**An Apartment with Benefits**

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**Chapter 1 A Subsidised Apartment.**  
  
I answered an advertisement in the evening paper.  
  
'Wanted. Young, attractive, outgoing couple to apply for subsidised housing. Send CV's, recent photo's and letters explaining your backgrounds and desires. Box 6969A'  
  
Let's face it. It was an intriguing advert and my girlfriend and I could not afford to buy or rent on our wages. Who knew. It might be some sort of weird philanthropist.  
  
I felt that we had a good case to make. We had been going steady just over a year and we were both living with our parents after Uni. We were both reasonably attractive looking. Put it this way, we were never going to get thrown out of Abercrombies. Frankly they wouldn't look twice at me after seeing Susan. Long reddish hair, a beautiful face and small but firm B or C breasts. Susan that is not me. Her breasts are wonderful but personally, I thought that they are second to her bum.  
  
I sent off a letter explaining our backgrounds, where we lived, how, although we were not actually engaged to be married, we both accepted that it was likely to happen and a couple of photos of the two of us together. One was a close-up selfie we both liked and another full length with Susan in a short cocktail dress that showed off all her best assets. I hoped that, like the staff in Abercrombie's, they would not even look at me. The CVs I printed off were our most recent ones showing a couple of minor 'Desmonds' (2.2's) at insignificant universities in almost useless subjects. I also pointed out that we both had jobs, me, an apprenticeship to a gardener and Susan working in a supermarket. We were however both still looking for work more suitable to our degrees, in History of Art, mine, and Hospitality Management, Susan's.  
  
The letter explained that we met at Uni, while we were both serving on the Student Union social committee. I specialised in bar-work and Susan in party organising. This was the business she was actually trying to specialise in, now in the real world. Unfortunately, there seemed to be an awful lot of students who were great at partying and they all were looking for jobs in this sector.  
  
It must have been nearly a week later that I received an email saying that we had passed the initial selection phase and they would like to talk to the pair of us on the phone later that week. Could we nominate a phone and time when we would both be available together?  
  
Sure thing. Of course, I had to explain to Susan what I had done. She naturally pulled a small hissy-fit about the photos I had sent in. Surely there were better ones of the two of us and what was I thinking of sending the cocktail dress one where we had been mucking about. Why had I not sent the boring one that we had taken for our parents albums rather than the one where I was pulling the hem of her dress up over her hip, showing more than a bit of leg.  
  
I countered and said that it was very much an oddball advertisement so I had chosen a couple of odd-ball photo's. And anyway, it had worked hadn't it.  
  
She accepted that it had and agreed that the important thing was that it might speed up the time before we could live together and she gave me a peace offering of a couple of inches of tongue. And a blow-job, but that came later as we were in her mum's lounge when I explained about the ad.  
  
They rang on Friday evening while we were at my house, in my bedroom. We were just chatting and listening to music because while Mum knew that we had slept together she was a little old-fashioned and I get the 'while you are living in my house my boy, you live under my rules'. Both my parents were the same and in fact so were Susan's. I cannot imagine how they ever had children. I guess in those days it was grit your teeth, think of England and save up every penny to buy a house which were so much cheaper then nowadays.  
  
Consequently we did not get together for sex that often. No car meant that we were limited to times when our parents were out or occasionally a summer evening in the park.  
  
The guy on the other end of the line seemed more interested in our health and our relationship than anything else.  
  
Did we row often?  
  
I guess the flat had thin walls and the neighbours may complain if we shouted.  
  
No, we were not in the habit of arguing.  
  
What did we wear around the house. Our regular clothes duh.  
  
Do you ever walk around nude? We live with our parents for fucks sake.  
  
And then we got on to the personal questions!  
  
How often did we make love? I wish. I can hardly remember the last time it was weeks ago.  
  
Had we ever made love in public? - well I was not going to go into too much detail but surely the park counted.  
  
Did we like sex? Of course, we were human weren't we.  
  
I was just about to tell him that these questions surely had little to do with accommodation when he abruptly changed the subject.  
  
'Look, we are sort of doing a scientific survey, a sort of lifestyle portfolio seeing how changes in environment can change people's perception of moral values and the ethical considerations that they may involve.'  
  
'Oh well,' said Susan, 'if it is about going green I am all for it. Healthy air and lifestyles you know. We would do anything to further that cause. And well especially as we will be living together for the first time we would be able to give it a lot of time.'  
  
I began to wonder whether I had missed the point in his explanation. What had he been talking about? Susan seemed to know.  
  
'That's perfect,' he said. 'It looks like you have got through the second part of the interview. Perhaps we could meet up in London sometime soon.'  
  
'Yes of course,' I said, 'but where is the accommodation? We both have jobs.'  
  
'That's true,' he said. 'But both of your jobs are highly transferable, you could work anywhere. The current accommodation is a flat in almost central London. We have a couple or three actually. A couple of one bedded and a two bedded. How would you feel about sharing?'  
  
We looked at each other.  
  
I put it into words. 'I guess as a first stage or perhaps temporarily we would be okay with that, well, providing we like the other couple.'  
  
I had seen Susan's smile start to fade until she heard the proviso.  
  
'Don't worry about where it is at this stage, once you have got used to it we could move you if necessary. And don't worry about the standard of accommodation they are all lovely.'  
  
We arranged a date to go up to London and agreed to meet in a coffee-shop he knew in Marylebone.  
  
'What were you on about going green for? I am not sure that was relevant.'  
  
'Well isn't that what he meant about a scientific survey. It has to be green doesn't it?'  
  
'Maybe, well we will meet him and ask him. If you think it is a scam try and warn me. Kick my foot under the table or something. Anyway we must make sure we don't sign anything or promise any money, agents fees or anything like that.'  
  
The days passed quickly and there we were in a coffee shop in Tottenham Court Road. We arrived a few minutes early and settled down with coffees.  
  
This guy about our age came in a few moments later and came straight over.  
  
'Susan, Alex? Hi, I am Mark, good to meet you. You certainly look suitable.' What did he mean?  
  
'You must be very puzzled let me tell you a little more. Susan, no it is not a particular green thing, it is a sort of anthropological research into human interaction. We have a few flats which we let people use for free on the basis that our scientists can observe 24/7. They will record your activities and make notes. They watch the way that people talk, watch tv, eat, sleep, their cleaning routines, of both the apartment and personal cleansing and even when they make love. From this interaction our scientists can suggest ideas for new cleaning techniques, devise ways of aiming advertisements directly at tv watchers, look at bedding suitability. A whole load of things in fact. We don't actually know what some of our scientists are actually working on until they produce an idea that can be marketed or patented. We may never find out. We only produce the raw data and sell it on. That is one of the great opportunities given by the internet. Someone is always interested in the data we can produce.'  
  
I was impressed. My business brain was buzzing just thinking about the sorts of things that I do in a day around the flat. How many of my little jobs could be done by a robot in this day and age. Could I have one that takes out the garbage for my Mum, a job I hate doing, particularly when it is raining.  
  
Susan however had picked up on a word that I hadn't.  
  
'Errr... you say watching, how is this data actually transmitted?'  
  
'Yes, that's right, brilliant isn't it, we have cameras in all of the rooms so the scientists can see first-hand how you do things that they may be able to improve upon. Obviously, we have safeguards based on the highest moral principles. We will not show the toilet, for example so you are guaranteed some privacy.'  
  
I guess we both looked a little stunned.  
  
'But I mean in bed, and err... err in the bath?'  
  
'Of course. I realise that you are giving up a little personal privacy but areas like this are so important to our scientists. I mean what do you wear in bed, for example, pyjamas, a nightie, t-shirts? What soaps, shower gels, how do you wash your back? Could we get a robot to do it? Did you know that they have robotic toilets in Japan that do all sorts of things that you are used to doing for yourself? Can you imagine you may be the catalyst for the introduction of a bath robot? How proud would you be? A saviour for mankind.'  
  
'I think we need to talk about this and come back to you in a week or two,' I said.  
  
'Oh, it's a shame that we cannot get anything moving quicker than that. Actually, if you are both non-smokers I have a one bedded apartment available from Monday; no sharing as I mentioned earlier. A lot more privacy, if that is important to you. But I cannot keep it. I am seeing two more couples this afternoon and so one of them is bound to want the non-sharing option.'  
  
'Just a moment then. Let me have a private word with Susan please.'  
  
'Sure,' he said. 'I will get another round of coffees.'  
  
'Look this may be an opportunity for us to move in together,' I said. 'he hasn't said anything about wanting money so I don't think it is any sort of scam.'  
  
'ALEX,' she whispered loudly. 'They will see me in the bath. They will see us making love.'  
  
'Well you went topless on the beach last year in France and you can always wear bikini bottoms or even the complete bikini. When we make love we will be in bed under the blankets. We will be out of sight and you know we will get a bit of a thrill knowing that other people will know what we are actually doing.'  
  
Susan's jaw dropped a little at that statement. I realised I had the beginnings of an erection. She smiled. 'That is so rude Alex. I can't imagine why you think that would be fun, although, that time in the park when we were watched was good wasn't it.'  
  
We grinned at each other. We didn't need to say any more, we were in.  
  
When Mark came back with the coffees, he could tell by our faces that we were sold on the idea. I was pleased that he wouldn't have been able to guess why.  
  
'Look here are some pictures of the flat. It is in Clapham so very central. I am afraid I cannot take you down there before you move in as we have the cleaners, decorators and electricians in there. You know how much work needs to be done. It will be ready by Monday and we can always make small adjustments later. Now you will both be able to get new jobs in the area but I must tell you that, as well as the apartment, if our scientists feel that you are well worth watching then we can ask them for more money so that we can pay you something, on top of the rent. It stands to reason that if you are popular and people are getting good ideas from you that it would pay us to pay you to stay at home! Simple really. We will certainly pay you your wages equivalent for the first month say. Is that fair? One last thing of course is that we will have to get you to sign legal releases to use your images on camera and I am afraid that whenever you invite people into your home, you must get them to sign the same releases. Can you imagine Susan, say if your Dad was sitting in the lounge looking for somewhere to leave his walking stick, one of our scientists might see a need to patent a stand-alone walking stick that wouldn't fall over.'  
  
'But Dad doesn't have a... '  
  
'No, no. I understand but that was just an example. If you invite the Pizza delivery boy across the threshold he will have to sign a release. Don't worry we will leave a supply of them on a pad by the front door.'  
  
'Well,' I said, looking at Susan, 'perhaps we could try it for the month and see.'  
  
