**An Apartment with Benefits**

by[WillingWolf](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1456550&page=submissions)©

**Chapter 6 Home truths and Option 3**  
  
We talked about it next day. I commented that she must have enjoyed it because when we got home she was as horny as hell.  
  
She claimed that Joanne got her drunk.  
  
'I didn't really come into the lounge without panties, did I?'  
  
'You certainly did, strolled around the room like you owned it and when you sat on my knee you left a stain in my trousers. So do you have a hangover this morning?  
  
'Well it's not too bad.'  
  
'In that case you must have enjoyed it. Right, plan of action for today.'  
  
I jumped out of bed, went to her underwear drawer and started pulling out all her old undies.  
  
'First things first. This lot is going in the bin.'  
  
She nodded. 'Including the safety-first pair you bought yesterday, to visit your mother and father. I'll tell you what I will leave these if you promise to show them to your father. On of course.'  
  
She went pale. 'I can't do that.'  
  
'Of course you can't. That's why I am throwing them away. Nobody else deserves to see them.'  
  
'Ooookay, they probably are a bit dated.'  
  
'Right that leaves this ivory set we bought yesterday as the safe go-to pair when you need to feel comfortable and the black ones as the everyday set. So get up and put on the black thong and the quarter bra.'  
  
'No please let me wear the ivory set as regular ones please, please.'  
  
'Not if we are going to make a success of living here. Don't forget I have to live here with you. Here you are constantly making me feel jealous by parading in front of the cameras, or other people. So, I want something good to look at too. I am going to choose the undies in future. Remember how much Joanne wished that Pete got involved. Well her wish has come true for you. Now get up and get dressed.'  
  
'Okay, pass me the dressing gown please.'  
  
'I can't. it is going in the bin with the undies.'  
  
'Nooo.'  
  
'I suggest you go and get a shower while I put breakfast on. I will lay your lounging around the flat wear on the bed here. Remember wear this and only this.'  
  
I went easy on her and laid out the shorter of the two chemises and the black thong. They contrasted nicely, and I particularly liked the six-inch gap at her waist between the two garments.  
  
She eventually arrived in the kitchen and quickly slid onto a kitchen stool, hiding herself behind the table.  
  
'Okay let us get this straight. I am taking control of your wardrobe. Particularly the underwear part, but also the outerwear will be checked by me and maybe changed if it is not suitable. Yesterday for example that jumper was completely unsuitable. Lovely for winter in the arctic but not here in autumn. I want to see you in dresses and skirts only, no jeans, trousers or tights.'  
  
She nodded as she poured the milk over her cereal. I realised that Mark was right. She needed to be ordered what to do.  
  
Today we need to get some more underwear or you will be without panties by the morning. If we go back to Small Things, I also remember seeing a dress shop just down the road.'  
  
I popped out while Susan was clearing the breakfast things and making the bed. I went to the Job Agency again. Talking to Pete yesterday it seemed that he had a job, just twenty hours a week, at a Bookies. That would be a start I decided. I explained my position to them and they promised to call me if there was anything part-time available. It seemed strange, but I felt awkward with nothing to do. It wasn't that the money was that important with Mark paying us from time to time. Maybe I would have to take up an old hobby. I was once very keen on both photography and drawing. I nearly went to art school instead of Uni and I did end up with an arts related degree after all.  
  
Back in the flat Susan was ready to go out. At least she thought she was. I took her back into the bedroom, selected a shorter skirt and a fairly see through blouse instead of the jumper that she was wearing. As she took off the jumper I realised that she still had the chemise on, with no bra.  
  
'I tell you what, your choice. If you want to wear the chemise, you can. Just the chemise, or if you want to wear this admittedly slightly see through blouse then the ivory bra goes under it. And don't quibble or it will be the black quarter-bra.'  
  
Not a word. She pulled off the chemise and replaced it with the ivory bra before adding the blouse. You could easily see the bra through the shirt, but then, yes it was an attractive bra.  
  
'Let's go.'  
  
Clapham was growing on me. We hadn't needed any transport yet, buses or trains. Everything seemed to be walkable. Bars, shops, off licences, and a host of restaurants that we had not been to and probably couldn't afford.  
  
One of the best things about shopping in Autumn is that the summer dresses and other light floaty clothes more suitable for summer are often on sale, and so it proved.  
  
We were able to buy five floaty dresses, two of them with buttons all the way down the front from neck to hem. They were going to be fun and I think Susan realised it. She seemed a little wary of buying them. I found a couple of really short mini-skirts and some strappy lacy chemise type tank-tops that would be pretty with a bra and even prettier without.  
  
'Alex, don't think I am complaining, because I know you have excellent taste, being arty and all, but this style of wardrobe is completely different to anything I have ever had. I am not sure I can wear this sort of thing all the time.'  
  
'That's why I have taken over as your dresser and fashion adviser. If you start getting negative comments I will immediately start letting you dress the way you want. Remember I love you and I don't want to make you look foolish. I want everyone to want you as much as I do. Plus, we can have a little more fun on the side. Those button-down dresses are going to get a lot of action.'  
  
I got a sharp nudge in the ribs. 'That's what I suspected, you will make me have a button or two open won't you?'  
  
'I promise not a button or two,' I joked, 'four or five, or maybe a lot more.'  
  
This time I avoided the elbow.  
  
'In fact, let's start now. We have the outer clothes so now let us go back to Small Things and while you are in the changing room I want you to change into this dress. I gave her the flimsiest of the button-down dresses, white, broderie anglaise with short sleeves and a full skirt, the hem just below the knees.  
  
Once in the shop Susan helped me choose four or five regular bikini style panties in a range of colours and then seven or eight spicier ones, either tiny or see-though and even one pair of crotchless, with a matching bra. I would work up to those I thought. Susan either did not see me drop those in the bag or she turned a blind eye. I hoped it was the latter.  
  
Once we had a small basket of goodies I selected four pairs of panties and a couple of bras for her to try on with the white dress. Some of them were black which I knew would stand out under the flimsy white dress.  
  
'I want to see them on you,' I prompted.  
  
'It's not Lace 'n Easy with a separate changing room that the booths open onto. They open onto the shop floor.'  
  
'Yes, that's right. That is why you are wearing the dress over them. I think of everything.'  
  
I had, but she hadn't, because she came out wearing the black thong and matching semi gauze net bra. She was obviously embarrassed that they were so obvious under the dress but still had no idea how I wanted to look at them.  
  
She stood facing me so I said, 'Well?'  
  
'Well what.'  
  
'Well aren't you going to show me?'  
  
She looked around her.  
  
'What here? How?'  
  
'Your choice, either lift the skirt up or undo it all, I don't mind either.'  
  
She slowly lifted the front standing perhaps six feet in front of me. I was unable to tear my gaze away to look around. I suspected we were on our own.  
  
I had to use my fingers to signify 'a little higher please,' until at last I could see everything from the crotch to the waistband.  
  
I nodded. 'Beautiful. I like them. The back?'  
  
If looks could kill, but this time not being able to check out that we were alone she was quicker pulling her hem halfway up her back.  
  
'Lovely,' I said, 'and the bra?'  
  
Turning she unbuttoned the front down to the waist but I shook my head and pointedly looked at the lower buttons.  
  
I just saw a glint in her eye. She was moving from embarrassed to horny. I realised we would have to buy the underwear as it was probably stained already. All the buttons were eventually undone and she flipped the sides apart. That pretty well confirmed to me that we were on our own.  
  
'Perfect.' I said. 'And now the others?'  
  
She flounced back and within minutes was back wearing a pink see-though gauze pair of panties. The dress was still undone so she opened it wide and flipped the back across so I could see the back. The line between her buttocks looked very kissable I thought.  
  
'The other bra as well this time,' I suggested.  
  
Before she could return another guy and his wife or girlfriend arrived. She went into the cubicle next to Susan and he and I exchanged bored smiles. I knew we were soon going to make that smile a little broader.  
  
Susan came out of her cubicle flapping the sides of her dress together and on the verge of opening them right up. She froze as she saw the guy standing next to me. He had plainly been looking at her as she had come out of the changing room strongly and confidently.  
  
I smiled at her and nodded my head to signify that she should go ahead when she was ready.  
  
I saw her take a deep breath and throwing open the sides of the dress and said, 'What do you think about these darling.'  
  
Red and tiny. Mark would have loved them. There was a tiny patch over her pudendum and the strings went around and up through crack of her arse. She spun around to show us. The bra was a matching red platform with her nipples at least an inch above the material. I loved it.  
  
'Perfect darling,' I said. 'We will take them all so far. Just one pair to go?'  
  
Again her look should have turned me into stone. We both knew that last set was the white crotchless. I wondered whether she would chicken out and perhaps put one of the earlier ones on. My heart of hearts told me that she was going to call my bluff and wear them.  
  
She did. A few moments later she flounced out, 'Alex, you naughty boy. When did you slip these into the basket. You knew they were crotchless I am sure. Look I cannot go around like this, can I?'  
  
She turned around and bent over and the panties opened up either side of her lower lips, exactly as they were designed to do.  
  
Both the other guy and I were speechless.  
  
She stood up again and turned to face us just as the guy's wife came out of the changing room. Whether her timing was fortuitous or she had heard Susan mention that her panties were crotchless I don't know.  
  
'Look at these', Susan said to her, using her fingers to open the front of the panties, and coincidentally her lips as well. 'Men huh. One track minds. Still I guess we have to keep them happy. Ok darling, we can buy these as well, just get that tongue warmed up and ready for me.'  
  
She flounced back into the cubicle as the three of us looked dumbly at each other. We were still silent when she re-joined us, all of the underwear clasped under her arm except for the little white panties which were hanging off her finger.  
  
'Come on get your money out. Sorry to rush off,' she addressed the couple beside me. 'I have to get him home to his wife.'  
  
We rolled over to the till laughing fit to bust. I kissed her strongly and deeply. 'Time to get me home to the wife,' I said. Unless you want to go to Joanne's for another fashion show.'  
  
'Never again,' she said. 'Well not until the next time anyway. Take me to bed.'  
  
Did she not realise it was only three o'clock?  
  
After that it wasn't difficult persuading Susan to wear skimpier clothing around the flat, I just used to lay out her clothing for the day, usually her less risqué panties and a tee-shirt, occasionally a thong and a chemise. I did notice that when she was wearing the thong that she spent more time sitting down at the table where she was a little better shielded from the cameras.  
  
I got a phone call from Mark later that week and we arranged to meet back at the coffee shop.  
  
'So how are things going?' he started after we had picked up some coffee.  
  
'All right, I think' I said. 'From our point of view, we are very happy. You have given us a lovely flat which means we could move in together at last, and even a little bit of money so that the fact that I have not been able to get a job yet hasn't been a real problem.'  
  
'Good. I am delighted how you have settled in and there is a way that we could even perhaps pay you a little more.'  
  
'Really,' said Susan. 'That would be lovely. What would we need to do?'  
  
'Well one thing I have noticed is that you look delightful, now that Alex is choosing your clothes, while he is still always fully dressed. What do you think Susan?'  
  
She looked at me as if through new eyes. 'You are right of course and there must be a lot of girls watching who would like to see him in in his boxers. Alex, we need to take you shopping. Consider that done Mark.'  
  
'Good, now next thing is I should explain how we calculate the payments we make. It might help you earn more. We have a fixed sum, depending upon the number of viewings we sell, to divide between the seven flats. Obviously the flat that gets the most people watching it makes the most money and the flat that has the least viewers the least. Logical?  
  
We nodded.  
  
'Now at the moment you are sixth. That means if you got to first you could earn at least five times what we are paying you now. '  
  
Susan and I looked at each in shock. That would be a lot of money.  
  
'When you started, that first week you were right up there, almost at the top as people wanted to see what the new couple were like. How often they made love, how often they fell out and then made up? How attractive were they. What did they look like in the shower? Frankly fresh meat. Not an attractive way at looking at it, but that is the way it is. Now you were right up there, a really attractive couple and the very first thing you did practically was rip your clothes off and take her up the bum. Then you shaved her. Then she jilled herself off on the bed. After that I am afraid it has all been downhill. You make love under covers. Yes, I know they fall off from time to time and I am delighted to see that you obviously enjoy each other, a lot, but where is the pzzazz, that keeps people coming back. Do you know who was top this month? Joanne and Pete. One of the reasons being the number of viewers that you pulled in Susan, with your fashion show. That got them a nice little bonus not you. To get the money you need to firstly show a lot more flesh and give the viewers a reason for watching your flat and not Joanne's. Do you understand me?'  
  
Wow reality hit home. Yes, we were porn stars and at the moment we were not good porn stars.  
  
He realised by the way that we looked at each other that his words had hit home, hard.  
  
'Now look, I am not threatening you with throwing you out of the flat. My bosses are quite happy with the way you have established yourself and the fact that you are already not last in our revenue stream means a lot. What I hope I have done is show you that with a little more exhibitionism you can earn a lot more. And let's face it Susan, you are not a stranger to a bit of exhibitionism, are you. I mean if Alex here asked you to show me your knickers, we all know you would do it. Wouldn't you?'  
  
'Would I?' she asked me.  
  
'I think you would,' I said. 'In fact, I think you would enjoy it. Why don't we find out? Susan please stand up and show Mark your bra and panties.'  
  
I knew she would for a variety of reasons. She did like to be told what to do and secondly, she was becoming more and more of an exhibitionist. This was a good opportunity to show to just one person, not unknown hundreds through the camera lens. Thirdly I believe she quite fancied Mark.  
  
Susan was wearing a strappy cotton sleeveless tee-shirt and a tight mini skirt with bare legs. I knew her underwear was on her favourite safer side. If I had thought about meeting Mark I would have made sure that the whole outfit would have been racier.  
  
