**An Apartment with Benefits**

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

**Chapter 11 More clothes shopping**  
  
Susan didn't say a word the next morning, neither about how embarrassed she was, nor how much she enjoyed it. I didn't either.  
  
'Shall we go to Small Things this afternoon,' I suggested, 'and maybe the adult shop tomorrow. Hopefully you will have some clothes to try on.'  
  
She nodded, 'Are we alright for money,'  
  
'Sure, you can spend loads. Don't forget we have the bonus for Saturday night due to arrive today or tomorrow. It will be a few hundred I am betting.'  
  
I thought it would be a good idea to have a couple of drinks before we went shopping so we popped into the pub and I bought her a gin and tonic and me a pint. We spent an hour having a couple more drinks and looking at the other flats and their archives.  
  
'What are you going to wear to see Joanne and Pete?'  
  
'I hadn't really thought. Maybe that nice black mini with a posh blouse over it, and definitely matching undies.'  
  
'What was she wearing when we were over at their place.'  
  
'I don't really remember,' she lied.  
  
'Really,' I said. 'You don't remember that she was wearing almost exactly the same as you just suggested?'  
  
Susan had the grace to look ashamed. 'Oh yes, she was wasn't she. Still I don't want to compete in the most undressed hostess competition. I want to look classy.'  
  
'You looked pretty classy last night with your legs open in front of the camera.'  
  
She tried to pretend that she didn't remember it, so I laughed.  
  
'Anyway, you don't need to worry about what you are wearing because I will choose it for you. Just drink up, let us go to Small Things and start buying.'  
  
We strolled around the shop each with a small basket.  
  
I deliberately moved away from Susan as I didn't want her to know what I wanted her to wear just yet. I would go through her basket before I went to the till with it.  
  
She was wearing her usual mini-skirt and t-shirt, no bra and a pair of bikini panties. I knew as I had laid them out earlier. Pretty ordinary wear nowadays for her.  
  
I was looking forward to the next half hour or so. I had chosen some nice undies and she knew that I would want to see it all on and that the changing rooms led directly into the store. The only drawback as far as I was concerned is that unlike the classy Lace n'Easy, there were no seats so I would need to lean against the wall. Of course, that did mean that I was standing quite a few yards away from her changing cubicle. She would need to come out at least a dozen paces. I did stand by a full-length mirror.  
  
The first few things she tried on were t-shirts and panties. She looked gorgeous of course but I had to shake my head. 'Now sweetie, you know that is not what we are here for. Let's compromise, why don't you put those three back and keep the pink one with glitter. It does look nice on you and you can even wear that home to see your mum. Now why don't you try out the two t-shirts I put in for you. There's a white one and a green one. The green one I think will look particularly nice with your red hair, but try the white one first.'  
  
'Are you sure about these,' I heard from the changing cubicle.  
  
'Maybe not, if they are not suitable. Let me see.'  
  
She came out wearing the white one. It came down just below her panties so I did comment that it was rather long.  
  
'That's not the problem and you know it. Look at the armholes, they come down to my waist and will show everyone my tits if I raise my arms or move, and as for leaning forward. Well, it is so loose at the top that if I lean over slightly you can see right down to my waist from the front and sides. I would need to wear a bra with it.'  
  
'I don't think so darling, you would see it and it would look so ugly. It is quite high cut across the chest. Lean towards me and show me.'  
  
'Wow,' I thought. She was right. Leaning forward did expose her right down to her tummy button.  
  
'No that's fine if you don't mind it being a bit long. Try the green one on next. You might try it with the green panties I put in the basket.'  
  
I was joined in the waiting area by a couple in their forties with what was probably their daughter. She was probably in her late teens or early twenties, a year or two younger than us, and frankly a bit tartily dressed. She had a micro-mini skirt on and a t-shirt that looked remarkably similar to the white one that Susan had just tried on. But she had a small black bra on under it. She looked bored and was listening to music on her earphones. The mother went into the cubicle with a small pile of clothes. I suspected they were going to be there a while.  
  
I heard a small voice from the cubicle. 'Alex are you sure about this?'  
  
'Well, not definitely, not without seeing it on.' I had to stifle my laughter.  
  
There was a groan before the cubicle door opened. The gin and tonics had obviously not worked.  
  
She was horrified to see the father and daughter standing there and paused halfway out of the cubicle. Now she could see me, if not laughing, at least with a very big grin. Something clicked in her mind. I don't think it was the gins, I think it was a new-found spirit, if not confidence. She also knew that as I had chosen both these pieces I would want to buy them  
  
'What do you think darling,' she said. 'The panties look fine, if not a bit see-through, but I am really not sure about the t-shirt it is very tart...'  
  
She had seen the similar shirt that the girl was wearing.  
  
'I mean it is very... Tight.'  
  
Now I laughed. Tight it was not. Low cut at the front, scooped just over the top of her tits, thin straps over the shoulders, armholes down to the waist again and short. It came to just over her belly button. The green colour was lovely and matched the skimpy, see-through bikini panties that she was wearing.  
  
'Too tight? You want it to be looser,' I said. 'Stay there and I will see if they have a bigger size. Lean towards me and let me see.'  
  
'Maybe it is okay,' she said looking sideways at the girl standing there. The father looked somewhere between embarrassed and incredulous.  
  
'Dad,' said the girl. 'I am not sure you should be in here if there are a lot of women trying on underwear. Perhaps it would be better if you waited outside.'  
  
I could see he did not want to go and I was torn between letting him go and involving the girl in my decisions or telling him that he was fine where he was and perhaps he could help me. I decided that the girl might just be embarrassed herself with her Dad there and so decided to let him go.  
  
I could see him reluctantly walking away.  
  
The girl slipped her phones out of her ears.  
  
'Awesome,' she said. 'You look awesome.'  
  
'Thank you,' said Susan. 'I am not quite as sure about it as maybe you are. Perhaps if I was wearing a bra like you are...'  
  
'Fuck no,' said the girl. 'If you've gott'em, flaunt 'em.' She said quietly, 'I wish I could go around like that but my mother would blow. I could talk my Dad into letting me I'm sure.'  
  
'If it's any help to you, go and get him and say that my wife doesn't mind him being here. Maybe you can explain to him that is what young people are wearing nowadays.  
  
She thought about that and grinned. 'You don't mind?' she looked at Susan.  
  
I was about to answer for her and paused to see what would happen. Would she prevaricate. 'No that would be fine,' she said. 'But there are a lot more items in the basket and some of them may be even raunchier.' I wondered whether she had been guessing or had looked through the whole basket.  
  
'I'll be right back.'  
  
She was tugging her now reluctant dad behind her.  
  
I held my hand out to him. 'Alex, oh and Susan. We would really appreciate your help whether you think these clothes are attractive.'  
  
'Stan,' he said. 'And Tracy. Look I am not an expert on fashions. I wear what the wife tells me.'  
  
'I can see that,' I said. And we all laughed.  
  
That seemed to break the ice.  
  
'So, what do you think of this little outfit. Take a good look. Susan, spin around and show us your... the back. And now face us again and lean fotwards, just in case it really does show everything. We will tell you if it does.'  
  
She bent towards us. You could see all the way to her feet, via her beautiful boobies.  
  
'Well you do get a bit of décolletage, but it would be great for clubbing. Eh Stan.'  
  
'You would wear this out in a night club?'  
  
'Oh sure,' Susan said playing along. 'I might wear a skirt to and from the club but even those lovely little things make it so difficult for dancing. And you know what happens when you wear a short skirt?'  
  
'No,' he said.  
  
'Men try to look up it. So, if you are not wearing one they can't.'  
  
'That makes sense I guess,' he said. 'So does everyone wear that sort of thing?'  
  
'Oh yes. If I was going shopping to a mall or somewhere crowded I might wear a bra like Susan does but the problem at a club is having to check it with your coat. They tend to disappear. Isn't that right Tracy?'  
  
Tracy was now trying not to laugh.  
  
'Why don't you show him the outfit with the bra dear. The grey one with the grey bra and panties.'  
  
She patently hadn't looked through the basket as she did not know what I was talking about.  
  
'Shout if they are not obvious.' I said.  
  
She disappeared back into the changing cubicle.  
  
'I guess Tracy doesn't wear a bra all the time at home Stan. With a nice pair of tits like she's got it would be quite a waste wouldn't it.' I elbowed him in the ribs and winked.  
  
'Well she normally does.'  
  
'Really. And you don't put your foot down and insist that she doesn't? You must be strong. You are the master in your house aren't you? Anyway, it would be good for Tracy. It is character and confidence building and she may not make friends if she appears to be different. Does she bring many friends home?'  
  
'Well no not really.'  
  
'Well that's why. She would be embarrassed if they all turn up with their tits showing and you and your good wife look embarrassed about it. You must move with the times. We are in the twenty first century now. You wouldn't mind having half a dozen girls walking around your house with their tits hanging out, would you?' I nudged him again. 'No, I didn't think you would mind. And what about the panties. What sort of panties does Tracy wear?'  
  
They both looked a bit surprised by the turn of the conversation.  
  
'Errr I don't really know. I err... have never seen them. Small I expect.'  
  
I smiled and nudged him yet again in the ribs. 'You mean you have never looked in the laundry basket and given them a sniff? Or seen them lying around the bathroom after being rinsed out?'  
  
He went very red.  
  
'Yes, I thought so. So which ones have you got on today Tracy? Show us.'  
  
I thought I would see how brave Tracy really was.  
  
Good girl. She stood in front of us, raised her skirt to the waist and gave us a little spin. Without me even asking. Stan's eyes were bulging. She had a plain white g-string on. She did have a lovely bum.  
  
'There. I'll bet you have seen them before haven't you? And I'll bet you didn't confuse them with the wife's.'  
  
On that they both burst into laughter.  
  
'Not quite the same style.' Jim said.  
  
'And I'll bet they don't smell as good either Dad. Did you like the little yellow ones I left in there yesterday? I had been clubbing with them on and I'll bet they were very smelly weren't they.'  
  
Jim just stayed beetroot coloured and was saved from answering by Susan coming back out.  
  
The light grey scooped t-shirt she had on was snug fitting, and fluffy like mohair. When I say scooped, it was actually scooped below her breasts, so were it not for her bra she would have been effectively topless. She wore a lovely silk grey, quarter bra which supported and presented her tits rather than cover them. Her nipples were as hard as nails and probably sitting an inch above the half inch of lace on the top of the bra. The g-string was a matching grey colour but the strap coming up from between her legs was merely a half inch grey satin band with the matching half inch of lace either side. And that was only at the front. The back was just the satin band.  
  
Stan's face was a picture.  
  
'And where would you wear that?' he spluttered.  
  
This had Susan stumped. Whichever quick answers she was ready to give this was not a question she expected.  
  
I saw my chance. 'Entertaining,' I said. 'When we have people round. Drinks evenings. That sort of thing.' Luckily Stan was looking at me and didn't see Susan's look of horror. 'But what she would probably do is put a little lipstick on her nipples to make them a little redder and make them stand out more. Feel this left one Stan. Firm it up a little and imagine it with lipstick on. And no, you cannot kiss it to taste it.'  
  
I thought that would be step too far for him anyway, but recognised that it would make him think about it. He seemed to be in a daze as he felt it as I suggested.  
  
Hell, if he was going to feel mine, I was going to feel his.  
  
Tracy had been standing awestruck, still holding her skirt around her waist as she had been left out of the conversation until now. I pushed my hand through the side of her low-cut vest and into her bra, firmly grasping her left nipple.  
  
'There Jim, feel this one as well. Feel the difference, softer, more girly like, but still tightens up beautifully with a little manipulation. Show him Trace, lift your bra over your tits, there's a good girl.'  
  
I was staggered now. She did as I asked, looking at her Dad with loving eyes. He was quick to drop Susan's nipple and play with both of his daughter's. He sighed deeply. I suspected that he had just achieved a long-held desire.  
  
'By the way guys, I hate to break up this party, but I did hear the lady in the next cubicle to me say, 'the last one,' so I suspect she may be out sooner rather than later.'  
  
Tracy's boobs disappeared back into her bra and top and her skirt was rapidly straightened.  
  
I pulled a pen out of my pocket and grabbed Tracy's hand. I wrote my cell-phone number on it. 'Come and visit us. We are only a couple of streets away. You can see Susan's entertaining outfits again. Bring your boyfriend if you like, or your Dad.'  
  
I tried to look serious but we all laughed. I didn't want to upset him, so I said. 'No seriously, you can bring him and your boyfriend and we will invite a few more people and have a party. Probably leave the wife at home Stan, unless by then you have put your foot down as I have. You never know, mine was a shy little thing once. You might turn yours into a raving nympho like mine.'  
  
I knew I was building up a pile of apologies that I would have to offer the moment Stan and Tracy left. Susan left to go back to the cubicle as Mum left hers. She was obviously not quite sure what she had seen but didn't like it anyway.  
  