'I will see what I can do about the period. We normally ask for a minimum of one year but there are certain clauses in the agreement when it can be shortened, by you or by us. For example, if you get pregnant you would have to leave, not that the scientists would worry but they do find children distracting so we have to ban children I am afraid. It also means no visitors under the age of eighteen. Sorry. Also, if our scientists find that watching you is a waste of time then we will terminate the contract with just one month's notice. If you wish to leave we normally expect three month's notice, but frankly, we have plenty of people who want to move in so it has never been a problem allowing people to leave early. I must admit, not many couples have ever wanted to give up free accommodation and even a small salary just to move out. The only difficulty is that at the moment the only flats are here in London. Of course, there are many jobs it is possible to do from home so you could find work perhaps on the phone or maybe on skype for meetings.'  
  
Well suffice to say we were sold. We arranged to move in on the Monday.  
  
'Just bring your clothes with you.' He said. 'You have a month at least to get sorted. Here is my cell-phone number. I will arrange to meet you probably once a week to sort out any little problems or questions that you have. Here is the address to go to. There is no phone so you will need your cell-phones. Everything else is provided. TV, laptop, bedding, all furnishings. Everything.'  
  
We felt that we had been rushed a little, but we could well understand why we had to hurry or all these other couples would be trying to get our free accommodation.

**Chapter 2 Moving In.**  
  
Monday arrived and by eleven o'clock Mark was showing us around the new flat. We were both staggered. It was lovely. Only one bedroom but large rooms with a nice view from the windows. The only snag as we moved from room to room, were the number of cameras. Susan moved closer and closer to me until she was rubbing against my side.  
  
'Look at all the cameras,' she whispered. 'They are very in-your-face.'  
  
She was not wrong. There were two in the kitchen, one in the hall, three in the lounge, three in the bedroom, which all seemed to be looking at the bed, and even two in the bathroom. There was a separate toilet, and, true to his word there was no camera in it. I pointed this out to Susan as a positive.  
  
And that was it. He left us a couple of keys, a copy of the 'Apartment Rules', told us that the cameras would not go live until the next morning, promised to keep in touch and left us, somewhat dazed at the speed it had all happened and not a little bemused as to how we had fallen on our feet with a free flat.  
  
Susan looked a bit overwhelmed, so I took the easy solution. I kissed her. In fact, after a few moments when she came up for air, I actually led her outside to the corridor, picked her up and carried her over the threshold. Well it was our first house.  
  
I carried her through to the bedroom and gently lowered her to the bed. I briefly thought about the cameras but remembering that we had a day's leeway I started undressing her. I knew we were not being watched but it was a bit of a buzz making love, firstly in a bed, secondly in our new flat, and thirdly surrounded by cameras.  
  
As I pulled off her bra, she stiffened up and said, 'What about the cameras. Are you sure they are off? '  
  
'Yes of course. Don't worry. There are no little red lights lit.'  
  
We lay there, I pulled my boxers off and moved between her legs where I knew that a little tongue work would soon take her mind off the non-working cameras. I pulled down her panties and instinctively she pulled the bed cover over us. She didn't stop me licking however. Fifteen minutes later she came noisily and I threw the cover back as the heat was unbearable. With all thoughts of modesty gone she fastened her lips around my cock and a few minutes later she accepted my libation, gulping it back. This was new. She had usually at this stage, spat out of the car window or gone to the bathroom to wash out her mouth.  
  
'Wow, that was great,' I said. 'Are you alright? You swallowed it.'  
  
'Yes,' she said. 'I was determined to try and here in our own flat seemed like the perfect place to try it.'  
  
'And?'  
  
'I think I might get a liking for it.'  
  
'Maybe you just need some practice,' I said with a straight face, only to receive a light punch in the ribs.  
  
'Maybe I do, but it is not a right,' she grinned. 'Don't expect it every time.'  
  
She lay back and stretched her arms and legs up, arching her back before wriggling into a ball and saying 'Are you sure about the cameras?'  
  
'If I wasn't, it is too late now. See that one at the bottom of the bed your feet are facing and that one up on the ceiling. If anyone was watching they would have seen all your bits and pieces. They are not showing any red lights, anyway so I am pretty sure they are off. '  
  
She climbed off the bed and excitedly started unpacking her clothes, quickly filling the wardrobe.  
  
'Hey what about mine?'  
  
'He who snoozes loses.'  
  
'Oh come on, unpack for me please. I am busy reading the flat's rules.'  
  
That was not entirely true but I did hurriedly pick them up and wave them in her direction.  
  
'Is there anything important there?'  
  
'Not yet. But I am still reading them.'  
  
A lot of the rules were ones that he had told us about, under eighteens, guest's signatures, plus a few like not covering any of the cameras, try not to look at the cameras, just pretend they are not there, plus a few safety tips about kitchen apparatus and rules about no smoking.  
  
Susan had thrown her dress on again, but without underwear, I noticed. She decided that the kitchen work surface was a little grubby and I was lucky to find her leaning over the kitchen table. With one hand I held her down, the other flicked up the back of her skirt and within seconds I was deep inside her.  
  
She groaned and I realised that I did not have to hold her down. A quick look at the cameras reassured me that there were no red lights on. I pumped away and quickly filled her pussy with my spunk. She had put herself on the pill some months ago and I was going to ensure that we got our money's worth.  
  
'Two rooms down, only four to go,' I told her.  
  
She laughed, 'Oh my, I am going to be exhausted. Four? There is only the lounge left surely?'  
  
'No there is the bathroom, the hall and the toilet left.'  
  
'Noooo,' she cried. 'Not the toilet. That's disgusting.'  
  
'Sure,' I said. 'We cannot afford to go abroad this year so I thought we could pretend to be joining the mile-high club. You can be the trolley dolly and I will be the passenger.'  
  
'You dirty bugger. Got it all planned eh? I have always wanted to be an air hostess.'  
  
That wasn't a no then.  
  
We decided to go out to eat at a Korean barbecue nearby. Cheap and good value. We were still not sure when we were going to get any money next. I think we were both just grateful that they hadn't asked for any.  
  
We rechristened the bed that night just before midnight, hurrying and finishing under the covers in case the cameras came on sharp at midnight.  
  
The morning came and I noticed that Susan had kept the sheet over her body and got dressed in the toilet. She had a quick wash with one eye on the cameras. There were still no little red lights showing. I had a closer look at one of the cameras. There was a definite little red Perspex cover in one corner over what had to be a light.  
  
Susan wanted to give the place a bit of a spring clean, a good hoovering and to wash down the bath. I decided to go to some job agencies and see what there was available in the way of work. I had been an apprentice gardener long enough to be confident that while I was no expert, I could get by as a jobbing gardener.  
  
I put my name down with a couple of agencies, put a couple of cards in the newsagent's windows and kept my eyes open for anything that Susan could turn her hand to.  
  
I got back to the flat lunchtime to hear that Mark had just called and would like to meet us at Starbucks as he had some money and a gift for us.  
  
I was immediately suspicious, not about the money which he had said that he would provide, but a gift?  
  
Three o'clock saw us waiting in Starbucks with a spare cappuccino for Mark when he arrived. After all he had seemed to be supplying everything else for free. It was the least we could do.  
  
He arrived, all smiles and was quick to hand me a cheque which he said should easily cover the month's loss of income for us and then gave me a couple of hundred pounds in cash.  
  
'Is that the gift?' I asked.  
  
'No,' he said, digging into the carrier bag he brought with him. 'Well I guess it is part of the gift but these two little packages are real gifts.'  
  
He gave a small bag to Susan and she fished out a dildo and a vibrator, before hurriedly stuffing them back into the bag. Looking around to see whether anyone had seen her, she went bright red and said, 'What are these for?'  
  
'Well our... errr ...scientists noted this morning that you didn't appear to have any, as you were using your hands, so they sent them to see whether they would improve the experience. We are not asking for a written report of course. We know that if you keep using them they are acceptable. If you don't then perhaps we will try other things that you might like instead.'  
  
I have never seen her look so embarrassed.  
  
'We thought the cameras were not working as there was no little red light...'  
  
'Oh no. We took all the bulbs out as they can be a bit distracting glowing red. We found people kept looking at them. Oh, and please accept my apologies. The cameras have been on all the time. There was a bit of an administrative problem over the date you were moving in, so they were actually turned on at midnight the day before. Anyway, I just wanted to give you these little gifts and tell you everything is going swimmingly. I will see you soon.'  
  
He gulped his coffee and was gone while we looked blankly at each other.  
  
'So,' I said, 'Started without me huh?'  
  
If her colour had stated to fade it deepened again with this little sally.  
  
'Well... you had only been gone a little while.... And I missed you.... And I was cleaning the bath... so I had taken all my clothes off... so I lay on the sofa and .... and ....'  
  
'Yes. I think I know what you did, and let me explain that I am not mad that you did it. We all need our private time. But I am mad that you christened the lounge without me. I think that deserves a smacked bottom.'  
  
She looked at me as if I had two heads. This was well outside any experiences that we may have had. Frankly I wasn't mad at all but this could be fun.  
  
I thought I noticed half a smile.  
  
'Don't be silly, she said. 'you are not going to slap my bottom.'  
  
'Well what other punishment would you suggest, more chores or a loss of pocket money as if you were still at home with your mum and dad. I don't think so. You have to accept this like a grown-up girl. The only choice is where. Here and now in Starbucks or at home on the very self-same sofa that you christened without me. Either way you will have a gallery, remember that. Six slaps here or ten at home. That is the punishment.'  
  
She looked around, that half grin spreading over her cheeks.  
  
'Nooooo. Not here. I mean not anywhere. Now that we know the cameras work we will have to be a lot more careful.'  
  
'What have you got left that they have not seen? Which way were you facing while lying on the sofa? Were your legs spread wide?'  
  
She gulped, 'Oh my God. I was directly facing the near one on the side wall and yes at one stage I opened my legs really wide and then .... Ohhh my godddd.'  
  
'What did you do?'  
  
'Ohhhh, I turned over onto my knees with my bum up in the air and finished that way with two fingers..... oh no I am so embarrassed.'  
  
'She seemed to shrink in front of me as she almost curled into a foetal position.  
  
'I only want one word from you.' I said. 'Here or home? Just one word.'  
  
'Home,' she whispered.  
  
I practically had to drag her from the seat but she seemed to keep pace with me quite well as we walked back towards the flat.  
  
I pushed her into the lounge and made her stand between my legs.  
  
'You know what is going to happen now don't you?'  
  
'Yes,' she lisped. 'You are going to smack my bottom as if I was a little girl.'  
  
'That's right and do you know why?'  
  
'Yes, because I played with myself, without you being here to watch me.'  
  
This was promising and opened the door to all sorts of smackings at a later date.  
  
'Not entirely.' I was not going to make this easy for her.  
  