Susan was fairly quickly on her feet and after quickly looking around the room to see who might be watching raised her tee above her breasts for a few seconds. Lowering it she looked around again, undid the button and zip at the side of the skirt and pulled it upwards over her tummy until the hem was level with her hips. It was obviously too tight to just pull up. After a few more seconds she slipped it back and sat down again.  
  
Mark looked less than impressed. 'See Susan, you were quite happy to do it, not perturbed at all. Why, because what you are wearing is so safe and covering that you could walk along the high street in just them and no-one would turn a hair. Mark, you must be to blame here as you dressed her this morning. Put yourself in the eyes of one of our viewers. Suppose I was sitting here with an outside broadcast camera and one of the most attractive girls in the scheme is about to show her underwear. The anticipation is enormous and then ...Bang... nothing. The camera zooms in so the viewer cannot even see her beautiful face any more, but what we do see is a nice, small, but not exactly tiny or even soft bra, and a pair of white bikini panties, like his wife wears. Disappointing huh. And Matt also disappointing. While you did take the hint and showed me what we knew, that Susan is a closet exhibitionist, you did not ask her to go a little further than I suggested. You still did not push her very far. No asking her to remove them and put them on the table. No asking her to get the guy on the next table to help her. No asking her to go up to the counter and order another coffee with her skirt around her waist. Again, I am reiterating that I am not threatening you with anything. I am just explaining what you have to do to start earning decent money. Or should I say indecent money.'  
  
He laughed at his own joke. We sat a little stony-faced, which he noticed.  
  
'Oh come on. It is not that bad. I can see Susan that you are feeling a little low. One of the reasons must be that nobody else in here even bothered to watch you undress. I will bet that is a first. Why because there was no anticipation, no setting the scene. Go and have a few drinks tonight. Here is fifty quid to go and have a bite and a few drinks. It will all look better in the morning after you have had a chance to chat about it. Why don't we meet up in here tomorrow or the day after and chat again.'  
  
'The day after would be better for us because we have arranged to meet Gordon and Elise in the Lingerie shop tomorrow. Let's face it that will move us a little further along your path Mark. This was a couple we met last week who were more than open to a little exhibitionism.'  
  
'Okay then the day after tomorrow, eleven o'clock again. Why don't you invite them to your flat and do it properly. Anyway, I look forward to seeing you again Susan.'  
  
We knew what he meant.  
  
'Let's go lover. I have fifty pounds of Mark's money here burning a hole in my pocket. Let's go and have a few drinks as he suggested.'  
  
We hit the King's Arms again and sat in the corner with a pint and a large gin and tonic.  
  
'So, give me your reaction to the whole thing,' I said. 'I need to know whether you want to carry on with the flat. Although he said he was not threatening expulsion, it could happen if we don't up the game. We would have to go back to living with our parents again. Or move so far away we could find a really cheap flat, and jobs. Or we can up the game a little and try and stay in the middle of the earners. Let's face it, we do not need a lot of money to live on, so if we could get to, say third or fourth on the list, there would be almost enough to live on. I might still be able to get a job in a bar or coffee shop. The third option is to throw caution to the wind, become sex maniacs and try to oust Joanne and Pete from number one. I would like to get our own back on them for making money out of your fashion show.'

Susan nodded. 'You summed it up well. Look, I know I can enjoy the sexy side, especially when you are telling me what to do so I don't have to wrestle with my conscience. I really don't think either of us want to go to the first of your choices. I love living with you and would even go so far as to say I love you, as I am regularly telling you, so choice one is definitely out. That leaves two or three. Let's say that I throw away all the new safety panties and even start going topless in the flat like we know some of the girls do at least some of the time. Perhaps have more showers, get you some sexy undies and you take at least one shower a day. Even if we make love on top of the covers and I give you blow jobs in the lounge. Will that be enough?'  
  
'I am sure that would move us up the ranks. It may even get us in the top three. What would we need to do for choice three do you think?'  
  
I think she guessed what I was edging towards. My imagination was beginning to spin. Any male would be thinking along the same lines as me. I even started getting a hard-on without any specific images I my mind.  
  
'Go and get me another G and T while I think about it.'  
  
I got back with the drinks to see that she had taken her coat off. That was not too surprising, it was reasonably warm.  
  
'I accept it would be mainly me,' she said. 'Look at Pete, okay he had boxers on but he was not exactly dynamic. It was Joanne that led it all. And you know me, I don't like to lead but I am ready to be led. So what I am saying is if you want to try option three you will have to do the leading. If you are going to get jealous when I take my clothes off, then it is not going to work, because you will have to be the one to show me off. I have only seen you jealous once I think and that was when I was sitting on Mark's knee. Do you think your jealousy will get in the way. Suppose he wanted to finger me, or lick me out or even fuck me. Would you let him Alex?'  
  
'No never. Well not fuck you, or lick you or even... No, I don't think so ... Well maybe if you only did it for Mark, or someone important, or...'  
  
'Alex, what are you telling me, no, or maybe, or only for important people, or the right amount of money? Which? Would I let you fuck Joanne if they asked us to join them in swinging? What if they asked us to, say, play naked twister with them? How far are we going?'  
  
I sat there and finished the first pint and had a long sip on the next one.  
  
'Wow, I thought I had thought it through, but you summed it up better. I don't know the answer to any of those questions. Yes, I would like to be sexier with you, and of course it is every man's dream to get sexy with other girls, but yes, I can be a bit jealous I suppose. Can I get over that, and as you say, what about you? How would you feel about me with my dick in Joanne's mouth? Forget about Joanne and Pete for a minute what about Gordon tomorrow. What if he tried to finger you? Would you let him?'  
  
'But he's like what, sixty.'  
  
'So what, his sixty year old finger will have had a lot of experience.'  
  
I could see her getting turned on at the thought of it.  
  
'I had never thought of that. I suppose he has, well, if it was all in context, I mean, say he was feeling the material and his finger slipped ...well.'  
  
I laughed, 'You are practically cumming at the thought of it. Take your knickers off here in the bar and put them on the table for me.'  
  
She practically jumped to obey me. Didn't even look around to see who was watching us.  
  
'I guess there is the answer,' I said. 'I think we both want to take option three but neither of us know how far we want to go nor how far we will go before jealousy or inbuilt moral values stop us. You would obviously not mind being fingered, I can see you are wriggling your pussy onto the chair now thinking about it. I think I can safely say that I would watch that without stopping you. In fact I am hard now thinking about it. So why don't we try it and see how it goes. Let us say no oral or any other sort of penetrative sex unless we have had the opportunity to talk about it.'  
  
'Agreed,' she said. 'Who knows, it may be real fun. And unless we try it we will never know. We certainly would not have been having this conversation if we had not moved into this flat. So first thing on our agenda is find you some new boxers. Let's go.'  
  
Suffice to say Clapham had a multitude of cheapish stores that sold men's underwear and we soon found half a dozen to buy. I now had a selection of boxers, satin and cotton and tanga briefs. I am not sure how I was going to feel about strolling round the flat with my bum hanging out. I quickly found out as I decided to start Susan off this afternoon with just a thong. She was definitely up for sex and I thought this would pleasurably delay it for a while and, at the same time get her used to running around the flat with very little on.  
  
I marched her into the bedroom and ferreted around in her underwear drawer to find a particularly small thong. Knowing that she was commando at the moment I said 'Put these on and take off the rest of your clothes. That is what you are wearing for the rest of the day.'  
  
No argument. Great. Except for 'Okay but then you have to wear these.' And out came one of the tangas we had just bought. I could hardly argue, so on it went and yes it did feel strange walking around. I realised why Susan had sat at the table so much. The silly thing is within the hour we had both forgotten how little we were wearing and even that the cameras were there at all. I took her over the sofa in the lounge doggy style. There, I hoped the viewers enjoyed that one.

**Chapter 7 Big steps.**  
  
We were meeting Gordon and Elise next day in Lace n' Easy at two o'clock so the morning seemed to drag.  
  
I chose a summery, front opening dress for Susan and laid it on the bed while she had a shower. She called to me that I had not laid out her underwear, but before she could even finish the sentence I told her that she could go commando as she would be trying on underwear when we got there. I received no comment or backchat but when she came out into the lounge dressed, I felt that I should maybe just check.  
  
I bent her over one of the dining chairs, with her back facing the camera of course, and slowly raised the back of the dress. Perfect bum and no textile in sight. She deserved the little kisses with which I smothered her bottom. We were ready an hour early so I suggested we went and had a quick livener at the King's Arms. We did, and a couple of Gins and a beer later we were pushing open the door of Lace n' Easy. The first thing I saw was Gordon perusing one of the racks of clothes.  
  
'Susan, Alex,' he said. 'We were hoping you would come. I know the owner here so they have agreed that while they will not stop anyone coming into the changing area, they will tell them that there is a small private party and maybe a little more openness than usual. They will be welcome to join us but if they want a little more privacy they should use the smaller changing facilities on this floor. I did promise him that we would buy something this time. Last week we monopolised his changing room for nearly an hour and bought nothing. I said I would make it up to him. There is no pressure on you to spend though. I buy a lot of stuff for Elise in here.'  
  
That was nice of him to take the pressure off us spending a lot. I had expected to have to buy one or two things, mainly because the items looked so lovely on Susan that I know she would want something.  
  
Susan was off looking around so Gordon said 'Why don't we just go downstairs and wit for them to surprise us. Elise is already down there with an armful of stuff.'  
  
We wandered off but not before I had been able to steer Susan's eyes towards a rack of very sexy looking corsets. She looked at them, then at me and her eyes widened. I nodded. That should be enough I thought. If not, I would come up and get one later.  
  
There was no sign of Elise in the large changing area so she was plainly in one of the cubicles.  
  
'Hey Darling, I am down again and Alex and Susan are here. She is just choosing some things to try on. Come out when you are ready,' he called. 'Let us take a seat and wait Alex. This should be fun.'  
  
I couldn't help thinking that it would be more fun for him because he was seeing Susan and I was only seeing Elise. Not that Elise was not stunningly attractive but she must be twenty or so years older. I must control my jealousy if this is going to work.  
  
Elise came out in a full-length slip, cream with a little lace around the bust. She came over and gave me a kiss.  
  
'Hello Alex, lovely to see you again. What do you think?' She gave a little spin.  
  
What could I say but 'Lovely. That looks really good on you.'  
  
'Don't be too disappointed, I will get around to the fun stuff later, but I really need a couple of slips so you will have to put up with the boring stuff first.'  
  
I realised she was teasing me, so shot back with, 'Hardly boring Elise your nipples stand out beautifully. And no sign of panties I see.'  
  
I was delighted to see her blush a little and Gordon laughed.  
  
'Well done Alex. Do not let her embarrass you. Off you go then Elise. Let's get the boring stuff out of the way.'  
  
I did wonder whether this banter might be a bit much for Susan when she came down.  
  
As Susan came down with an armful of lacy bits Elise was just coming out in her next slip. A black one. They kissed and Elise said, 'I have grabbed the biggest cubicle, join me in there and we can help each other.'  
  
I heard Susan whisper, 'All the things I have brought down are a bit risqué after your slip, Should I get something less showy.'  
  
I did not hear the whispered reply but she was ushered into the changing room while Elise did a quick spin in black slip.  
  
Just then a couple of voices chorused, 'Hello Guys' and in walked Bryony and Sam, both with their hands full of lacy bits and pieces. I followed Gordon's lead and gave them both a big kiss. 'The girls are in there. I am afraid we started without you.'  
  
'We were really not sure whether we could come until literally this morning. But I am so pleased we are here now. Annette upstairs warned us that there was a private party going on but we could intrude if we were broadminded so we knew you were here already.'  
  
Elise popped her head around the cubicle door, exposing, I was delighted to see, the edge of her right nipple. 'Hi Sam, Bryony, we will be out in a minute. Whoops.' As she appeared to notice her nipple sticking out. The whoops just drew our attention to it for a few seconds before she disappeared back into the cubicle.  
  
'Come on Sam, we had better get moving if we are going to compete.'  
  
Compete eh, that sounded good to me, and Gordon smiled while he brushed his moustache.  
  
'Sit down my boy and let us see what these girls get up to. It could be a memorable day,' he mused.  
  
We could hear Elise and Sam talking together. 'We are ready for the first set, are you?'  
  
'Let's go.'  
  
Two doors opened and the four girls came into view.  
  
My first glimpse was for Susan who was wearing a full set of baby-doll nightie, bra, French wide legged knickers and black stockings and suspenders. It seemed like a lot of clothes and her body was fairly well covered. I guessed she had not been feeling too brave.  
  
The next one I noticed was Bryony who wore a French maid's outfit, tiny little skirt, apron with a figure-hugging top, a cap on her head and Brazilian cut panties. She did look gorgeous.  
  
Sam had on a white one-piece semi-transparent body, tight, like a swimming costume, low cut in the front with high cut legs. It was only semi-transparent but you could see darker patches where her areolas sat and where the crotch moulded her camel-toe.  
  
Elise was in a very similar black slip to the ones we had seen earlier but shorter. This one was long enough that the hem was just down below her crotch and held there by detachable suspender straps attached to the slip itself. They in turn were attached to black stockings which kept the whole thing taught and clingy. Her nipples showed through the lacy low-cut top.  
  
'Ladies these are absolutely beautiful, as are you of course,' said Gordon. 'Would it be too bold of me to ask you to line up here so that Alex and I can have a closer look and perhaps a feel of the material. Now this is in no particular order, but perhaps it could be Sam, Bryony, Elise and then Susan.'  
  
I wondered about his order but guessed he had his reasons. I was never going to argue, just tag along for the ride.  
  
Sam stepped forward and he put his arm around her and dragged her up close. He turned her around so that we could see the thong type back. He ran his hands over her back and down over her buttocks. 'Delightful my dear, now how does this stay so tight over your bottom. Oh yes, I can feel a little button or two here. I guess that is how you get in and out of it easily. Is that right?'  
  
As if he didn't know, I thought.  
  
