

A Twist in The Tale - Part One

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Wife catches husband and secretary.

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My name is Alan and I've been married to Linda for 16 years. I work for a civil engineering firm and regularly travel all over the world overseeing projects. I've never cheated on my wife until recently. I hired a new girl as my P.A. My old P.A. left to start a family and it took quite a while to find a suitable replacement as I needed someone with an engineering background. The new girl, Jo is fresh out of university and full of energy and enthusiasm, very hard working and keen to learn, she is also very good looking and has a knockout figure. Having a good looking assistant always helps with the clients, it's amazing what a pretty face can achieve. About three months after she started we had to travel to a project in the Middle East; she had never been abroad before so was very excited by the prospect. We were booked into the best hotel in town that catered for Westerners; this meant that alcohol was available within the hotel grounds. I warned her that women are treated as second class citizens in this part of the world, and to expect to be ignored by the clients. It turned out the opposite was true, the clients loved her and as a result the week went superbly. "Jo, you've been great this week, I don't think the job would have gone so well without you," I told her. "You deserve a treat. Let me treat you to a spa day to say thank you." "Thanks, Alan, but, there's no need, really," she replied. "I insist," I said, "I'm on a four wheel drive day, so you can be pampered to you hearts content." When we met up the following evening, Jo looked stunning, she was also very relaxed from her day, she wasn't wearing any make-up which allowed her natural beauty to show, and I complimented her, telling her so. She looked a bit embarrassed by my comment, but looked pleased. We had dinner and a few drinks and then went to our rooms to pack for our journey home. I had just got out of the shower when there was a knock on the door; I wrapped a towel around my waist and opened it. Jo was standing there with the handle of her suitcase in her hand. "I finished packing and went to put my case on the floor when the handle came off in my hand. Do you think you can re-attach it for me?" she asked. "I'll have a go, let me get some clothes on and I'll be there," I told her. I noticed Jo looking at my groin area as I said it, but, took no notice. I quickly threw on a pair of shorts and went to her room. After a few minutes of trying to fix the handle we came to the conclusion that it was a waste of

time. "Let's have a drink instead then," she said. She poured us a glass of wine each and we went and stood on the balcony drinking it, watching the sun set over the desert. "It's beautiful," Jo said, "I'm so grateful to you for hiring me and giving this chance." As she said it she put her hand on mine. I could feel how warm and soft her hand was. "You're welcome Jo, but I'd better go now, we've got a long day travelling tomorrow." As I said it she kissed me, full on the lips. I pulled away, quite shocked. "Alan, I want you, I've wanted you from the day we first met," she said. "Jo, I'm happily married, and I'm old enough to be your Dad, I'm very flattered, but I think we should leave it there." "Sorry, Alan, but, I can't help my feelings." As she said it she took my hand and placed it on her breast, I could feel the nipple harden under my fingers. I could feel she had no bra on. My other hand she placed between her legs, I could feel her heat. "Can you feel how hot I am? I want to fuck you," she said. I was quite shocked and went to move away, but she clamped her legs around my hand and kissed me again. She was pressing herself against me as she did and, I began to respond, kissing her back and, squeezing her breast. Our kissing became more passionate, and we carried on for a time. When we finally broke apart I went to leave. "Jo, this is wrong, we have to stop," I said. As I said it she stripped her dress off over her head revealing she was totally naked. Her breasts stood proud, the nipples erect and her pussy was shaven apart from a small heart shaped area of closely cropped hair. All resistance I had fell away as I looked at her. I said again, "This is wrong, Jo." "I know, that's what makes it so right," she replied. She knelt in front of me and undid my shorts; my erect cock sprang forward as she did. Any thoughts of my wife disappeared from my mind, I know that sounds wrong, but, I had a stunning, naked, young girl on her knees in front of me, who had taken my erection in her hand and was slowly stroking it. I looked down at her, she looked back at me and took me in her mouth as she did, her tongue flicked around the head of my cock, then she licked along the length to my balls, which she sucked into her mouth one at a time, she was rubbing the tip of my cock with her nails, I had never had this done before, (my wife was pretty firm about oral sex, just a quick suck, no more,) the feeling was incredible and I came all over her hand, some splashed onto her belly and ran down to her pussy, where it dripped onto the floor. "I'm sorry, I've made a mess on you," I said. "Don't be, I can feel how hot your spunk is," she replied, rubbing the spunk into her skin. "I should go now, Jo, we must never repeat this." My thoughts had returned to my wife. "You're not going anywhere until I've fucked you," she said and, grabbing my softening cock pulled me into the bedroom. I must admit that I didn't offer much resistance. Jo pushed me onto the bed and climbed on top of me, I could feel the heat of her against my belly. She ran her nails across my chest, down to my cock and back up again. Then she began to rub herself, with two fingers she opened her pussy so I could see the pink flesh and inserted one finger from her other hand into herself and began to work it in and out, I could hear a squelching sound. "Can you hear that? That's how wet I am, that's how much I need to fuck you." My prick had responded to what I was seeing and began to harden, Jo grasped it and squeezed as she moved into a position where she could sit on it. She rubbed it against herself once or twice then, slowly lowered herself onto my now throbbing member. I had never felt a shaven pussy before, it was unlike anything I'd known. Jo was sliding up and down on me, sometimes rocking her hips back and forth, her head was down and I could just see that her eyes were closed through her