'Because I christened the sofa without you.'  
  
'That's right, the sofa and the lounge christened without me. Now, over my knee please.'  
  
She moved around and started to bend.  
  
'Wait. What were you wearing this morning?'  
  
'Well, nothing, I suppose.'  
  
'Well that is how I want to see you. So that the punishment suits the crime.'  
  
'But the cameras are on.'  
  
'But they were on this morning.'  
  
'But I didn't know.'  
  
'Luckily for you we are not supposed to look at the cameras or I would have you going naked up to each one of them and apologising for what you did. As it happens, I just need you to undress and climb over my knee.'  
  
I was amazed that with very little hesitation she lifted her jumper and lowered her jeans to the floor. She looked around, at the cameras I am guessing, and slowly removed her bra and then panties. Frankly I remember thinking that I would have to buy her some new underwear if this was going to keep happening. Her old granny pants were almost threadbare and her bra off-white and soft.  
  
She stood before me in the position I believe was known as ENF. Embarrassed naked female. One arm covered her boobs and the other her abundant pubes. Another thing I was determined to do something about.  
  
'Should your hand not be covering your backside where the cameras are focused,' I teased as she gasped and covered her bottom crack instead. I curled her pubic hair around my fingers.  
  
'So, this is what they had a good look at this morning, is it? Perhaps you should shave it all off so we can see it properly.'  
  
I allowed my finger to slip a little deeper into her pussy crack. She was as wet as I had ever known. I forbore from saying any more to embarrass her and bent her forwards over my knees. She kept her right hand over her bottom between it and the camera and used her left to balance herself against the sofa.  
  
'That's good. Spread those legs a little and here comes the first one. Count them please or I might forget how many I have given you.'  
  
Eight slaps followed quickly, one after the other. By the time I reached eight she was groaning, pushing her bottom out towards my hand and dripping her desire all over my legs. I could see the beads of cum glistening on the ends of her pubic hairs.  
  
'Nine,' and she groaned again and 'Ten' and she screamed and came. The first time I had ever seen her ejaculate, almost like a man.  
  
I pushed two fingers inside her, mimicking, unwittingly, her actions this morning as she orgasmed yet again over my hand.  
  
I let her rest and said, 'You seemed to enjoy that. Perhaps I had better get a paddle. Would you like to come again with your presents?'  
  
'Ohhhhh nooo.' She cried grabbing her vibrator and rushing to the bathroom. I heard it lock. It amused me to think that she was going to go and masturbate in the bath where the cameras could watch her with her new toy. I wondered whether she was so turned on that she would forget that.  
  
That night I took her again in the bed. She had come a few times already that day, at least once in the morning, then twice being smacked, and probably at least once in the bath. I meantime had a roaring stiffy all afternoon and evening until we went to bed and I was able to bury myself between her thighs fucking her to my hearts delight. She did try to keep the covers over us, but again after a while it was so hot they slipped off of their own accord.  
  
That week we christened the hall and then the toilet but by Thursday evening I was ready for some more fun. A package had arrived for me on Wednesday morning. I collected it from the mailbox in the hallway and kept it hidden, half expecting what it would contain.  
  
It did, as expected, contain a leather paddle. That confirmed my belief that the cameras had microphones attached. There was a little gift note bearing the words, 'as requested.' Bearing in mind Susan's enjoyment on the occasion of her first smacking, I was not sure who was going to enjoy this most, her, me or our 'scientist' friends.  
  
'We watched a couple of television programs until about nine when I said to her, 'Shall we christen the bathroom?'  
  
She jumped up gave me a big kiss and with a dirty little smile said, 'Sure, you know I am always ready.' Which was true. She was.  
  
As we got to the bathroom I paused and 'Ohhh wait a moment. You have already christened the bathroom, haven't you?'  
  
'No,' she said. 'I have only ....err.... jilled myself off that once on the sofa on Tuesday.'  
  
'Really,' I said. 'Not even after the smacking when you rushed off to the bathroom with the vibrator.'  
  
She blushed bright red, an endearing colour and an absolute admission of her guilt.  
  
'Ohhh but.... but.... well... yes, I guess I did. Are you going to smack me again?'  
  
There was far too much glee in her voice to get away with that, this was supposed to be a punishment.  
  
'Certainly, but first I am going to shave you.'  
  
'Nooo,' she cried. 'You .... and more importantly they... will be able to see everything.'  
  
'That's true. You should have thought about that instead of taking away my enjoyment of christening this room. I will just have to enjoy it another way. Undress now before your punishment gets any worse.'  
  
She quickly undressed, no more ENF, she just stood waiting in full view while I found my razor, a new blade and shaving gel. It turned out to be a lot harder than I expected. In retrospect I should have used scissors or clippers on the longer hair before using the blades. Still we were eventually done with no cuts or grazes and I was not too disappointed about having to pull some of the hairs out if they did not cut properly. In fact, I really enjoyed it. I think Susan must have enjoyed it to some extent, because as usual, when she bent over for the smacking she was practically dripping again. She was that wet. I gave her the requisite ten smacks with the new paddle and this time as her orgasm exploded on the tenth, pushed my cock deep inside her and held it there until I too came, deep within her. I practically had to carry her to the bed after cleaning her up and she fell asleep while I was getting a bottle of water for us from the fridge. Just as well I came too, I thought to myself.  
  
The days went by until we had been living there nearly two weeks. With her connivance I managed to smack her once or twice a week. A couple of 'presents' had arrived, clippers and a waxing kit, after my attempts at shaving her, and a delightful massage table after I had used the sofa to massage her when I eventually christened the lounge and the sofa myself. We had yet to use the table, but I was looking forward to it.

**Chapter 3 Reality.**  
  
Mark rang us after we had been their just over two weeks and asked to meet us at the coffee shop again. He assured us that his 'scientists' were delighted with our work so far but that we really needed to meet.  
  
'Look I am going to come clean with you. Our watchers, they are not really scientists, well they may be, but not all of them.'  
  
I thought I knew what he was going to tell us but I doubted whether Susan had guessed so I thought I had better play dumb.  
  
'What do you mean,' I said and winked so that only he could see. 'Are you telling us that all those suggestive presents were not from a marketing organisation, or 'scientists' trying to improve our way of life.'  
  
'Alex, don't be a prat all your life. It is a voyeur's porn site,' said Susan.  
  
You could have knocked me over with a feather. Not that she had guessed, as I just about had, although I am not sure I would have expressed it in such strong terms, but that she had sworn at me. A thing she rarely ever did.  
  
We both looked at her with our mouths open. I was quick enough to realise that I had another opportunity to smack her bottom.  
  
'What do you mean a porn site,' I said, winking again at Mark, hoping he would play along. 'What sort of things are on the site.'  
  
'Susan you are very astute. Yes, we have about eight flats now and charge people to watch you and the other seven couples, twenty-four hours a day if they want to. We just charge around a pound a day. They enjoy watching you both make love, or even just shower or bathe. A real voyeur's site. We call it 'Watchers' and I have authorised you to access it on line so that you can see what you, and of course the other couples, look like. The only thing I ask is never to talk about it to any of the other couples if you meet them and secondly that you never allow the cameras to see what you are watching. It would make it appear that we are pushing you to do things rather than just filming what you would do naturally.'  
  
'Susan, are you telling me that you guessed all this?'  
  
'Of course Alex, do you think I am stupid that I do not know what makes the world go round. Sex.'  
  
'And so, you knew all this but didn't think to confide in me. That sounds to me like a punishable offence.'  
  
She opened her mouth to speak and then closed it again. We both sat and looked at her and waited.  
  
Eventually she said, 'Yes Alex okay, you are right. I should have told you about my suspicions as soon as I had them. But let's not talk about it now. Mark doesn't want to know all your sordid little fetishes.'  
  
'My sordid little fetishes! Don't you mean yours. You are the one who enjoys being spanked.'  
  
'And I suppose you hate spanking me. Mark if there is nothing else to tell us I think we need to have this little argument at home.'  
  
'Susan,' I thundered.' Sit down. Mark has come to be straight with us and the last thing I need to hear from you is you dissing him as if he was a nobody. He has been feeding and homing us for two weeks now and is due a little respect. Apologise now please.'  
  
Susan had never heard me speak to her that way before and looked shocked.  
  
'Mark. I am so sorry. Really. I really did not mean to disrespect you and I can only apologise if you thought I was rude in any way at all. Perhaps we could invite you home for dinner or something to have a glass of wine and apologise again. Mark, Alex I am really sorry. '  
  
Mark looked at me not sure now what was happening so I thought it best to wink again at him. Unfortunately, I think Susan saw this time and was looking at me with signs of shock. What was I doing. Time to come clean I thought.  
  
'I am sure Mark will forgive you Susan but I am not sure whether I can be quite so forgiving for keeping your suspicions from me. Prepare yourself for a spanking. Here and now.'  
  
Her mouth fell open and she looked around a quarter full Starbucks. Maybe eight or ten people around five or six tables. We were just out of sight of the counter.  
  
'Now please Susan. I am not expecting to take all your clothes off, after all we are in public. '  
  
Mark looked a little disappointed and Susan definitely looked relieved.  
  
'So just take off your panties and raise your skirt to the waist. I will swing my legs out so that you can bend over them. Now please Susan.'  
  
Nothing happened. I wondered how far I could push this.  
  
'Susan this delay just added another dimension to your punishment. Mark is now going to give you ten smacks as well. And... if you do not hurry I will find another man or two in the coffee shop here who no doubt will happily join in. There are couple of single guys sitting over there.'  
  
Susan was up on her feet realising that I was now serious. She looked around, particularly I thought at the two single guys who were taking absolutely no notice of us, and shimmied down her panties.  
  
'So, Susan who is to be first? I will let you choose.'  
  
This was going to be interesting. I wondered whether Susan's thoughts would be similar to mine. I suspect she would be more comfortable orgasming over my knees rather than Marks, so perhaps Mark should go first, but then she normally comes after ten smacks, which would be Marks number. Would Mark smack her properly, would he be more likely to hit her harder if he had seen me do it first? What a quandary, Did she fancy Mark? Would that speed up her orgasm.  
  
I have no idea how her thought process worked, but she did choose Mark to go first. I would have to ask her later. Mark pushed his bench out so she could get closer. She tried to walk around to his left side so that her bottom would not be facing the main body of the shop.  
  
'Are you left or right-handed Mark?'  
  
'Err right.'  
  
'Okay Susan, other side please so that he can smack you with his right hand.'  
  
She gave me such a look, if looks could kill I would have been dead, but I could see her beginning to glow inside. My little slut was getting off on this.  
  
As she started to bend I interrupted her.  
  
