step forward.”

A longish pause this time to allow her guests to think what might follow.

“We have been wondering whether our sex life might be even more exciting if it involved others. Now, we have no wish to indulge in what I understand is called Swinging. However, it may be possible without going that far still to add a little seasoning to the dish.

“Let me be plain then. Conrad and I will now go home to continue my birthday celebration in the appropriate manner. We would like to invite just two other couples to join us. In the first instance, to watch. What might develop, we will have to see.

“Finally, I have no wish to make enemies of any of you, so I will not make the invitation specific. No doubt, you will be able to choose among yourselves. Thank you for coming. I look forward to seeing four of you again shortly.”

With that, Lady Audrey took my arm and we left what was probably one of the more unconventional occasions to which the Savoy has given room

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“Were they shocked,” she asked when we began the drive back to Chelsea Reach.

“Some tried to be, I think. I suspect it was what we expected: neither partner wanting to let the other half see they were keen.”

“Do you think anyone will be brave enough?”

“Perhaps.”

“The Fox-Ravens would be good from your point of view.”

“Why?” I asked, though I new the answer.

“Big tits, darlling, big tits. Think about Bunty’s cleavage with a few drops of baby oil - you’d be in paradise riding them.”

We had had this conversation before, and once again I assured her that her own 36C offered plenty of excitement for me.

“I like it that you think so,” she said, “but putting the thought in you mind gets you to attention, doesn’t it? Need to have you good and ready when we get home. You won’t crash into anyone if I do this, will

you?” Her hand was sliding along my inner thigh.

“Very possibly, but don’t let that stop you.”

Approaching apartment block, I punched in the security code and the big metal shutter rose. I parked and opened the passenger door for Audrey. She stepped out, hoisting her hem to show off white flesh above black stockings. “Would be fun if you had me here,” she said, “but I suppose we should go up in case someone has plucked up the nerve.”

From the penthouse I rang down to tell the concierge we might be expecting guests, who could be sent up. Fifteen minutes later, our door buzzer sounded. Audrey herself let them in: the Trings, Derry and Sophie.

While I poured drinks, Audrey demanded to know what had happened after we had left. “Well,” Sophie told her, “there were a few prudes who didn’t hang around, but the problem among the rest was deciding who would take up your invitation. In the end, Derry dealt with it.”

“All I did,” her husband explained with a grin, “was to say if your idea was a success, in due course there would surely be other opportunities for other people. If it wasn’t, nobody would have missed anything. But we were prepared to be the guinea pigs.”

“Who else?”

“This may surprise you. That Dutch couple - the van Dierck’s.”

They certainly hadn’t been among the names Audrey and I had marked down as possibles. Wim van Dierck had been introduced into Audrey’s dinner party circle soon after he arrived in the country charge with setting up a European base for a world wide trading company backed by far eastern finance. His urbane manners made him instantly welcome, as did the presence of Hannah, his strikingly beautiful younger wife.

“What clinched it,” Sophie said, “was when Hannah said they had a certain amount of experience. Though she didn’t elaborate. Anyway, we’ve agreed - Derry will have Hannah and Wim is going to do me.”

At that point the buzzer announced the arrival of the couple in question. There handshakes and hugs, cheeks kissed. I was encouraged to see that a hug from Hannah was no brief formality; her bosom pressed forward, her hands groped bottom cheeks.

Wim turned to Derry to say, “Have you had a chance to know the rules? We are guests, and we must behave in a manner expected of us.”

“There’s been no time, Wim,” said Audrey, “they’ve not been here long enough. But we needn’t pretend. Bring your drinks and come through. I thought we would use bedroom three - what Conrad and I think of as our playroom.”

Once the view of the river had been admired, Audrey pointed out the room’s other features. “King size bed. Room for all of us, if that is how things go. But we’ll see. At some point Conrad and I will probably escape to our own room to sleep - but not for a while, I hope. The point is, if you want to stay overnight, use this room and bedroom two next door.