hair as she concentrated on her movements. She placed her hands on my chest to support herself as she began to increase the speed of her movements, she was moaning, a deep noise that was coming from deep in her throat. "Alan, I can feel your cock all the way inside me, I want your spunk filling my cunt." She raised herself until only the tip of my cock was inside her and slammed herself down hard onto me. "Unnggh, that is so good," she whispered, and began to repeat it faster and faster. I was now thrusting upwards to meet her, ramming into her as hard as I could. "Oh fuck, I'm going to cum," I said. As I did Jo, began to moan louder. "Uuuurrrrh, shit, shit, shit, I'm cumming too. Fuck me, Alan, give me your cum." I felt my cock erupt spunk deep into Jo's cunt; I could feel myself pumping my spunk, until I felt it running out of her and all over me. Jo's legs were clamped around me as she came, she seemed to go rigid, her head thrown back, eyes shut as she let the orgasm take her until she slumped against me. Spunk ran out of her, past my cock onto me and down between my legs onto the bed cover. Jo raised herself off me, grasped my cock and licked our combined fluids off of me, sucking the last few drops from my cock. Then she lay next to me with her head on my chest. I lay there, trying to make sense of what had just happened, it was the most incredible sex I had ever had, with a girl of only 24, who is young enough to be my daughter, who did things I had never experienced before. I got up off the bed. "Jo I have to go, I'll see you for breakfast in the morning." I left the room and returned to mine, I sat for a long time considering what we had done. I decided that it would only happen once, so I would not tell my wife. The next morning over breakfast I told Jo what I had decided. "Jo, I'm very flattered about what happened last night, I must admit the sex was mind blowing, but, it must never happen again, you're a beautiful young woman, I'm an old man compared to you, you should be with men your own age." She started to protest, but, I held up my hand to stop her. "This won't affect our working relationship, you're a very capable person so your help will be invaluable to me, and the company, but, as I said this must be a one off, now let's get to the airport." Jo was very quiet throughout the journey home, but, was fine for the rest of the week, working with me with no hint of what had happened. My wife was her usual self when I got back, she gave no hint of any suspicion so, and by the end of the week I thought everything would be okay. The following week Jo and I were preparing for our next project and had loads to do, so we had to work late for a couple of nights. The first night was fine, but, on the second Jo told me she had been thinking about what had happened and confessed she still wanted me. I began to explain why it couldn't happen again when she came over to me and put her hand on my cock. She could feel it start to harden through my trousers. I removed her hand, but she stood and undid her skirt, she let it fall to the floor revealing black hold up stockings and no underwear, as I stared at her she pulled her top off, she had on a black lacy bra that her breasts were spilling out of. "You like what you see, don't you?" she asked. I nodded. "Good, just sit and enjoy." She knelt in front of me and undid my trousers, easing my cock out, she wrapped her hand around it and stroked it for a minute before engulfing it with her mouth, her mouth felt so hot my cock was twitching, she was sucking it so hard it wasn't long before I felt myself at the point of cumming. "Jo, I'm going to cum." She carried on sucking until I spewed spunk out of my cock into her hot, waiting mouth. Strings of spunk hit her throat as she continued to suck me. As I came I closed my eyes and indulged myself in the feeling, I could hear Jo swallowing