'Woooah Susan. I know you have taken your panties off but you have not lifted up your skirt. I would hate you to lay on it and crease it.  
  
A last attempt, 'But Matt will see my ... my... you know my...'  
  
'You think he has not seen them before? That he has no computer feed to his desk and even to his home?'  
  
'But nobody has seen them live before except you.'  
  
'Well you should have thought about that when you were so rude earlier. So unless you want me to involve...' And I looked over at the nearest single guy.  
  
Susan slowly lifted the front of her skirt. Luckily it had been a loose flowing skirt which normally came down to around her knees. As she exposed her pussy to our burning eyes I could tell by the state of her engorged lips that she was as wet as anything.  
  
'Right, bend. I am sure Mark can lift the back for himself.'  
  
She did and with some trepidation Mark slowly lifted her skirt up to her waist. I saw Susan give a little shudder. A small orgasm I wondered?  
  
'Just before you start Mark.' I thought I would give Susan the chance to work herself up again while Mark and I were talking. 'I wondered whether you had come all this way just to tell us what Susan had already guessed?'  
  
'Actually no. I had quite forgotten. There were two or three things I wanted to mention. First, we are delighted with how you are settling in so far. We are able to tell not only how many paying customers we have but also the time they spend in each flat. This gives us a relative value, actually not a real value but a ranking of the importance of each flat. Of course, as newbies you are not in the top three or four but you are by no means last, which for a couple who have only been there for two weeks is very good. There is of course the obvious new attraction of a brand-new couple but that disappears after the first week so your second week is just as important.'  
  
While I had been intently following his discourse, I had no idea how Susan was feeling, perching over his knee. Nobody else seemed to be watching but I could not see her face to see whether she was turned on or just getting bored. She would wriggle every so often and I had an idea that she was letting Mark know she was still there. I did notice that Marks right hand, which at one stage was poised to smack her was now down and resting on her buttocks. I could also observe that the middle finger seemed a little lower, possibly as a result of being in the middle of her crack, than the other four, which were at least visible. I idly wondered where it was and what it was doing.  
  
'Anyway, to continue,' said Mark, watching me looking at his middle finger, 'we have decided that you are doing well enough to take you off the 'on trial' list and put you up to the full 'contributor' list. You have certainly passed one couple already. So here is a raise and the next cheque for the next two weeks. The following months will be at this level or more. The next level is the incentivised list but I will explain that in due course when you are ready for it. The last thing is yet another cheque with a specific use in mind. If you do not mind me saying that you are both lacking in two particular and related areas. Your underwear is tired and looks like it was purchased from a rag and bone man three weeks into a pit-strike and should be discarded immediately. I was relieved that Susan did not offer me her panties when she removed them as I would probably have needed gloves to pick them up. No Susan I am not suggesting that they are dirty, more that they would be likely to disintegrate, so here is a cheque to bring you both back into the twenty-first century, underwear-wise. And yes Alex, I mean you as well. While the main contributors to our coffers are men there are enough women and gay guys that will continue to check you out, so please remember that. The last, connected item is that having bought it, we would like to see it, so we will expect you to wear more underwear, or nothing at all, around the flat. I will go so far as to say we will be quite disappointed to see you in real clothes if you are not in the process of going out or coming in. We have put considerable effort into ensuring that your flat can stay warm in all weathers so please let me see a little co-operation by wearing considerably less around the flat.'  
  
He seemed to have finished his prepared speech and I had watched Susan squirming more and more as he spoke. It could have been the comments on the state of her undies but I suspect it had more to do with the depth that his middle finger had reached along her arse crack. I would ask her later whether she had listened to a word he had said.  
  
His ten smacks started. As I suspected they were probably not as hard as I was going to give her, but they would have been felt. I was quite pleased to see that she didn't come after both the smacks and the finger excitement.  
  
The noise of the slaps had alerted a couple of people nearby to our actions and as she stood to change sides her bottom was avidly watched by a dozen eyes at least. I noticed she held the skirt above her bottom, exposing both the front and the back. Was she too sore to cover the back or was she enjoying exposing it?  
  
She came over to me, waited, skirt up while I moved my trestle back and eased delicately over my lap. She had a small advantage in that she was on my left-hand side which meant that the strength of the slaps were going to be slightly easier and that her bottom continued to face into the coffee shop. Win, win eh?  
  
I quickly finished her punishment, deliberately hitting her too softly to trigger an orgasm and then allowed her to pull on her panties and sit next to us again. We seemed to lose the interest of everybody else in the coffee-shop at that stage. Funny huh.  
  
Mark looked a little embarrassed to be facing her again. It seems he was better with his fingers than with his eyes. I must remember to ask Susan whether his finger had actually penetrated her body. I was going to be upset if he had fingered her virgin arsehole because I had been looking forward to doing that first for a couple of weeks now. I couldn't even think of a punishment bad enough if that had actually happened and Susan had done nothing to deny him. A discussion perhaps for the walk home.  
  
'Well I must be off,' said Mark. 'An entertaining and hopefully profitable and enlightening afternoon for all three of us I am sure. Remember the underwear guys and please, please don't buy any that covers more than it reveals. Think tiny and then a size too small. See you soon.' And he was off.  
  
We strolled back.  
  
I guess we both had questions to ask. There were a few quiet moments as we contemplated the way to ask what we wanted to know. Susan started it.  
  
'Did you really think that we were on a scientific marketing experiment?'  
  
I had to lie a bit but not too much that I looked stupid.  
  
'No not really. I knew what it wasn't. I just hadn't got as far as thinking we could be porn stars.'  
  
'Uh-huh.'  
  
Not convinced huh. Time to flatter her a little.  
  
'You see, I can easily see you as a porn star. Look, any guy in their right mind is going to pay thirty quid a month to see you. But me. Who is going to pay to see me? Let's face it. I am not built like a porn star. I am okay looking but no six-pack or rippling muscles, and let's face it my cock isn't as big as some.'  
  
That worked, she immediately became defensive. 'Your cock isn't small. Well, not that I have seen any other real ones. But it's more than enough for me.'  
  
'No, I don't think it is actually small, but compared to the porn stars, well I think they will have an inch or two here or there on me. Let's watch a little when we get back and you can compare me to a few.'  
  
'I guess so. Although it will not be the same as seeing them real, is it, and now that you obviously enjoy me showing my body to other men, maybe it is time you showed me a few other cocks.'  
  
Wow I did not see that coming. I am not sure I can ask my question about penetration at the moment.  
  
'Sure, why not. I will try and work it out somehow. We can make a start by looking at the other flats in 'Watching'. Maybe we can arrange to have drinks with some of them.'  
  
'Yeah. Good idea. That Mark is a nice guy. How much did he give me for new underwear?'  
  
'Us for underwear. Five hundred pounds.'  
  
'Wow. What a nice guy. He just went up in my estimation.'  
  
'I figured you liked him. You were quick to choose him to smack you first.'  
  
'Yeah what was that all about. One moment I was supporting you and trying to keep our private life private, and the next minute I have mortally upset him and getting naked for him to beat me up and have his way with me.'  
  
'Wow Susan, I think that was a bit exaggerated. A few pats on the bottom is hardly beating you up, and as for having his way with you, well, you were only lying on his lap. Mind you I did seem to notice he may have been fondling your crack a little. Where was his finger?'  
  
'Was he fondling me, was he, really? I didn't notice. Still I guess you put me there so that would be down to you wouldn't it?'  
  
'What was down to me?'  
  
'Whatever he did.'  
  
'What did he do?'  
  
'I don't remember anything. Nothing I guess. Is it important?'  
  
I wasn't going to get to the 'bottom' of this in a hurry. I could see that. i would have to bide my time.  
  
'Look it is time to be honest with each other. We are madly in love and have been going out now for what, eight or nine months and have known each other for let us say eighteen months. We live together, we trust each other with everything, we have great sex and yet firstly you never talked to me about making love under a camera. Whether or not you, or I, had guessed that we were being sold as porn stars we have never talked about whether we like it or not. Let's face it that time we made love in the park and thought we were being watched. I liked it. I liked it a lot. But this is a bit different. This guy walking down the street towards us, he could recognise you and say 'Hi Susan, that's was a good fuck last night. Perhaps I could come round some time and you could do me?' How do you feel about this? Do you like flaunting yourself in front of the cameras? Did I imagine it or did you enjoy showing Mark your pussy and showing those other guys in the coffee shop your arse? Am I imagining it or do you like me smacking your bottom in front of a camera and even real people?'  
  
That was a long speech for me. Probably the longest I have ever made to her.  
  
We were passing the King's Arms pub at that moment. It looked a nice little pub and only a few hundred yards from home. Home. I thought of our 'borrowed' flat as home already.  
  
'Let's go in and get a drink. We have money now so we can afford one. Give me a few moments to collect my thoughts and while you are at the bar ordering I will prepare those thoughts and put them in some semblance of order for you.'  
  
Wow this was now getting serious. We had never had this sort of conversation and now if I wasn't careful I could see our relationship going up in smoke.  
  
I ordered my pint of bitter and her glass of prosecco and carried them over to the table where she was looking pensive.  
  
'Cheers.' We said together as we raised our glasses as if meeting for the first time.  
  
'I think the best way of saying this is... close your eyes and hold out your hand.'  
  
Oh my god what was she going to give me. I had not given her a ring so she could not hand it back. I racked my brains. What was the last thing I gave her? Were we about to break up.'  
  
I felt something soft and warm in my hand and there were her panties. And yes, I think there were a couple of holes in them. She really did need new underwear. I was embarrassed that another guy had to point it out to me.  
  
So, what did this mean? Was this a farewell present? A reminder of what we used to have. I must have looked at her blankly. A look she obviously recognised.  
  
'Oh men. Can't you understand the simplest message if it is not verbalised. I am sitting in a public place, I have taken my panties off and am now sitting with you, feeling very naked and wishing you would throw me over this table and ravish me.'  
  
I looked around me and she screamed, 'No. I didn't really mean now and on this table. Later at home will have to do. I love you. I love to have you spank me. I loved you bossing me around to Mark and making me show him my pussy. I loved imagining those guys in the coffee shop looking at my bottom as Mark and then you smacked me. You realised that I didn't go on your other side so I could show off a bit more didn't you?'  
  
I nodded.  
  
'Well follow it through. Believe me that I am yours and only yours, and if that means showing me off a little, or even giving me to someone else, or swapping partners with a couple, I will do it willingly and enjoyably, yes, but only with your agreement. You and I are the important part about this. I cannot know whether this will change us. I hope not but if it does I will always love you. If we break up I may hate you but I will always love you. You porn star you.'  
  