“In the meantime, why don’t we get undressed? The wardrobe there has plenty of hangers.” Trust Audrey, I thought, to have in mind designer cocktail dresses that had set their wearers back several noughts on a cheque. “If Conrad, dear, will just open the doors you will see that they have been put to good use.”

I pulled them apart to disclose full-length mirrors on their interior. “I had them fitted by a little man from Wandsworth,” Audrey went on. “He offered to put one in the ceiling but I told him I didn’t want a tart’s boudoir. He gave me a funny look and said I’d be surprised how many do. But you’ll see we’ve brought the cheval glass in from the dressing room, and there are the dressing table mirrors, too. Conrad will arrange them so you will be able to see plenty.”

By this time Derry, Wim and I were down to our underpants. The women provided a wonderful display of erotic lingerie. Audrey was in black bra, knickers, suspender belt and stockings, because she knew that was how I liked her. Sophie, in keeping with the silver dress now hanging in the wardrobe wore white: bra, knickers and hold-up stockings. The knickers did nothing to conceal a prominent mound. The beautiful Hannah wore less than anyone: french knickers and stockings in pale lavender. No bra; her tits were by no means small but they needed no support.

If there was a moment’s hesitation about how to proceed, Audrey quickly dealt with it. “Come on, Conrad,” she said leading me to the bed and easing me down on to my back, “we are the host and hostess, it’s up to us to entertain our guests. Make a start - it’s time for my knickers to come off.”

I hardly needed any encouragement but Audrey was determined. She has a wonderful technique, squeezing and gently jerking with her hand on the lower half of the shaft while her mouth engulfs the rest. Her tongue can work wonders.

Sensing that she shouldn’t overdo the stimulation, she backed off and came to squat over me. Slowly

she lowered herself on to the upright member. I knew what to expect: tight lips and a liquid interior.

She was facing our guests who were perched on the corners of the bed. I could see Derry hands were investigating Hannah's tits, but I had to rely on a mirror reflection to see Sophie with her hand moving in Wim's lap.

For a while Audrey enjoyed my cock in silence, which was not what we had hoped for. She had said there were no guarantees about how things would develop but our ideal scenario had no limits.

Derry broke the deadlock. "Look at that," he said, "look how wet she is. But still not going berserk."

"Quite right" said Wim. "But there's a reason for that. Two reasons. For a start Audrey is a clever lady who looks to me as though she isn't after quick satisfaction. And anyway, Conrad is helping. Look at his hands under her bottom, lifting her and letting her slide down. He's the one setting the pace."

"Well, I hope Derry is taking note," Sophie joined in. "I can easily get carried away doing that, but it would be nice to try a bit of control."

"Just wait till I get the chance," said Derry.

"The other thing," said Wim, who was establishing himself as the expert, "is how wide Audrey is - because she is really kneeling with her legs outside Conrad's torso. So she gets minimum friction, maximum penetration. Pleasure without too much excitement too soon."

There were, happily, signs of excitement elsewhere. The mirror showed me Sophie had now gone down on Wim and was sucking slowly. When Derry spoke, it was necessary for him to remove his mouth from Hannah's nipples.

None of this escaped Audrey's notice. With a sign to me, she eased herself off my cock - albeit with a little sigh of reluctance. "That was good," she said. "But we'll take a break - who else wants to take over?"

Wim was quick to respond. "Hannah," he said, "why don't we give Sophie the butterfly orgasm?"

The woman in question lifted her head from Wim's lap. "Butterfly orgasm?"

"We can show you. Just take Conrad's place. On your back and nicely relaxed." As he spoke, he guided her into position, raised her bottom and placed two pillows underneath. "Now, legs slightly raised, knees apart."

Crouching to see, Wim carefully opened Sophie's lips. "Good, that's nice. Can you show me something? When Derry isn't available, how you pleasure yourself."

Sophie's hand crept down to her groin and tentatively inserted a finger. "Just touch the spot," Wim encouraged. "There. Is that it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I think we will find out soon enough. Just relax now, hands down by your sides. There is nothing more for you to do. But Derry, look how Hannah is kneeling towards Sophie so she can attend to her breasts. But Hannah needs something inside her - so you can do rear entry. Nothing too vigorous, please. She likes that but it will have to be later."

