

An Evening With Ms. Grey

By ChronoEclipse

Cam and Morgan were young and in love. They had gotten married right out of college, gotten decent paying jobs and bought a house together with the thought of starting a family in a few years.

Cam was a tall, handsome young man with messy brown hair and glasses. Morgan was a ravishingly beautiful dark brunette with a curvy body that was pert and round in all of the right places.

They had enjoyed a very passionate sex life all through the time that they had dated into the first year or so of their marriage. In fact Cam and Morgan had fucked in every room and every surface space of their modest two-story home. Sounds of Morgan's high pitched moans of ecstasy echoed throughout the house annoying their neighbors.

But lately their house had been quiet as a mouse for a few months now. The nights of Cam licking his wife's soft wrinkled soles from heel to toe had given way to casual foot rubs while curling up on the couch watching netflix; the mornings of Morgan slinking her naked body up under the covers to wake her husband up with a blow job after her shower were fewer and farther between these days and work was typically leaving both of them too stress or exhausted in the evenings to even contemplate some quick and simple sex, nevermind the epic wild love-making they had enjoyed early on in their relationship.

"We're like an old married couple now." Cam said one evening as he laid in bed reading a book.

"Speak for yourself mister. I just turned 23..." Morgan smirked at him as she painted her toenails in her nightgown.

"No, I'm serious. I can count the amount of time we've had sex in the past few months on one hand." The young man pointed out.

The dark-haired beauty grinned and playfully slid the strap of her nightie off of her slender shoulder and pulled the hem down to reveal her large right breast. She jiggled it enticingly at her husband.

“Oh you’re in the mood for some sexy time huh?” She asked with a giggle and a wink.

Cam nodded and set his book on the bedside table.

“I want to fuck that tight wet pussy of yours...” He growled with a grin.

Morgan peeled off her clothing and rolled over onto her naked bed with her newly pedicured feet up in the air, presenting her womanhood to the young man. The neatly kept little triangle of dark pubes were drenched in anticipation.

“Come and take me big boy...” Morgan teased with a laugh which quickly turned to a moan of pleasure as her husband's thick manhood entered her slit.

Ten minutes later they were curled up next to one another sound asleep.

The next day at work Cam’s office was welcoming back his colleague Alexis who had been out on vacation and sick-leave for the past few weeks. In the break room he overheard her telling one of their other coworkers about a service that she had used to spice things up with her and her girlfriend in the bedroom.

“After that night we literally didn’t get out of bed for like 3 days straight - we were just a tangle of hot sweaty limbs... it really brought the spark back between me and Ginny.” Alexis said in a hushed voice.

“Uh... hey... sorry to eavesdrop but... Do you happen to have the number or website for that service you used?... Just asking for a friend...” Cam said blushing.

Alexis smirked at him and pulled a card out of her bag, handing it over to the blushing man.

“Here you go. Trust me. You won’t regret it.” The young woman said with a wink and then walked out of the break room.

Cam looked down at the card. All it said was ‘Ms. Grey - Erotic Services of a Lifetime’ and a number to call. He guessed that this Ms. Grey must be good - Alexis looked a lot more worn out and run down than she usually did, probably from all the sex that her and her girlfriend were having on vacation thanks to Ms. Grey!

He went back to his cubicle and called the number from his cell phone.

“Name?” The voice on the other end asked without so much as a greeting.

“Uh.. Um Cam?” Cam sputtered, surprised to be hit with a question so fast.

“Your partner’s name?” The voice asked.

“Morgan.” Cam replied.

“Your ages?” The voice asked.

“Uh... I’m calling about the uh... *erotic services...*?” He interjected with a hushed whisper.

“Mm hmm... The ages of you and your partner please...” The voice repeated.

“Uh well I’m 25 and my wife’s 23.” He replied.

“And when would you like to schedule your appointment?” The voice asked.

“T-tonight?” Cam asked nervously, a little excited to experience what this was all about.

“How does 9pm sound?” The voice replied.

“Yeah! 9 works great.” Cam said quickly.