I kissed her and nearly gave her what she wanted over the table. I drained my pint and pulled her towards the door and our flat a few hundred yards away.  
  
In the light of this new honesty I thought I would get my question answered.  
  
'So, did he penetrate your virgin arse with his middle finger?'  
  
'I knew it. You were jealous. I thought so. I could see that look in your eyes. Well I guess you will have to go down and have a look for fingerprints yourself. Is it difficult to find fingerprints inside a virgin arse?'  
  
We had just reached our flat door so I followed watching as she sprinted up the two flights to the second floor flat, flicking the back of her skirt up over her arse shouting, 'Come on Sherlock, have you got your magnifying glass with you to check me for fingerprints? Can you check the dirt under his fingernails? Oh no he will have washed his hands by now. Come on and smack my bum, I know you want to. Some of it is still virginal.'

And there she was bent over the back of the sofa with her bum in the air waiting for a smacking.  
  
I had to laugh. She had given my jealousy a sense of proportion. Even if he had touched her bum I was still the one who was going to fuck it first. Assuming she had never done it with a boy at school. Who knew? I knew I was never going to ask.  
  
'Dream on. I am not going to smack your bum because you are looking forward to it too much. Just stay there while I get something from the bedroom. '  
  
'Ohhhh nnnoooo. Please don't use that big hurtful paddle on me. I will do anything. Not the paddle. Pleeease.'  
  
So she wanted the paddle huh.  
  
I picked up the tube of lube that was in the bedside drawer, with the paddle.  
  
I lubed up a couple of fingers, held her down with one arm and rammed home my middle finger. I didn't care whether it was the first or second that night. She groaned which she certainly hadn't done earlier. She groaned more when I put another finger in and started moving them around.  
  
'Oh noooo, Alex not that big cock of yours. That big porn star cock. Not in my virgin arse, surely not.'  
  
We had surely alerted anyone watching us on screen what we were about to do.  
  
'Take a big breath and push my fingers out.'  
  
She tried and as she did I pulled out my fingers and pushed my dick deep inside her. She screamed. Aha. No longer a virgin arse. I held it there for a while until I felt her moving against me. I slowly started an in and out movement and within a few moments she was screaming at me to fuck her hard, ram it up her arse. Wow I think she loved it more than I did. I did it. I fucked her until I could move no more and my semen was dripping down her leg. I lifted her and placed her gently in the bath running it warm against her tender, but beautiful bottom. My latest conquest. As I poured a big sachet of bubble bath into her water and handed her some skin cream for her little star, I looked up into the camera and took a mental bow. I could almost hear the applause from the other end of the screens. Job done. Let's hope she really enjoyed it as much as she appeared to. Maybe in the spirit of this new honesty I would find out tomorrow.

**Chapter 4 First Efforts to get Involved.**  
  
Tomorrow arrived, as it always does. I did not even need to ask the question, whether she had enjoyed it or not.  
  
'I would like to do ... well... that again, but not tonight. I am a little sore. But wow. What a hit that was. I don't suppose they saw it on camera did they. I so hope not.'  
  
Look I really don't think the cameras will be that good. It will just be an obscure picture and anyway without sound nobody would ever know which hole I was using.'  
  
'That's true. Say shall we just have a quick look and see what they are like. You promised me some porn cocks anyway. Go and get the laptop and set it up here in bed, it's back to the cameras.'  
  
I did and as we logged in we found that we went straight in without a password. It must have been linked directly to the laptop.  
  
'Look here is the list of flats, seven of them as he said. Look a new one coming in the next week or two.'  
  
'There we are look, the last one, Susan and Alex.'  
  
We had a look and sure enough there we were looking at the lap top, sitting on the bed. It seemed strange watching ourselves doing nothing so moved on to the other flats.  
  
The top one was Joanne and Pete. Nice flat, no-one around at the moment.  
  
Next were Emily and Graham, gosh they looked young. At twenty-two I suddenly felt old. 'Look they are both eighteen it says on the link.' Susan read. .'Now look ... wow... Sandra and Alice. Look all girl. Do you think they are .. you know... the L word?'  
  
'What a strange one you are, willing to fuck in front of a camera and scream 'fuck my arse harder' and yet cannot say the word lesbian. Anyway, maybe they are? So what? Maybe they are both bi. Maybe they just share a flat and wank a lot, or have a lot of one-night stands. Perhaps we can meet them and ask them.'  
  
'No, I could never ask.'  
  
'And look Tim and Roger, two guys, gays or bi? Who knows or cares.'  
  
'Oh I hope they are bi, they are too good-looking to be gay. What a waste.'  
  
'Down girl, you are with me... forgotten?'  
  
I got a quick token kiss before, 'Patsy and Louis, oh look, there they are in bed wow. Those cameras are really sharp. Oh my god look at his six pack, or maybe it just stands out because of his colour against the white sheet and her white body. His body is shining. I wonder whether he oils it? If I wait here long enough do I get to see his cock. It is covered by the sheet. Will it be black like the rest of him?'  
  
'Of course, you twerp. Have you never seen a black cock?'  
  
'You know I haven't. I have never seen any other cocks. Will it be the same size as your's?'  
  
I moved hurriedly along. I wasn't sure I wanted the comparison just yet.  
  
'Just one more flat, Janet and Dave. Look they are still in bed as well and finally us again.'  
  
I started looking at the site instructions. 'What is this archive bit. Oh wow, look we can go back twenty-four hours. We can watch me fucking your arse.'  
  
'No,' she said. 'I don't want to watch that, just in case... well... just in case... I don't know... oh go on... see if you can find it.'  
  
I scrolled back on the archives stopping at random to hear her shouting, 'Not the paddle please.'  
  
I recognised the deed was about to be done and we sat there rapt as the screen and speakers revealed every move and syllable. It was as if we were there. In fact, I guess we were. The pictures were superb. You could easily see which hole I was burying my fingers in, even before my cock sank home. We really didn't need to hear Susan shouting 'Fuck me hard, ram it up my arse.'  
  
I turned it off.  
  
'Look, as amazing as that was to watch, we cannot spend hours here watching either ourselves or other people on the screen. Firstly, they will throw us out of the flat if they find us doing it too much and secondly, it cannot be good for us to be so introspective. We know now that they can see and hear everything we do and we have to get used to that. or leave. I had no idea it was going to be quite so invasive.'  
  
Susan agreed that yes it was amazingly invasive but thought we could learn to live with it. After all it did mean we could live together. We had no other way of doing that. I had to agree.  
  
'In that case,' I said. 'Up you get and start the coffee. I will have a quick shower and be with you in a tick. Then perhaps we can go and buy you some underwear.'  
  
'Can you get up and pass me my dressing gown,' she said. 'I haven't got any clothes on and now we know how good the cameras are ... '  
  
I laughed at her, picked up her dressing gown and threw it through the bedroom door into the hall.  
  
She looked at me as I said. 'Come on, seriously. You are worrying about showing your tits when we have just seen you taking it up in the arse in almost 3D and technicolour.'  
  
She laughed shamefacedly. 'I guess. Wow. I am going to have to start getting used to it all over again. Okay I can do it. Just look away or go into the bathroom so I can do it on my own.'  
  
I laughed and whistled as I jumped into the shower, conscious of the camera looking at me. I wondered how many girls were watching me wash my dick and it started to get a little tumescent. That looked better I thought, and gave it a quick tug.  
  
I joined Susan and laughed when I saw her wearing her dressing gown. We ate a quick breakfast and then I pushed her to get a shower.  
  
'Come on you know you have to be clean to try on underwear. Go and preen in the shower and show all those good-looking guys what they can't have. But I can. I slapped her on the bum and sent her off laughing.  
  
We got dressed but by the time we had breakfast and were out of the flat heading towards central London it was already two o'clock. Neither of us had much idea where we were going so I checked the internet on my phone and searched for cheap sexy underwear. I was surprised to find both a couple of regular shops and a sex shop that sold underwear and clothes here in Clapham.  
  
We were only a couple of streets away from Love Unlimited, the sex shop so made a beeline for it. Neither of us had ever been in one before and it was with a sense of trepidation, tempered with childish glee, that we opened the door and peered inside. Or at least I did. I was in front and I got a push in the back propelling me speedily into the body of the shop. The guy behind the counter and the other four customers all watched me stagger and nearly fall as Susan came in behind me so closely that she was able to catch me before I fell. It turned out that I had the trepidation and Susan had the childish glee. She stood like a kiddie in a sweet shop looking around the shelves with her jaw sagging.  
  
'Alex, look at those dildos, so many different shapes, and all these magazines and look at all the dvd's. Oh Alex, we can spend a lot of money in here.'  
  
'Now remember what we came in for. This is very close to home so we can always come back, but let's concentrate on the undies for the time being. Perhaps we should look at a few things and then go and compare the prices at the other shops. Let's face it. We still haven't got jobs to go to and although we have been given quite a lot of money we are not sure how long it will have to last.'  
  
'Can I help you?' said the guy behind the counter, a slightly overweight sleazy-looking guy. 'I am the owner. You are new in here I believe. I certainly haven't seen you before. I give a ten per cent discount for first timers. Enjoy yourself, have a look round and if you want to try anything on I have the key to the changing room here by the till.'  
  
'Thank you,' said Susan. 'Yes, we have just moved nearby, I can see me spending a lot of time in here. It looks fun. Do you sell clothes here, I cannot see any? Do you hear that Alex, ten per cent off on our first visit?'  
  
'The clothes racks are in the basement next to the DVD booths. The changing room is up here in the corner over here.'  
  
'Come on Alex, down here in the basement.'  
  
I followed her down to see a surprisingly large number of racks of clothes and half a dozen, bargain type buckets of colourful underwear. It was not the sort of place that was so posh that I felt awkward looking at and even feeling the silky panties in the boxes.  
  
'These panties are very cheap, but then there is not much of them. I think this is the sort of thing that Mark is expecting. Small to start with and then another size smaller. Look at the ones in this box they are all completely see-through. And these are all thongs, these tie-sided and these, well I don't know. I think they are just strings, both sides seem to be about the same size. This tub is all bras, also see-through and the bras in this one are obviously a match for the string panties as they are string bras with nothing in the middle.'  
  
I laughed. 'You will look lovely in these but,' and then I whispered, 'are you going to be able to wear them around the house with, you know... the cameras.'  
  
Susan was by now also looking at them, still with her mouth open, no longer gleeful, more amazement.  
  
'You are right. I can't wear these. Well maybe for you, but not ... you know, around the flat,' and she nodded her head understanding.  
  
'Well let's have a look at the other clothes shall we. These undies are obviously not suitable, but maybe you could just wear some of them for me, perhaps when we go away for a holiday?'  
  