'Yes, that right Gordon. If you feel a little more you will find three buttons across, keeps it quite secure.'  
  
I could see his fingers inside her crotch strap, and I didn't think he was looking for buttons.  
  
'Very clever. Feel this Alex, feel how neat these buttons are. Oh, is that another button.'  
  
'No Gordon, I think you know what sort of button that is,' Sam snickered.  
  
'Well, see if you can find it as well Alex.'  
  
She came over to me while Bryony took her place. I felt Gordon had effectively given me carte blanche to grope her, and I guessed eventually all the girls. I ran my hands over her constricted breasts until I could see the nipples rising. I completed the trip by running my hands over her bottom and under the crotch strap. She was wet already and unconsciously opened her legs a little wider as she allowed herself to be fingered. I leant forward and gave her a little kiss of appreciation on her tummy.  
  
I heard Gordon say, 'Fascinating little outfit, my dear. Will you just turn around and bend over so that I can see those lovely panties. Yes, they feel delightful, now stand up and face me again. If I may say, your top would look better if I it was below the bust and your bust was only covered by the pinafore. Like this.'  
  
I couldn't actually see this as my eyes were glued to my fingers between Sam's legs, so I had to wait until Bryony moved over to me to see the changes he had made.  
  
'Yes Gordon, you are so right, but I think it would look even better if we just loosened the knot a little holding the pinny behind her neck and let it drop a little lower. There look, her nipples are just covered by the top of the pinny but you can still see a magnificent amount of bust from the sides.'  
  
He stopped admiring his wife to check my work and was quick to agree.  
  
Gordon was quick to run his hands over Elise's hot body. He was quick as I guess he knew it fairly well. He reached under the slip obviously running his hands up between her legs.  
  
'Nice panties dear, Alex will like these.'  
  
I wondered what was special about them, but looked forward to finding out.  
  
He moved her towards me and gestured for Susan to stand in front of him. I wondered whether the earlier gin & tonics were still keeping her brave.  
  
Elise stood in front of me and slowly moved her legs apart, keen for me to feel the material of her panties. To build up her anticipation I ran my hands over her shoulders, and down onto her breasts. They were not small and now her nipples began to rise. The swell of her breasts seemed to grow as she breathed deeply when I tweaked her now rampant nipples. She groaned. I ran my hands down her sides and over the hem of her slip. I lowered them slowly down the suspender straps and stroked one thigh after the other. I reversed the direction and moved up feeling stocking tops and then the colder flesh above them. I felt her sigh as she pushed her hips towards me. I realised that Gordon was just sitting there watching me. He was holding on to Susan's right hip with one hand as the other eased around her left buttock. As I moved my hand higher over the colder flesh, the tightness of the hem held down by the suspender attached to the stocking top hindered my movement. If I could have done I would have lifted the slip to see these special panties. I couldn't lift the hem so just wormed my hand higher and higher. One last inch and I probed between her legs. Gordon was right. I did like these panties. There were none. She was sopping wet and I pushed two fingers deep between her lips and into her pussy. I squeezed her clit with my thumb and continued to frig her slowly with my fingers. I was in no hurry as Gordon was still playing with Susan.  
  
He looked over and I smiled. I knew what he knew, and he knew what I knew that he knew. Words were unnecessary.  
  
'Susan my dear, this s a very pretty baby-doll but do you not think that for this little assembled group it is perhaps a little...err...too much.'  
  
She nodded perhaps embarrassed that she had chickened out when nobody else had. He undid slowly, first one little bow, over her bust, then two, an inch or two above the hem and finally the third in the middle that held it closed at the front. He pulled her arms down and slipped it off her shoulders.  
  
'There, that's better isn't it.' She nodded and half started to move towards me. He held her tight, so I kept fingering Elise. By now she was thrusting her hips towards me in time with my fingers motions.  
  
'It is a shame however not to use this lovely garment properly and the nightie itself is really the main thing. Perhaps I should put it back on.'  
  
I could see Susan was surprised, in fact I think we all were. At that stage I looked over at Sam and Bryony to find them still watching avidly, both playing with their pussies.  
  
'What would look even better is the nightie, but no bra. Turn around a second.' Susan turned without thinking too much and there was her bra in Gordon's hands. She stood there slightly shocked in just panties, stockings and suspenders. He turned her back towards him and lowered her hands away from her boobs. 'Be proud of these delightful boobies. They are lovely.' He kissed them both.  
  
'What will look even better...,' and I smothered a smile. Gordon was off to the races.  
  
He again surprised me by helping her to put her arms in the sleeve holes and back over her shoulders. It hung either side of her breasts.  
  
'As I was saying, that looks even nicer but finally what will be better is if we remove these panties. You really do not need them for modesty as the nightie is long enough to cover.' While that may have been true when the nightie was completely on and tied up it certainly was not going to be true at the moment.  
  
With no argument from Susan he pulled them down over her bottom and down her legs a few inches. They got stuck on her legs because she had put them on before her stockings and suspenders so they were caught underneath. I suspect that Gordon had realised that because he said. 'Whoops. Look at this I will have to undo the suspenders first.'  
  
So he did. He moved Susan's hands down to the sides so that they held her nightie open and undid first one and then the other strap. He turned her around so that she faced into the room, exposed completely. He took his time raising the back of the nightie and putting the hem in Susan's hands so that they held the nightie up at the front and back.  
  
He undid the straps, turned her around, and lowered her panties to the floor where she picked up her feet one by one letting him remove them completely. Her hands still held the hem above her crotch and bum and he slowly refastened the stockings onto their straps turning her again to facilitate it.  
  
Finally he released her hem from her fingers and refastened one of the bows on the front. 'Walk to the other side of the room and back dear. There that looks so much better doesn't it.'  
  
It did of course. He ushered her towards me, so I released Elise or more accurately removed my fingers from her vagina. She had cum quietly at least once but was still slow to move away.  
  
Susan stood in front of me with a slightly far-away look on her face. Starting at her knees I ran my hands up her thighs, over her bum and back, round to her boobs, finally smoothing them over her tummy and down between her legs.  
  
Gordon said. 'Are you alright Susan?' He had noticed the far-away look. 'Is she okay?' he asked me now.  
  
I felt between her legs where she was even wetter than Elise had been. She had come at least once.  
  
'Oh, I think so, Gordon. Feel this.' I ushered her back to Gordon who smiled at her and moved his fingers straight between her legs. 'You are right Alex I think she is more than okay with it.' It occurred to me that I did not even feel slightly jealous, possibly because Gordon had encouraged me to finger his wife first.  
  
He raised his voice a little. 'Right girls, is there another round. Or possibly two with a bit of luck. I do not think we will have time for much more than two. I am sorry Sam and Bryony that we seem to have taken so long, but I can see that you were keeping yourselves busy.' They gave a slightly embarrassed laugh and said, 'You just wait. You will like the next round.'  
  
There was a call from Elise. 'Alex would you mind popping upstairs and asking an assistant to come down for a moment please.' I did and she promised to be right there.  
  
After only a few minutes and before the assistant arrived Sam was back out. She couldn't wait for the others it seemed.  
  
She was wearing a lovely black and red shortie kimono. Loose sleeves and a simple tie belt.  
  
'That is beautiful, my dear. Can I ask do you have anything underneath for us.'  
  
As the other three were still changing he manoeuvred her between us.  
  
'I do,' she said, 'everything below it is for the pair of you. Help yourselves.' She threw open the tie belt to reveal nothing except skin.  
  
'I really enjoyed your errr... examination, of the last item, but thought why waste time looking at textiles, when you could be looking at me.' We lost no time with Gordon between her legs and me over her breasts like a rash. I was sucking on the nearest one when a voice said.' Did you want me sir, can I help you?'  
  
I was a little embarrassed to be attached to a nipple when she spoke but luckily Elise heard her and called 'No it was me, over here please Annette,' from her cubicle. After a few moments conversation she left again. I did not have to raise my lips from her nipple thus showing my red face. Being the gentleman that he is, Gordon moved up to the other breast leaving me free to put three fingers deep inside her pussy. She quickly started cumming. Some relief I suspected.  
  
Bryony was next out in a gorgeous half-cup underwired bra where the edge of the nipple just peeked over the top. She had matching 'cheeky', full-size panties where the back was entirely missing. A waist strap and two more straps around her thighs was all there was to see from behind. The gap highlighted her crack and there was absolutely no sign of any material between her legs. Interestingly from the front it looked like a regular brief with plenty of material going right down between her legs. As Elise and Susan emerged from their cubicle Gordon and I were just starting to examine the panties more closely. As she stood before us we encouraged her nipples to stand above, rather peep above the rim and then out of interest felt between her legs to see how far the material went. It appeared that the material stopped around her clit baring both her pussy and asshole to our fingers.  
  
Naturally we asked her to turn and bend over to touch the floor, and would she mind just perhaps widening her legs a little so we could actually see where the material stopped. What a sight. As she bent her full buttocks and then asshole came into view, a pretty little rose bud, as black as night, but very neat. The movement exposed first the pink inners of her labia and the vagina itself, the back of the material just framing the urethra and clitoris. Lovely.  
  
I saw Gordon licking a finger. Maybe he could read my thoughts. Whatever, he was about to stick his finger up her arse.  
  
At that stage another assistant came in carrying a bag with something inside.  
  
'Hello Mr Graham, don't stop on my behalf. I hope you are having a good time down here. I can see Bryony is about to have a good time. Hi Bryony, looking good from this angle.'  
  
We all laughed, except Bryony who was squealing as Gordon slipped the finger up her bum.  
  
'Thank you Melissa, just leave it in that cubicle, if you don't mind. You are welcome to stay and watch or help out if you are not busy upstairs.'  
  
'Thank you Mrs Graham. As it happens we are very quiet up there. I will just tell them where I am in case they want me.'  
  
By the time she was back, only a few seconds or so later, Gordon and I were taking turns fingering Bryony's bum.  
  
Elise was hopping from foot to foot. 'Come on boys, there are two more of us still waiting.'  
  
'Perhaps I can help,' said Melissa. 'That would be nice, thank you,' said Gordon. 'Sit over there between Sam and Bryony and finger them both. They are as horny as hell.'  
  
Melissa jumped and soon the three girls were cooing and grunting.  
  
Elise just had a matched set of sheer nude panties and bra. Her largish tits filled the soft net bra and showed every lump and bump on her nipples and areola. The panties were not as exciting as Bryony's had been but again showed every little bump and the lovely v of her pubic hair. She stood between us as we again co-operated to give her another mini orgasm.

Susan came over looking gorgeous in the basque that I had pointed out to her earlier upstairs. The one she had chosen was in red, laced down the back and with a quarter-cup bra so that her tits were swinging free. What a doll. And Gordon seemed to think so as well. She had a matching g string which I noticed was put on first under the suspender straps again. The basque was quite long down the sides but with inverted large Vs over the back and front of the thong.  
  
'My dear, as gorgeous as you know you are, you do need someone to dress you.'  
  
Susan looked disappointed. What had she done wrong?  
  
'Too much covering as always. In the first round I had to take half of the outfit away before it looked right and now again. Come on. Off with those panties. That is not the sort of outfit that needs panties. It is an outfit to wear for a lover. So who needs panties? Even the cut of the basque with the large inverted Vs is patently designed to show off your pussy and arse.'  
  
Susan had a quiet laugh. She knew he wasn't serious about her dress sense and this was just another excuse to get at her pussy.  
  
She stood there as once again he slowly and deliberately pulled down her panties until they snagged on her straps. He slowly undid the straps at the front, turned her round to undo the back ones and then back to face him again to lower the panties to the floor. He did the straps up again and looked long and hard at the exposed pussy. She was so turned on that her lips were engorged and red and her juices were seeping between them.  
  
He gave her a little grope, passed her over to me and said, 'Right girls last change or we are going to run out of time. They are so good to us here that I really do not want to risk them not letting us play again. Melissa, can you do me a favour and get me a couple of things from upstairs.' She came over and he whispered in her ear. I wondered whether the fingers between her legs were part of the instructions or merely a little bonus. Live and learn, I thought. If she comes within reach I can grope the staff as well.  
  
Melissa was back in a couple of minutes with a small packet which she gave to Gordon.  
  
'Thank you Melissa, have you met Alex? And that is his girlfriend Susan in the cubicle with Elise. We met them in here last week, had a bit of fun and arranged to meet today so we can have even more fun.'  
  
I reached out to shake hands only to hear, 'Come on man. Have you learnt nothing in your relatively short life? Never miss an opportunity to kiss a pretty girl, even if it is only an introduction. Both Melissa and I had to laugh as I shamefacedly leant in for a kiss. Instead of the cheek I expected I got two luscious lips and a healthy dose of tongue. We kissed deeply for at least two or three minutes before pulling back and looking at each other with new respect.  
  
'Wow, I must meet more girls,' I said.  
  
'And I must watch more carefully who comes into the store. How did I miss you last week?'  
  
I sat down again and she perched carefully on the arm of my chair.  
  
'Oh, this arm is a bit hard,' she said, so I naturally replied that I had a knee she could sit on which would be a little softer. She was quickly on my lap rubbing her arse on my cock until she said, 'Actually I think this is as hard as the chair arm.' To which I had to reply that, while it might be, it was her fault so she would have to put up with it, but I would give her a horsey ride. I bounced her up and down on my knee as I would a little girl, except that I had my hands around Melissa's tits in case she slipped. She groaned a little and rubbed herself even harder.  
  
'Ready girls?' came from Elise to a chorus of 'ready's and the two cubicle doors opened, to Wow's from Melissa and myself and a satisfied smile from Gordon.  
  
'Elise why don't you step forward first. Describe your outfit please. Or perhaps you could describe it Melissa, after all you sell them?'  
  