Derry took a stance behind his kneeling partner and handled his cock for stiffness. "But just one moment, please," Wim said. "I know she will be wet, and I need a little juice." He dipped a single finger between the folds and held it up to the light so we could all see the gleaming moisture. "Thank you. Now you may enter."

As Derry made a firm but steady insertion, Hannah lowered her head and touched the tip of her tongue to Sophie's left nipple, immediately broke the contact and transferred to the other side. Wim now placed his moistened finger tip on the spot he had earlier identified.

"Yes, Sophie?" he asked. "Is this the place?

"I think so," she replied, "but I thought you were going to fuck me. I want to be fucked."

"And so you shall be. By me and, if Audrey allows, by Conrad, too. But later. First, enjoy the butterfly orgasm. It will relax your whole body and make the rest all the better. Believe me."

"If you say so. I'll try."

"The most important thing is you don't try for it. Stay relaxed, concentrate on my finger with Hannah's juice touching your special place so lightly you hardly feel it. The same with Hannah's tongue on your nipples. Focus your mind on this and stay relaxed. In time you will want to do something, to press back, to ask for harder, but you must resist. Let everything happen."

For those of us watching it was almost impossible to detect any movement of Wim's hand between Sophie's legs, the cushions exposing the gently pulsing lips. Audrey asked, "Is this something you

two discovered for yourselves?”

“Not at all. For a number of years we lived in Hong Kong and a Chinese couple introduced us. The first time, Hannah said it was mind-blowing. Whenever we met them again she had to have the Butterfly.”

Wim turned his attention back to Sophie, speaking to her in a murmur, persuading her to restrain her instinct to want more and faster contact. So total was the erotic grip on the bedroom, we were all drawn into Sophie’s experience. Derry was buried inside Hannah, not moving, steadying himself with one hand on her hip, the other caressing her buttock. Audrey had succumbed to a little self-stimulation herself. I wanted to stroke my cock but didn’t dare touch it.

And then suddenly Sophie emitted a huge, drawn-out cry of pure ecstacy. Wim withdrew his finger but Sophie clapped her own hand on to her groin as she writhed on the bed, thrusting her body upwards as though to meet some invisible phallus. When she eventually fell back, eyes closed, breasts heaving, Derry could be seen pumping furiously into Hannah, who was offering every encouragement.

“The butterfly orgasm,” said Wim. “It never fails.”

While Sophie was recovering, I replenished drinks. Derry raised his glass to Wim and said, “What did Hannah mean when she said you had some experience?”

“It’s true. But not here. This has been our first experience in London. When we want some fun we go back to Nederland.”

“Amsterdam.”

“Oh no. Amsterdam is too commercial, too vulgar. And too many drugs. But we have friends in Enschede where a small circle meets from time to time. No drugs, not even marihuana. Just very good sex. And interesting people with something to lose if it became public. So it is discreet.”

“What sort of people?”

“All kinds. No one you would know. But faces that appear on television there. An important gallery owner. An opera singer with an international reputation. Politicians and bankers, of course,” said Wim with a deprecatory grin.

The fucking was ready to resume. Audrey, tempted I think by his impressive size, invited Derry. Wim

had a promise to Sophie to fulfill. That left me with Hannah, which was no hardship.

She was still kneeling from Derry's attentions and let me know that I was welcome to take over where he left off. Entry from behind was understandably easy but she was no passive partner, closing herself once I was inside and challenging me to ride her hard.

From around the room I could hear muttered exchanges from the other couples - Derry praising Audrey for her eagerness and suppleness - but Hannah was mostly silent. That changed little as we began to explore the possibility of other positions. I particularly enjoyed it when she rode me, bending forward so that I could work her tits with both hands.

As our coupling grew ever more vigorous, there came a moment when we were almost slipping over the side of the bed. I made to withdraw so that we could recover our balance but now Hannah spoke, apparently fearful I was ready to change partners. "No, stay in. Please. We can do more. I will do it for you. Anything you want. I can do anything. Can you put your finger in my bottom?"