'Holiday, 'she said. 'Are we having a holiday, we have only just moved in?'  
  
'Listen if you wear things like this on holiday I will make sure we have one.'  
  
She laughed, 'Yeah right. A holiday, that will be the day we can afford a holiday. Perhaps we could buy a couple of these, after all they are cheap and I could wear them when we go for a walk in the park. I may not show them to you,' she teased, 'But you will know I am wearing them.'  
  
By now we were leafing our way through the racks of clothes. Well, I wouldn't exactly call then clothes. Skin ornaments, might be a better name. They seemed to emphasise the flesh rather than cover any of it.  
  
'Before we spend hours looking through this lot just ask yourself whether you even have the nerve to try it on let alone wear it. And if you do can I come in with you.'  
  
'Yes of course. I don't mind trying a couple of pieces on even though that old perve upstairs is going to be imagining me inside the changing room. Just make sure he doesn't go anywhere when I am in there. He might have a peephole somewhere?'  
  
We both laughed.  
  
The most substantial things were a dress which appeared to be full length but with slits up both sides, the second a baby doll nightie, with a see-through thong.  
  
She grabbed the outfits and with a show of bravado walked up-stairs to the till and asked for the changing room key.  
  
The guy held it out but asked to see what she was trying on, to see how many garments she was taking in with her. He seemed to spend a long time counting the two items, feeling them and holding them up, apparently so all the other customers could see them. I could see Susan was close to chickening out.  
  
She unlocked the cupboard door and gasped.  
  
'It's tiny, she whispered. 'There is no room for you in here as well.'  
  
A few minutes elapsed before the door cracked open.  
  
'There is no mirror in here. Ask him if there is one, even a hand one I can borrow.'  
  
'Excuse me do you have a mirror here?'  
  
'Yes of course,' he smiled. 'Over there, the far side of the shop, to the right of the lady's accessories.'  
  
'But why isn't it in the changing room, or at least beside it.'  
  
'Easy, the changing room is too small and some of our customers, both the ladies trying on and the men watching, prefer to see it on the other side of the room, a short walk away.'  
  
I had to laugh. He was right. I am sure all the customers, well, the men anyway liked to see the girls walking around in these skimpy items.  
  
'What sort of girls buy here then, those who are prepared to walk over there?' I asked.  
  
'We get all sorts, strippers, mistresses, exhibitionists and maybe even that pretty girl of yours.'  
  
I had my doubts but dutifully looked to see where the mirror was. I noticed that all four customers were lining the main thoroughfare on the way to the mirror.  
  
I whispered into the cracked door, 'The mirror is on the far side of the shop, past all the customers.'  
  
'Oh my god, I am not sure that I can do that.'  
  
I thought I had better give her some support. 'Sure you can, remember lifting your skirt in the coffee shop. I am here to keep you safe.'  
  
'Okay, I am not sure I can walk all that way but give me a few seconds to compose myself and I will come out and show you. Don't go anywhere,' she giggled. The childish glee was returning.  
  
I stepped back to get a better head to heels look and waited. I thought she may have chickened out but eventually the door opened and out she came.  
  
She was wearing a bottle green sheath dress, in a fairly insubstantial material, not see through but definitely flimsy. It looked lovely with her reddish hair.  
  
There were two thin straps over her shoulders holding it up and the only other support was a thin string on each side that went from front to back under her arms. Both sides were completely open from her ankles to her armpits.  
  
'Wow you look lovely, but you would have to be careful walking,' I joked, automatically assuming that she was just going to go back into the changing room. 'Where is the mirror?' she whispered. 'I can do this.'  
  
I pointed up the main aisle and looked at the four guys just standing in the aisle looking this way, with an air of expectation. 'On the right at the end.'  
  
As she turned towards the aisle she leaned towards me and whispered, 'I am so wet.'  
  
She walked slowly, in silence, taking small steps. Even so I could see the material floating away from her body at the back. All of the sides and backs of her legs, and the sides of her buttocks were completely uncovered, the hem floating a good eighteen inches away from her heels. And she was walking slowly. I wondered idly what it would be like if she hurried. I started to get a hard-on.  
  
She reached the mirror, slowly turned right around to have a look at herself and slowly walked back down the aisle. Wow. The front was also amazing. Her nipples were standing out like she had rubber thimbles on them, the material pushed back against her body. It gathered slightly between her legs, emphasising the smoothness of her pussy. My mouth fell open to match hers.  
  
As she reached me and I held out my hand to support her I heard a slow clapping noise, started by the owner but quickly taken up by the four customers.  
  
'You go girl.'  
  
'Stunning.'.  
  
'Wow you are lovely.'  
  
'You are so beautiful, one more time please.'  
  
She licked her lips which I realised must have been dry with anticipation. The only lips that were dry I thought to myself.  
  
She turned again put her shoulders back and treated the aisle like a cat-walk, sinuously and fairly quickly walking up and down the aisle between the four guys. She came back to me with an evil grin to hear,  
  
'My god but you are fantastic,'  
  
'Just one more time please.'  
  
One guy actually said, 'if I can take it off you I will buy it for you.'  
  
Susan grinned and said, 'Just one more time then,' and strode back down the aisle. As she stopped and turned at the other end she scooped the material in the front panel between her legs before striding back. This slightly obscured the camel-toe effect but did uncover either side of her tummy, all of her thighs and the sides of her boobs.  
  
She came back to cheers, gave a quick curtsy and backed into the changing room.  
  
Nobody moved a muscle. It went quiet again. They all knew she had taken two pieces in with her. They had seen the owner holding them up.  
  
She came out of the changing room with a flourish this time, still buoyed by her success with the first item. I quickly realised that this showed even more flesh.  
  
It was the very essence of Mark's, 'tiny and then one size smaller' request.  
  
It was white and just about completely see-through. It had a scoop neck and little frilly shoulder straps. There was a tie in the middle at the bust line and it opened out from there down. The hem stopped halfway down her panties, so that the side ties were covered but the front showed about three inches of clear white net covering her pussy and the back three inches of buttock with a string disappearing between them.  
  
Surely, she will not parade around in that I thought, hoping in my own mind that she really would.  
  
And she did.  
  
She strolled the catwalk like a professional, accepting the plaudits and delicately keeping their hands at bay. I remembered a little late that I was supposed to be protecting her. Still, she seemed to be doing a good job of it on her own. She bestrode her catwalk three times, as she had before and returned to the dressing room.  
  
She came out dressed in her skirt and jumper and handed me her old bra and panties.  
  
'I am never wearing these old things again.' She said. 'I would rather wear nothing, in fact I am getting to quite like it. Stay here a minute, I am just going to buy some bits and pieces from the buckets downstairs. You don't need to see them until I am ready to show you them,' she teased. 'What do you think about these things.'  
  
'I really liked the green dress, but will you wear it?' I said thinking economically. 'The baby doll was a bit too cheap looking and probably too small a size as well. Although Mark would have liked it,' I added.  
  
She grinned. 'Yes, I think he would. But you are right, I don't think he gets to see that one. Give me a tick and I will be back.'  
  
By the time I had looked at some magazines she was back paying the owner for a small bag full of items.  
  
'Look girlie, I am not going to give you ten percent off,' he said. I could see a row brewing. I am going to give you twenty percent every time you entertain us like that. Look what it does to my business. We turned around to see all four men queuing with their purchases in their hands. 'It's Susan isn't it. I heard your boyfriend call you that. I will make a little note here and leave it in the till if you come in and I am not here. Try some stuff on and get twenty percent off whatever you buy. Remind the cashier about the note if I am not here. My name is Joe by the way.'  
  
'Thank you, Joe, yes, it is Susan and my boyfriend here is Alex. See you around I am sure. We will be back. Thank you.'  
  
We walked down the road and back into the King's Arms. It was becoming our local. I sat down next to her with our usual drinks.  
  
'Well,' I said. 'Look at you, all giggly after showing off your body to all those men. You must have really enjoyed it, I can smell your arousal from here.'  
  
She looked a little shocked and I decided that I had better take that back, especially as it wasn't entirely true.  
  
'No, not really. Only kidding, but I bet you are really wet. So, do I get to look in this bag I am carrying,'  
  
'No, you don't. I told you, I will show them to you when I am wearing them. And what do you mean all giggly. I just wasn't bothered that those men happened to be there while I tried the clothes on.'  
  
'Oh come on.' I cried, 'You were like a dog with two tails, walking up and down those aisles saying look at me, look at my body. Do you want to see my tits? How about my pussy? Like it?'  
  
She thumped me hard. 'That's nonsense.' Then after a pause, ' O...kay, you know you are right, I loved it.'  
  
'It does strike me that you are enjoying this flat even more than I am. You are getting the chance to show off right out here in public. If you can do this I suspect you will have no problems wearing underwear around the flat or getting out of bed without a dressing gown.'  
  
She became serious. 'I guess that's true. I might have to imagine all those guys watching me in order to enjoy it as much as I did in Love Unlimited. I can see we may have to spend a bit of time in there.'

'We must get on. Finish your drink we have some more shopping to do. Some classier underwear. Let's have another look at underwear shops in the area, we know where we can buy cheap and cheerful. What I would like to see you in is the full set. Stockings, suspenders and a little bra and g. That will give the camera guys a heart attack. Look there is a specialist lingerie shop only a couple of streets away, in fact the street next to the one we were in earlier. We have to walk right past the sex shop again. It's the next on the left. You will have to be serious in this one I suspect, there will be no crowds of cheering men. '  
  
She pouted, 'Really, perhaps I had better call in to the Sex Shop and take the men with me. Do you think they will come?'  
  
I laughed. 'I am sure they would, maybe you can call in on the way back and show them what classy lingerie looks like.'  
  
I could see she was actually thinking about it. 'I was only joking you might upset Joe if he sees you have spent a lot more money elsewhere.'

**Chapter 5 Friends or Rivals?**  
  
We found the shop, Lace n' Easy, and yes, it was certainly a lot posher. I was intrigued however that it still appealed to exhibitionists in that the customers were encouraged to come out of the little changing rooms to look at one of three or four large mirrors in the communal area. I was offered a chair in this large room and was interested to see that there were already a couple of men in there already. Susan noticed them as well and I saw her grin start to appear.  
  
She was chatting with an assistant obviously telling her what she was looking for. Having spied the two other guys I knew this was not going to be a quick session as I saw her touring the racks of clothes picking out what looked like corsets, basques and another negligee. Oh wow.  
  
One of the men was a lot older than me, probably in his fifties and the other just a little older than me, perhaps thirtyish. The older guy was pretending to read a paper. The younger one caught my eye and smiled. 'Lumbered with helping her do the shopping, huh?'  
  