Melissa stood beside me and in her best catwalk voice she said, 'Our first model Elise is wearing a ruby coloured, elastic fishnet, bodysuit which tells you that she is ready to play. That is the name we have given to this piece mainly because it is crotchless and as you can see there is no material at all covering her breasts. She is indeed, 'Ready to Play'. Elise perhaps you could walk around and stop in front of everyone giving them the opportunity to 'play' with you. Bending over of course for everyone before you move on to the next.'  
  
She started with Susan, then Sam, Bryony, Melissa herself, and eventually me. By the time she arrived her nipples were like small mushrooms, but harder. Her pussy juice was leaking down her legs. When she bent over her backside was still slightly open where everyone before me had groped both her cunt and her arse. I was very tempted to put my cock inside her but remembered my agreement with Susan only yesterday. No oral or penetrative sex. I thought to myself that I had agreed that a little prematurely. She moved on to Gordon, who without my scruples opened his flies and allowed her to sit on his cock.  
  
'Melissa, why don't you describe Sam's outfit now.'  
  
'Certainly, Mr Graham. Samantha is wearing an outfit named after a famous nineteen sixties song. 'My Baby's Got Me Locked Up In Chains.' The neck circle is one end of twenty chains of alternating silver and crystal jewels that fall either side of the bust to meet up with the circle at the waist. The waist circle supports another twenty short chains that fall around the front of the waist, stopping just around the crotch. The matching G-string has a silver coloured waist string mounted with silver and diamante gems and ties at the sides. The string between the lips is also silver coloured and is tied up to the waistband at the rear. Our model is wearing uncharacteristically, silver nipple pasties which, while they can look attractive and certainly may hide a few blushes, are completely unnecessary and not part of the costume. Gentlemen I believe there is one each for you to pull off. If as I expect Sam has glued them with the glue we supplied they will hurt as you pull them off. The glue we gave her was far too strong for the job. Gentlemen, enjoy yourselves.'  
  
Sam looked a little shocked, particularly as she tried pulling one gently, expecting it to come off easily.  
  
Melissa saw her too and told her in no uncertain terms that if she pulled it off before we did that she would glue half a dozen to different parts of her body and then let us all have one to pull off. She was told to follow the same route as Elise had. The girls groped her pussy but did no more than tickle her nipples under the pastie to get it ready for Gordon and I. By the time she reached me she had had one small orgasm, and I started her off towards a second one with a couple of fingers up her cunt. I had raised an edge of the pastie and as her orgasm started I ripped. She screamed loud enough that I am sure she would have been heard upstairs. I gave her the pastie back in case she ever needed it again kissed the sore red nipple and moved her along towards Gordon. He was nowhere as kind a I was and merely asked her if she was ready.  
  
I had already done the left pastie so with his right hand he gripped the raised edge on the right one. Sam looked a little worried. The first one must have hurt a lot, and probably still did.  
  
Gordon grabbed her left nipple with the fingers of his left hand and squeezed hard. It must have hurt again. As she screamed once again he ripped the right one off. If it were possible to scream in the middle of a scream, that is what happened. She fell to the floor, not in a faint but definitely unsteady.  
  
'You wait Melissa. Revenge is best served cold.'  
  
'How do you know each other,' I asked.  
  
'We were all three best friends at school. And we will be again I am sure, when she has had her own back on me. Eh Sam.'  
  
'Time moves on Melissa, Bryony please.'  
  
'Bryony is wearing our Ladies version of the famous Mankini. Two supporting straps which go over the shoulders after the centre pouch has been lifted between the legs. The difference is that in the ladie's version the straps on the front have been widened so that they cover the nipples and sometime even the areolas if they are small. You will see from the way that Bryony is wearing it that she is having difficulty holding the straps on top of the nipples. I have a little solution here Bryony.' She stepped forward and Bryony looked horrified.  
  
'No glue.'  
  
'Of course not,' said Melissa. She pinched Bryony's nipple to harden it up, put the cloth strap over it before fixing a clasp with a heavy spring on the back over the nipple. The front was a small flower. Bryony screamed as it bit into her flesh and screamed again as the second one was put in place. I must remember not to upset Melissa.  
  
Bryony did the tour stopping so we could all fondle her. As she came to me I asked Melissa if I should take one of the flowers off. She thought about it.  
  
'I guess so. It should have been on long enough. Does it feel okay Bry?'  
  
''Yes, the pain seems to have subsided,' she thought.  
  
'In that case pull it off,' said Melissa. 'It has gone numb. Now the blood will flow back into the nipple and it will hurt like hell. Pull it off though no squeezing the clasp and making it easy.'  
  
I did as asked, grabbed the petals of the flower and gave it a real tug. It tried hard to stay on but eventually came off in my hand as Bryony screamed again. She still had to go on to Gordon where she knew she would get the same treatment as he had given Sam. This time he did the gentlemanly thing and let Elise, who I believe was still sitting on his cock, squeeze the open nipple while he pulled the flower off the other one.  
  
So, finally it was Susan. She had waited patiently seeing people being embarrassed, humiliated and plain hurt.  
  
Melissa jumped up. 'No, there is more to that costume you have missed a bit. Come with me back to the changing room.' Gordon tried to stop her.  
  
'I have done nothing but remove clothes from this girl for the last hour or two. The outfit looks perfectly good without the g-string, or the pasties or whatever you are going to put on her.'  
  
'Trust me, said Melissa. 'You will prefer the outfit when it is on right.'  
  
She came back out leaving Susan in the changing cubicle.  
  
'A little background first. I must tell you that this was not the costume that Susan originally chose to show you.'  
  
We heard Susan groan from the cubicle where she was listening.  
  
'After the first outfits you all had on she was so embarrassed at her cowardice and timidity in choosing sexy clothing to model that she called me down and asked me to choose the most outrageous piece in the shop that we sell. Hence the costume you will see before you. This costume we call, Help Yourself. Not that we want to lose it to shoplifters, but in respect of the attitude that it instills in those who see it on. You will have seen already that it is just a series of straps, around the neck, around each breast, across the stomach, around the back and finishing with two straps between the legs placed either side of her labia and opening out as soon as they have passed through her crack, before locking into the waist strap after passing over the buttocks. Out you come Susan. The missing part was the handcuffs which attach themselves to her neckband. Help Yourself.'  
  
We laughed at the apt name and did indeed help ourselves. Five sets of hands groped tickled teased and tormented her until she was jelly on the floor.  
  
'I see it is four o'clock already and I have just one more thing I would like to do before... ' Gordon started.  
  
Susan groaned, 'Oh Gordon sir, I didn't mean to interrupt but before we finish can I just ask for a few more minutes I have a little gift for Alex.' She passed me a bag.' Go and try it on. We all want to see it. '  
  
'We certainly do,' said Melissa who I realised knew what it was because she had brought it down to Elise and Susan with Susan's last costume.  
  
I picked up the bag and went into the nearest cubicle. I could hardly refuse to try it on after the show that the girls had put on. I pulled it out of the bag. It was six or seven inches of chamois leather. I believe they call it a posing pouch. I undressed, slipped it over my cock and realised that there was just enough to go under my balls as well. Luckily, I had gone soft knowing that whatever I had, it was going to be humiliating.  
  
'Ready or not here I come,' I said after a few seconds more. I went out to the changing area and pulled a few poses. The girls loved it and I could see even Gordon had a big smile on his face.  
  
I heard Susan telling Gordon that it was not that she didn't want to buy him something but felt that this gift was a little lacking in respect for someone she felt had so much charisma or presence and may be embarrassed by it.  
  
He laughed and thanked her for her thoughtfulness.  
  
'Thank you so much my dear, you have given me so much pleasure and fun this afternoon. I could never accept any other present from you. Had you bought me one I would have had to wear it as Alex has done and I fear that my body would be seen to be wanting in comparison.'  
  
'I am sure that is not true. I know he has the advantage of age, but from what I have see of the bulge in your trousers, and the pleasure you give to Elise here you would be a fine comparison.'  
  
With her wrists still locked to her neckstrap she nudged Elise forward and off his cock. 'There wow, look at that. There is nothing wrong with this.'  
  
She whispered to him, 'It is only the second live one I have ever seen. I would like to do a lot more but I have agreed with Alex that we would not do oral or penetrative sex with anyone without talking about it first. And with my hands locked here, I cannot even play with it. But on another occasion maybe? '  
  
He wrapped her in his arms kissed her and told her that she was a wonderful girl and if he didn't want to fuck her so much he would have wanted to adopt her.  
  
This made her laugh and agree that she would have been quite happy to have been adopted by him and Elise. They looked over at the subject of their conversation to see Alex really fighting off both Elise and the other three girls who looked like they were trying to suck his cock having released it from the pouch.  
  
'Look, she said, 'He has remembered our agreement. He is having to fight them off. What a love.'  
  
'I will try to help him. Now ladies as I was about to say before Alex got his present, I have a small gift for all of you, which of course I would like to see tried on.'  
  
He delved in the bag and came out with a strip of fancy lace with a little string of pearls for each girl, including Melissa. When the girls looked at them they realised that it was not a necklace, but, as Melissa explained, a thong with the pearls on the string that would be going between their legs. 'These are original Bracli's,' Melissa said. 'You can either leave them attached as you see here at the back and front or you will see that the back can be unattached to leave a long string. Now if you put a knot in the pearls you can pull it over your clit and into your vagina. The knot will just reach your G-spot and as you walk you will stimulate both the G-spot and your clit and labia.'  
  
Ladies please try them on. Melissa perhaps you and Alex could help them, show them how to tie the knot and place it in the vagina perhaps. I will Help Susan get out of these straps. As her hands seem to be a little stuck.  
  
He did indeed unbuckle all the straps except the neck band, leaving her hands locked to her neck. He could get at her puss however, so he helped her step into the thong and pulled the pearls up between her legs.  
  
'Now if you like to lean over this chair back like the others are doing, I will tie the knot in the pearls and help you insert them. Well, help is not exactly the word I was thinking of. I may need to do it all as you are a little tied up.' He laughed at his own joke.  
  
Knowing that she was not going to partake in oral sex did not stop him going down on his knees and licking her, from her pubes up to her little button arsehole.  
  
She groaned, 'oh that is so good... but... but. '  
  
'Yes, I know,' he said. 'No oral. Sorry. Trust me I really am sorry. I just couldn't resist. You taste delightful.' She gave a hollow laugh. They were both sorry.  
  
He detached the string of pearls from the back of the lace and tied a knot towards the open end. He pushed it gently into her vagina as she groaned again. 'There walk around for a bit and see if it works.'  
  
Melissa had done it for Sam, Bryony and Elise so Alex held out his hands for hers.  
  
'Allow me to help,' he said. He unbuttoned her blouse and lifted it from her skirt.  
  
'But I am not wearing it around my neck,' she smiled.  
  
'That's true but you wouldn't want to be the only one dressed now would you.'  
  
He removed the blouse, undid her bra and lifted it away. He admired her c size titties and couldn't resist playing with her nipples with his tongue. He didn't think that this counted as oral sex.  
  
He stepped back, unzipped her skirt and was a little surprised to find her naked under it.  
  
'Commando is often so much more convenient,' she said. 'You would be surprised how many ladies like to mess around in the changing rooms.'  
  
He kissed her landing strip, two inches of closely mown hair extending from the top of her slit. Again he decided that this was not oral sex either.  
  
He pulled the thong up her legs, detached the end, knotted it and inserted it into her vagina.  
  
'Have I found the g-spot?'  
  
'Ohhhh yes,' she groaned. 'No. I am not sure. Keep moving it around for a little while. Ohhh. God yes you've found it again.' Alex pulled away.  
  
'There walk around and enjoy yourself then. I am going to get into trouble with Susan if I hang around here much longer.'  
  
Melissa walked a few steps then looked at her watch and said, 'Guys it is fifteen minutes to closing. If you want us to stay open late it will cost you a lot more. There are three of us to pay. And anyway I have plans for tonight. I just need to get dressed first.'  
  
I helped Susan with her neck strap and asked Melissa where the keys were to the cuffs. She laughed and pulled and twisted the cuff and it just dropped away.  
  
'There you could have done it yourself,' she said to Susan. 'We couldn't have people locking them selves into handcuffs and losing the keys.  
  
'We should buy the things with panties that you tried,' I said. 'They will not be in any state to put back on the shelves.'  
  
'The two items you had panties with, you can buy the panties separately to save a bit of money. Things are expensive enough in here anyway,' whispered Melissa. By the time you have bought them and the stockings it will still be a bit of money.'  
  
I was conscious that we could not afford to meet like this every week. I guessed that Gordon and Elise were not short of a bob or two but we would be limited to about once a month. I explained this and Gordon organised an exchange of telephone numbers so we could arrange something without necessarily spending money here.  
  
'Good idea,' we all agreed.  
  
'Don't forget if you do come back here next week that Jim and Brenda might be back from their honeymoon, so you could get their numbers as well.'  
  
We paid for our purchases, gave big kisses all around and left for home.

**Chapter 8. A decision.**  
  
As you can imagine after three hours of being teased by four lingerie wearing girls, I was rampant and we headed straight for bed on returning to the flat. I think Susan was even hornier than I was and any thought of trying to get under the sheets to preserve our modesty was the last thing on our minds.  
  
The first time was straight bang, bang, bang sex. Number two was anal, and by late evening it was a simple missionary, I love you style, sex. It even started us talking. We lay there cuddling, telling each other how deep was our love. Which was fine until Susan said, 'You nearly broke our rule about oral sex earlier. We had only had it for twenty-four hours.'  
  
'But I didn't. You saw that. You saw me almost fighting to keep those girls away from my cock. The worst was Elise, she was desperate to get her mouth around my cock.'  
  
Susan laughed, 'I saw that. I must tell you that if we had not made that agreement I would have sucked Gordon. He was ever so nice and very sexy for a man of his age. He really tried but as soon as I explained he backed off. Mind you he did suggest we discuss it and see whether we should not change it somehow.'  
  