“Okay I’m going to put you through to my billing person and you’ll provide her with your payment information and the address for the appointment. See you tonight.” The voice purred.

Cam looked down to see that he was pitching a bit of a tent in his pants. The voice on the phone was this Ms. Grey! She sounded super hot. Like one of those chicks from a phone sex ad - not the actual women that do the phone sex but the models that they get for their late-night ads! He thought about finding Alexis and asking her if Ms. Grey was as gorgeous as she sounded on the phone but decided to leave it as a surprise.

Once he was done with the call he quickly factimed Morgan.

“Sooooo I kind of splurged and got us a little something special for tonight...” He confessed immediately.

Morgan’s big pretty eyes went wide as she looked at him through the phone screen.

“What did you get!?” She asked with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

“Well... you know how you’ve always said that you wanted to experience what it would be like to have a three-way?” He asked, cringing nervously.

Morgan's face lit up with surprise.

“You hired us an escort!?” She cried and then immediately slapped her hand over her mouth remembering that she was still at work.

Cam bit his lip and nodded.

“Yeah... I don’t know if she’s an ‘escort’ per-se but she’s like someone that comes in and helps us ‘spice up’ our love life in the bedroom... Alexis in marketing totally swears by her!” Cam explained.

Morgan didn’t look annoyed or concerned - she looked thrilled.

“When!?” Was all she managed to squeal as she jumped up and down in her office chair in excitement.

“9 o’clock tonight.” Cam said with a nervous smile.

That night the couple scarfed down their dinner and sat anxiously waiting for 9pm to roll around. Both of them could hardly contain themselves. Morgan had put on make-up and kept fussing with her hair wanting it to look perfect while Cam stood by the counter trying different poses to seem casual.

At 9pm on the dot the doorbell rang and the young couple jumped to their feet feeling both excited and nervous as they rushed to the door to meet the woman that they were about to invite into their bedroom.

“Hi we’re so...uh...” Morgan opened the door and began to greet their guest but upon seeing the woman standing on her doorstep her words trailed off into speechlessness...

Cam and Morgan were greeted by a husky woman in her late 50s - maybe even early 60s. She wore a long overcoat, big sunglasses and a rimmed hat over her long wavy steely gray hair.

“Hello. You must be Morgan... and that would make you Cam. We spoke on the phone. I’m Ms. Grey.” The older woman said in a straight-to-the-point but not unfriendly tone.

She sauntered into the house without waiting for an invitation, hanging her hat on the stand by the door. She took her sunglasses off to reveal tired old eyes crinkled with crows feet and heavy with purple bags.

Cam couldn’t believe that this matronly woman was the same voice he had spoken to on the phone. She had sounded no older than thirty with a sweet sultry almost lyrical voice that made his dick quiver. Ms. Grey’s voice was throaty and lower. She sounded like the women behind the desk at the DMV.

“Ummm do you want a drink... er, ma’am? We have beer or wine... or I could make some tea?” Morgan offered, not at all expecting the woman that Cam had hired to be older than her mother.

“Thank you, but no. Your husband booked my services for an hour and thirty minutes and I imagine that you’d both like to spend the majority of that time cumming... so let’s get on with it shall we?” Ms. Morgan said with a smile that emphasized the wrinkles on her cheeks and around her mouth.

“S-sure... uh the bedroom is this way...” Cam gestured toward the staircase.

As Ms. Grey marched forward toward the stairs Morgan flashed Cam a quick look of confusion and Cam shrugged back and shook his head. The stern older woman with steely gray hair wasn’t what either of them was expecting but there was not much that either of them could do about it now other than just go along with it and see where the night leads them.

Once they were in the couples bedroom, Ms. Grey pulled off her overcoat to reveal that all she was wearing underneath was a black leather corset, black thong panties and sheer stockings with garters. Her heavy-set older body looked like it was bursting at the seams of this mix of leather straps and strings of silky fabric. Her puffy leathery skin was oozing out of the openings showing how age-inappropriate and ill-fitting her sexy ensemble was.