Somehow I managed to keep humping her while edging us back on to the bed where I complied with her suggestion. Her sphincter was tight but penetrating it clearly added to her response. I caught a glimpse of Wim in a mirror. He was inside Sophie but not moving. His gaze was firmly on Hannah and me, and I could sense that he was immensely excited by seeing his wife fucked by another man, even if I was not the first. Catching my eye in the mirror, he nodded as though to say yes, go on like that, and began fucking Sophie with greater force.

When eventually we all had broken apart, not necessarily spent but ready for more recuperation, Audrey announced that she and I would retire. The others were welcome to stay.

In our own bedroom we spoke little but fucked hungrily. Talk could wait until the morning. We slept, and when we woke. the Trings and the van Diercks had departed, leaving only rumpled and stained sheets as a reminder of Lady Audrey's sixty-fifth birthday celebration.

The following day a case of champagne was delivered. The note said simply, "With grateful admiration from your mirror images."

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A few days later we were having a late breakfast with the Sunday papers when the phone rang - as it had frequently since the party at the Savoy. We were both in dressing gowns with every intention of returning to bed where we had unfinished business. The caller was Mrs Fox-Raven, asking for Audrey.

“Hold on, Bunty,” I said, “I’ll see if she’s about.” Audrey nodded to indicate that she would answer on the other handset, gesturing at the same time that I should listen in.

“Good morning, Bunty. What can I do for you?” Silently Audrey mouthed to me the words ‘big tits.’

“Just a social call. I expect your phone hasn’t stopped since last week. The whole town is talking about nothing else.” By ‘the whole town’ Bunty meant her Mayfair and Knightsbridge circle. “People say that gorgeous Dutchman conducted a master class, but nobody really knows anything.”

“That was rather what I wanted.”

“Yes, of course,” Bunty struggled to conceal her disappointment that any further information was unlikely to be forthcoming. “But I really wanted to ask if you were doing anything tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Yes, I’m afraid I am. Meetings morning and afternoon. What did you have in mind?”

“Well, you know Neville has gone off on one of those G8 things - it’s his second year as an adviser, and they are always off to somewhere warm in the Caribbean. Boring meetings all day, of course, but plenty of bed-hopping at night.”

“Really?”

“Oh yes. The support staff always includes a few popsies from Whitehall back offices. Neville is hopeful, but thinks the Minister may pull rank on him. In that case, Plan B will be that blonde American TV reporter. He’s had her before and says she is quite good.”

“And he tells you?”

“It’s the best way, dear. All the while i’ve got a few tricks of my own he’s always pleased to come home. But now he’s got meetings in Washington after the conference, and I don’t really enjoy a whole week of DIY. Which made me wonder if ... perhaps ... you and I ... you know?”

“Just us?”

“That was what I had in mind. Of course, we could talk about Conrad for another time, if that would appeal.”

Audrey smiled at me. Into the phone she said, “I am free on Tuesday, but this is a bit of a surprise,

you know. Can I think about it and call you back?’

“Yes, please do. I mean it’s so easy for a man, he just pats you on the backside and asks if you fancy a tumble, and no offence taken if you say no. But for us - it’s difficult, isn’t it?”

“I’m sure you’re right. Let me call you later.”

When Audrey put the phone down, she said, “I Think I’ll give it a try. Do you mind?”

“No, not really.” In fact I was quite excited by the prospect.

“The truth is when we were trying it out with the van Diercks, that clever little Hannah had her hand between my legs and I was wondering how to go from there when it was change partners, and nothing happened. You are right, you know.”

“About what?”

“Next time, we need one or two more couples. It didn’t work with just the six of us. If I had taken Hannah that would have left Sophie and four men, one of them her husband. It would have been hopeless.”

“And now Bunty tempts you?”

“I’m interested, yes.”

“And you will tell me all about it afterwards?”

“Of course. That would be half the reason for doing it. I’m not going to turn lesbian on you. But you know what they say about variety.”

At sixty-five Lady Audrey had discovered the sexual appetite of a thirty-five-year-old.