I laughed, 'Change it somehow? You either have oral sex or you don't. You cannot say that licking the clit is okay but the butthole isn't. Or that if you only swallow an inch of cock it doesn't count.'  
  
We both laughed.  
  
'I guess.'  
  
There was a long pause before I said, 'So do you want to abandon the idea and just ban penetrative sex? We were both nearly caught out and I can imagine that life is not going to get any easier if we are going to try to get sexier in the flat. And that has given me another thought. If we tell the crowd yesterday where, and how we live and invite them around, well you know how it will end. It would certainly boost our viewing numbers.'  
  
'Mm, yes it would and it would be fun as well. Should we invite Pete and Joanne as well?'  
  
'We could do or we could leave them for another occasion. We could talk the idea over with Mark later when we see him.'  
  
'I had forgotten about Mark. It is almost a good thing that we haven't got jobs yet. With our active social life, we wouldn't have time. So, what about the blow-jobs then?'  
  
'I see you have brought it back to Mark. As soon as I mention his name you think about oral sex.'  
  
'Unfair,' she said thumping me with her elbow. 'Sod you then. No change in the agreement. Let me see you fighting those girls off you again.'  
  
She turned her back on me and pretended to sleep.  
  
'By the way,' I said, talking to myself if she had fallen quickly asleep. 'Mark is expecting you to be a lot more exhibitionist next time than you were yesterday. Not your fault of course, but I have to think of something that keeps him happy with us, and keeps you happy with me.'  
  
I kissed her shoulder, the only bit I could get at easily.  
  
'So, I may have to make a judgemental decision about what I am going to ask you to do with him. I guess you are going to hate that.'  
  
It may have been my imagination but I swear I heard a little groan and her thighs started to rub together. I decided to try to find out, at the risk of wakening her. I pushed my fingers between her legs.  
  
'God you're soaking wet. Is it Mark you are thinking about?'  
  
I pushed a couple of fingers far enough into her to tease her G-spot. She pushed her bottom towards me and wriggled as we spooned together. My mum would have been happy. That came out wrong somehow. My mum always says never go to sleep on an argument. I fell asleep before I could do any more, but woke to a very happy smiling face giving me a blow-job some eight hours later.  
  
'That was a lovely way to wake up. Thank you.'  
  
She swallowed my cum and started talking. It took me some time to concentrate on what she was saying, partly because I do not remember her swallowing quite so easily in the past and partly because I was still in my own little world.  
  
'What did you say?' I had to ask.  
  
I got the look. The one that would have killed me stone cold dead if she hadn't been in a really good mood and just given me a blow-job.  
  
'I was talking about today's meeting with Mark. He is going to expect you to undress me again isn't he? And maybe more?'  
  
'Yes and while he doesn't necessarily deserve anything from us, he is the reason we are able to live together, and without his support, ... well it would be difficult. It doesn't mean he can treat you like a skank and do what he likes. I will never let him take liberties. Only if I offer them. Is that alright?'  
  
''So, you can treat me as a skank, but he can't. Is that it?'  
  
I smiled, 'No, and you know it. Perhaps it was a bad choice of words, you would never be anybody's skank. Perhaps easy, would have been a better word. But it is not a question even of giving him anything. If we do, that should be a bonus for him, even seeing your tits, for example. That is his bonus, if we allow it. We just need to convince him that we, both of us, can be more exhibitionist. That way he earns more money and we earn more money. If we do start making money then we should put it to one side until we can get our own apartment.' I kissed her again. 'Thanks for the BJ. It really was a lovely way to wake up.'  
  
'You were really tired. You fell asleep fingering me last night. I did get off to sleep eventually but had sexy dreams all night.' She giggled. 'You were even in one of them.'  
  
I knew she was teasing me trying to get me to rise to the bait, and also that she probably dreamt of our meeting with Mark so I was not going to take her up on it.  
  
'So, do you want me to finish you off now then.'  
  
She giggled again. 'No, I did it laying beside you. You were that fast asleep. I even pulled the sheets back so the cameras could see me.'  
  
I kissed her. 'Sorry I missed it. I would like to have watched even if you wouldn't let me take part.'  
  
'Never mind. You will get another chance. I have been looking at some of the other flats. The girls do it quite a lot.'  
  
'In the meantime, we must get up and go out. We are meeting Mark at eleven. Now what are you going to wear today? I think a dress again. One of the button front ones. No panties of course, and no bra either I think. In fact, we will play a little game. Or actually, you will play a little game. I think there are ten buttons on the dress. How many men do you think will be in the coffee shop and how many women? Why don't you choose, men or women? You need to undo one button for each of the sex that is in there. Think before you choose. Men tend to be in there singly, but there are usually more of them. There are usually less women but on the other hand they are likely to go there in groups. Finally of course, it may come down to whether the baristas are male or female. What were they last time?'  
  
Susan had gone a little pale, but then a small grin began to appear.  
  
'Ten buttons, that is not many, particularly if the two or possibly even three baristas are all the same sex. You are right about the fact that in most coffee shops the customers are mainly more men, but the baristas are usually girls, but then, not always.'  
  
'All true.' I got the dress out of the wardrobe. I counted slowly from one to ten.  
  
'Yes, ten buttons, so which is it to be?'  
  
'Men.'  
  
I was surprised and told her so. 'I thought you would choose women.'  
  
'Yes, and your logic would have been correct but for one thing. I think there will be more men in there than women, but I am less likely to get verbal abuse from men if I have to undo them all, than I will from women. They are going to be calling, or at least thinking of bad names for me. Tart, slapper, skank. Men hopefully will just admire.'  
  
'Good thinking. I can see that will be easier for you. Anyway, go and have your shower while I start breakfast. We don't have long.'  
  
We arrived at the coffee shop just after eleven and Mark was waiting for us with three flat whites. Susan was all smiles. Like me she had looked around and seen that there were only four men in there, and both the baristas were girls.  
  
'You both seem to be in a god mood,' said Mark, smiling himself.  
  
I explained the game to him and his smile widened even further.  
  
'So that is six buttons then,' he laughed.  
  
'Four,' Susan said looking around.  
  
'Have you forgotten Alex and I?' he said. And of course, she had. And then another barista came out from the back kitchen. Male this time.  
  
'Seven,' we both said together.  
  
'I think I had better do it before any more come in,' she said, and stood up in front of Mark. She selected the top three and then the bottom three and thought about the seventh. The bottom three had brought the bottom done up button to crotch level. The top three opened her up to mid bust, showing quite a lot of centre-boob. She wasn't really big enough to call it cleavage. She eventually selected the second from the top of the four remaining. It gapped a little but at four or five inches above her belly button revealed nothing important.  
  
She sat back down and started her coffee.  
  
'Well done to the pair of you. I had a quick look at you last night and saw your new underwear and as for you this morning Susan, Very sexy. Keep it up.'  
  
'We had a funny day yesterday. We spent a few hours in an underwear shop with four other exhibitionist perverts. We had a lot of fun. Which brings me round to the question, If we had a bit of a party with say that four or even a couple more would that be okay?'  
  
'Okay? It would be wonderful. Don't forget that they would all have to sign release documents. If you haven't found them they are in the cupboard by the door.'  
  
'Yes, that would be fine. Obviously, we would have to explain about the cameras. One thing, when we went to Joanne & Pete's the other day we did not sign anything.'  
  
'That's because you are already signed up in the program.'  
  
'Yes of course.'  
  
'Oh look Susan, that chap is going so I guess you can do another button up.'  
  
'Thank you. I hadn't noticed. I will do this middle one up again. Oh no.'  
  
'What's up?'  
  
'I think those two guys are coming in. He is just holding the door for them. Damn, yes, they are. Well guys, I guess I will open the next one up and the next one down. That leaves the two around my tummy button. If I had to walk around now I think I would be showing a lot of flesh.'  
  
'I can see that you are not wearing a bra Susan,' said Mark. 'Are you wearing panties?'  
  
'What fun would that be?' said Susan.  
  
It was always the same, if you play a little game or start doing dares she will go a lot further more quickly.  
  
'So, do you think you are showing a little pussy?' Said Mark.  
  
'I would not be surprised, especially if I was walking around, or even sitting facing into the shop.'  
  
'That's good,' said Mark. 'I am nearly ready for another cup of coffee.'  
  
'One other little tip,' he said. 'Watch this website for a while.' He handed us a piece of paper with a web address on it.  
  
'One of our rivals. One of the girls, you will see which one, walks around like a princess or a model. Her bottom always has a bit of a sway, her head is high and quite a lot of people love to watch her walking around. You will see she rarely sits down for long, unless she is playing with herself. And of course, she often walks around naked or bottomless. And for you Alex, look at Tim and Roger, the two boy's flat. They are bisexual and I think their body image is important to them. Look how they exercise in order to keep those six-packs. You are in fairly good shape, more like a swimmer, but with a bit of exercise you would have a six-pack and a body to die for. The girls would watch you, particularly if you wanked afterwards or perhaps came all over Susan's face. It is that sort of oddball stuff that drags in the punters.'  
  
'Whoops, look Susan,' I said. 'Another chap has just come in. Button please.'  
  
'Oh dear. I am down to one. Which one. I think I will undo the top one of the two.'  
  
'I really could do with a coffee now,' said Mark.  
  
'Here's a little dare,' I said. 'The male barista is at the counter. Go up and order 3 more coffees and when he asks for the money, be a little coy and say that you haven't got any and your friends have sent you up to see of you can get them for free if you flash him.'  
  
Susan went very red and walked slowly up to the counter. I suspect slowly was the best way not to let her dress open up too much. Mark watched fascinatedly 'Will she do it?'  
  
'Sure, she is loving this at the moment.'  
  
'And yet she is still shy around the flat?'  
  
'Yes, but we are getting there. I will guarantee you that within months she will be much more outward going. The reason is she has never done that sort of thing before. She always lived at home with very reserved parents, and now she is beginning to enjoy it. You should have had the cameras on her yesterday afternoon. Even I was quite shocked. Oh, she is on her way back.'  
  
She came back laughing, seemingly forgetting that her dress was flapping open. 'He says that he is gay and has little interest in seeing me disrobe, but if one of you two guys want to go over a flash your cock he will give us one free coffee.' Smug she sat down still laughing.  
  
They both looked at me. 'Oh shit. I guess I have to do this to prove I can do it as well don't I.'  
  
Nobody said anything.  
  
I walked up to the counter and the barista was smiling away. As I got within talking distance, he held out his hand and said 'Lars.' I shook it and told him that I was Alex and that I was doing this because I had to prove to my girlfriend that I would do anything that I challenged her to do. This was the first time I had been challenged.  
  
'She is a good-looking girl all right and fun. You have to look after that one, she's a keeper. Come on then get it out.'  
  
'You really want to see it?'  
  
'Not particularly. I will bet that it's all soft as you are really nervous. I can tell. But you don't get the discount unless you do it.'  
  
So I did. He was right it was soft and pretty insignificant.  
  
'Next time get her to firm it up first. That's no use to man nor beast. That is five pounds, three for the price of two.'  
  
I felt very small, and I don't just mean my cock, returning with the coffees to see Susan undoing the last button as a guy walked up to the counter behind me.'  
  
'Thank you Alex, did you get a date with him. I saw you introducing yourselves?'  
  
I laughed feeling a bit better now I was back on home territory, 'No. He was very rude about it and suggested that next time Susan gives me an erection before I show it to anyone again.'  
  
'Good idea,' said both Susan and Mark.  
  
'Right,' said Mark I expect we have about ten more minutes before we finish these coffees, what happens if more men walk in.'  
  
Susan and I looked at each other. 'I didn't really expect it to be this busy. Perhaps either walk up to the newcomers, tell them how warm it is and would they mind if she leaves her dress undone like this. Or perhaps take it off for thirty seconds for each person that walks in. You can choose Susan.'  
  
'I think the second one. It would be quite possible that a Moslem family may come in who might be offended by nudity. Or a guy with his children.'  
  
'I think that is a logical choice. Let's see what happens while we are drinking our coffees.'  
  
We were almost finished and conversation had lapsed when another guy walks in on his own. We looked meaningfully at Susan and she quickly shrugged her dress while continuing to sit there. I think that surprised us both, but of course we had not mandated that she had to stand and remove it. She sat there and after about thirty seconds Mark nodded at her and she slipped it back on.  
  
We were sitting in sight of the counter and I noticed one of the girls talking to Lars, the barista, pointing us out. At that moment two men and woman left and I saw Susan doing up a couple of buttons.  
  
'I think we need to leave before we are thrown out.' I said. 'The Barista is heading our way.'  
  
We stood and he paused as we headed towards the door. He nodded and winked at me as we left. Whether that was a comment on our timing or he fancied me, I did not know. Nor did I want to find out.  
  
We strolled down the street adjusting our speed to Susan's slow walk. With only two central buttons closed she was showing a lot of leg and thigh as she walked. Had she walked quickly there would undoubtedly have been pussy on show.  
  
Mark turned us into a pub that we had never been to before. It was called the Three Magpies and appeared pretty down at heel. It was only a few streets from our flat but a big distance in class between our local pub and this place.  
  
He and I ordered pints and Susan ordered a Gin and Tonic before she strolled off to the toilets, still with only two buttons done up.  
  
She came back fairly quickly, thus incidentally showing a fair amount of puss, 'Did you know,' she said, 'They have strippers in the other bar.'  
  
Mark did not look too shocked, in fact he just smiled and said 'Really. They are pretty laissez-faire in here. There is not much you can do to get thrown out. Perhaps apart from not paying.'  
  
I laughed at the humour but wondered whether he had brought us here deliberately. It did not take me long to make a shrewd guess.  
  
Mark quickly followed up with, 'Any good-looking ones? As good as you? Why don't you go and show them up?'  
  
Now while I was not averse to Susan taking her clothes off in most places I did tell her that the girls may not like an interloper coming and stealing their thunder, and possibly their money, if someone offered it. Not a good idea.  
  