'Yes,' I replied. 'Still I don't mind helping her from time to time.'  
  
We both laughed and the older guy coughed and covered his smile with his newspaper. It looked like he had settled in for the afternoon.  
  
So far I had seen no sign of any ladies changing, but I noticed three of the changing room doors were shut. I could hear talking and giggling from one of the rooms. It sounded like there were two girls in one of them. I guessed that they would have a mirror and would be enjoying themselves too much to come out.  
  
I was wrong. They were the first ones to show. They looked around as they came out of the changing room and each went up to one of the long mirrors. The blonde was in a black bikini, Brazilian cut over the bottom. She had small boobs so spent most of the time in front of the mirror trying to see her bottom. Or maybe trying to show her bottom, I thought. The other girl, a black Caribbean girl in a red bikini had a wonderful pair and was prepared to flaunt them. I realised that they must have been with the younger of the two guys as she went up to him and asked what he thought of them. 'Truth now, do you like them?'  
  
I quickly realised that they were not together because he was stuck for anything to say. The cat had got his tongue.  
  
I tried to help him out. 'Well if you don't mind me interrupting, I think they are both lovely.'  
  
'Mmm,' she said. 'That's a bit of a double, double entendre! You like both costumes or both... '  
  
'Yes I do.'  
  
We all laughed. Even the older guy had put his paper down, looked at the blonde and said, 'Well if I may BUTT in,' and we all groaned, 'that's ASS good as they come.'  
  
We groaned again and the blonde said.' Well thank you sir, I will take that as a complement.'  
  
They giggled a little squeezed their bodies together in front of just one of the mirrors and eventually disappeared back into the cubicle. We had broken the ice somehow, so the older guy did not pick up his paper again, in fact let it fall to the floor, and we looked around us waiting for the next little floor show.  
  
I suppose it was Susan returning with an armful of clothes and the attendant who provided the next interest.  
  
'Sorry I have been so long Alex, I hope you have not been bored waiting.'  
  
I just shook my head, she was acknowledged as with me, both of the guys had had a good look at her and approved but I had no idea whether she had seen the two girls in bikinis, or whether she was just making a general remark. I decided to ignore it, she would sooner or later realise that she had a similar audience to the guys in Love Unlimited. She disappeared into one of the empty changing rooms.  
  
The next out was the younger guys partner, a biggish blonde, well built, not fat but statuesque. She was in a black see-through cover-all negligee, obviously an outer garment of a set. I suspected an under-negligee and probably panties below it. Possibly also a bra. She was well covered. The older guy and I just nodded approval, as we were not being asked to comment but the younger chap looked a little disappointed. The blonde obviously noticed, 'Don't you like it.'  
  
''No, no, it's lovely. It is perhaps just a bit more... well... substantial than I expected, as it is for our honeymoon.'  
  
She looked around, as if she hadn't seen we were all watching her. She quietly said, 'Well the under-layer is a lot more see-through, but well, it is quite public in here, isn't it?'  
  
I thought he was going to get into trouble when he said, 'Well the last two girls trying on bikinis didn't seem to mind.'  
  
The older gentleman obviously thought the same because he interrupted by saying. 'Young lady, firstly congratulations on being about to be married. It is a wonderful institution. I have been married to my Elise for more than twenty years now and we have loved every minute of it. She will be out in a minute, you will meet her. But in the meantime, if you wish to keep your charms covered until your wedding night, you will of course only be upholding a long-time tradition. If however, you are worried about my friend and I, he pointed to me, than I can assure you that we are not only the souls of discretion but also, like your fiancée, admirers of the most beautiful women, such as I see before me. If however you wish to show your fiancée, but only your fiancée, my friend Alex and I will turn around, reluctantly, but I assure you we will turn around and look away. No peeking.'  
  
He started to turn. I thought I should support him so I also started to turn.  
  
'What a lovely turn of phrase, how can I refuse my fiancée in his little whim of showing me off. Even though he may suffer for it later,' she laughed.  
  
We smiled at each and faced her once again. While we were waiting, she was obviously still not quite confident in doing it. Just then an older lady, in her forties slipped out of her cubicle wearing the outfit that I was hoping to see Susan wear.  
  
Black stockings, a small corselette with suspender straps attached, and a see-though bra and g string neither of which obscured much flesh. I am afraid she took all our interest so that not even the other guy was looking to see his fiancée remove her cover-up. Now I knew he was in trouble. I wondered whether this lady had been listening and whether her intervention was inspired or merely malicious.'  
  
'Do you like this Gordon?'  
  
She knew the answer, for an older woman she was stunning. 'My darling Elise as usual you are gorgeous and I am sure my two friends here will both agree with me, Alex and err... err. '  
  
'Jim,' said Jim.  
  
'Quite,' said Gordon, 'but regrettably Elise, you came out at a rather special moment for Jim and his fiancée err... '  
  
'Brenda.'  
  
'Thank you Jim. As I was saying that was rather a special moment as Brenda was about to show Jim the negligee she will be taking on her honeymoon.'  
  
Now she couldn't wriggle, I thought. Very clever Gordon.  
  
We all looked and, slightly shamefacedly, she removed her outer cover.  
  
'Gorgeous'  
  
'What a beauty.'  
  
'Beautiful my darling.'  
  
This time it was Susan who broke the quiet.  
  
She came out wearing a strappy little ivory camisole which stopped just above her navel, a pair of cream hold-up stockings and a tiny ivory thong.  
  
Had there been a conversation happening it would have stopped.  
  
'Susan, may I introduce Elise, Gordon, Brenda and her fiancée Jim. This is Susan guys. At that moment, like in all the best bedroom farces, the other door opened and out stepped the other blonde and her friend in new bikinis. Again, the blonde had a black one with three, two inch zips over both her nipples and her naked pussy. The zips were completely unzipped, showing, both nipples and the top of her nether lips. I vaguely wondered whether the zips were supposed to do up or were just for decoration.  
  
The black girl had a ring bikini, in fact, two, three-inch brass rings placed over her nipples as a bra held together by strings, and one oblong brass ring held in place over her pussy by more string. Everything was open and available.  
  
I was hoping that poor Brenda was feeling overdressed.  
  
Gordon was the first to gather his wits. The girls just smiled as if they realised what effect they had on us all.  
  
'Ladies, this is Susan and Alex, Jim and Brenda, Elise and myself. I am Gordon.'  
  
'Bryony and I am Sam,' said the blonde.  
  
I don't think any of us guys could speak. Elise eventually summed it up.  
  
'Wow well girls, you look fantastic in those bikinis, in fact if I may say so we all look fantastic in the outfits we have chosen, even if I do feel just a little overdressed.'  
  
We laughed politely, but obviously not quickly enough.  
  
'I think there is only one thing I can do,' she said, and took off her bra and panties. After enjoying a few moments of contemplation, I raised my eyebrows at Susan.  
  
She laughed and, as I expected, she took the hint and lowered her thong to her ankles, kicking it into the air and catching it.  
  
As if choreographed we looked at Brenda.  
  
'What the fuck,' she said and pulled off her panties. It was now a very attractive negligee, see though black net. I assumed that was all we were getting but no, she removed the strapless bra she was wearing under it, undid the bow at the neck and peeled the negligee completely off.  
  
'Who was I kidding Jim, this is what you are getting on our honeymoon.'  
  
We laughed and all gave our congratulations anew.  
  
We were interrupted yet again, but this time by the attendant. 'I am sorry ladies, we are closing in ten minutes if you would like to bring any purchases through to the counter.  
  
'I cannot believe the time, it is five already,' said Gordon. How about next week at two o'clock. It would give us a little more time for the ladies to show... , sorry I mean buy, more undies.'  
  
'Nice idea Gordon,' I said, 'almost certainly we will be here.'  
  
'Well we will be on honey moon,' said Jim, but if it becomes a regular feature we will see you in two weeks' time.  
  
An amazing afternoon and we hardly spent anything.  
  
Getting back to the flat I really expected Susan, to put on a fashion show for me and show me the stuff we had bought. But no, she squirreled it away in a bottom drawer and forbade me from looking at it. She did hang the green dress on a hanger. I really cannot see her wearing that at all, particularly out of the flat.  
  
We spent the evening in the flat with Susan wearing a t-shirt and a pair of her old knickers. Frankly they were so thin with washing so many times they were probably more see-through than most of her new ones. We made love in bed and I had little problem undressing her completely and throwing the covers off but she was quick to pull the duvet back over when we had finished and were cuddling off.  
  
The next day over breakfast we decided to visit the other undies shop that was local to us and then perhaps go out to lunch. We took the laptop with us as we felt that it was not right to spend time watching it in the flat.  
  
As we were going out my phone rang, it was Mark.  
  
'Hi Alex how is it going.'  
  
'Good Thanks Mark, we went shopping yesterday as you suggested and bought some ...'  
  
How ridiculous I was reluctant to say undies, I was getting as bad as Susan.  
  
'Underwear I assume, but I was disappointed to see no sign of it last night. If I am not mistaken she still had her old ones on. '  
  
'Yes.' What could I say. We were being closely watched obviously.  
  
'Alex, look, I have only recently joined this company and you are my first enterprise. We really need to make a success of this. I don't want to threaten you but at the moment you have no jobs. You don't want to be homeless as well do you?'  
  
'No funnily enough we are on our way out just now to a lingerie shop. I am sure you will see the results soon.' I hoped that was enough.  
  
'That's good. Is it just because Susan is reluctant Alex?'  
  
'Yes.'  
  
Well why don't you just order her what to do. Yesterday you ordered her to take her panties off. She did it. Then you ordered her over my knee. Can you not see Alex, she likes to be told what to do? It turns her on.'  
  
'Yes, right. Okay.'  
  
'And one last thing. Would you like to meet one of the other couples? They just live around the corner from you. You will see how they live and explain about the neighbourhood. They have been here a few months.'  
  
'Yes, that would be nice.'  
  
'I will text you the address and phone number. It is Joanne & Pete. Be there at two-thirty for a drink. They prefer red wine if you are taking a bottle.'  
  
'Right we will be there.'  
  
'What was that all about,' said Susan.  
  
'We have been invited for a drink this afternoon with Joanne and Pete.'  
  
'Oh, that's nice. What was that about telling him we were going lingerie shopping.'  
  
'He was asking if we had spent his money yet.'  
  
'Oh, do you think he watched s last night.'  
  
'I am pretty sure he did. You will have to wear less, perhaps tonight the new stuff we will buy today.'  
  
'Mmm, well let's see what it's like first eh darling.'  
  
We talked while we were walking. I decided against telling her that I was going to be more demanding. But Matt was right, she did respond to it.  
  