'Did you see that?' she expostulated.  
  
'Yes, we did dear. That was Susan and she looked very attractive. Have you finished yet, or are you going to try some more clothes on?'  
  
Rather than wait for an answer he walked, head proudly in the air, his daughter close beside him. He expected his wife to follow on. I wondered whether life would still be the same in their household in the future.  
  
I watched him go before I heard a voice in my ear. 'Have you finished chatting up girls and as for inviting her father to an orgy, well...'  
  
She was wearing a delightful tight fitting, mohair, ivory coloured wifebeater and matching boy shorts.  
  
'That looks lovely,' I said. 'Doesn't it. It really does. Perfect for entertaining. I am sorry about all the crap I came out with, although it was really funny, wasn't it? Your face, when I said you should wear the topless outfit for entertaining, was a picture. And as for the nipples well, maybe not such a bad idea.'  
  
She slapped my arm. 'You are forgiven... This time. Especially if you buy me this outfit. It will be nice to wear around the flat. The only thing that worries me is that it is too clingy. You can see my camel toe and my nipples are sticking right out it is so soft.'  
  
'That makes it just perfect. Come on let's get out of here. Just go and get the basket and we will buy all the rest sight unseen. You look lovely in everything.'  
  
All this was true of course but it also meant that we would be buying the other two or three items that I had bought without her seeing them. And a pile of skimpy undies. Roll on the adult store tomorrow.  
  
The next day we were back to Love Unlimited. It was only a couple of streets away and after a lazy morning we were in there about lunchtime. It was a little busier than the first time but still not crowded. There were about six guys slowing perusing the shelves. Joe greeted us as we walked through the door. 'It's Susan isn't it. That was the name?'  
  
'Yes,' she said. 'We thought we would come back and have another look around. I am not sure that we will be buying much.'  
  
'That's okay, Mosey around as much as you like and remember twenty percent off if you are interested. You know how.'  
  
I swear Susan blushed a little. We strolled around the top floor looking at the toys and the DVDs. Some of the guys seemed to follow us with their eyes, a couple just looked embarrassed if we caught their eye. Joe obviously was not that much of a perve as he was just busy making a few phone calls. We both knew we were here for downstairs and the clothes and after a while Susan said 'Shall we just have a quick look downstairs.' Who was she trying to kid.  
  
While Susan checked the baskets of cheap undies out I went straight to the clothes on the racks. I couldn't see Susan picking any of the see-through panties or bras to try on. I swear there was a better selection on the racks than last time. I was admiring a French maids costume. Along-side that there was an outfit which just appeared to be a selection of leather straps, a dress made entirely of brass-type rings, hanging in chains from a ring necklace and a short black elasticated type dress with what appeared to be a big hole around the tummy surrounded by zips. There were slim packets of clothes, sealed up, fit all sizes, that bore titles like 'Arresting Police,' 'Schoolgirl,' 'Santa's Little Helper,' 'Nursey Nursey,' and 'Arabian Nights.' There were boxes of body-stockings of all shapes and sizes, some from neck to toe others with stockings attached. I couldn't possibly encourage Susan to try any of this lot on here in the shop, could I?  
  
I thought I would be better off to leave it to her. After all, if we were going to get twenty percent off we could buy a lot of these without trying them on first, surely. 'Look you will look lovely in any of this stuff, or even better not in any of it,' I quipped. 'I will let you choose if you want to try anything on and what you want to buy. None of it is stuff that you would wear out of the flat and most of it you will only wear once, to try to embarrass Joanne. Not that I am trying to discourage you. Any of these will push our ratings up.'  
  
I wandered back upstairs where Joe was sitting rubbing his greasy paws together. 'Chosen much to try on has she?'  
  
'I don't know. It is up to her. '  
  
After a short while she came up with a basket of stuff with a few clothes on top. I could see the black elasticated dress lying on top.  
  
'Here,' she said to Joe. 'I am going to try these three things on and buy the rest of the things in the basket. Okay?'  
  
'Sure, he said. 'Take your time, absolutely no rush. Here is the key.'  
  
I noticed four more guys come in who had obviously been rushing. Perhaps they had to get back to their work after lunch.  
  
Joe greeted them like friends. 'Hi John, how's it hanging Pete? Nice to see you all again this week. They grinned. I realised what the phone calls had been about. He was calling in friends to watch Susan on the catwalk. Having seen the look on Susan's face I was sure they were not going to be disappointed.

There were a dozen of us standing between the changing cubicle and the mirror. I noticed that the four who had come rushing in were quite happy to be furthest away from the cubicle and nearest the mirror. They had been told what to expect.  
  
The first thing she was wearing when she emerged from the cubicle was the little black stretch fabric dress with two big zips as prominent features of the front. While it appeared to be two pieces it actually was a dress but the lower zip started at the hem and then opened up, the loose ends stopping around her waist. The other zip started at the neck, was closed for about two inches and then opened up dropping towards her sides crossing her breasts, just under her nipples. The effect was a diamond shaped hole in the front showing a lot of under-boob and low cleavage dropping to a point a few inches above her pubes. Not quite classy but certainly reasonably well covered for a sex shop. I should add that the hem came to an inch or two below her panties so it was not exactly long either. Susan has got lovely legs and believe me they were all on show. The marginal lack of flesh did not stop the boys from giving her a big hand and generous compliments.  
  
Three times she did the catwalk, the last time batting hands away as they reached for the zips. Not that they could open any more. They were completely immovable, unlike her tits which were bouncing beautifully.  
  
The next one was a thin mauve crochet material mini-dress. Two small wide apart straps and little cap sleeves heralded a deep v neck which crossed the breasts just inside the nipples and dropped down almost as far as the hem. Perhaps four inches shy of it. The hem itself would have been a couple of inches below the pussy viewing height which meant that the v neck stretched down as far as her pubic hair would have been if she had any. There were crocheted bands every few inches from one side to the other, to hold the dress together. Her nipples poked through holes in the crochet work, presumably designed to be that way. The back was again a series of crocheted bands holding the sides together down to a couple of inches below where her bum crease started. Oh My.  
  
This one brought the roof down. The boys really liked it. It was obvious that she had no underwear on. I had guessed this of course because I had not laid any out for her this morning.  
  
One 'handsy' guy managed to flip the hem up over her bum and received a finger wagging from Susan. I noticed she didn't seem to be in a rush to pull it down as she showed everyone else what the naughty man had done.  
  
The final outfit was taking a while. I found out later that even in her state of euphoria she had to take a few deep breaths and will herself to come out.  
  
I heard her calling my name from the cubicle so I went over and tried to open the door to look in.  
  
'No. Don't come in. Just be prepared to rescue me if this gets out of hand. I might need a hand anyway. You will see why.'  
  
'Of course,' I gulped. I pre-empted her appearance by saying loudly enough for everyone to hear, 'Guys, if this goes wrong and gets out of hand we will never be coming back. Okay. Just admire.' I was so right to do that.  
  
It wasn't much of an outfit. It didn't seem to have a theme. There was a black leather necklace with two short handcuffs dropping down, her wrists firmly in them, her elbows spread wide. Two black nipple covers were all that she had above the waist apart from the frilly black wristbands on the handcuffs. Below the waist she had a miniscule black crotchless thong and a black garter round her right leg. Oh and just to cap it all she had on a black blindfold so that she could not see where she was walking. She knew that the mirror was straight ahead, so she slowly walked forward, occasionally being nudged to straighten up by the guys on either side who formed a narrow alleyway for her to walk along.  
  
There was silence. The guys were speechless. To straighten her walk the obvious place to touch was her elbows which were forward and a little to the side as the handcuffs kept her wrists close to her neck. The less obvious places, well to me anyway, were her buttocks or tits. However they seemed to work.  
  
'Stop me when I get to the mirror please,' she whispered breathlessly.  
  
The guy nearest the mirror stopped her by putting his arm straight out in front of her, touching her breasts as if they hit the wall.  
  
'Oh,' she giggled. 'That feels like a warm mirror.'  
  
That little comment and giggle meant that it was now almost a hands-on free-for-all. In fairness the guys were pretty good but as she strolled about, continually being straightened up, they all touched her gently. Her tits mainly and then her ass and just fleetingly a few of the guys tried to feel between the straps of her crotchless panty. The, relatively slow pace that she was walking encouraged them to try but she was marginally too quick for them to succeed.  
  
When it looked like she was about to be cornered I rescued her and pulled off the blindfold. I ushered her back towards the changing cubicle. 'Shows over guys.' A little good-natured booing was heard but they took it pretty well, some of them coming over to shake my hand and thank me.  
  
I asked Joe for the bill, and watched him calculate the discount.  
  
'Thank you Alex,' he said. 'I really hope you will come here again.'  
  
The boys effusively thanked Susan so she walked down the line giving each of them a little kiss and thanking them for not taking advantage of a poor blind girl. You could just see their minds boggling over the thoughts of doing it again and this time taking advantage of her.  
  
As you could imagine I was in a rush to get her out of there. It was only just after three o'clock but I needed to get her naked on the bed. The cameras enjoyed that one I am sure. I was horny, but Susan was insatiable.

**Chapter 12 An evening with Joanne and Pete**  
  
The next day of course was the day we were hosting Joanne and Pete. I was in two minds about it. I hoped that Susan wasn't going to be too keen on, as she considered it, getting her own back, on Joanne for the way she got her to undress and walk around the flat. I thought I had better try and soothe her 'savage beast' or was it her 'savage breast.'  
  
'Don't get me wrong, but you were as much to blame undressing at their place as Joanne was. You were pretty drunk and you know what you are like when you get horny and start taking clothes off. I am hoping that you do get her undressed and walking around of course, but I am seriously hoping you will accompany her. Let's face it, Pete loved watching you last time.'  
  
'Did he?'  
  
'You know he did. He couldn't take his eyes off you.'  
  
'I wasn't really looking at him. I don't remember.'  
  
'I guess not. That was before you started getting horny and dropping your clothes everywhere. All I can say is that perhaps I should be very grateful to Joanne for initiating your exhibitionist tendencies.'  
  
She laughed, 'Do you know I hadn't considered that. I guess I have changed a bit in the week or so since that afternoon.'  
  
'You certainly have, and as far as I am concerned for the better. I loved you before but now you are the girl that every man would want. Gorgeous, sexy and flirty.'  
  
She preened, 'Well, maybe I won't be so tough on her. I will enjoy making Pete want me and not her.'  
  
'Do you have any sort of timetable in your mind. Are we going to play games at all? Twister or cards? Strip poker?'  
  
'Mmm, I hadn't thought about it. What will I be wearing.'  
  
'Oh that's easy, the ivory, mohair shorts set. No bra or panties. That would only give you two items to lose. Is that one too many?' I joked. 'Unless of course you wanted to start in something else and then get some clothes out to model for us. That will give you the opportunity to give her some of the other stuff to try on.'  
  
'That is a good idea. How do I explain why I have got all these clothes that we can try on?'  
  
'Why don't you tell Joanne that I have chosen all these clothes for you and you have been too nervous to try them on. Perhaps she can help you. Wait for my sign though. Do not ask too early. Wait at least until we have got her a little drunk first.'  
  
I was rooting around in her drawer to find her something to wear.  
  
'I know why don't you wear this pretty white shirt-dress with the buttons opened at top and bottom. You look lovely in it and you will feel confident from the start. I will even let you wear panties with it, dark blue bikini ones, so you can flash them for Pete. Stockings etcetera are up to you?'  
  
'Okay yes that sounds fun.'  
  
'I'll tell you what, I will arrange some clothes, in pairs, and leave them in bags so that you can say I have bought them and you haven't opened them yet. You can tell her that you would have opened them this afternoon but knowing she was coming over, and the fun you had last time, you decided to wait. As there will be two things in each bag it will be logical to try one each.'  
  
She nodded, 'That will work.'  
  
'In fact, let's start sexy and stay sexy. Wear black stockings and suspenders with the white dress, and black panties. Stay in the stockings while they do not get in the way. For example, there are some body-stockings in one of the bags which come complete with stockings. Otherwise leave them on. If Joanne queries it tell her that I like you to wear them. Which is true.'  
  
When Jo and Pete arrived it was obvious that they had both dressed up a little. Pete had jeans and a casual shirt on and Joanne also had a dress on. A slim cocktail dress in red satin. It looked good with her blonde hair.  
  
Susan had done a chili and some finger food and the drinks started to flow. There was beer, Prosecco and vodka shots. Well we were having chili. Within an hour or two the atmosphere was very relaxed, in fact we were all getting on really well. I was pleased that Susan was showing no sign of animosity for the last meeting, in fact if anything she was leading the drinking, and the flirting. Pete was getting a good view of the tops of her stockings and panties. Joanne had been a little more modest, as the dress was quite tight, but I had got a couple of glances of her red lacy panties.  
  