Mark had not thought that bit through but he recovered quickly and said, 'Still, we can have our own little entertainment in this corner, well away from the crowds. Why don't you show us how bold you are getting Susan?' He ostentatiously made one knee available for her to sit on.  
  
She started to move across, but stopped when he said, 'Are you not going to take your dress off first? You can face away from the door and the bar, so no-one will see in this corner.' She thought about that for a few seconds before looking around, dropping her dress behind her on the bench seat and sitting on his knee, close up to his chest so that his body shielded her from view.  
  
'There, that's better.'  
  
Now I watched his hands creeping round her thighs towards her buttocks. I couldn't see his fingers as they were behind her back but could imagine where he could reach from there. The look on Susan's face said it all. He was definitely playing with her labial lips.  
  
I finished my drink. 'I think we should be off darling. You know we have shopping to do, and actually, I am not too keen on seeing my beloved being manhandled, naked in a public place. If you want to do much more of that I suggest we do it in our flat in front of the cameras where we could earn a bonus possibly. After all, that's what you are here to encourage Mark, is it not?'  
  
Susan had taken the hint, swigged her G&T and dressed herself seemingly in the blink of an eye.  
  
'Thanks for the drink Mark. We really have got the message. Watch this space as they say, and if you want to come round some time give us a ring and we can fix a date. See you later.'  
  
We started strolling back towards home.  
  
'Why did you invite him home? He was very close to fingering me then.'  
  
'What are you telling me?' I joked. 'You are ticked off that I made us leave, or ticked off that I invited him.'  
  
'Idiot,' she said. 'Ticked off that you invited him.'  
  
'That's the clever bit. I don't think he will come to our apartment and be seen on camera. It will link him to the management too firmly. Let's face it. We are no experts but we have rarely seen other people in the flats who don't look like buddy couples.'  
  
'That's inspired,' she said. 'And if I do get a bit more adventurous on camera he will not have any reason to call us out to meet.'

That was the point when we decided to go all-out to make money. The first thing was a party invitation to certain new friends.

**Chapter 9 A party is organised**  
  
We were no sooner home than we contacted Gordon and Elise and then Sam and Bryony. They were both a bit shocked to find out how we lived. They had loads of questions and in the end the easiest way to answer them was to give them the web address for the website. They could get a few minutes free viewing from certain cameras. It would give them the idea. We did not put a date out, just suggested that it would be nice to have them round and if everybody was happy we could have a fashion show or a bit more fun perhaps. We left it very much up in the air and told then we would ring back in a few days time to see what they thought.  
  
We threw ourselves into enjoying ourselves sexily in the flat. Not just fucking or masturbating, although we certainly did do the first and I suspect on a couple of occasions Susan did enjoy herself for the benefit of the cameras.  
  
I made up a little pot of 'dares', which I knew Susan would not mind doing and about eight o'clock each night that we were in, she would bring me the pot, which I would ceremoniously hold above her head, for her to draw out the next dare. I felt that doing that at a fixed time may attract an audience regularly for that time. The dares were simple like, 'Remove all your clothes and have a shower,' or 'Remove all your clothes and do twenty sit-ups and trunk curls here in the lounge.' Others were, 'Bare your tits and press them against the window glass facing out to the street for 3 minutes,' or 'Bottoms off and touch the floor with your hands in front of a camera.'  
  
Interestingly that one came about because Susan had noticed that one or two of the girls on the rival site when masturbating, organised themselves to lie in front of one of the cameras. One actually performed in turn for all three cameras focused on the bed.  
  
Just over a week later I got a call from Mark to meet up at the coffee shop again. I told him that I was free, but that Susan was going to spend the day with her Mum. Not a complete lie, she was going but not until later. Now she would have to leave a couple of hours earlier. In fairness he wasn't entirely a pervert and did not suggest changing the date to one that Susan could make. I suspected it was good news and he didn't want to upset us.  
  
It was. A big cheque, a few hundred pounds. He particularly liked the eight o'clock draw, and he told us that they had used that 'come-on' in their advertising. He did warn us not to get complacent, but told me that we were up to fourth overall with regular peaks for the draw. He then proceeded to nag me as I had completely forgotten that I was supposed to do the exercises in order to get a six-pack. I promised him that I would go back to the flat immediately after our meeting and work-out. I was sceptical how many ladies would want to watch me, particularly comparing myself to Tim and Roger.  
  
Still, a promise was a promise, so I stripped down to a thong, I couldn't yet face the posing pouch, and did a good hour's worth of exercises. I then jacked off in the shower. I half expected to get a phone call detailing the number of complaints I had caused, but no. Phone silence. By the time Susan came in it was too late for the nightly draw so I explained what I had been doing and told her just to shower and change into bikini bottoms and stroll around for the rest of the evening topless Some of the girls did this regularly. She didn't have a problem doing that and we both experienced great sex later on top of the bed. Coincidence? I don't think so.  
  
It was the Wednesday of the following week that we heard back from Gordon about meeting up. He was very buoyed up by a fun afternoon the day before, when they bumped into Brenda and Jim, back from their week's honeymoon.  
  
He would love to attend our sort of party, who wouldn't I thought, but he wondered whether he and Elise could wear carnival masks. He was also pretty sure that Sam and Bryony would come, probably with or without masks, and Brenda and Jim would certainly be up for it. Again, they wanted to talk over the mask aspect together and would come back.  
  
'I cannot see any reason why not,' I said. 'It is up to me to decide upon a dress code in my own house. Purchased or rented. But as I don't want to kill the golden goose I will come back to you.'  
  
I spoke to Mark next day who confirmed that it was fine of course, but being the pervert that he was, hoped that the girls would not be too shy with the rest of their apparel. I thought how much he would have loved to see our sessions in the Lace n'Easy shop.  
  
The first date we were all free was a Friday night in about ten days.  
  
I told them all that we would provide a meal of some sort, probably a finger buffet and we would start off the drinks. Any bottles that they brought would be gratefully accepted. I figured we could afford to splash out from the large bonus we had just been given. So that everyone could feel at ease I decided that we would all wear masks, at least to start with. I would provide them if they did not bring their own.  
  
The date was agreed and we expected them all to arrive about seven thirty for eight. On the big day we made a chili, and a few plates of sausages, and other snacks. We had four boxes of wine, some beer and a couple of bottles of gin. We were set.  
  
They all arrived together, masked. I was not surprised. They had spent an hour in the pub already and were quite excited already. We watched as everyone signed slips acknowledging the presence of the cameras and we started drinking.  
  
We served the chili just before nine and by nine thirty they were all looking at me expectantly, wanting to take some clothes off I hoped.  
  
'I thought we would have a game of cards with the ultimate aim of losing a few of these clothes. How do you feel about that? If anyone wants to sit out and perhaps join in later, it would be fine. You should only do what you are comfortable with.'  
  
Gordon was the first to say anything. I had thought if anyone was going to drop out now it would be him, as an older man maybe he would want to keep his dignity.  
  
'Nice idea Alex. Jim and Brenda here must particularly feel overdressed after just coming back from their honeymoon in the Caribbean. A bit warmer there I bet?'  
  
'It certainly was,' said Jim. 'But I suspect it is going to get pretty warm here in a few minutes.'  
  
We all laughed. Jim got a light slap from Brenda.  
  
'Do we need to work out how many items we are wearing or just going to say perhaps a maximum of five items, for example I have seven so will take my shoes off now which we leave me five.'  
  
I could see everyone thinking, mentally doing sums.  
  
Elise was the first to say, 'I have six but if it is okay with you guys I will take two items off together towards the end rather than get down to five now.'  
  
I was a little disappointed. I had put her down as someone who would be comfortable losing her clothes. 'Sure. You know the rules. Whatever you are comfortable with.'  
  
Bryony said 'I am only wearing four items altogether. Can I go back to the front door and get my shoes back so I can lose one?'  
  
'Not a chance.' I laughed. Jim hold her down if she looks like moving.'  
  
Bryony pretended to look grumpy, but I saw the glint in her eyes.  
  
'Right here is the game. There are eight of us and we take it in turn to deal each time. Dealer moves round clockwise from me. Basically, the lowest card each hand loses one item of clothing except for a couple of exceptions. Starting with the person on the left of the dealer you look at the card you have been dealt and decide whether to keep it or exchange it with the person on your left. Got it? So, if the card you are given is low, change it with the person on your left. Particularly if it is an ace, which is obviously very low. Now every ace holder loses one piece of clothing as does the person with the next lowest card. Any equal low cards and both people take off an item. So, for example if four people have twos and one person has an ace, five people lose an item. Just to make it a little more complicated, kings stop the exchange happening. If someone on your left shows a king, you cannot exchange the card with anyone. You are stuck with it. The dealer will get the last exchange from the person on their right. If he thinks it is low than he can change it with the top card on the deck. Unseen. Okay?'  
  
There were a few nods but I thought that Bryony and Sam looked a little confused.  
  
'Just a couple of last things, and just my personal preference but some of you may think I am going too far. On the premise that I am sure all of you girls will be wearing very attractive underwear, I would like to be able to see it for a longer rather than a shorter time. I just think that some underwear is actually more attractive than pure naked so firstly I would suggest that we just have say, ten rounds. That will leave some of us with some clothing on for the next game.' I noticed Jim and Gordon nodding. 'Secondly, how about we nominate one person as Chairman who decides which item of clothing comes off each time and when the game finishes.'  
  
I could see there were a lot of thoughtful girls out there. They were imagining themselves not slowly undressing but quickly baring their important parts.  
  
'So that we are not biased and there are five girls and only three guys if we cut the cards for the chairman, the chances are it will be a girl and a little less...err...err... blatant.'  
  
Jim and Gordon both held up their hands in agreement. Elise and Susan were quick to follow. That was five. I waited a few moments longer and eventually the others agreed as well.  
  
'How about I deal the cards and the first one who gets an ace is Chairman.'  
  
Everyone nodded. I picked up the pack which had lain beside me untouched and gave it a very quick shuffle.  
  
'Have you all got drinks?' I gesticulated towards the bar and everyone looked away and checked their drinks or the bar. While that small diversion kept their attention for a few seconds, instead of shuffling, I slipped two cards off the top, to the bottom of the pack and shuffled making sure I shuffled the back of the pack only.  
  
I had rigged the pack to make sure that the first ace was the sixteenth card down. I knew that Gordon, sitting two places to my left would get the sixth and the fourteenth card. It would be too obvious if I was Chairman so I wanted Gordon. He would give an air of gravitas and he would not be too embarrassed to get the girls quickly naked.  
  
I started dealing first with Elise on my left, then Jim, Bryony, Brenda, Susan, Gordon, Sam and eventually myself. We went all the way round once with the anticipation building. Then round again, Elise a six, Jim a King.  
  
'That's a nice one to have in the next round.' I said. 'I should put it in your pocket if I were you.'  
  
He looked as if he would like too but the girls were watching intently.  
  
Bryony got a four, Brenda a three.  
  
'You won't want those next time around.' I quipped. 'We haven't been playing a game where we had to take all the aces out, have we Susan?'  
  
She shook her head negatively then exhaled with disappointment as I gave her a jack. The next one was the ace. Surprise, surprise. Gordon was Chairman.  
  
'Well that looks like a good result for us guys, what do you reckon Jim,' he said. 'I can be bribed,' he added.  
  
We all laughed.  
  
'Shall we start, everyone happy? Shall we do a trial game first to give you the idea?'  
  
That was agreeable to everyone and it transpired that Jim and Bryony were the lucky ones who would have lost clothes if we had been playing properly.  
  
'There you are Bryony. The gods know you only have four items so gave you a let-off,' I said.  
  
Nobody replied. The tension was palpable.  
  
I dealt eight cards off the top, looking at mine to see I got a four. I would get rid of that one way or another I thought.  
  
'Elise, keep it or exchange?' 'Keep.'  
  
'Jim.' 'Exchange.' He did.  
  
'Bryony, your new card, keep or exchange?' Bryony looked horrified and gave it on to Brenda who gave it to Susan who gave it to Gordon. Gordon looked and was about to pass to Sam when she showed her king.  
  
'Ooops,' he said. I can see how this round is going.'  
  
We all laughed.  
  
I was left with a four and decided to change. It was very low the odds were with me getting a higher card. But I could not be sure. I exchanged it with the top card on the pack and was relieved to see a six. Not great but better.  
  
'Turn them over and let's see what we all suspect.'  
  
As expected Gordon had an ace. That meant that the next lowest card was also a loser. Susan had a four. She was going to lose an item.  
  
I looked at the Chairman for his summary.  
  
'Well, I make it that Susan and I both lose an item of clothing. I nominate my jacket because it is getting very warm in here.'  
  
I had kept the heating up high. 'And Susan, I think that is a very pretty dress but it would look better on the floor.'  
  
We all laughed. Well most of us.  
  
He stood and slipped his jacket off then stepped into the middle of the circle and did a slow spin. Mentally I congratulated him on making it just a little racier.  
  
He waved Susan into the middle of the circle as she started reaching for the zip at the back of her dress. Ever the gentleman, he stood and helped her, pulling the zip down to the top of her hips. I knew what she was wearing. We were all in for a treat.  
  
She slipped the dress hesitantly off her shoulders and let it slip to the ground. She wore a yellow quarter bra which allowed her nipples to stand proud of the bra by an inch at least. Just about her full areolas were showing. Her nipples were standing out and rock hard. I was pleased to see that she was turned on, not just embarrassed. She also wore a matching tiny g-string and tan hold-up stockings. Wow. I had chosen her clothes well this morning. She did a slow spin.  
  
There was an automatic round of applause, interspersed with comments like 'beautiful' and 'wow' and 'go kid.' Nice.  
  
I gave the pack to Elise on my left and she shuffled them and started to deal.  
  