'Here is the shop Susan, 'Small Things,' I guess that's what we are looking for.'  
  
'Right, I am going to do this on my own,' said Susan. 'Wait here. I won't be long.'  
  
'I have the money, I want to see this lot. See that what we are buying is suitable not comfortable.' I tried to speak positively.  
  
'Yes Sir,' she laughed. But it seemed to work.  
  
In a very short period of time she had a shopping basket of undies. They looked just like her old ones but newer and cleaner.  
  
'These are no good. Look Matt will be watching again tonight He will want to see what the money has been spent on and these look the same as your old ones. Come on let's go back and try again. Or better than that, you wait here and I will go shopping.'  
  
'But I will feel awful walking round in some of the stuff they have here, some of it is really tarty.'  
  
'I'll tell you what let us have a game. Like a betting game.' I knew she was usually up for a game or even a dare. I wondered whether this wasn't part of not being in control.  
  
'What do you mean?'  
  
'Well we will buy 3 pairs of panties, one of these, I held up a granny pant from the bag, secondly a pretty bikini type bottom and third a tarty one. Three bras similarly. When you get dressed we will shake a dice and one or two gets you the safe stuff, three or four the medium and five or six the hot stuff. You also need a slip or half-slip, perhaps some nylons and a suspender belt.'  
  
'I guess,' she said. 'and some tights.'  
  
'No,' I said. 'No tights. I have never liked tights. Right, let's go. You choose the safe ones, I will choose the hot ones and we will collude on the pretty ones.'  
  
I had no idea how saucy the ones she had bought in the sex shop were so I had to with my instinct. Probably not too outrageous. We would have to work up to the see-through ones.  
  
I decided on a pretty black shelf bra, which might just cover her nipples but probably not her aureoles, black with a little flower petal pattern along the bust line and a matching pair of thong bottoms. Small but not Wicked Weasel small.  
  
A decent start I thought.  
  
I put them in a bag as I was going to try to keep them hidden.  
  
Susan had already started looking for the middle range, I guess she had literally picked a couple that she already chosen as the safe pair.  
  
I t was fairly easy to agree on a nice ivory one with solid bra panels but in a silk or satin material that would highlight her nipples when they were hard and a matching Brazilian bikini style bottom.  
  
I helped her choose a white half-slip and a couple of matching chemise tops, one almost a slip, down to her panties, the other short just over her naval. I then added a fairly plain black suspender belt and stockings. As an afterthought I threw in a white belt and stockings as well.'  
  
'Right that does us, let's go and pay. '  
  
'Can I see the ones you chose?'  
  
'No, in fact I may make you put on a blindfold to put them on. '  
  
'Ohhhh nnnooo. If they are that bad I won't wear them. Come on. Play fair.'  
  
'They are not that bad. You will like them I think. This is just a bit of a tease for you. Come on, let's go and get some lunch and watch the online pages for a while. See what Joanne and Pete look like before we go straight there. They are in the same road as this shop so we can go over to the coffee shop down the road and have a bite to eat before we go to theirs at two thirty.'  
  
We looked at all the pages, most of them were out but Joanne and Pete were there. I had to laugh they were cleaning the flat, I guessed in preparation for us going around. Joanne was wearing a tee-shirt and medium sized panties and Pete Boxers. I wondered whether they would dress up for us. Should we go home and put nicer clothes on.  
  
I asked Susan what she thought.  
  
She looked me up and down and thought that my blue jeans and polo shirt were quite suitable but maybe I was right and her skirt and sloppy white roll-neck jumper should be smarter.  
  
I responded by saying that I thought the other way round. She looked great but was I a bit scruffy. We both laughed and decided that, on that basis, we were okay as we were.  
  
Joanne had long blonde hair right down her back, and was slim, model like slim, with a pretty face. Pete looked like he worked out. I wondered whether I should start going back to the Gym. I hadn't been since we left college. Too expensive.  
  
The time flew by and soon it was nearly two thirty. Come on let's go. We need to pick up a couple of bottles of wine first. Perhaps one of each because they may not have any white in for you, if they both prefer red.  
  
Soon we were greeted at the door of their third floor flat by Peter who had obviously dressed for the occasion by putting a short tee-shirt over his boxers. He showed us into the lounge, showing us where we could drop our shopping and the bag containing the laptop. Joanne came in bearing a tray with a couple of already opened bottles, one of each colour, and some glasses. We sat down were poured a glass of wine and within minutes we were chatting like old friends. I was impressed that she had dressed up, at least compared to Pete. She had changed into a nice pink mini skirt and a glittery t-shirt.  
  
While I thought the cameras were a little obtrusive when I first walked in within an hour I had forgotten completely about them. We had discussed how we had first met, where we lived before, how we found living in Clapham what we had studied at Uni and all the sorts of things that young couples talk about.  
  
I was beginning to feel a little warm. The flat was obviously kept warm so that they could run around with fewer clothes on. We must have been on our fourth bottle of wine, even Susan was drinking red now, they had run out of white after the two bottles. Susan must have been baking in her woollen roll-neck sweater.  
  
I did hear Joanne asking Susan if she was ok, that she looked a bit warm, but no, apparently Susan was fine.  
  
There was a small pause in the conversation and I heard Joanne ask Susan what was in the bag? Had we been shopping?  
  
Susan looked a little embarrassed and said yes, she had need ed some new clothes so we had bought them on the way down. Joanne must have seen the label on the bag because she said what a nice shop 'Small Things' was and how helpful the staff were.  
  
'Yes,' agreed Susan looking at her watch.  
  
'Can I have a look,' said Joanne, getting to her feet and walking towards the bag.'  
  
'Oh well I don't know... ummm... I haven't seen it all... umm it is...' She just ran out of things to say.  
  
'Oh you lucky girl, Alex chooses undies for you does he? I wish I could get Pete in there. Please let me have a look.'

'Okay. Well why don't you look at them in the bedroom. I will come in with you.'  
  
Pete and I just shrugged and smiled at each other. Girls. Who knew what they would do next. Well we were about to find out.  
  
I heard Susan squeal 'Nooo,' and wondered whether she did not like the pieces I had chosen. I did not think that they were that bad.  
  
I heard Joanne's voice shouting loudly over the music playing, 'Guess what boys we are going to give you a fashion show.'  
  
It was reflex action that made me look at the cameras. Pete saw and laughed. 'You know what, we don't even remember that they are there any more, except I guess that Joanne will do crazy stuff like this more often. Not that she ever did it before of course, but any excuse now to take some clothes off. You may have noticed how warm it gets. By the way if you want to shed some clothes just do so. Neither of us will mind and I am sure they won't,' he laughed, gesticulating at the nearest camera.  
  
Joanne came out of the bedroom having changed her camisole top for a Wonder-bra, which pushed out her c cup boobs until they looked almost large. Maybe it was padded.  
  
'Now Pete, don't get too excited at this first model because as Sue said she needed a complete new wardrobe and these are just for when they go home to Mum and Dad. Model Susan ... Come on down.'  
  
Susan, looking horribly embarrassed came in wearing the new white granny pants and large bra that she had just bought. I could see Joanne laughing, a little cruelly I thought, but then realised if this didn't change Susan's wardrobe habits nothing would.  
  
'What do you think Pete. No don't answer that. So tell me Susan, when you wear this home for Mum and Dad, and presumably Alex's Mum and Dad, do they like it? '  
  
'In a really embarrassed voice Susan said, 'Well of course they never actually see it.'  
  
'So why do you wear them. Anyway, come on, nobody likes them. Let's take them off and get on with the show proper.'  
  
I think I was happy that at least she was now going to look attractive even if she was going to be embarrassed in front of Pete and the cameras.  
  
They disappeared back into the bedroom, I began to wonder why they didn't just change here when the cameras were all over the house. I guess it was to make the presentation better  
  
I heard Susan's voice announce, 'and now Joanne in her white broderie anglaise bra and panties.'  
  
Joanne did look lovely. She was model slim and she walked up and down the lounge, between Pete and I like a catwalk model. She was going to be a hard act to follow. Joanne stood by the bedroom and said, 'Followed by Susan wearing her new demi-slip and ivory ensemble.  
  
Not model slim but beautifully built with a glorious bum, lovely tits and great legs, she was easily a match for Joanne, and I could see that Pete thought so too. We both applauded particularly when, after a little prompting she slipped off the slip and walked around in her panties and bra.  
  
I could see a change coming over her. Whether it was another bottle of wine that they had in the bedroom or the showing-off, one of them was getting to her.  
  
And finally announced Joanne after some lengthy wait, 'the full set.'  
  
They strolled out arm in arm, Susan in black stockings and belt, with the quarter bra I had selected and the matching thong. Wow. Her nipples were just peeking over the top of the floral decoration.  
  
Fair enough Joanne looked stunning as well in a similar but red set-up. Her bra was not a balcony but a gauzy red, allowing the nipples to be plainly seen.  
  
They strolled around, taking very little notice of the cameras, until we had looked our full. We applauded again as they left to go back to the bedroom. We assumed they had finished.  
  
I could hear slightly raised voices. It sounded like Susan was getting anxious again. Joanne appeared to be telling her what to do next.  
  
Joanne came back still wearing the red ensemble and said, 'Susan wanted to show Alex everything that they bought Pete, but she is worried that after the last set it will be disappointing because it is not a matching ensemble.'  
  
I remembered that we had bought a couple of chemises which I guess she wanted to show.  
  
She slowly came through the bedroom door as Joanne said 'Oh and Pete they only bought three pairs of panties so there were no new ones to show off with this outfit.  
  
Wow yet again. Wow wow in fact.  
  
The chemise highlighted her nipples, hard as little stones. My eyes followed the longer white chemise down to the hem and then down over the white suspenders down to her white stockings. As Joanne said. 'So no panties.' This I did not expect.  
  
I thought I might help. I held out her glass, although I suspected that she had another one in the other room, and said, 'Come over here brave girl. Come and sit on my knee.'  
  
She did and curled up into my lap, her bravery now disappearing.  
  
I thought it was time we should leave.  
  
'Look I hate to jump and run as we have had such an amazing afternoon, but I am in dire need of a little one-on-one time with Susan here.'  
  
They laughed.  
  
I carried on. 'This really has been remarkable, perhaps we can repay with a few drinks round at our place next week.'  
  
And then to Susan, 'Are you going to dress darling or are you coming home like that?'  
  
We all laughed and she dived for the bedroom and came out seconds later dressed with the bags in her hand. I found out later that she had thrown on the skirt and jumper so leaving with no panties or bra on. A great improvement, I thought.  
  
She didn't get a chance to play games for the underwear that night as we fucked like rabbits until we both fell asleep exhausted.