I thought the time was right and said, 'Susan, didn't you want to open some of those packages this evening.'  
  
'Oh yes. Joanne, you know how Alex likes to buy me clothes, especially sexy clothes, well I have a few bags that he has bought specially for me. Would you like to help me unwrap them, and perhaps we can try them on.'  
  
Joanne jumped up with alacrity. 'I love shopping and opening clothes bags. Can I try some of them. We are about the same size except maybe my boobies are a little bigger, and I am a little taller so my legs are probably longer.'  
  
Whether that was a snide comment trying to prove she had a better body or merely the truth, which it was, I did not know. It did strike me that her bigger boobs would be even more on display than Susan's and that her long legs meant that the dresses would be even shorter.  
  
Pete and I were also getting on well. We had both done Art at school and had the intention of taking an Arts Degree at Uni. Neither of us had done Art in the end. We had both settled for subjects that our parents thought more job related. And of course, neither of us had a job. Well, he had his part time job in the Bookies, but it was not a career that he wanted in the long run. Funnily enough we were also both interested in photography. Well we were until we saw our girls coming out dressed in the first set of clothes. I do remember thinking that if I had a camera now I would be taking a lot of photos.  
  
I had liked the grey mohair shorts suit so much I had thrown in a pink set as well and that is what they were wearing. Joanne had the pink one, which looked good with her blonde hair and Susan had the grey ones on, still with stockings and suspenders. Stockings and suspenders maybe, but no bras, nor from the absence of a pantie line, underwear of any sort. Wow she looked very sexy. Pete thought so too. While he had said the right things about Joanne he only had eyes for Susan. It was definitely the stockings, or more likely the gap between the top of the stockings and the bottom of the shorts.  
  
While the girls knew they looked good they still looked a little embarrassed. I thought it was a good time for another round of vodkas.  
  
'Alex,' said Joanne, 'If you can buy clothes as lovely as this for Susan I want to go shopping with you. Pete has no idea what looks good on me and hates hanging around in shops.'  
  
I didn't want to upset Susan so I just said that we would be happy for her to come shopping with us next time we went out. I would be very happy to see her changing into lingerie and showing off her body like Susan did. Pete didn't know what he was missing.  
  
After the vodka and a little more Prosecco the girls disappeared back into the bedroom.  
  
I started to talk to Pete about the flats asking how long they had been in one and whether they could live on the money that they were getting. He said they could certainly live on it and even save a little but that he found he was going mad sitting about all day doing nothing. That is why he had the bookies job. I thought about it and realised that Susan and I went out a lot, shopping, seeing parents, meeting people, that sort of thing. It seemed that Pete and Joanne had moved down from Birmingham and knew no-one in London.  
  
We were interrupted by the girls coming back in. This time they were wearing a couple of men's shirts. New ones that I had not got around to taking out of the packets. Joanne in white and Susan in blue. The buttons were undone down to the top of their cleavage. I think they were wearing bras and Susan still had her stockings, with the suspender straps disappearing up under the shirt tails.  
  
They cat-walked around the room a few times before standing in front of us flicking their shirt tails and bending towards us to show their décolletage. I wondered whether they were wearing panties because they had so obviously not been wearing them when they had the mohair shorts on.  
  
I got them more prosecco and suggested they sat on the sofa opposite us while they drank it. They did so and, yes, they were wearing panties.  
  
'So, tell me girls do you have underwear on? You obviously didn't with the last outfits.'  
  
They looked at each other and giggled. I could stop worrying about any friction between them.  
  
'Shall we show them some little bits?' said Joanne.  
  
'Uhhuh, lets,' said Susan.  
  
They stood up and together, leaned forward and undid a couple more buttons. They must have discussed it. The bras were pretty, blue, under the blue shirt and white, of course, under the white one. They were very flimsy and see through but they only just showed the edges of the cups. No nipples, yet. They then turned around and flicked up their shirt tails to show see-through matching panties. And stocking tops of course for Susan.  
  
We applauded and they disappeared back into the bedroom.  
  
I knew this was where it began to get better. 'Okay Pete, things should get a bit sexier from now on.'  
  
'Really, and you have bought all these clothes. You don't mind her wearing them.'  
  
'Mind? No, I love her wearing them. I would have her walking around nude if I could.'  
  
'What even with us here, with visitors.'  
  
'Especially with visitors. Actually no, I have changed my mind.' Pete looked disappointed as if I was going to put a stop to the fashion show. 'No not completely nude but with some sexy clothing on but probably showing everything around it.'  
  
He laughed, 'Like this you mean,' as the two girls came out of the bedroom wearing the vests we had bought with the long armholes and loose fronts.  
  
Joanne had the longer white one on where the hem dropped almost to the bottom of her panties. She still had the white but see-through ones she had been wearing with the shirt. They walked towards us. Their arms were round each other's necks which pulled Joanne's t-shirt high enough to see all of her pudenda through the panties. Susan's beautiful green one, which went so well with her hair, was so short that it did not even reach her panties. She had changed them to a matching green but still pretty transparent pair, bikini style.  
  
I wondered at first why they had their arms around each other's necks.  
  
I realised when they separated that their raised arms enabled us to see their breasts through the arm holes. When their arms were by their sides they were just about covered. As soon as they moved their arms the sides showed almost up to the nipples.  
  
'Girls, to save us getting up, would you mind getting a couple of more beers for us please. Perhaps you could put them on the floor by our feet.' I knew Susan would catch on and very quickly Joanne did too. Susan picked up one beer carried it over and leaned, straight legged, in front of Pete to put it on the ground. Joanne did the same for me. From our seated viewpoints you could see right down to their panties. Both breasts were fully exposed. Joanne hovered for a while making sure I got a good look. I took the opportunity of pulling her over and sitting her on my left knee facing Pete on my right on the other end of the sofa. I thought I would see how jealous he got.  
  
She had her glass in her right hand and slowly lifted it to her lips in front of my body. As she did I could now see all of that beautiful c-cup breast. It took hardly a moment to place my right hand on it. She did not flinch. I think that was what she expected, and wanted?  
  
If Pete was upset he did not show it, indeed he reciprocated as Susan not only sat on his knee but put her left arm around his neck practically forcing the breast into his face.  
  
We sat there a while, we guys playing with their tits as they drank their Prosecco. Pete reiterated his views that he was surprised that Susan let me buy all her clothes.  
  
'Oh no. I don't buy all her clothes, just the ones I want to see her wearing. Have you noticed that so far tonight Susan has worn stockings and a belt with every outfit?' Why because I like them. If the truth were known Susan likes them too. Is that not right?'  
  
Susan blushed, 'Well I think they are very sexy, so I guess I do.'  
  
With my eye on a nice shopping trip out with Joanne I suggested to Pete that we take her shopping first and then if Pete likes what we had bought then he can accompany us next time. I had nearly suggested that I take Joanne shopping and Susan could take Pete shopping. We could then compare purchases. That would be fun as well. I thought I might leave that for another occasion.  
  
'Next?' queried Susan and the girls left, sashaying back to the bedroom.  
  
'And this is where it gets interesting,' I said to Pete.  
  
'Really. It hasn't been interesting already?'  
  
I laughed, 'Well I guess it had, but it does get better.'  
  
I wondered who would be wearing my second favourite outfit. I still felt the mohair shorts sets took a lot of beating.  
  
It was Susan. I suspect she was getting first choice. She was wearing the light grey scooped frontless t-shirt with the quarter bra and matching tiny g-string. The elasticated satin straps were no more than a half inch around the waist and a quarter inch up the crack in her butt. The front, attempting to cover her lips, was possibly an inch and a half wide at the top narrowing down to the quarter inch as it disappeared between her legs. A little movement would see it disappearing between her labia.  
  
Joanne was wearing the classic peek-a-boo, full set of bra, stockings and suspender belt. The bra had little cut-out holes for her nipples. I knew that, while not obvious, the crotchless panties were slit from front to back.  
  
'Wow girls,' Pete was both shocked and entranced. 'You both look fucking gorgeous.'  
  
They had ransacked Susan's shoe boxes and both paraded up and down in four-inch heels. As they came for their drinks I pulled Joanne on to my knee. And turned her towards Pete sitting at the other end of the sofa. Susan was quick to jump onto his lap again.  
  
He was quick to play with her nipples which were as firm as little berries and sticking out an inch over the top of the bra, which merely forced her breasts up and out.  
  
Joanne's nipples were equally hard but the material was cut to cover the areolas, just allowing the nipple through.  
  
'What would it be like wearing this all evening, Joanne? Do your nipples rub on the surrounding material?'  
  
She nodded. 'They do. I think if I had to wear this bra for long, I would have to keep rushing off to the loo to relieve myself.'  
  
We all laughed. 'And what about this fun part. Does this excite as well?'  
  
She looked shocked as I opened the crotchless panties exposing her lips, which were flushed and very full.  
  
Pete looked equally shocked until I saw Susan wriggling on his erect dick which seemed to take his mind off what he had just seen, another guy fingering his wife's puss. His fingers rapidly moved towards Susan's lips and I saw, at last, the satin strap slide between her lips.  
  
Pete and I sat and admired both our girls... with our fingers. Stunning.  
  
'I am sorry Pete only a couple more outfits to go.'  
  
'It gets better?'  
  
'it sure does.' Joanne started to look worried which confirmed my belief that they were just picking and opening one bag at a time. She must have guessed it was going to get worse... or was that better, with two outfits left.  
  
When they came in they were wearing similar outfits in different colours. Joanne in red and Susan in white. They wore off the shoulder, net and lace, body-stockings. The body stopped a few inches below the waist morphing into suspenders and built in stockings. They both wore bikini panties in the relevant colour and matching high heeled shoes. The lace obscured parts of their bodies in swirling patterns. Their boobs however were pattern free and completely exposed under a net covering. The bikini panties covered their bum cracks and labia.  
  
'Absolutely beautiful girls. Isn't that right Alex.'  
  
'it is indeed,' I said followed by a long pause. 'However I am a little disappointed.'  
  
'Really,' said Pete. 'You chose them.'  
  
'No, there is nothing wrong with the outfits, I just think they could be displayed a little better.'  
  
'There I told you Joanne. What a sleazebag,' said Susan.  
  
Pete looked puzzled.  
  
'What he is saying Pete is that up until now we have showed more and more of our bodies, and this time we have covered ourselves, barely, but a little more, rather than less.'  
  
He laughed. 'That's true.'  
  
'And,' said Joanne with a giggle, 'we have stymied him because we wore the panties underneath the costume making them impossible to remove without taking the whole thing off.'  
  
They had obviously thought about it, but so had I. I had brought a little friend onto the sofa with me just in case I needed it.  
  
I pulled Joanne towards me and faced her away as if just admiring her bum. I reached into the sofa behind me and pulled out a pair of scissors with which I snipped both sides of her panties.  
  
'Ohhh,' she screamed in surprise, and then surprised me by turning towards me to facilitate their removal and said, 'I never liked those panties anyway.' They were obviously the ones she had worn over.  
  
I handed the scissors to Pete who was then able to snip Susan's as she came over to have hers removed as well. In fact, as she stood a foot away from him she asked if he could see well enough. 'I could get closer,' she said, stepping up onto the sofa either side of his knees. That put his face level with her shaven pussy as it was revealed. He naturally kissed it, which was what she wanted, before sliding back onto his knee.  
  
They were in no rush to finish their drinks as we played with their nipples and lips. I was not surprised to eventually hear the question that I had been expecting all night.  
  
'So where do you go to buy all these things? Up to Soho?' said Pete.  
  
'No,' I said, 'We have found these all within a few blocks of our flat. We will show Joanne next week when we take her shopping. Of course, it is sometimes not only me in the changing room with her.'  
  
'What do you mean?' he said, puzzled.  
  
'Well depending where you go Susan has to try them on and wear them out into the shop to show me.'  
  
Both Joanne and Pete were surprised at that and both looked at Susan with new respect, or was it horror in Joanne's case. Susan blushed and looked down.  
  
'Well sometimes we have a bit of fun. Do you remember that time when I pretended to be your mistress, and turned to the other couple in the room to tell them that I was sorry we had to hurry, but I had to get him home to his wife. And what about the time you invited that girl and her father to come and visit us if they wanted to see more.'  
  
We all laughed again.  
  
'I'll tell you what Pete, we have fabulous sex after shopping, so it is not just me that enjoys a little exhibitionism. I mean look at these two now.'  
  
That got me a slap from Joanne as they disappeared off to put on the last of the outfits.  
  
'Look on a serious note,' said Pete, 'We are not, how do I put this, we are not into swapping. This is as far as we have ever gone with someone else and while I can see that Jo is obviously enjoying it I wouldn't want to go too much further without talking to her about it.'  
  
'Thanks for saying that Pete. We also have talked about it and while I suspect that we will eventually go further, at the moment we have been saying no penetrative sex. If you like we will switch back to our own girls now and see what happens. I know Susan is going to need fucking soon, but I don't mind whether you want to do the same, here, in the bedroom, or go home for it.'