Morgan and Cam just stood in the doorway of their bedroom staring at the woman’s exposed wide chunky ass as it sagged down onto her flabby cellulite dimpled thighs. The older woman opened the case that she carried with her and took out a leather studded collar, clipping it around her loose crinkly neck and then turned back to look at the young couple just standing there gawking at her.

“Well? What are you waiting for? Take off your clothes.” She insisted.

Cam and Morgan glanced at each other again and both took a deep breath before shrugging and beginning to disrobe. Ms. Grey held up an Apple Watch to her pruned lips.

“We’re ready for the chairs darling.” The well-seasoned woman said into her wrist phone.

As Morgan pulled off her top and unstrapped her bra Cam began to appreciate how truly gorgeous his wife’s body was, especially when her young sexy breasts and torso were on display compared to the freckled sagger flopping on Ms. Grey’s chest. He tugged off his pants and pulled off his own shirt and then embraced Morgan, cupping her perky tits in his hands and giving her a kiss.

As the young couple fondled and stroked one another to get themselves into the mood, a muscular young man came into the bedroom wheeling in two stirrup chairs. Morgan yelped and covered her breasts and crotch while Cam assumed a defensive stance at the guy that had just burst into their bedroom.

“Oh don’t be alarmed. This is just my assistant Billy. He does all the heavy lifting around here, don’t you dear?” Ms. Grey purred.

Billy, who looked to be about 18 or 19 years old, smiled at the half-naked much older woman and nodded enthusiastically. They both chuckled as if sharing a joke. Cam wondered for a moment if Billy was Ms. Grey’s son or grandson even as she watched the aged sex worker pinch the boys cheeks. But then she leaned in and planted a passionate kiss on the boys lips - Cam determined that they definitely *weren’t* grandma and grandson.

“Thank you Billy. Now be a good boy and go wait downstairs for me and when I’m done here maybe we can have some of our own fun.” Ms. Grey said with a big grin.

Billy nodded excitedly and turned to walk out the door.

“Uh he can watch TV downstairs if he wants...” Morgan offered as the teenager left.

“He’ll be fine... Now then, Morgan climb up into the chair on the right and Cam, please get into the chair on the left.” Ms. Grey said in a voice that said that this wasn’t up for debate.

The young couple looked at one another once more, holding hands before pulling apart to follow the older woman's instructions. They sat down into their seats and brought their feet up to rest in the stirrups. Ms. Grey came around and pushed the stirrups down so that they supported their ankles but left the soles of their feet exposed. She strapped their legs in tightly and then walked between their two chairs, playfully gliding the fingers of each of her hands up their bare chests before taking their arms and lifting them above their heads and strapping their wrists in as well.

Morgan and Cam looked over at one another. For the first time since Ms. Grey had arrived Morgan was excited again. Her smooth skin was getting goosebumps at the thought of being strapped in and at the mercy of this strange woman. Cam was also a bit excited, mostly at the sight of Morgan's curvy naked body strapped into the chair.

"Now then. Let's have some fun shall we?" Ms. Grey asked, looking down at both of them, her wrinkled lips, painted with dark red lipstick curling into a pleased grin.

The older woman extended her flabby wrinkled arms out toward Morgan's young body strapped to her chair, the 23-year-olds toes curled in anticipation for what was about to happen as she tensed up her muscles. Ms. Grey's veiny liver-spotted hands with her long manicured nails brushed the younger woman's soles and then she began to wiggle her stiff swollen fingers and tickle the young wife.

"AHAHHA! STOP! I'M SUPER TICKLISH!!" Morgan burst out as she began to squirm and giggle uncontrollably.

A small counter at the base of the chair, right below Morgan's plump bare ass turned from 23 up to 24.

"...That's the point dear. You're my little playthings now and I'll do with you as I please and right now I'm going to tickle you until you cum for me." Ms. Grey replied with a twinkle in her aged eyes.

Getting bound and tickled had been a fun flirtatious game that she and Cam had played on occasion in the bedroom but it had never brought her even close to orgasm before. But not that she thought about it, as she gasped for breath and squirmed from the stimulation, she did feel intense waves of pleasure surging through her body starting in her nether regions and flowing outward.