'Alex, judging by the err ... err ... unexpected...success of the first round I can only congratulate you on the idea of having a Chairman, who can both stop the game and decide the items to be discarded. So far it has been a brilliant stroke, I have enjoyed being Chairman, and trust me, it is only going to get better.'  
  
'Well of course I did have some advance knowledge what Susan would be wearing. I choose all her clothes, including underwear, for her each morning. Especially if we are going to be in the position of showing them off.'  
  
Gordon nodded. 'Yes I too chose Elise's. Not that I do so every day like you. Just for special events. You Jim?'  
  
'No,' he said. 'But I think I might in future.' And then thinking he had better check what Brenda would say about that, asked her if she would be okay with that.  
  
'Fine by me,' she said. 'I guess you will want to spend more on my underwear if you are choosing it.'  
  
'Well at least more per square inch,' joked Elise. 'I cannot believe it is going to be very large.'  
  
We all laughed and then concentrated on the game again. Jim stuck then Bryony failed at first base as she tried to swap with Brenda who had a king. Gordon stuck after exchanging cards with Susan so we knew that he was happy that he switched a low card for a high one. Sam stuck with hers and I had a jack which I did not intend to switch either. Elise exchanged with the top card of the pack as I had done in the first round.  
  
'Oh no,' she exclaimed, and explained. I just changed a five for a two.'  
  
We all showed and you could see the relief on Bryony's and Susan's faces as they both showed a three.  
  
'Well,' laughed Gordon. 'I guess we are going to see the underwear that I chose this morning. The dress please darling.'  
  
Elise who was looking by far the most relaxed of the girls was happy to stand in the middle, twirl and offer me the zip on the back of her dark blue 'A' line dress. I lowered it to her hips and, like Susan, she dropped it to the ground and stepped out of it. Unlike Susan she bent over straight legged and offered me a wonderful view of her ass under her almost see through, Brazilian cut, light-blue panties. Removing it left her in a bra, panties, stockings and a suspender belt. She took her spin and sat back down.  
  
Gordon and Brenda both lost the next round and Gordon took off his trousers to reveal red silk boxers. He commented that it would have been unfair of him to remove his socks when he was asking the girls to remove their dresses.  
  
'And talking about removing things Brenda, why don't we start with your skirt?'  
  
She wore a tight leather mini skirt which rapidly hit the deck, to reveal virgin white undies.  
  
'You guys might like to know that these were my honeymoon undies. I took them away for the week, washed them when we got there, and never wore them again,' she laughed. 'After the fun we had with you guys in the lingerie shop, I decided that I wouldn't wear any for most of the honeymoon, and that included nights out in some very short skirts.'  
  
'One of the funny things,' said Jim, 'was to watch the guys following us up the stairs into the balcony restaurant.'  
  
'Yes. Can you believe him girls? He would keep me talking at the bottom of the stairs until a group of guys arrived. It took me a couple of days to spot it. I used to wonder why we were standing there chatting.'  
  
We all laughed. 'Yes,' said Jim, 'But when you did realise why, I noticed you waited even longer until there was a real crowd.'  
  
'Shhh. You don't have to tell everybody.' She slapped his arm.  
  
Elise handed the pack to Jim who dealt a card each. After some exchanges, it transpired that Sam and Jim had low fives and I had an ace. Jim and I both lost our trousers and Sam now stood in the middle of the crowd lowering her miniskirt to the ground. Like Elise she bent at the waist to pick it up. I was yet again in the right spot to get a view of her ass. This time it was a tiny thong. The string looked like a cotton thread caught between her cheeks. Delightful.  
  
The next time it was Brenda and Bryony who were caught.  
  
'It was about time Bryony. You may have started with one less item but we have all caught up.' I laughed.  
  
'I think you will be laughing again when you see what I am wearing under this dress,' she said.  
  
'Well let us see then,' said Gordon. 'The dress, I believe, is what we want.'  
  
Jim did the honours with the zip and I realised what she meant. While everything was covered she only had a one-piece corselette, holding her waist in tight and pushing her boobs up and out.  
  
'Absolutely gorgeous,' we all agreed. But one more fail and she was practically naked. Everything would be gone apart from her stockings, which would sag off once they were detached from the corselette.  
  
'And Brenda. It has to be the blouse please.'  
  
We saw the rest of the 'fairly virginal' honeymoon underwear, a lacy almost see though, matching bra. We murmured appreciatively.  
  
We had a quick intermission, a few people had a toilet break and I topped up all the drinks. Everybody spent a while standing around the nibbles and I took the opportunity of talking to the 'Chairman' quietly.  
  
'Just for your ears the only other game I have planned is strip twister. If you are planning to stop at a certain stage it might be nice if some of the girls had lost their panties before we play. Possibly stockings still on would also be good as it might make the board a little slippery.'  
  
'Alex, I cannot believe you are asking me to stop this at a stage mutually advantageous to the boys and disadvantageous to the girls, but thank you for letting me know. By the way, well done that move with the pack of cards. I nearly didn't spot you taking those two cards off the top. Inspired. It might be an idea just to check how comfortable the girls are with losing their underwear fairly quickly.'

I nodded and we moved apart towards the other guests, who, conveniently, were in two groups of three. Brenda Susan and Jim were nearest me and I took the opportunity of joining them by saying, 'How are we for drinks?'  
  
They turned out to be fine but I topped the girls glasses up with a bit more prosecco and shared a beer with Jim. 'So, I guess that lovely underwear hasn't seen a lot of use then Brenda. Frankly I am hoping that we don't see that much more of it either,' I joked.  
  
'I guess that's right,' she said. 'I guess pretty soon I am going to be like Susan here with my tits out. How does it feel Susan?' As these words passed her lips I saw her pass her glass to Jim and grasp Susan's nipples between her fingers with both hands. She gave them a firm twist and said 'Ohhh, I see these are pretty hard Susan. Excited huh?'  
  
I was seeing a new side to Brenda. Admittedly we were the least acquainted of all of us but wow. She's ready to move on I thought.  
  
And she hadn't finished yet. As she took her glass back from Jim she thrust a couple of fingers under Susan's g-string and said 'Wow Susan, wet huh. You really are enjoying this.'  
  
I waited for Susan's reply. It was really unnecessary. She was obviously dripping with anticipation. She was confident enough to put her own fingers into Brenda's crotch and grin. 'You also Brenda. Do you think you need the bathroom before we start again? Or perhaps just take them off and wring them out?'  
  
The two girls stood and happily played with each other's pussies. I had never seen Susan like this before. Jim and I just grinned at each other. He used his empty hand to play with Susan's nipples as well.  
  
'They certainly are hard Alex. Feel the other one.'  
  
I took the hint and there we were, the two of us, twiddling knobs like we were turning on a transistor radio.  
  
'I think we are ready to start again Alex. My group are raring to go. Yours?' our Chairman intoned. It was his way of telling me that they were all ready to lose their knickers.  
  
'Excited at the thought,' I said. 'In fact, if we don't start soon I think we are going to end up watching a two-girl party. Right break it up girls. Back to the circle.'  
  
The first round after the break was dynamite. As we showed our cards I could see that Susan, who had not wanted to exchange her card, had a four. I was hit by the realisation that she wanted to lose. She wanted to lose her clothes.  
  
And she did.  
  
Her four, was the lowest of the free cards but Jim also had an ace. He peeled off his shirt without even asking Gordon, who was watching Susan with the same look that a tiger gives a chunk of meat. Raw meat. Bloody, red, raw, stinking meat. You get the picture.  
  
Susan stood in the middle of the circle and looked at Gordon with the sort of look that a piece of meat gives a tiger. Well perhaps not as a piece of meat but more like a female tiger, lusting after her rampant male.  
  
He indicated that Susan should give us a little spin, which she did. 'Susan, if you will pardon me saying so, I think it is pointless us asking for your bra when we can already see those glorious nipples. I think it has to be the string.'  
  
She tried to look disappointed but couldn't help breaking into a little smile.  
  
'Oh no,' she said, 'I will be showing everyone my ...pu...pu...pussy.'  
  
'Correct,' said our Chairman. 'You may stand here in front of me, and face the other way when you pick them off the floor. That way I will get a good look at it.'  
  
She did. She did exactly what he wanted. She stood and faced him as she dropped her string to the floor and kicked them backwards a couple of feet. She turned widened her stance a little and slowly bent forwards to pick them up. Pure theatrical Viagra. She got her round of applause.  
  
It was my turn to deal the cards, I lost but so did Brenda and Bryony.  
  
Gordon jumped in before any of us had a chance to react. 'Alex I think we need your shirt and, while you are standing in the middle, I wonder if you would be the gentleman I am sure you really are, and help first Bryony and then Brenda with their items please.  
  
I grinned. He had established the order and given me a very nice bonus.  
  
'Bryony, perhaps you could raise your arms above your head to help Alex remove your one piece. As lovely as it is, I am afraid it has to go.'  
  
Bryony stood in the circle in front of me and raised her arms. 'Alex, mmm, you have a small problem. Do you know how it undoes and comes off? No? I guess you will have to investigate.'  
  
I was still standing so I had a good look. When I said I had a good look, I had a really good look. With my hands. There were no zips nor obvious fastenings apart from the suspenders which I unclipped, one after the other. I could see the other girls grinning. They knew. I tried to lower her arms and pull the straps over her shoulders. She shook her head. 'No Alex. Gordon knows. It comes up.'  
  
I had a brainwave. My fingers ran between her legs, which she subtly parted and nodded. There were three little clips, which, after a little fiddling I managed to undo. I slowly peeled the corseletted up her body, over her breasts, over her arms and off. I noticed her stockings start to sag down her leg. She did a little spin and sat down.  
  
I looked towards Sam and then Gordon.  
  
'Brenda,' said Gordon. 'I am so sorry that, as a gentleman, I should really allow your modesty to remain intact as long as possible by asking for your bra. However, that would not be gentlemanly towards the rest of the girls who have been err... forced..., we all laughed, to remove their panties. And just about everything else in some cases. So, lovely Brenda, Alex - the honeymoon panties please.'  
  
'Alex, you must know that you are first person ever to remove these panties. On honeymoon I had them off too quickly for Jim to remove them, so you are the first.'  
  
I turned her away from me, eased my finger under the back elastic and gently lowered it down between her legs and off her lips. I eased it down her legs, lifted it off her feet and threw it on the floor, a couple of feet in front of her. She took the hint and, as Susan had done she eased her feet a yard apart and bent down to pick them from the floor. She winked at me between her legs before standing up and sitting down again. I noticed Elise pointing out my hard-on to Jim sitting next to her.  
  
I really couldn't believe our luck when Elise finished with an ace and Sam had the lowest other card, a six even.  
  
'Jim it seems logical that you have the pleasure, sorry I mean task, of removing the ladys' panties.'  
  
Jim jumped to his feet, adjusting his hard-on as he did so. We all saw it swelling the front of his boxers. He pulled Sam, who was sitting almost opposite him, to her feet, turned her around so that she was almost facing me and slowly inserted his fingers under the bottom strap of her thong. You could see her flexing her knees as his fingers eased it from within her swollen labia. He pulled them down her legs and now, copying the rest of us, dropped the thong almost at my feet. She laughed and said,' Wow this does feel really odd, doesn't it girls?' as she spread her legs really wide and bent forward to rest her hands on the floor before picking her thong up in her teeth. We applauded her gymnastic ability, or at least I did, I think Jim probably applauded the view he got of her cunt smiling back at him.  
  
So that just left Elise, who gracefully stood. She was sitting between Jim and I, so she faced Jim, close. He took the hint and lowering the panties by their side straps followed the front edge down with his tongue, over her clit and down through her lips. Elise helped by pushing herself towards him.  
  
They eventually separated to a throat clearing by Gordon and a cry of 'Get a room,' from me.  
  
Gordon said, 'Well we seem to have come to a convenient spot to stop and have another drink, I know I at least need one, and indeed it may be time...' He paused and looked at me and I nodded, 'perhaps even to stop and allow Alex to get the next game ready. It would seem a shame for you ladies, and us guys of course, to lose all our clothes in the first game. We would have nothing to remove in the next one.'  
  
There was a gale of laughter and a rapid move towards the table where we kept the drinks.  
  
'So, what's next?' said Brenda. 'You seem to have done quite a good job at getting us, if not naked, at least embarrassed.'  
  
'I would accept that I have managed to get you all knicker-less, but embarrassed, I don't think so. I don't think I have ever seen girls as keen as you five to show off your pussies.'  
  
Everyone laughed recognizing the truth.  
  
'So, recognizing that fact, I thought the next little game we could play would be twister, or to be more precise, strip twister. I thought I would ask our Chairman to be the caller and the rest of us can play off in two's, the loser in each game losing an item of clothing.'  
  
There was a little frisson of noise as everyone turned to a neighbour and made comments, 'I knew we would be taking more clothes off somehow.' 'Dirty buggers just want to see right up our pussies.' Hopefully someone will finger me when I bend over. I am getting very horny.'  
  
I was delighted there were no noises of dissent.  
  
Our Chairman spoke. I had assumed that he maybe felt a little old for scrabbling around on the floor and I couldn't think of anyone who I would trust more to rule in favour of the girls losing more clothes. What did surprise me was what he said next.  
  
'I will certainly accept the role of caller, but perhaps to give me a little assistance I would like to nominate Susan to give me a little help. Susan perhaps you could sit here,' he indicated his knees, 'and together we can organise the calls.'  
  
Susan did not seem too loathe to sit on his knee and I saw her wriggling her naked bottom onto his lap. Gordon was still wearing his boxers, I wondered how long that would last. I also wondered whether our little agreement about no penetrative sex was going to stand the test of time. Maybe not even the next hour?  
  