'I am not sure either. As you say let us go back to our own and see what happens. Good idea.'  
  
At that moment we heard a scream from Joanne in the bedroom. 'You didn't? Noooo.'  
  
I knew what had happened. Susan had obviously told Joanne that she had worn this last outfit out in public. I wasn't going to tell Pete, as, sneakily, I was hoping to get a shopping trip with Joanne. If Pete knew what Joanne might have to display he might have second thoughts about letting her out.  
  
Joanne came out first leading Susan who was wearing her leather collar, pasties, garter, crotchless knickers with her labia already though the gap, handcuffs and blindfold. Pete could not keep his eyes off her and despite the agreement that we would swap back to our own girls, he stood her between his knees as he examined her with his hands.  
  
Joanne wore the chain dress that had been in the sex shop. I chain around the neck supported fifty or sixty thin chains which dropped where they may. Her tits, forced the chains either side as she moved forward. Most of the chains moved outside her legs as she moved forward, a few channelled between her legs. She automatically came and stood between my knees.  
  
'I really like this one,' she said. 'Mind you if it wasn't just us, I would be wearing the bikini panties and those pasties that Susan has on.'  
  
I burrowed around between her legs moving the chains from side to side and even backwards and forwards over her clit. She liked that bit. I heard her groan. I thought I had better do the right thing by Pete and get Susan back before she dropped to her knees and started to blow him. I suspected it wouldn't be long. 'Are you sure you would like the pasties Joanne, let me show you the problem with them. Go get her over here.'  
  
Joanne looked surprised but moved to collect Susan. Pete seemed to join me in the real world again, recognised what I was doing and pulled Joanne towards him.  
  
Susan had no idea what I was doing and could not see because of the blindfold.  
  
'As I said, the problem with them is this.' I grabbed the edges of the pasties and ripped them off knowing that Susan had applied them with a little light sticky. 'Aaaahhh, she screamed, 'You bastard,' before dropping to her knees and pulling my cock from my trousers. I had known it was close and the pain in her tits had brought it to the fore. If Pete and Joanne stayed they were going to see full on sex. Susan was ready and prepared. I could feel she was so wet between her legs that her juice was running down her thighs. As she swallowed my cock I pulled off my trousers and boxers completely and gave her full access. I rammed a couple of fingers into her vagina and played my thumb over her clitoris. I was conscious that Pete was watching as Joanne herself was emulating Susan by going for his dick. After just a few minutes of cock-sucking I threw Susan to the floor, jumped on top of her and forced myself deep inside with one long stroke. She screamed and humped back coming within seconds. Our mouths met and her tongue tried to rape my throat. Her hands squeezed my buttocks like she would never feel them again.  
  
I saw that Joanne had forced Pete down onto the sofa and was riding him cowboy fashion, her chains thrown over her shoulders to keep them out of the way, so appearing completely naked.  
  
Pete caught my eye, 'I see what you mean. You must take Jo shopping next week.'  
  
I laughed. 'Let yourselves out, or I will see you for breakfast if you are still on the sofa in the morning. We are off to bed.'  
  
It was a long, long night. I am not sure who kept who awake because it seemed that every time Susan stopped screaming Joanne would start.  
  
They were gone by the time we got up for a late breakfast and a text message. 'Great night. Thanks. See you soon. Don't forget to take Joanne shopping next week.'  
  
I couldn't wait.

**Chapter 13 Praise at last.**  
  
After breakfast I got a phone call from Mark, he was very excited about the 'performance', as he called it, last night.  
  
'You are going to need a bonus for all the money you must have spent on clothes,' he laughed. 'Do you fancy meeting for a coffee today or tomorrow. No problem if you are busy but I have got a couple of things to show you that you might like. Can you put me on a loudspeaker?'  
  
'You can be, right, you are now.'  
  
'I just wanted to say Susan, that you don't have to come prepared to take all your clothes off this time. Not that I am ever going to stop you if you want to, but last night you proved to me that you have everything we are looking for. This time I do have some ideas, not criticisms just things that other people do which could make you numero uno quite easily. You both have a great attitude for this apartment business.'  
  
'Sure this afternoon, four o'clock okay for you Mark?'  
  
'Great see you there.'  
  
'Why don't you call Joanne and make a date to take her shopping, not that you need to come if you don't want to. I can probably manage it on my own if you would prefer it?' I said.  
  
'Yeah right. As if I am going to let the two of you disappear off for a few hours in an environment where she is taking her clothes off. By the way what happened last night. After a couple of hours, I was definitely under the impression that we were going to be swapping for the first time. At least oral. I was just about to go down on him you know. After our earlier chat I thought that this was it. I really did. You obviously liked her and Pete was much better for the knowing. I am getting to like them both. If you hadn't wanted me to perhaps you should have told me before. I was very close.'  
  
'No that wasn't it at all. Like you, right up to the last change of clothing I had imagined us going to the next stage, as you say, at least oral. Pete told me while you were changing that last time, however, that like us they had an agreement that they wouldn't have sex with anyone else. That they were still talking about it, but before they did anything, he thought they would want to have a talk about it. And then when you came out in that last outfit with the blindfold on, well, he just lost his mind. I had told him that I would wave you over to my side but of course with the blindfold on you couldn't see me, and then when he went into, 'OMG what 's this. I am in love mode,' I had to get Joanne to pull you over. Again, you could not have seen, but Pete was thunderstruck- cuntstruck, if you don't mind me using that word. If I hadn't pulled you over they would have had a difficult conversation this morning. Better to have friends that will probably eventually see things our way about having fun.'  
  
'Oh that's good. Yes, well done for pulling me out. I must admit I saw them in a new light last night. I thought that she had taken advantage of me the first time but now I realise that actually they are very similar to us. In fact, after that little story, really similar. Oh my though, I was ready for a cock last night, yours of course was wonderful, but I am afraid any cock would have done me. Thank god you were there,' she laughed merrily.  
  
Before we went out for lunch I actually gave her the choice of choosing her own clothes. 'No thanks,' she said. 'I got so many compliments last night for the clothes I both wore and owned I think you had better keep choosing. It is quite cold out today so I will cover whatever you decide with a coat anyway.'  
  
I couldn't decide between something that she really looked lovely in or something that Mark would really appreciate. As he was very happy with us I decided that she would like the former so chose one of the mohair shorts sets. Susan did raise her eyebrows a little by asking if they were not a little skimpy for a coffee shop. I knew then that I had got it right.  
  
We had a lazy lunch in the pub and then met up with Mark at four.  
  
He was there before us and rose as we approached the table. Our coffees were there. He was in a good mood. He was in an even better mood when Susan took off her coat.  
  
'Good lord Susan, if I remember correct that was one of the earlier outfits you wore last night. I did not expect to see it out this afternoon but you do look beautiful in it.'  
  
'Thank you kind sir,' she laughed. 'Did you enjoy our little party last night.'  
  
'Enjoy it. I'll say. Everyone I know enjoyed it and it brought in a huge number of new viewers. Keep that sort of thing up and they will stay. I didn't know you were that close with Joanne and Pete.'  
  
'Neither did we,' I laughed. 'Susan and Joanne hit it off a treat at their place last week, and so we just invited them back. As it happens we had been shopping so we were able to duplicate the sort of evening that we had at their place.'  
  
I winked at Susan thinking it would not be wise to reveal the complete truth.  
  
'Yes,' she said. 'As it happens we are both about the same size so we can wear each other's clothing. You would have seen her in one of these outfits as well.' She stood and gave us a twirl. I could see Mark was enraptured by her tightly covered bum and prominent camel-toe.  
  
'I did notice, all those outfits were yours, were they? I wondered whether you had been shopping with Joanne.'  
  
'No but we are going later in the week with her. Pete apparently has not been very good at shopping with her so she has asked us to go with her.'  
  
'Wow,' he said. 'If you can give me advance warning of when it will be, and more importantly when you will be getting together to try it all on then I can advertise it to our subscribers and get you an even bigger audience.'  
  
Susan looked a bit shocked by that. As happy as she was now with the cameras she still did not connect the sight of a camera with a few thousand people watching from their computers.  
  
'Sure,' I said. 'In fairness I must make sure that Joanne is happy with the idea, but I cannot see a problem. Do you guide them like you guide us?'  
  
'No,' he said. My colleague got them in, but no-one really mentors them. I haven't been with the company that long and have been trying mentoring as a new approach to getting members. Maybe I could talk about doing the same with them.'  
  
'Who else do you mentor?' I asked.  
  
'Just you and the new couple who are about to start Cherie and Colin. The problem with them is I cannot get them to commit at the moment. They live in Manchester and don't like the idea of moving. I am actually looking for one or two new couples at the moment. We have two flats going free. In fact one of them is in your block, and the other one around the corner.'  
  
I suddenly thought about Bryony and Sam and Jim and Brenda.  
  
'If we could find a new couple for you what's in it for us.'  
  
He thought about it. 'They would have to be the same sort of people that you are. You know open, exhibitionist even.'  
  
'That works,' I said. 'What about some of the people who came to our games evening.'  
  
I could see his brains whirring again. 'Let's see, there was an older couple, but she was fit. I am not sure whether they would be quite right.'  
  
'I wasn't actually thinking of them. He has a good career and a nice place already. I was thinking about the two girls, the black Caribbean girl and her best friend the bubbly blonde one. And maybe the other couple, newlyweds.'  
  
'I would love the girls, yes,' he said. 'The newlyweds, she was a tall girl right, big tits, and her husband was a big strong lad who looked like a farmer.'  
  
'That's them, yes.'  
  
'I'll tell you what. Rather than give you an up-front finder's fee, when they may not like it and leave, I will give you five percent of what we pay them, and the same for the other couple.' He sounded too keen to me. I thought maybe there was an opportunity to haggle.  
  
'Ten percent and we have a deal.'  
  
'Ten percent for the girls I think they could be very good, and five for the couple.'  
  
'Agreed on the girls and seven and a half for the couple.'  
  
'Seven.'  
  
'Agreed.'  
  
I felt like a businessman. We shook hands. Susan looked on in wonderment. Like me she recognised that both these couples could really be interested. Neither of us had any idea what they did for a living at the moment. This was money for nothing. Well, just for asking them if I could make them some money. None of them had been intimidated by the cameras in our flat. Privately I also thought it would be wonderful to have Bryony and Sam in the same block as we were. Even Brenda and Jim if that was the way it worked out. 'Anyway you mentioned showing us things we might like. Is this like giving us some hints on improving our watchability?'  
  
'Exactly, look at these clips I have compiled of some of the flatmates in one of our rival companies set of flats.'  
  
Our ears pricked up, 'Is this the site you mentioned the other day?'  
  
'That's the one, Alex, look at all the clips of these guys. Look six-packs almost entirely. You are doing really well without a top body, you have a great attitude, but you can always improve.'  
  
I nodded and acknowledged that he was right. I really hadn't taken his advice seriously and the way we were sleeping in more and more, I was getting less exercise.  
  
'Susan look at these clips and see what you make of the girls in the clips.'  
  
The clips were quite long, of three different girls, none of whom I noticed were speaking English.  
  
'They are all very beautiful, but very different,' Susan said. 'And they move beautifully. I did notice this girl when we had a quick look the other day.'  
  
'That's what I was hoping you would see. Look at them again. Look at how they walk and sit. They are graceful, never hurried. They glide, they sit upright always smiling, like they were at a posh garden party. And look particularly at this one. She walks around naked or wearing gorgeous undies, as you do, but she is forever picking things up from the floor, or bending to straighten the bed covers, or change the music on the radio. She always bends straight-legged from the waist. And her backside invariably faces the cameras, why - because she has a glorious bottom. It is her best feature. You see what she is doing.'  
  
'Can we watch them again,' Susan said.  
  
We did and Susan pointed out that this one particular girl was really clever. She was always facing away from the camera showing her best feature. It was not blatantly sexy but she moved so gracefully that you saw the overall movement and not just her bum hole. There was always just a hint of tease.  
  
'Exactly,' said Mark, 'Now you know I am not complaining because I think you are already wonderful, and that if you do not want to change I will still love you forever, and watch you every night.'  
  
Susan blushed again.  
  
'I just felt that it might help to show you what some of the competition looks like. And they are competition. Rather than pay me one pound a night to watch you, people are paying other companies a pound to watch her. Every pound we get, you make money.'  
  
I wondered whether we could get to the stage of being good enough that we could ask for a rise.  
  
'The last thing I wanted to show you, and please excuse me, this is a bit graphic I am afraid. Look at these next few clips and tell me what you notice.'  
  
We watched the first dozen clips to see eight or nine different girls all masturbating. Susan had done that so I wasn't really sure what I was looking at that was different. The last few made it obvious when we saw either the girl looking at the camera before swinging her legs round to make sure she was lined right up with the camera, or a few clips where the guy was arranging the girl's legs or bottom to face the cameras, after checking where they were.  
  