“AHH! AHHH! OH GOD! OH GOD!!! AHHHHHHH!” Morgan bellowed through her fits of laughter.

The counter on Morgan’s chair moved up from 24 to 25.

Cam was becoming incredibly aroused watching this old school marm in bondage undies tickle/torture his wife. Morgan’s whole body was jostling and jiggling about as she writhed under the stimulation Ms. Grey was giving to the soles of her feet.

“That’s it dear... there’s no fighting it. We’re just getting warmed up...” Ms. Grey purred with a wrinkly smile at the red-faced young woman squirming in her chair.

Morgan couldn’t take it anymore and began to cum in her seat.

“OH OH AAHHH I’M CUMMING!!!” The young brunette cried as she squirted vaginal juices onto the seat of her soft leather chair.

The counter on Morgan’s chair ticked up again to 26.

“Oh fuck!” Cam grunted as he found himself ejaculating too as he witnessed what had just happened with his wife.

As Morgan’s spasms simmered down Ms. Grey pulled her hands away from the girl’s soles.

“Th-that was amazing...” Morgan muttered softly, her hair disheveled and her cheeks rosy pink as she tried to catch her breath.

“Definitely worth the money... thank you.” Cam agreed. This was the hottest the two of them had gotten in months.

Ms. Grey grinned again.

“And we’re just getting started dears...” She purred, licking her dark red pruned lips.

Cam and Morgan looked at one another.

“Oh uh... we kind of both finished just then...” Cam admitted sheepishly.

“Yeah it’s going to really take a while to get going again after that *epic* climax. But seriously, thank you so much. This was really way better than we even hoped.” Morgan said, giving a sincere thankful smile at Ms. Grey.

The older woman looked at them with a serious, expressionless face for a moment and then burst into laughter clapping her hands.

“Oh that’s rich! Come now dears, you’re both still young. You bounce back quickly! The right stimulation and I bet you both could orgasm every five minutes! I can say that from experience - I was young once too, you know!” Ms. Grey explained.

Cam and Morgan glanced over to each other and silently agreed to keep going if Ms. Grey thought that they could.

“Okay sure...” Cam nodded.

“Good boy... now then, you really enjoyed it when your little wife was being tickled, didn’t you?” Ms. Grey asked Cam as she pointed to the cum drizzling down his dick.

The young man nodded and the older woman responded by running a finger down his shaft, scooping a bit of his cum onto her finger tip and popping it into her mouth like it was a bit of icing from a cake.

“Mmm. You like her soft pretty feet down you? I can’t fault you – they are very cute and sexy... But I wonder how you feel about stimulation to your own feet...” Ms. Grey mused.

The older gray haired woman leaned her body forward, maintaining eye contact with Cam as she wrapped her creased lips around his big toe and began to suck on it while gazing up at him.

“UHH OOOHHH!” Cam grunted again feeling a wave of euphoria wash over him.

The counter on Cam’s chair moved from 25 to 26 and then to 27.

Morgan could already feel her body tingling once again. This was one of her secret fantasies – another woman coming in and licking up and down her husband's body in front of her while all that she could do was helplessly watch. Only in this case the woman getting her husband off was about 40 years older and 50 pounds heavier than the woman in her fantasies.

Ms. Grey popped his toe out of her mouth and grinned at him before leaning down to lick up his heel across the bottom of his foot and reached up just under his ball sack to run her fingers down the inside of his hairy thigh.

“Oh fuckkkk...” Cam moaned feeling himself grow incredibly erect again.

The counter under him moved to 28.

Morgan whimpered as she watched her husband get off from the older woman’s touch. She squirmed her butt against her seat really wishing she could rub her own clit or pinch her nipples at this moment.

Ms. Grey heard Morgan’s pouting whimpers and looked over at the squirming nude woman.

“Does the pretty girl want something?” The jowly older woman asked as she raised a gray eyebrow at Morgan.

“I just wish I could use my hands right now...” Morgan moaned in a high pitched, very aroused voice.

Ms. Grey smirked at her and kept eye contact with the young woman as she walked around her husband's chair and wrapped her veiny hand around his cock.