all of my spunk as I pumped it into her mouth. I sat there for a minute before I opened my eyes and looked straight into my wife's. I had no idea how long she had been there, but, from the look on her face it must have been quite a while. I tried to say something, but, couldn't think of anything suitable, Jo still had my cock in her mouth, unaware of what was occurring until, my wife said. "Young lady, I think that you must have finished by now." I could feel Jo tense as she heard Linda; I thought for a minute she was going to bite my prick off from the shock. "Get yourself dressed," Linda said. She sat on the sofa in the corner while got ourselves decent again. My wife sat and looked at us, her eyes could have cut glass, Jo was standing by me, I was frozen to the chair. "So this is what goes on when you work late then?" "It's the first time," I stammered. "Don't take for a fucking idiot, I knew something happened while you were away, but I thought I was being stupid. Now I want to know the truth. Did you fuck each other on that trip?" My silence spoke volumes, Jo replied. "Yes we did, but it was me who pushed for it, Alan tried to stop me, but I persisted." "I don't believe you; this must have been going on for ages." "It's true, tonight is only the second time and, again, it's me who instigated it," Jo said. "Why?" Linda asked her. "He's old enough to be your father?" "Because he's older. Men my age are idiots, and immature, he's kind, and warm hearted, and, a very good boss, and, very, very, sexy, and attractive." I thought my wife would explode as she listened to Jo, but, to my amazement she agreed with her. "I have to admit, I agree with you, but he's my husband and, you've just sucked his cock and, I presume swallowed his spunk?" I was staring at my wife, I had never heard her use language like this, I didn't know what she was going to do and I was a bit scared. "I know, it was wrong," Jo replied, "but, if you had been more attentive to him at home he wouldn't have had sex with me." My wife suddenly slapped Jo very hard across the face. Jo slapped her back, and I had to get between them to stop a fight. "Stop it, the pair of you," I shouted. "Pack it up, enough, look at you, two grown women fighting, over me." I looked at them both and I burst out laughing. "I don't see what's funny?" said my wife. "Think about it, two women, fighting over a man, shouldn't it be the other way around?" Jo started to grin, and then started laughing, my wife looked at the pair of us and then she started too. We ended up, the three of us, in fits of laughter; my sides were hurting from laughing so much. When we finally stopped laughing, I said. "How are we going to resolve this?" Linda answered, "I think we need to think over what's happened and then, Jo, you will come to our house tomorrow so we can discuss it in a civilised way, and you can't say no, is that clear?" Jo nodded. "Good, tomorrow night at 7.30. Now, Alan, we are going home, Jo will stay at home tomorrow to consider her actions and, you will be at home with me." I was going to protest, but, one look from her made me keep quiet. When we got home there was a frosty silence between us, a tension that was undeniable. I opened a bottle of wine and sat down on the sofa. My wife went straight to bed, I heard her lock the bedroom door. I sat thinking about the situation until the early hours and went to sleep on the sofa. I was woken about 8.30.a.m. by my wife, who put a cup of tea in front of me, my neck was aching and my clothes were rumpled. "What are you doing today?" I asked. "I'm going to start off with a bath and, then I'm going to have my nails done. You can tidy up the garden and then we'll sit and talk about our future before that little slut gets here." "She's not a slut," I answered. "Well she was doing a good impression of one when she was half naked, with your cock in her mouth." "I'm sorry, I didn't intend