We both spotted it so Mark said, 'I know you have done that once or twice but these always do it. They are almost like porn stars making sure that the camera gets the best view. Now this is difficult, I really don't want it to be too obvious as you are all amateurs, and that's what the putters are paying for, but they also like the tease, so don't do it all the time. If I wanted porn stars I would advertise for porn stars. I just want exhibitionists and that's what our clients love. I, and they, love you to be unpredictable. You know we all love the eight o'clock dares, because they are so unpredictable. Not every party night should be a dressing up parade, nor a ten-person orgy, or a game of strip poker. Do you know where I am coming from? Each of the flats eventually will find their USP.'  
  
'Their what?'  
  
'Unique selling point. Sorry it's a business acronym. That girl you liked, it's her bending and gliding, a couple of the others that you have seen just lie on the bed all day and masturbate, others go in for threesomes, others wife swapping. Yours is the best one of all as far as I am concerned, unpredictability. You have the ability to look naïve one day and like a harlot another. The parties, the eight o'clock dares, everything is always different. I know you are not into threesomes or swapping but that may well come. Not that it has to, it is going really well without it.'  
  
'Thanks Mark, for my part I fully accept what you are telling me about keeping fit. Susan, you must nag me to get fitter. Okay?'  
  
'Sure,' she said. 'For my part I loved the way that girl carried herself. I may even try deportment lessons if I can find out where to get some. If I can find one I will walk around Harrods trying to look as if I can afford to buy things there.'  
  
We all laughed.  
  
'Anyway that's all I have for you. You have made wonderful strides forward so just keep going and the cheques will keep flowing in. Let me know about the prospective tenants eh?'  
  
And he was gone.  
  
'He has got a cheek, hasn't he?' You were not serious about deportment lessons?'  
  
'Well, sort of. Did you see that girl, and how she glided? She had real class. Just sitting chatting to friends, she looked serene. I may not take classes but if you see me walking around with books on my head you will know why.'  
  
'I will believe that when I see it, but he was right about one thing. I really could get a bit fitter. All these girls I am seeing now naked or at least semi naked, well, it might be nice for them to have some beefcake to look at.'  
  
'So are you saying that you are quite prepared to put in hours of hard work for Joanne, or Elise, Bryony perhaps, Sam, but you are not worried about what I see. How would you like me to stop wearing the clothes you like and start wearing the clothes that Gordon likes.'  
  
'Oh sweetheart, I am sorry. You are right I did not think before I spoke and if truth be known, with all these girls in their underwear I guess I had been taking you for granted just a bit. You know that I love you and only you though, don't you?'  
  
'And that's another thing, how many girls have you seen naked or nearly naked in the last few weeks, five, six, seven? And how many men have I seen. You, Gordon and maybe a little bit of Pete yesterday. It's not good enough. I didn't even get to touch his cock yesterday. After he had seen felt and smelt all of me. You're on notice Mister. I need more cock. Whoops,' she laughed, 'that didn't come out quite as I envisaged. I mean I need to see more cock. I want something in exchange for my body. Got it?'  
  
'I got it. And that's only fair. I'll tell you what, next time we go shopping we will buy me some more boxers or underwear. I know I have that skimpy thing you gave me in Lace n'Easy, and I have never worn it. If we do the dressing parade again you must have new underwear for Pete and I. Anyway, come on, let's go home I want to prove that you are the only one for me. And that's before the eight o'clock dare.'  
  
As it happens, that night the eight o'clock dare was for her to stay naked all evening.  
  
'Wow, all night, just hanging around watching television. Is that what I have to do?'  
  
I nodded. 'Uhuh.'  
  
'Well if I have to, so do you.'  
  
What could I say. I had no reason to say no.  
  
She started laughing. 'Come on stud. My big brave boy who gets to see all these girls taking their clothes off. Give it up. Let them all see your cock. Payback time. Even better I am going to remind you that you were going to do some exercises. Naked press-ups, star jumps and trunk curls. I will be your fitness coach tonight.'  
  
I blanched, I am sure. There were absolutely no excuses I could use. She started throwing her clothes off while laughing fit to bust.  
  
'Come on, get 'em off. Start with jogging on the spot and I will call the exercises from the comfort of the sofa. Make sure you are in front of a camera.'  
  
I slowly undressed while Susan put some upbeat music on. Michael Jackson and I were going to have fun together. I must admit after a few minutes I mainly forgot about the cameras. It was still embarrassing jumping up and down with my bits and pieces bouncing just in front of Susan, but she surprised me because she really got into the training schedule. She kept me going for nearly an hour before I cried off with exhaustion. Then she wouldn't just let me finish. I had to lie on a towel on the carpet and stretch, a real cooldown. I know she was right but at that stage I just wanted a shower. I had the shower and then called her into the bedroom where I let her know it was time for a blow-job. That was the only bit of my body she hadn't exercised. I remembered to lie in front of the camera so that her bum in the air was beautifully on view. I told her that I didn't have the energy to reciprocate, so we just lay there and cuddled. I gradually slid her legs apart and slowly tickled her labia and clit. Just gently, smoothing, tickling, pinching and tapping for probably an hour or more. Eventually it proved too be too exciting but too gentle and she took over and did it herself. The cameras were completely ignored. I felt we were in the place we wanted to be, both literally, the two of us in an apartment and figuratively.

**Chapter 14 New flatmates and party invites.**  
  
I rang Sam and Bryony the next morning and left a message on the answerphone asking if they would like to come for a drink tonight after work. Not a party, no need to dress to impress, although I was always prepared to be impressed but just to float an idea that they may find of interest. I thought about inviting Jim & Brenda but expecting Sam & Bryony to be the most likely to be interested, thought I would do them separately.  
  
I did ring Gordon to tell him what I was doing and asked him not to mention it to the girls or Jim and Brenda if he happened to see them before I did. I thought that as we had all met together every time there was an implied obligation to let him know what I was doing. I also explained that I wasn't sure that he would want to be put forward but that anytime they wanted to come over we would be delighted to see them. He laughed, thanked me, and agreed that at this stage in their lives undressing every night in front of cameras for a cheap flat was not exactly the plan. He did say how much they had enjoyed doing it once at our place and hoped that they would be invited to do it again. 'Meeting you all has improved my sex life considerably,' he said. 'And with my lovely wife Elise, I am sure you realise that it wasn't exactly bad before.'  
  
I laughed and agreed that ours, similarly had taken off, like a rocket into the stratosphere, but then we had never lived together before so I had nothing really to compare it to. I agreed to call them in a few days and make arrangements to meet up.  
  
Bryony rang and we agreed that they would come over at about six, and that I would get the pizza in. They duly arrived with a bottle of wine, turned down the offer of the facemasks and we sat down with the bottle and a couple of pizzas fresh from the oven. I started off by asking what they did for a living. Knowing that their friend Melissa was in the fashion business, well a lingerie shop, I asked whether they were too. Models perhaps.  
  
'Yeah right,' said Sam. 'I am five foot two. How many models do you know of that size.'  
  
We all laughed as she explained that both she and Bryony worked at a local Gym, as trainers, lifeguards, receptionists, whatever was needed. Bryony was one of the assistant managers. They stayed close with Melissa because she was a member so they saw her two or three times a week.  
  
I asked them what they thought about our lifestyle.  
  
Bryony answered, 'When you first invited us over and told us about your lifestyle, frankly we were horrified. We talked about nothing else for days, imagining exposing our bodies all the time. Not able to do anything, and I mean anything, without the cameras watching us. When we got here and put the masks on I felt odd, I couldn't be myself. Later however you will have noticed I started enjoying myself, although I think the vodka had something to do with it.'  
  
'Yes,' agreed Sam. 'I felt the same. In fact, the whole evening was a little weird, especially keeping those masks on. It was not only hot, in both senses, but weird as well. Good weird.'  
  
We all laughed again.  
  
'Good weird?'  
  
'Well you know what I mean. We all had a fantastic evening, the like of which we have never had before, but it was very surreal sitting with the masks on feeling like an extra in the film 'Eyes Wide Shut.' The amazing thing was, when we went home, how turned on we were by the cameras. We ended up having great sex. Whoops. Too much information I think.'  
  
'We did too,' said Susan. 'There is no need to lie. We all know that you like playing with each other as well as with guys and yourselves. We saw you with Melissa in Lace 'n Easy. But we are the same. We not only have got used to them, we find they are a real turn-on mainly.'  
  
'I have to say,' said Bryony. 'Sitting here now that's how I feel about them. They are not bothering me in a bad way and I find myself wanting to take my clothes off and expose myself.'  
  
'Don't let us stop you,' I said. 'Susan, take your t-shirt off to make the girls feel at home.'  
  
I had dressed her fairly conservatively in the long pink glittery t-shirt that she had bought herself a few days ago to wear to her parents, with just a pair of white bikini panties underneath.  
  
We watched as Susan peeled off the t-shirt to sit back topless on the bean bag on the floor.  
  
We automatically looked at Bryony for her reaction and seconds later she slipped off her jeans and t-shirt to sit in her bra and panties.  
  
'You buggers,' she said. 'You have got me horny already. I just want to wank myself silly.'  
  
Sam laughed. 'I know what you mean. That's how I feel as well. I am going to have to join you.' She joined in, her jeans and shirt being thrown randomly over the back of the sofa.  
  
'Well I am glad you are enjoying yourselves.' I said. 'I suppose it is only fair that I join you, unless that is you are all into being naked in front of fully clothed men.'  
  
Nobody said that they were so I pulled off my t-shirt and jeans to sit there in my boxers.  
  
'What I wanted to ask you girls, and it seems an appropriate moment, is whether you would fancy joining us in the lifestyle? When I say joining us, I don't mean in the same flat. You would get your own flat here in the block. Like this one. On one of the other floors. The guy who recruited us is looking for new tenants and we naturally thought of you.'  
  
Bryony and Sam looked at each other without speaking.  
  
'I think I can give you my answer without even speaking,' said Bryony.  
  
She reached behind her back and threw her bra behind the sofa. We all laughed and then looked at Sam who grinned and threw hers to join it.  
  
I looked into a camera and said, 'There you are Mark. There is your answer. I will ring you in the morning and arrange a meeting. The girl's natural reactions was to cover their tits with their hands as they looked at the camera and then to laugh, expose and waggle them.  
  
We got to chatting ourselves again and we reiterated to the girls how much we are enjoying living here and how little the cameras now discourage us from doing anything. If anything, the reverse was true, The cameras helped us to have good sexy time. I tried to point out the downsides that they probably wouldn't want to invite their parents over and that they could not invite anybody with children. Neither of these seemed to be a problem.  
  
As they picked up their clothes to leave early so that they could have a long chat about the principle, I told them that if they were still happy with the idea I would ring them in the morning and arrange a time they could meet Mark.  
  
They left excitedly. I certainly felt the same. Having spent a couple of hours in the company of three topless girls, and with the possibility that I might get to know the two of them a lot better, I was a beast in bed. I rode her hard until we were both sore. We both loved it.  
  
I fell asleep planning how I could best sell the principle to Brenda and Jim.  
  
The next day I rang Bryony and asked whether having had the chance to talk about it together they were still interested.  
  
'Very much so,' she said. What we would save on not having to rent our own flat we would be able to put away.'  
  
'I probably should have told you last night but there is also a chance that you may get cash bonuses from time to time if you get a lot of people paying to watch you. I thought it better for you not to get excited and rely upon it but Susan and I have had a couple so that up till now we have not needed to get a job. But there is no guarantee of that. Mark will probably explain. Shall I fix an evening when you meet up. Say six o'clock in Costa Coffee.  
  
It was all agreed. I rang Mark to tell him and arranged the meet in a couple of days.  
  
The next call was to invite Jim and Brenda round for a drink as well. As we had with the girls we produced some snacks and a couple of bottles and basically interrogated them. I knew they lived fairly close but hadn't realised that they were living with his brother who had a good job in a Merchant Bank. He had recently followed him into the Bank but poor Jim was really struggling. As he put it, 'Charlie had always been the one with the brains, I was always much stronger and physically bigger, played a bit of rugby and the girls liked me, eh Brenda. I reckon I got the better deal. But money will be a bit tough if I cannot keep this job. Bren here is a carer, works for an agency. They are always trying to get her to take live-in jobs. They do pay better but hell, we have only just got married. I don't want her off nights, and we know she would miss my big cock. That's another thing my brother didn't get.'  
  
'Jim,' she said. 'You can't go saying that, even if it is true.'  
  
I could see why he was doubtful about keeping his job in the Bank. He was definitely John Blunt, I wondered whether he was the same at work.  
  
'Look I don't know whether this would interest you, but I can do you a favour if it suits you, but only if you are sure,' I said.  
  