“Do you wish you could reach over and do this?” The matronly woman asked as she began to stroke Cam.

Morgan nodded her head and bit her pouty lip. The number under Cam ticked up to 29 and then 30. If his wife wasn't so distracted by her own horniness and sexual frustration she might have noticed the young man's hair line begin to recede or subtle lines start to etch into his face.

“And what else do you wish you could do right now?” Ms. Grey asked as she began kneading Cam's ball sack with her hand while dragging her soft saggy tits across his hairy chest.

The young man groaned in pleasure and tilted his head back, closing his eyes to take it all in as the number on his chair increased to 31 and then 32.

“I...mmm... really wish I could touch my pussy...” Morgan moaned, biting her lip again and grinding her lower body down into her seat.

Cam was thinking that the feelings washing over him as Ms. Grey fondled his manhood were the best sensations he had ever experienced in a lifetime. The counter beneath him moved up to 33 as some of the muscle tone on his body began to soften.

“Now don't cum again until I've given you permission, sweetie.” Ms. Grey told him as she released his balls and ran her fingers up from his junk across his belly, stopping to rub his left nipple as his wife looked on.

The number on Cam's chair increased to 34. Ms. Gray chuckled and leaned in to give the man a firm passionate kiss on his lips. 35.

“Now then... what were you saying that you wished you could do, dear?” Ms. Grey purred as she sauntered back over to the wife.

Morgan gave the older woman a pouty pleading face as she gyrated her naked body in the chair. Ms. Grey reached over and pinched the young woman’s hard rosy brownish-pink nipples causing Morgan to cry out in intense pleasure.

The number on her own chair began to increase 27... 28... 29.

“You’ve been such a good girl so far and I’m very curious to find out what you taste like so how about I give you a little treat before we go much farther hmm?” Ms. Grey said, sounding like a kindly teacher who was offering a star pupil some easy extra credit.

The matronly woman sauntered around Morgan’s chair and gave her feet a quick playful tickle, causing the naked woman to jerk in her restraints as a surge of intense pleasure shot through her body again. The number on her dial clicked up to 30.

Ms. Grey gently put her hands on the younger woman’s slightly bent knees and pushed her restrained legs apart so that she had clear access to the brunette’s throbbing drenched pussy. Morgan bit her lip and furrowed her brow in anticipation as the older woman brushed her fingers tips down the soft smooth skin of her inner thigh. She could feel Ms. Grey’s breath on her clit and labia and then felt her tongue spread her vaginal lips apart.

“OOHHHH!!” Morgan squealed.

She felt Ms. Grey’s hands slide under her, cupping her round firm ass cheeks as the older woman began to expertly eat her out. The number on the seat rose quickly - 31, 32, 33.

“Goddddd yessss!” Morgan gasped in pleasure as faint lines began to appear next to the corners of her mouth and along her forehead.

As her breasts jiggled they sunk a bit lower down her chest, lowering into a more tear-drop shape. 34...35

Ms. Grey pulled up and delicately dabbed at some vaginal juices on the corner of her dark red painted lips.

“Mmm that’s enough for now dear. I just wanted to run my tongue inside a nice tight slit.” The middle-aged woman mused with a grin as she traced her fingers back down Morgan’s inner thigh.

Some cellulite had formed leaving the formerly smooth legs a few lumps and divots.

“Ohhhh please... more Ms. Grey...” Morgan begged as she writhed in her chair.

“Me too! Don’t forget about me!” Cam chimed in.

Seeing his wife get eaten out had been wild for Cam, he had struggled to get his arms out of his restraints to either join them or jerk off while watching but more than anything he was feeling desperate for the euphoria of Ms. Grey’s magic touch.

“All right, dears. Be patient. I just need to get a bit more comfortable.” The older woman told them in a calm voice.

She reached around and unclasped her bra, slipping the tightly strained cups off of her large saggy breasts with a deep sigh.

“Ah much better. Now let’s attend to both of your needs.” Ms. Grey said with a wide smile as she sauntered up in between their chairs, her large freckled breasts swaying as she moved.

To Be Continued...