Our Chairman announced that the first pairing on the Twister mat was to be Sam and Brenda. Sam was petite and Brenda, well no-one would ever describe her as petite, full-bodied, yes, even statuesque so we thought it was a bit of a mismatch. Gordon got it right though. By the time both girls had got both hands and feet on the right colours you could see that Sam had a plan to get underneath Brenda and stifle her opportunity to move her limbs to the correct colour. Of course, Jim and I were far too busy moving around tickling the odd open pussy or tit that was hanging down. Brenda still had her 'honeymoon' bra on and Sam a dark blue satin chemise which should have kept her breasts covered. On all fours however, with her arms and head lower than her waist it was obvious that with a little help the chemise would fall down towards her arms, over her face and expose her boobs beautifully. In fact as that hampered her seeing what she was doing she allowed the top to fall over her head and down off her arms. That meant that Jim and I were definitely rooting for her to win so that we could see both Brenda's titties as well. As it happens she won fairly quickly by insinuating herself under Brenda and pushing upwards so that Brenda had to take her hands off the mat.  
  
Victory to Sam and off with Brenda's bra.  
  
The next match announced was Elise and I. Just before we squared up she announced 'What do you think girls, do you think we need to see these cocks. Let's face it they can see us, we need to see them.'  
  
She moved over to Gordon and pulled his boxers down. I hardly had time to worry about Susan sitting on his now uncovered lap before Sam pulled my boxers down at the front, just far enough to pull out my cock and balls She left them dangling out the front with a comment that this would make it harder for me to move my legs between the colours.  
  
We started. 'Left foot on blue, right foot on red,' so our legs were both well spread and then our hands were similarly separated. If I didn't know Gordon better I would have thought that he was planning the moves. Come to think of it ...  
  
It was Elise's plan to get under me like Sam had done but she did it from the other way round so that she was facing away from me. This originally had my face in her bum, so I managed to lick along her crack. After enjoying this for a while she lowered her back and insinuated her body under mine. I am not quite sure which of the girls was stroking my cock at the time but whoever it was realised that with a little more movement towards each other she would actually be able to put my dick in Elise's pussy. The girls started calling, 'Back up another few inches 'Lise, you will get a nice surprise. I have to say I had not worked out what they were on about until I felt a hand on my cock guiding me into Elise's pussy. Heaven, except that I was the first one to break our agreement. I wondered whether as Sam had guided me in it didn't count and also wondered sneakily whether Susan would be able to see what had happened. It didn't take me long to realise that my dick had a will of it's own anyway and wasn't going to worry. It was in a hot wet place and all was right with it's world. It did mean however that Elise was able to push me off the mat and as I collapsed on top of her I managed to sink my dick fully inside her. Ahhhh. Bliss.  
  
'I had to be seen to apologise so after spending quite a while getting my breath back, I pulled out and mumbled 'Sorry Elise, that wasn't exactly planned.'  
  
She whispered in my ear, 'Maybe not by you Alex,' and grinned.  
  
I heard our Chairman intone, 'And when you two have finished fornicating on the floor the next and last couple is Bryony & Jim.' Well that blew my hopes of Susan not knowing where my dick had been. Now was not the time however to negotiate I thought.  
  
Jim had lost his underwear at some stage, probably when Sam had pulled my cock out. Bryony just had hold-up stockings on.  
  
Whether Jim had played this before or whether he just got lucky I do not know however he used the same tactics that the girls in the first two matches had used but in reverse. Instead of being on all fours with his arse in the air, he was in a crab position facing up, his arse facing down. Just about the furthest thing from the ground was the top of his erect cock. The four of us not playing had circled the mat and while I was rimming Bryony's ass-hole with my finger, the girls were handling Jim's cock and assisting him in getting under Bryony each time a new colour was called. The inevitable happened and as Bryony collapsed on top of Jim, someone, Elise I think, was keeping his cock at the right angle to penetrate her.  
  
Planned or what.  
  
Jim was not in a rush to pull out so I organised another round of drinks around them and the six of us left the two of them happily rutting in a corner. I noticed Brenda did not seem at all perturbed. I needed to point this out to Susan tomorrow, possibly as some form of mitigation. Did we need to change the agreement?  
  
It was gone one o'clock by now and once Brenda had got Jim back under control they were the first to make a move home. I am pleased to report that the others quickly followed and I was able to pull Susan into bed and relieve my frustration about actually being inside Elise but not having time to come.  
  
We quickly fell asleep within minutes of cumming, luckily leaving any potential confrontation for the morning.

**Chapter 10 A big small step.**  
  
When I woke I could hear Susan in the kitchen so I took a deep breath and went out to admit to what she knew I had done already. There was coffee and toast being put on the table.  
  
'Good Morning honey.'  
  
Well I wasn't in too much trouble, unless she was being sarcastic. Maybe she had poisoned the coffee.  
  
I took a sip and picked up the first piece of toast.  
  
'I am so sorry darling,' she said.  
  
'So am I, but what are you sorry for.'  
  
'I broke the agreement before you did,' she said.  
  
I tried to remember back and suddenly I knew what had happened. 'It was when Elise pulled off his shorts while you were sitting on his knee right?'  
  
'Uhuh. As I sat down it was just there. And well my weight fell on it and it went right in. He didn't come inside me though. Promise. I kept as still as I could so he wouldn't come. It did mean though that he was inside me for maybe half an hour, or even longer. I just couldn't get it out.'  
  
She nervously came towards me so I cuddled her. 'I can't argue. That's more or less what happened to me with Elise. She backed into me after Sam had pulled me out. It just slipped straight in, but like you, I didn't do anything. I didn't try and get her, or myself off. But what do we do now? How do we go forward? If we continue to see that crowd it is going to happen again. Look at Jim and Bryony.'  
  
'Yes,' she said, 'Gordon more or less said that next time, that he and I were going to have more fun. I think that is what he meant.'  
  
I had a long think while I finished a couple of slices of toast and drank the coffee. I had to guess whether Susan felt the same as I did.  
  
'I think we are sort of between a rock and a hard place. Unless we continue to get sexier and sexier we will lose this flat and we cannot afford to buy another one together yet. If we do carry on we might be able to save up enough to do so. If we carry on getting sexier both in and out of the flat, than we are going to be unfaithful to each other. But as I love you, and I think you love me, then ...'  
  
'I do, you know I do.'  
  
'then we are still going to end up together and frankly I think we are both enjoying this sexier action. You enjoy Gordon's...err ... company. Don't you? What am I saying, you enjoyed being fucked by him? I could see it in your eyes. And of course, I am a man, I will always enjoy fucking a different girl.'  
  
She nodded. 'You are right, I did enjoy it and yes I think we can rationalise it by thinking about the flat. But only when we are both there. Not a secret little affair on your own. I don't have to be doing it too, but I have to be there, not necessarily in the same room. I am sure there will be times when we will be separated. What do you think?'  
  
I could see she had tears in her eyes. 'Are you okay, come on let's go back to bed and I will make you feel happier. In fact, am I going to pretend to be Gordon, so when he does fuck you, you can think of me fucking you, pretending to be him.'  
  
It worked. She laughed and hit me.  
  
'You know I will always love you, and think about you. Anyway, come on Gordon, don't be all mouth and no trousers, see if you can take me to bed and make me forget about Alex. I will bet you can't.'  
  
She called me Gordon after I got my cock down her throat and while I fucked her. She called me Alex when we were cuddling afterwards. What a lovely way to spend a Sunday.  
  
I got a call later the next day from a very happy Mark.  
  
'Wow what a Saturday party, you easily picked up the biggest viewing figures from all the other flats. There will be a special bonus for that. How about doing that every Saturday night? Not exactly the same but with similar outcomes?'  
  
'I am not sure, we haven't spoken to the guests yet to see whether they enjoyed it, but I expect they did.'  
  
'I am sure they did,' he said. 'It is just a thought, but it seems an easy way of keeping the viewers happy. That doesn't mean you can go back to your old ways the rest of the week. We really don't see a lot of you exercising Alex. Where is that six-pack?'  
  
He was right I always kept forgetting about it. 'You are right, I will get right on it.'  
  
'Anyway, I only rang up to say well done and that I will post the bonus to you. Keep it up. Love to Susan.'  
  
I told Susan what he had said, but added that we shouldn't just rely on them to spice up the flat, we had to do it ourselves and possibly invite other people like the other flat tenants.  
  
She agreed and added perhaps that we could invite Joanne and Pete over for the evening. 'I want to see her as undressed as I was.' I could see she really did want to get her own back.  
  
'Okay I will ring them. What shall I suggest. The same sort of thing that we did round at their place. We can go out and buy some new underwear and even perhaps some of that stuff from the sex shop. We can have a few drinks and show them off. Perhaps you could talk Joanne into wearing one of your new things from the sex shop. You are both about the same size.'  
  
She agreed. Wow, she really was beginning to get into these sexier games. Rock on.  
  
I rang later and they agreed that they would come round, early evening, a few days later. I told Pete that we would provide a light meal or snacks so all they needed to bring was a bottle or two.  
  
I suggested to Susan that we get her some new clothes and underwear to try on. Perhaps we should ring Gordon and meet up.  
  
'No, she said, 'if I can get Joanne trying on some of my clothes I don't want her looking good in quality underwear. I just would like to see her in cheap stuff, tiny stuff, or nothing, preferably. I thought we could go back to the sex shop and the place with the cheap underwear, Small Things wasn't it?'  
  
'Okay sounds good to me. I am looking forward to going back to the Adult Store and getting your shopping discount.'  
  
She slapped my arm. 'Sleazebag. You just want to see me turning on all those dirty old men.'  
  
'No, I just want to have the same hot sex we had last time we went there. You were so turned on you would have taken on a football team.'  
  
She grinned. 'Yes, I remember that. Come on let us go and get some practice in.'  
  
'Sounds good to me, let me see if I cannot get you hot before I even touch you.'  
  
She looked puzzled  
  
'Come with me.' I walked into the bedroom taking off my shirt and followed it with my trousers. I sat on the bed. 'Here stand in front of me and start stripping for me. Slowly and sexily. In fact, before you start, rummage around in your underwear drawer and put on suspenders and stockings. Something hot. Surprise me. Just doing that in the toilet will warm you up. I will sit here and play with myself to get ready for you.'  
  
She grinned and started looking through a couple of drawers. I sat back on the bed and started massaging my cock through my boxers. I had placed myself under a camera so I was feeling a little subconscious myself. As I lay back gently rubbing my soft cock it began to harden. I wondered whether it was just the manipulation and then realised that I was thinking of all our watchers. I started to feel horny. I knew that Susan hadn't realised that I was positioning myself for the cameras yet. I suspected that once she realised she would get really hot. That made me harder still.  
  
Within ten minutes she was back, still wearing her blouse and soft flowing mini -skirt, like a cheer-leaders skirt but longer. She started dancing for me at the bottom of the bed.  
  
'No, over here next to me.' I swung my legs down to sit on the edge of the bed. 'Come close.'  
  
She was standing rubbing her still-covered breasts onto my nose. She leaned forward and kissed me as she started undoing buttons on her blouse. Within a few seconds she threw the blouse onto the bottom of the bed and started kissing my cock over its covering. She turned and touched her toes, rubbing her arse against my chest Slowly she stood up leaning back into me and then suddenly she froze. 'I am standing right in front of a camera,' she said. 'Get onto the bed so I can get a bit further away from it.'  
  
'No, I want you to stay here and stand right in front of it. I want you to slowly take your clothes off and be really sexy for me. Just me. Think of all those guys looking at you, wanting to touch you. When I lay you down and open your legs and finger you I want them leaning forward, to get nearer to their screen.'  
  
She shuddered at the image and I think had a small cum. She turned back towards me and I could see that her eyes were sort of glazed over. She was still dancing and very sexy but her mind was elsewhere. I should worry, her body was here with me. In contact in fact.  
  
She bent again to kiss my cock and I undid the side clasp on her skirt and watched it slip to the floor. That almost brought her back but watching her butt cheeks I realised that she was wiggling her bottom, just for the camera.  
  
She looked at me and winked. 'You have no idea how horny I am. Already.'  
  
She kissed me, her tongue wrestling with mine, pushing me back onto the bed.  
  
'Take some more clothes off babe,' I whispered and turned her around to face the camera. 'Wiggle that bum for me lover. Show me what I have coming,' I said much louder so that the microphones would pick it up. Not for the viewers benefit of course but merely to make Susan a little hotter.  
  
She was dancing for the camera now but still up close to me. Close enough for me to undo the back of her bra.  
  
She groaned quietly, in her throat and lowered her bum onto my lap so I could put my arms around her. I placed a hand on each breast and pulled the bra cups away from them. This time her groan was loud enough for everyone to hear. I pulled my hands away and let the world, or at least the viewers, see her tits juggling in front of the camera. I cupped them proffering them to her admirers. She was beginning to glaze out again. I knew it would be down to me to expose the rest of her. I just hoped she would continue to get hotter the more I showed.  
  
I checked that her panties were put on over her suspenders so were easily removable. I lowered her down on to the bed beside me, on her back.  
  
I got up, stood to the side and started to pull her panties off. That groan was even louder this time. The last straw for her was when I moved her legs round to line them up with the camera and then pulled them apart. Her black stockings and suspenders framed her naked pussy. I pulled her left leg towards me and was fascinated to watch her move her right one wider of her own accord. She was as exposed to her viewers as she would be to her gynaecologist. I gently played with her labia and she started to breathe quickly, her head rolling and her limbs twitching. I lowered my boxers and just dived in, sinking fully inside her with the first thrust. She continued to cum in rolling bursts for a couple of minutes it seemed. I pumped away before quickly adding my semen to her already soaking pussy. There seemed little point in delaying the pleasure for either of us. She screamed and spasmed a final time as I lay catching my breath inside her. I would have liked to turn the cameras off now and whisper in her ear that it was just the two of us now, but that was not a possibility. I pulled the sheet over us held her close as her noises turned from groans to gentle snores. It was only just past nine but she was gone for the night. We had missed the evening dare again. On reflection, I guessed we hadn't, but that we were both involved in it.