'What are you talking about,' Brenda said.  
  
'Look the guy who got us this flat, has another one. It comes free but you have to have these cameras on you all the time. Also, you will be under pressure to wear as little clothing as possible and have wild sex under lights in front of the camera. It is not for everybody. We were not sure at first. In fact, we got conned into it a little bit but now we love it. We also get cash bonuses from time to time if we do something special. For example, that evening we were all here and you took off your clothes, even though you were masked we got a good bonus because a lot of people watched us. In fairness we did not know that we would get a bonus when we invited you so it is not like we were trying to take advantage of you. I hope you are not upset that we are asking you. I know you enjoyed the times we have all got together so thought that you would be broadminded enough to enjoy living like this. There is no problem if you don't like the idea.'  
  
I was running out of things to say. Jim looked a bit stunned. He seemed to have lost the ability to speak.  
  
'I...I...We... Err...Err.'  
  
'We would love it.' Said Brenda. 'When we left you the other night after that lovely evening we had great sex in an alley just down the road. We have to be quiet having sex in the flat we live in because Charlie gets upset as he never gets any. We were never going to be quiet that night.'  
  
We all laughed, except for Jim who still seemed paralysed, whether it was his tongue or his brain, I wasn't sure.  
  
'You can give up that silly job and do some proper work perhaps painting, decorating or plumbing. You love all that sort of stuff. Perhaps even Janitor for the block of flats we would be in. And I could keep the agency happy by spending the odd night with clients if they need me. That will work for both of us. Can we have other jobs and still live there?'  
  
'I don't see why not, but you will have to discuss that with Mark the guy who organises us. Shall I fix up an appointment for you to meet him?'  
  
We agreed a venue and time and I agreed to confirm it with them and Mark.  
  
They left in a bubble of euphoria. I was pretty happy as well. I couldn't see them being as aggressively sexy as we were, which meant in turn that they probably wouldn't earn as much as us, but still seven and a half percent of not much is still worth having.  
  
To cut a long story short I introduced the two pairs to Mark, not together but one night after the other. They obviously got along well because the next thing I heard was that both pairs were getting their own flat.  
  
We invited them round Saturday night to celebrate. They both had to wait another week before they could move in.  
  
I had three surprises that evening, firstly a couple of phone calls.  
  
'Hello, is that Alex?'  
  
'Yes that's me. Who's this?'  
  
'Oh hi. You may not remember me, my name is Tracy. We met in the ...'  
  
'Of course I remember you Tracy. How could I forget such a fun morning. How is your dad, Stan wasn't it.'  
  
'Yes that's right. Stan, fancy you remembering. It is funny. He is like a new man, or actually the very opposite of new man, nowadays. He is very non-pc and making decisions around the home, he has overridden my mother about what I can and cannot wear and even changed my curfew time to two o'clock. Frankly that was a compromise and I can get away with whatever I like from him now. He is really fun to live with. Like he is a young man again. I have even heard him and my mother having sex again, although I am not sure quite how keen she was.'  
  
'I am delighted. He did have a bit of a twinkle in his eye when he left. He had obviously enjoyed himself.'  
  
'I'll say. In fact, he still is. When I leave my panties in the washing basket every day I keep an eye on them now. They are always moved by the evening and usually been cum over.'  
  
'Good man him. I guess you are ringing so that we can invite you over for a drink or even... I have an idea. Firstly, we have some friends coming over Saturday evening and would love to have you join us. Secondly, I might invite a few more people and turn it into a bit more of a party. Either way Saturday night if you are free?'  
  
'Are you sure? That would be lovely. I am free so just tell me where you are and what time you want me. After the last meeting I guess I had better know if there is a dress code?'  
  
I gave her the address and time and said, 'As for the dress code, you know the sort of thing that I like girls to wear, and anyway it doesn't matter too much because hopefully you will not be wearing it for long. Actually thinking about it, it would not be such a bad idea to have a dress code. Dress or skirt and stockings.'  
  
'Ooohhh,' she said. 'It's going to be that sort of party.'  
  
'You know it is and you wouldn't have thought about inviting yourself over if it hadn't been. By the way you can bring your boyfriend, if you like, providing he is broadminded. You can imagine the sort of party it might be.'  
  
'I don't have one at the moment. I broke up with the last one last week. He was boring, nagging me about wearing the wrong sort of clothes He always wanted me to cover up and act as if I was forty.'  
  
'Quite right, you can do better than him. I know bring your Dad if you like.'  
  
She burst out laughing, 'Are you serious, and even if you were, Mum would never let him out on his own, let alone with me, on a Saturday night. He is not that much in control yet. Actually, thinking about it, Mum is away at her sister's this weekend. So I will have the opportunity to tell dad exactly what he missed. That will be fun.'  
  
'I am serious, but you can decide. If he will get in your way of having a good time then fine, but otherwise he can come along, have a few drinks and be a bit of a perve. There is one thing I must tell you. Susan and I live an unusual life. We are participants in a soft-porn type show that means we are surrounded by cameras twenty-four seven. People buy into the right to watch us. So the party will be going out live on the internet. There will be at least one couple who will probably stay masked all evening.'  
  
'Wow you certainly have the ability to keep shocking me. Sounds like fun. I will sound out my dad and make that decision later, Is that alright?'  
  
'Sure, just turn up with, or without him. We might be a bit short on men. There will be at least two girls on their own. See you Saturday.'  
  
The next surprise was another phone call, this time from Joanne.  
  
'Hiii big boy,'  
  
'Joanne, how are you. You sound perky. Is that a gin and tonic I smell?'  
  
She laughed. 'No Prosecco again. Every time I drink it I am reminded of you.'  
  
'Ooohh Bad girl. And I bet you are drinking a lot of it.'  
  
'You've got that right. Now when are we going shopping? Pete here is itching to get me into some new clothes. Actually, he is itching to get me out of some new clothes is more like.'  
  
We both laughed.  
  
'How about Friday and then while I am thinking about it we are having a party on Saturday night to celebrate a couple of friends of ours joining the flat scheme that we are all in. That way we can buy you some new clothes and show them to Pete on Saturday. By the way Saturday night dress code is dress or skirt and stockings. You that is, not Pete.'  
  
'That would be lovely, Friday and Saturday. Shall I come over about two and we will go out from there.'  
  
'Make it one if you can. It might be a long afternoon, trying clothes on. After all Fridays will be busy and there will be a lot of people standing around in the changing rooms.'  
  
'Oh no. I cannot do that. I will only stay in the proper changing rooms. You won't get me marching around the shop showing off.'  
  
I was a bit surprised to hear her shout. 'Yes, I am talking to him now. Yes ok. Pete says Hi.'  
  
She then whispered, 'That was only for Pete's benefit. He was listening.'  
  
'Oh fine. See you Friday then.' I hoped that the whispering was about the changing rooms, not the 'Says Hi.'  
  
I then had to make a call to Gordon and invite them. We must all be sad people because no-one had any other arrangements for the Saturday. Unless of course any other engagement would have been boring by comparison.  
  
My next call was to Bryony to ask them to invite Melissa. 'Great idea, said Bryony. 'Hold on you can invite her yourself.'  
  
'Melissa hi. What are you doing round there?'  
  
'Hi Alex. I came over to hear their great news. A new apartment next door to you. That sounds like trouble to me. And as for all those cameras, why a girl won't feel safe from being spied upon.'  
  
I laughed. 'Quite the contrary Melissa, on Saturday night at our party you can feel safe that you will be being spied on. You will be watched at every moment. Not only that, but everyone watching will be cheering me on to take your clothes off you.'  
  
'You naughty boy, just thinking about it.'  
  
'I heard a lot of noise from the background and Sam came on the line.  
  
'Alex what were you talking about? Why has she put her fingers down her panties and started playing with herself?'  
  
'You had better ask her that. A gentleman never tells. By the way the dress code for Saturday is a dress or skirt and stockings.'  
  
'Surprise surprise. I wonder who thought of that as a dress code. Some pervert no doubt. See you Saturday then. Xxx.'  
  
I then had to tell Susan what I had done. She came out of the bathroom, with a towel wrapped around her carrying a glass of water. I told her how I had transformed a quiet evening in, into a raving orgy, I wished, in just three or four phone calls. I also told her that we were out Friday afternoon with Joanne.  
  
The last surprise of the night came a few moments later.  
  
Susan walked by me towards the kitchen and tripped as she went past, flinging the water in my face.  
  
'I am so sorry.' She said, but didn't really sound it. There was the glint in her eye that I needed.  
  
'You will be,' I was quick to pick up upon her mood.  
  
'You have just got yourself a hand-smacking in the bedroom. Get yourself ready girl.'  
  
She got to her knees, 'No Alex, please don't spank me,' she said in a good impersonation of Brer Rabbit.  
  
I jumped to my feet, grabbed her by the hair and pulled her, firmly towards the bedroom, hands lowered so that she had to crawl on her hands and knees. Her towel got caught beneath her and was immediately pulled off and left on the floor of the lounge.  
  
'Oh don't expose me, I am naked, please don't smack me. I have just had a hot bath and I am very soft-bottomed at the moment.'  
  
I hauled her onto the bed took some rope from a side drawer and tied her hands together. She was laying flat, her hands in front of her above her head and her legs clasped tightly together. Her lovely round bottom became the target fixed in my brain. Not hard at first, I started tapping her cheeks at irregular intervals. Left, right, left, left, right, left, left, right, right, right. They were getting slightly harder now and just occasionally I would rub my finger along her crack, softly probing her anus before slipping through her lips and onto her clit. Now as I tapped her harder and harder a little grunt sounded with each tap.

Her hands squirming in front of her started gripping the sheet and twisting it. I spread her legs, thinking about the cameras but not yet lining it up between them. This increased the size of the bottom area I had to spank. I could now hit the thighs as well. I continued alternating between smacking and fondling. By now her cheeks were evenly coloured, a sort of Racing Paris pink, rugby-jersey colour. I wanted a good Welsh red jersey. I could not have her getting away lightly.  
  
'Did you Jill yourself off in the bath?' I asked.  
  
She paused. She did not know whether to lie or not. I knew she would have done. Not that I minded but...  
  
'Yes,' she mumbled.  
  
'Yes,' I said. 'Yes, and where was I, only in the other room? Would I like to have been involved? I think we know that I would have. But I wasn't invited.'  
  
Her bottom was by now getting to be a rosy red and I could tell by the grunts that it was beginning to be sore. I am not a real sadist, just practising, so decided that this was probably enough physical punishment. I swung her legs round at ninety degrees to line up with the camera.  
  
She knew what I was doing and a long groan issued from her. The next fondle confirmed my belief that she was now heavily turned on. She was running like a tap. I moved around the bed to get to her head end. 'Get to your knees. Suck me. Get me ready. Keep your legs wide and show everyone your pussy.'  
  
I leaned over her kneeling body and fingered her pussy and her bottom. Her tiny puckered ass hole was tight but I eventually got one then two fingers in lubricating them in her pussy first.  
  
I moved to her other end, mentally apologising for the view that I was about to block. I opened the drawer the other end and without Susan seeing what I was doing tore open a condom, slipped it over my cock lubricated it and plunged it into her ass.  
  
'Ohhhh no. Shit, it was sore enough before that. ohhhh.'  
  
I teased her clit with my thumb and she bounced through her first orgasm which rapidly eased into her second as I continued to push and thrum.  
  
I came with a few more thrusts, pulled off the condom and still hard thrust into her pussy triggering a third and possibly a fourth orgasm from her.  
  
That was enough. We both collapsed onto the bed sated. Some-time later I moved her round to put her head on the pillows and covered her up. I knew she was done until the morning.

**Chapter 15 Out and out exhibitionism**  
The week flew by and before we knew it Friday was upon us.  
  
Over a late breakfast I asked Susan whether she thought we should go back to Small Things. Were there enough new clothes to try on, that she hadn't already seen. Should we try to find somewhere new? I had a look at the internet but couldn't find anywhere so handy that seemed to stock as much. We decided we would go back there but in the next few weeks have a look and see whether there wasn't anywhere new we could go to. We would finish at the Sex Shop.  
  
'Now are you sure you want to come. I am quite happy to go on my own if you want to start cooking for tomorrow?'  
  
'Yeah right, and I am going to trust the two of you to go off to a sex shop on your own. You will have had a couple of hours of her flirting and taking her clothes off and you go to a place with two-person booths showing sex films. Okaaaay. I don't think so.'  
  
I laughed. 'When you put it that way I can understand that I would be in danger of being attacked and then not being able to keep my promise to you. I can assure you that it would be rape. I would not go easy.'  
  
'Well I am going to save you from all that harassment by coming with you. But talking of promises, what are we going to do about Gordon and Pete, in my case, and in yours Joanne, Melissa, Elise Tracy, and oh you name them.'  
  