for this to happen, I love you, I want us to still have a future together.” “Let’s just leave it for now, I’m going,” she said, and she went, leaving me to wonder what was going to happen later. When she came home later she cooked dinner and went to get changed, we didn’t talk much. Jo arrived promptly at 7.30. We all sat in the lounge. “Jo, would you like a glass of wine?” “Err, yes, thank you.” Jo was very taken aback by my wife’s politeness; I must admit that I was too. “Now you two don’t say anything until I’m finished. Alan, Jo, I’ve given this a lot of thought today, I will not divorce Alan, we’ve too much invested in our marriage for that, and I want to maintain my lifestyle. You Jo, can you guarantee that you won’t fuck my husband again?” Jo hesitated for a moment before answering. “No, I can’t do that, I think I love him.” “I thought as much, by the way, you don’t love him, its infatuation. That leaves two options as I see it, Alan, you either sack her.” I interrupted before she could say anymore. “I don’t want to do that, she’s the best P.A. I’ve had, and not because of what happened,” I replied. “I knew that would be your answer, Alan. He’s always shouting your praises Jo, from when you first started at the firm he’s been telling me how good you are at your job, I assume you weren’t fucking him then?” “No not then.” “That only leaves one option then.” “And what is that?” I asked. Jo was looking very worried, she had no idea how this would play out. “Alan, we’ve always had a good sex life, I know these last nine or ten months it has tailed off a bit, I’ve been very tired from the charity work I do and, I’ve been going through the change, but, I still want you sexually, so I think this is an opportunity for us.” I relaxed a bit, but was uncertain where it was leading. “What do you mean?” “Jo is a very attractive and sexy young woman, and over the last few years I’ve become curious about sex with a woman, so we’re going to share Jo.” Jo sucked in a sharp breath, I was staring at my wife, I had no idea she had these inclinations. “When I say share, I mean me and Jo having sex, you and Jo having sex and, the three of us together, always together, no shagging while the two of you are away on business.” “I’m not sure,” Jo said, “I’ve never been with a woman.” “Neither have I dear, let’s find out what it’s like together, I’m sure Alan wouldn’t mind watching us explore each other, would you Alan?” “N... no,” I stammered in reply. “What if I refuse?” asked Jo. “Then I’ll go to the M.D. and tell him what’s happened and get him to sack you, it’s quite simple really,” Linda told her. “That’s blackmail,” Jo said. “If you want to call it that, yes, but let’s just call it making the best of the circumstances, shall we?” “Now Jo, you go home and think about it, you can give Alan your answer tomorrow, goodnight.” Jo left; I sat thinking about the proposal. Looking at selfishly, I was going to end up in a win, win situation, I’d secretly always wondered what it would be like to have a threesome as many men do, and now my wife was offering it up on a plate. Jo could be the loser here, if she said no she was out of a job, if she said yes, she was going to have to put up with my wife’s demands, but, Jo being a very sexual woman, she might grow to enjoy it. “Well, what do you think?” Linda asked. “How long have you been bi-curious?” I replied. “For a while now, I never thought I’d try it, but, this is too good an opportunity to pass on.” “It is blackmail, Jo’s right,” I replied. “I don’t give a fuck, she should have thought about it before she fucked you, anyway, what have you to complain about, you come out of this alright, I bet you’ve always fancied watching two women having sex, and a threesome.” It was as though she could read my mind. The next day Jo came into my office. “What are we going to do?” she asked me. I replied, “Have we a choice? You want to keep your job, I want

to save my marriage, and Linda has us over a barrel.” “I suppose not,” Jo answered. “Come home with me tonight and we’ll tell Linda.” We got home about 7.30; Linda was in the kitchen preparing dinner. “Oh hello, Jo, this a pleasant surprise, I take it you’re not just here for dinner. Would you like some?” “Err, okay if you have enough.” Jo looked at me with her eyebrows raised. I shrugged my shoulders. “Sit down then, it’s ready.” We ate dinner as though it was a normal situation, we made small talk. Linda asked me how the project was going, it all felt very odd. After we cleaned up the kitchen, Linda said, “Let’s all go into the lounge, I imagine you have something you want to tell me, hmmm?” “Linda, Jo and I had a little talk today and we have decided that we agree to your proposal.” “Oh good, I’m so pleased, I was hoping that we could avoid any unpleasantness. Now, I think I would like to have our first session this weekend. Jo, why don’t you come and stay with us for the weekend?” Jo shrugged, I could see she wasn’t too happy, but the way Linda had said it meant there was no way she could refuse. “Splendid, I’ll make up a room right next to ours, it will be very convenient.” Linda then outlined her plans. Jo and I sat and listened. I must admit I was feeling very horny thinking about it. The next day at work the atmosphere between me and Jo was a bit tense. Jo said to me, “You’re loving this, aren’t you?” “What can I do, I don’t want to lose you, and I do admit that I’m quite turned on by the thought of it all. I’m hoping that you’ll come to enjoy it in the end.” “Well I’m not, I’m being blackmailed by your wife and you’re doing fuck all to help me.” I got a bit annoyed about this and replied, “If you hadn’t pushed it, we wouldn’t be in this situation now. I’m not the one who wanted an affair; you’re the one who’s to blame for all this, if you don’t like it you can always resign. Now get out and leave me in peace.” Jo rushed out crying. A couple of hours later she came back into my office. “I’m sorry Alan; I’m finding it difficult to come to terms with it all. You’re right, if I hadn’t forced things we wouldn’t be in this position.” “Okay,” I replied, “let’s just get down to work and not worry about it now.”