'I laughed again. 'Flatterer. But I know what you mean. Do we abandon the rules or just... maybe...? Do you know there isn't really any half way ground. We either swap around or we don't. What do you want to do?'  
  
'Whatever we do I think we know that we both love each other and that we will be back together by the morning.'  
  
'Or even earlier.'  
  
'Or even earlier as you say. Are we brave enough to just go for it or cover it in silly rules like, pretending we aren't having orgasms, or only being in the same room, or even having to hold hands while we are doing it with someone else. Can we do it without worrying 'is she tighter than me', or, 'is he enjoying her more than he does me'? Can you watch me without thinking 'is he bigger than I am? Will she ever want me again?'  
  
'I think I can. But I know that last question might be a problem if one of our friends happened to have a really large cock and you wanted to keep going with him. I am only a man and you know how we worry.'  
  
It was her turn to laugh. 'Without the benefit of experiencing that it is difficult to answer. But I love your cock, the size it is and the way you use it. If you really want to know I do not really want to experience a bigger one. How about we give it a month and then talk again?'  
  
'Fine but I think the moment that either of us feel that it is not working we should talk about it. Don't wait for a month if it is a problem. '  
  
A big loving kiss sealed the bargain. I briefly thought about taking her back to bed to make sure that she remembered how good my cock really was but with Joanne coming at one o'clock and preparations to be started for the party tomorrow I didn't think we had time.  
  
Joanne arrived promptly so we set off shopping. I felt that we were good and early so suggested that we go to the Kings Head for a quick livener. The girls had Prosecco which always put them in a good mood and I had my usual pint. I was not in a rush to drink it so the girls even squeezed a second one in before I had finished my pint and was ready to go. I felt that should be enough to take the edge off their nerves. I was not worried about Susan, I knew she would be happy to undress in public. Joanne was an unknown entity.  
  
We were welcomed by the Manager into Small Things, we must have been buying more than I thought. Maybe it was just the length of time we were there.  
  
I did my usual trick of wandering off and selecting items for the girls to try on while they pottered together picking, discarding and generally chatting. After about thirty minutes I was ready. I had selected three outfits each for them which should take an hour or so I figured.  
  
Joanne looked surprised, 'But Alex I have some clothes to try on. What have you got there. Is that just for Susan?'  
  
'Certainly not,' I said trying to inject a note of authority in my voice. 'You admired the clothes that I picked for Susan and wanted to shop with me for that reason, not just to chat to Susan like a girly visit to the mall. Put those clothes back now and try some of this lot on. I have chosen the same size that Susan wears. That might mean they are a little tight on top. Susan, take these into the dressing room while Joanne puts those back. Usual rules now, no looking at the next garments until you are about to put it on.'  
  
I was pleased to see that the lunchtime crowd of mainly girls had now gone. It was two-thirty and the office girls had gone back to lunch. At the moment we were the only people in there. I hoped that would change.  
  
The prosecco must have been working because Joanne came back and giggled after I had told her that she had to come out and show me everything after it was on.  
  
This was mainly an underwear shop with just a few overclothes, like the deep sleeve-holed t-shirts and the mohair shorts suit, so I had put mainly underwear in the basket.  
  
I had chosen something relatively covering for the first item so the first pieces were matching romper suits, one in white the other red. Satin wrap over tops melding down into wide legged French knickers  
  
I saw the door open an inch or two and Joannes head popped out to look around. On seeing I was still the only person there she threw the door open and brazenly came out. Joanne looked good in the red one which was too close to Susan's hair colour to be attractive. They had both kept their high heels on so paraded around the large changing area, striding like models between giggles. I beckoned them to come over and asked Jo what she thought.  
  
'You do have an eye for clothes Alex,' she said. These are lovely, aren't they.'  
  
'Yes they are. Let me feel. Are they satin or silk?'  
  
I ran my hand between the layers of wrap-over materials just under the bust. Far enough in to feel that she had no bra on. My fingers just grazed the bottom of her left breast.  
  
'Nice,' I said, leaving them to wonder exactly what I was admiring.  
  
I did the same to Susan so that she did not feel left out and, dropping my hand felt along the outside of Susan's thigh up the wide leg of the French knickers. I did not need to feel to confirm that they wore no panties under the outfit. Firstly, I had not put any in with these items and secondly, even a string would have left a visible pantie line. I heard voices coming down the stairs, including a male voice. The girls had their backs to the stairs so could not see.  
  
'Don't turn around. You will see the other shoppers soon enough.'  
  
I turned to Joanne and slid my hand up her leg. This time somehow, I managed to run my hand up the inside of the thigh only stopping when my fingers just touched against a sticky labia. 'Oh this feels nice... material.' I said. 'it almost feels that it should be wet-look material.' Joanne certainly knew what I was getting at, I am not sure whether Susan picked up on it.  
  
I looked over towards the stairs where a guy in his sixties was standing watching me standing with two girls in front of me and my hand up the knicker leg of one of them. Jealous or what? He returned my smile.  
  
'So next item ladies. These are the kimonos and have lingerie to go underneath.'  
  
I moved a few feet towards the other guy and said, 'Hi, I hope you and your wife don't mind but I have had to ask my girls to wear all the clothes out into the changing area here, as there is no room for three of us in the cubicle. I hope you don't mind.'  
  
'Not at all old boy. If you don't mind me looking.'  
  
'Hardly. They are good looking girls, and they do like to know they are admired.'  
  
'So it will be okay for me to show my appreciation.'  
  
'Certainly, you can help me choose some pieces if your wife takes a while.'  
  
I moved to stand next to him and for a moment the girls did not see where I was. I was no longer standing by the big mirror, but now closer to the bottom of the stairs. They were more hesitant to come out this time with someone else there. I am not sure why because they were even more covered than last time. They wore brightly coloured kimono jackets, which came down to their stocking tops. One with a black and yellow motif and the other in blues and greens. They both wore black stockings with the high heels.  
  
'Wow, they look lovely girls. Come a little closer, in fact what happened to the parade that you did last time. My friend err...'  
  
'Charles,' he said.  
  
'Thank you. Charles was admiring your earlier outfits and I am sure will give an honest opinion of these too. Alex, by the way.'  
  
We shook hands. I shooed the girls off to parade around the ring as they had before. Susan, I could see, was getting into it. Joanne looked a little pensive. Had she guessed what was coming?'  
  
'Beautiful, girls. Which one do you prefer Charles.'  
  
'The black and yellow, I think but they are both lovely. The stockings do add a little ...Je ne sais quoi,' he said.  
  
He led me straight into the punch line without knowing.  
  
'Yes, they do don't they. But so does the matching lingerie underneath, doesn't it girls.'  
  
I saw Joanne blanche. Susan took it easily She had known it was coming. Joanne had only wondered whether it was coming.  
  
I raised my eyebrows towards the girls. That was enough for Susan to slowly open the jacket to show a matching bra, g-string and suspender belt in black lace. It was all fairly substantial, properly lined, but small and very attractive.  
  
'Wonderful Susan. Joanne?'  
  
She took a deep breath and opened her jacket to show a blue set that matched the colour of the jacket. 'Lovely.'  
  
Charles was speechless. From being helpful to catatonic in moments.  
  
'Oh wow, I mean... good lord,... err,... well.'  
  
'I think he likes them,' I said. 'Why don't you stroll around again and model them properly. Perhaps on the second circuit you could remove the jackets and put them over your arms, so we can still see the colours but we can also admire the back of the lingerie as well.'  
  
I wondered whether that would be too much for Jo but now that she had got in the swing she was determined not to show weakness. I could see the glint in her eye.  
  
They completed the two circuits, their little buttocks twinkling in the spotlights. Beautiful.  
  
'Lovely, girls next.'  
  
I could hear the door opening on the other changing cubicle, and sure enough Charles's wife came out with a couple of items under her arm.  
  
'That's a shame,' I said quietly to Charles. 'Just as it was going to get interesting. The last items.'  
  
'More err... interesting?' he said. I just nodded, his wife was within earshot now.  
  
'How did you get on Darling? Are they nice? Do they fit? Don't rush by the way. I am quite happy chatting to Alex here.'  
  
'Really, you are normally so impatient in shops. Are you sure? If so I will go and have a look for another couple of things.'  
  
I swear he had been holding his breath as he waited for her answer. 'No, no, you go ahead.' She disappeared up the stairs. I hoped for his sake that she did not return while the girls were walking around.  
  
As she walked up the stairs the girls came out wearing the archetypal lingerie sets. Both had Baby Doll negligee sets, Susan's a white lace-trimmed net, off the shoulder affair, held closed only by a bow above the bust. Underneath it you could see fairly clearly a net bra, matching panties and a suspender belt holding up the white stockings. Delightful.  
  
Joannes was a knee-length, see-though, black-net, cover-all with three little bows, one at the neck another at the waist and the third at the crotch. It had string over the shoulder straps long enough that the net started just above the bust which were matched by the tie sided strings holding up the tiny bikini panties. We could clearly see her nipples.  
  
Charles and I stood and unashamedly gawped for a minute or two.  
  
'Susan, perhaps you would do your usual walk. Joanne, just before you go, a moment.' I undid all the bows allowing the coat style dress to float to the sides as she walked.  
  
When they arrived back in front of us I asked Susan to remove the small net chemise type top and show us the matching lingerie underneath, which was completely see through. Marginally pointless in fact. She didn't hesitate and stood proudly as our eyes roamed.  
  
'Thank you Susan. Do you like that outfit Charles?'  
  
'Alex. I am lost for words. I can only thank you and the girls from the bottom of my heart. I love this outfit and of course, the other one, so much, that I would like to buy them for you ladies. They know us at the till, ask them to put it on my bill, preferably when my wife is not in earshot. It will be my pleasure to remember how you look when I pay the monthly account.'  
  
'Charles, thank you so much. That is so generous of you. I think I can find a little something that will remind you of this afternoon a little better than the bill. Joanne, stand still a moment.'  
  
I pulled the sides of her coat to the sides and indicated the bikini panties to Charles. 'Charles, pull on that little string.' He did. All three of us knew what was going to happen and Joanne who had begun to get used to parading around almost naked, was now faced with being naked from the waist down. I pulled on the panties and presented hem to Charles, who held them to his nose and breathed in deeply.  
  
'Thank you for your generosity. A small gift for you to remember us by. Girls off you go and change, before we get company. The girls giggled and ran, just in time as it happened.  
  
'Sorry to have been so long Charles. I just have a couple more things to try. I won't be long.'  
  
'Okay Dear. Why don't you come out here and show me when you have tried them on.'  
  
Charles. Don't be ridiculous. Don't even think about it. What sort of a lady do you think I am.'  
  
He winked at me, and in a low voice said. 'I didn't think so. Was worth a try though.'  
  
The girls came out now and kissed Charles as a thank you for their nighties and as a goodbye. He watched us leave, I felt with a tear in his eye, or was it merely a reaction to the girls walking up the stairs in short skirts. He had had a memorable afternoon.  
  
The girls were in a high old mood now. 'Just one more stop on our shopping tour,' I said. But I was wrong. I was dragged into the Red Lion as we passed it again on our way to the Sex Shop.  
  
The girls were both bubbly now. Their testosterone was up and certainly Joanne thought that she was through the worst. A couple more glasses each of Prosecco and we were ready to move on again. It was now nearly five o'clock on a Friday. Men were leaving work to go home. Some of them may even have sneaked out earlier to spend half an hour in their favourite shop. I fully expected Love Unlimited to be as busy as it gets.  
  
'As I said Jo, just the one call left. This one should be fun as well. You enjoyed the last one didn't you.'  
  
'You don't know how much,' she said. 'I was nervous when we started but by the end when you took my panties, I nearly came on the spot. I almost wish Pete was here. Not really because I am having too much of a good time with you two, but I could really do with a fuck.'  
  
I got an I told you so look from Susan. I had to cover a smile.  
  
'Anyway,' Joanne said 'I think I know where we are going. There is only really one more lingerie shop in this couple of streets and that is Nice n'Easy.'  
  
'Nope, that's not it. But drink up and we will be off.'  
  
As we turned into the street we saw Love Unlimited. Joanne said, 'That's a sex shop you know. I have never ben brave enough to go in. Have you?'  
  
'Sure,' said Susan. 'A couple of times actually.'  
  
'Listen on our way back can we pop in there? Just to see what it's like?'  
  
'We can do better than that,' I said as we reached the door. 'We can go in now.'  
  
Susan led the way, followed by Joanne and then myself.  
  
'Susan, Alex, how lovely to see you,' said Joe reaching for the phone. 'And you have bought a friend. How lovely. Maybe for you as good customers, for the extra entertainment, I can go to thirty.'  
  
Joanne looked a little puzzled but was not really concentrating as she and Susan were looking at Dildos and strap-ons at the time. I winked.  
  
'I hope we don't disappoint, Joe.'  
  
His phone call was answered and I heard him say 'Vic, Joe here. I haven't seen you in a long time. See you soon hopefully.' He put the phone down and dialled another number.  
  
I just laughed. 'Maybe, maybe Joe. I will try for you.'  
  
I thought it was time to tell Jo the truth. 'The clothes are downstairs Jo.'  
  
'Clothes?' she said. 'Here? This isn't our last... Oh my god.'  
  
'Yes, I said. 'It surely is. They have a small range of clothes to try on downstairs.'  
  
Jo blanched, 'Not like the other place, out of the changing room?'  
  
I nodded. 'Sure. Why not? Ask Susan.'  
  
I heard her whisper to Susan, 'Susan this isn't the place where you wore the... blindfold, and err... was it?'  
  
'It really was,' Susan said. 'I did get a bit carried away. But god it was great when it was over. I was soooo horny.'  
  
I guided then downstairs and started selecting some items. I thought maybe just two each or three maybe. It would probably take one to warm Joanne up again.  
  
'The funny thing was Jo, that Susan chose those items all on her own. No prompting from me. I had as much of a surprise as anybody. Why don't you choose one, with Susan's help and I will find a couple more.  
  
I fairly quickly found a couple of items each. I saw the girls had picked out fancy dress outfits, a French maid and a sexy schoolgirl. They would do nicely to warm them up.  
  
'Okay,' I said, ' let's go and try them on.' Joanne looked for the changing rooms.  
  
'Upstairs,' I indicated.  
  
'Upstairs, where all those men are?'  
  
'Well it would be no fun down here. There is nobody here except us.'  
  
'I thought that is what trying clothes was all about. Trying things on to see if WE liked them, not a bunch of horny old perverts.'  
  
'Oh,' I laughed, 'You have met them before have you?'  
  
In fairness that did raise a laugh from both of them. I am not sure Joanne realised how close to the truth that was.  
  
I pointed out the changing cubicle.'  
  
Susan told her that it was too small for both of them to go in together.  
  
'Do you want to go first or second.'  
  
'Oh god second, in fact not even at all. Third?' half-joked Joanne.  
  
'I was right about how busy it was going to be, and never forgetting Joes telephone friends, there must have been twenty men lining the 'catwalk.'  
  
'Why are they all standing up there Alex? Why are they not standing closer?'  
  
'Do you want them closer?'  
  
No, I haven't got my whip with me.'  
  
I laughed. 'Well you see at the end where the big fat guy is? '  
  
'Yes.'  
  
'Well that's where the mirror is. They are lining up either side of the catwalk.'  
  
'Tell me Susan didn't really walk out there with nothing but a blindfold on.'  
  
'No of course she didn't.' Susan looked relieved.  
  
'She also had stockings and a garter.'  
  
'She really did? Ohhhhh no.'  
  
'And knickers.'  
  
'Not so bad.'  
  
'Crotchless.'  
  
'Ohhh.'  
  
'How did she find her way to the mirror with a blindfold.'  
  
The kind gentlemen, used their hands to move her in the right direction.'  
  
'And she really had handcuffs on so she could not push them away.'  
  
'Yup. But really don't worry. If I thought there was any chance of either of you getting hurt or severely molested, as apart from a little bit molested, I wouldn't have brought Susan back. I will tell them that this is your first time and they will respect that.' I hoped.  
  
By now the door to the cubicle was opening. Susan's head popped out. Her cheeky grin told me all I needed to know. She was ready all right.

'I haven't bothered with the panties. I don't think they added anything to the costume,' she said.  
  
Jo, looked at me and mouthed 'Not really?'  
  
I shrugged. 'They were probably covered anyway, so no-one will notice. Do you want to stay and watch her first catwalk or go and get changed.'  
  
'I will watch.'  
  
She stepped out of the cubicle.  
  
I don't think it was only the panties she had left off.  
  
She was wearing almost the classic French Maid outfit apparently. A white mob cap. The white pinafore was held up by straps around her neck and fastened together at the back. There was no sign of a blouse and we could see the edges and tops of her breasts behind the bib. The bib itself was only about twelve or fifteen inches wide, barely covering her nipples. My eyes followed down the lines of the pinny, then over the little black skirt, which was short enough to expose all of the tops of her stockings and the straps from the suspender belt.  
  
I was right. I pointed out to Joanne that the skirt would have covered the panties. Just.  
  
The assembled guys burst into applause. As she walked away from us up the man-made aisle, literally, I realised the applause was only going to get stronger as she walked by. She had 'accidentally' caught the back hem of her skirt in her suspender belt exposing her entire bottom.  
  
'Oh my god,' breathed Jo.  
  
'I think she has thrown down a challenge,' I said.  
  
It turned out to be the right thing to say as Joanne got that bitchy look on her face. The one that she had the first day we had met when she got Susan to walk into her lounge announcing her pantie-less. 'I am going to change.'  
  
By the time Susan had walked three times up and down the catwalk, I heard Jo say that she was ready.  
  
'Wait there one second,' I warned.  
  
'Gentlemen, I know some of you have seen my girl-friend Susan here before and know that she is quite happy to model some clothes for you. Mind you I do think it would have been a truer depiction of a French Maid if she had not left her knickers off and strangely caught her hem in her suspender belt.'  
  
'Oh no,' said Susan, with false modesty. 'I didn't, did I?'  
  
'I was very disappointed that none of you were kind enough to point it out to her.' They all laughed. The next young lady Jo, no relation to our Joe the manager, is a good friend and I would like her to stay that way. This is her first time in the shop and I have told her that you will be respectful of her. You know of course that the first sign of it getting out of hand and we will be gone, never to return. Please do not put this superior venue,' laughs all round, 'at risk.'  
  
'Go for it Jo.'  
  
Jo strode out trying to hide her nerves.  
  
She had taken the challenge and definitely would have won round one if there had been a competition between the girls. What do I mean if?  
  
She was a stupendous schoolgirl but had managed to lose her blouse, bra if there had been one and we were about to find out, her panties as well.  
  
She wore big round spectacles a tiny, tiny skirt with two-inch braces, that went from the waistband, up over her nipples, over her shoulders and down her back, where they joined just before being attached to the waistband at her back. The front marginally covered her pussy but was nowhere near long enough to cover her ass which stuck out beautifully under the skirt. Long white knee socks with pink bows finished off the ensemble. It transpired that the braces must have been elasticized because as she walked they gradually pulled her skirt higher and higher up towards her waist. This meant that gradually she was exposing her pussy in front as well as her buttocks at the back. The guys were hooting and hollering. They could see what was happening. Like Susan's costume malfunction I was not one hundred percent sure whether she knew or not.  
  
Even Susan got carried away with the action and shouted 'Go Jo,' followed by an ear-splitting whistle, which I did not know she could do.  
  
I did hear one of the guys turn to a friend and say 'Great pussy,' at which point Jo tried to look a bit affronted and pulled the skirt lower again. Inexorably however it was only going to go one way again.  
  
After 2 'catwalks' Jo looked at me pointedly so I asked Susan if she was nearly ready.  
  
'Not quite, another minute.'  
  
I held up one finger to Jo and made a walking sign with the other hand. She gamely turned for the third lap.  
  
As she came back I called her in and encouraged Susan to leave the cubicle. Susan was wearing a lace catsuit. I had put two catsuits in there and the little minx had chosen the one with marginally better coverage in that it was lace with a pattern rather than plain fish-net like the other one. It was true that the pattern didn't actually extend over the bust, leaving her boobs and nipples in plain sight under the sheer lace. The body was crotchless of course with a fairly large cutaway. Her pussy would have been covered by the panties, if I hadn't forgotten to leave them in there. She therefore bestrode the catwalk almost topless and certainly bottomless. While she was walking up for the second time I said to Joanne, through the door, that she should choose the third outfit that she preferred and give it to me. Susan had had her first choice twice already.  
  
'Oh my god, I am not wearing this one.' I heard, and then 'On second thoughts with a small alteration...'  
  
She handed me a package round the door, just as Susan was finishing her walk.  
  
She followed the package round the door just in time to hear the cheers for Susan as she curtsied for the guys. That act of course opened her lower lips as she parted her legs. The boys loved it. Joannes suit was almost identical but the holes were bigger. The fishnet holes were up to an inch in diameter all over the body, they were strategically placed to allow her nipples some air and the crotch hole stretched all the way from the top of her buttocks at the back to about six inches over her pubis. It stretched another six inches down each inner thigh. If Susan's had been revealing, this one was very revealing.  
  
In the meantime, I had stopped Susan as she was going into the cubicle and just played with her pussy awhile, just to keep her horny. 'Oh stop. I am going to come so fast if you keep that up. I stopped. I did not want to see her have that much fun. Joanne has chosen her outfit for the last show. She has the leather straps. I have them here. That means you have the boxing outfit.  
  
'How strange,' she said. 'The boxing outfit is more covering.'  
  
And then, 'Wasn't there a skirt with the boxing set.'  
  
'There was.' I confirmed.  
  
'Well it's not here now, she said. That means all there is s the belt and the gloves.  
  
'Okay,' I said. 'That is what you will have to wear then.' I looked in the bag that Joanne had given me. There was a leather strappy outfit and the skirt that should have gone with the ladies boxing set. I wasn't sure whether Jo expected to be able to wear the skirt but I quickly threw them behind me over a shop counter. No way was she getting those.  
  
As Joanne came in and stood beside me I gave her a little grope as I had Susan. I love sharing my favours around and thought it only fair that that Jo was also on heat. She was wringing wet. I could feel her secretions running down her thighs.  
  
'Ohh...do it...harder...a little more, I am going to cum...' I stopped of course to hear her groan. 'Bastard.'  
  
I gave her the leather outfit. I could see her looking for the skirt.  
  
'Where is the skirt,' she said.  
  
'What skirt,' I said grinning. She grinned back and disappeared.  
  
Susan meantime came out and slipped me a blindfold and the handcuff collar that she had worn on the earlier occasion.  
  
'I had thought about wearing these again, but as she is messing with my costume I am going to mess with hers. What do I look like. Pretty stupid huh.'  
  
'No,' I said. 'Hot. It was supposed to be a ladies boxing outfit with a tiny skirt, gloves and one of those big boxing belts. You do realise with boxing gloves on it is going to be difficult to fend off the wandering hands.'  
  
The belt was way too big to go around her hips or waist. As wide as it was, it was never going to cover anything except her belly button. And it was heavy. She would have to hold it up with both hands.  
  
'Just go out and prance. I will announce you.'  
  
'Gentlemen. Susan in her last costume of the afternoon. I would ask you to avoid her swinging punches I do not want any of you hurt. On the other hand, with those big soft gloves on, plus the difficulty she is experiencing holding up the belt, I would be surprised if she has the strength to hurt anybody who manages to lay a hand on her.'  
  
She looked at me horrified and then grinned as she pranced down the aisle, wildly swinging the odd punch towards the guys with the wandering hands.  
  
Let me think, one girl wearing boxing gloves against forty wandering hands. Who was going to be the winner of this one?  
  
Luckily Joanne wouldn't come out until I called her. She would not see what was happening to Susan.  
  
I eventually heard a small scream and moved steadily along the catwalk to rescue her. I recognised the scream as the one she makes as she comes, and as I reached her I heard the sound again. She was leaning against this guy, with her arms around his neck as he quickly jerked two fingers into her vagina.  
  
'Finished?' I asked. 'Yes,' they both said neither being sure of whom I had asked the question.  
  
I guided her back to the cubicle where she quickly recovered as she anticipated Joanne coming out.  
  
I turned my back, not wanting to see a catfight.  
  
Susan let Joanne pass her, and, in a flash tied the collar around her neck. Before Jo had a chance to work out what was going on she had her wrists in the handcuffs, her elbows sticking out beside her. She laughed evilly as she slipped the blindfold over her head.  
  
'Mess with my costume would you? Let's see how you like the mask and not being able to fend with your hands. She's all yours guys. Happy Birthday Jo.'  
  
Ouch, I thought, that was an evil touch, encouraging the guys to give her a birthday treat. I thought I had better pay lip service at least to keeping her safe.  
  
'Remember what I said guys. This is her first time so let's have some respect. That did slow then down a little but she was soon being buffeted and fingered on all sides. I heard her come once, twice and then a third time. We knew she was cumming because she was telling us.  
  
'Oh god I am cumming. Don't stop.'  
  
'Oh no, I am cumming again, and again and again.'  
  
In my defence I was not sure whether the word again meant that she was cumming again or she wanted to come again. So I left her for a while to make sure.  
  
I eventually rescued her and pushed her back towards the cubicle to change.  
  
Susan squeezed into the cubicle with her telling me that she would help her recover and dress but they may be a while. I called to the guys that it was Game Over for today and set about collecting the stuff that I wanted to buy.  
  
I ended up buying quite a bit of stuff and was delighted to get the thirty percent discount as promised. Joe was even happier to see the queue of guys behind me waiting to buy things. I realised that no-one was leaving. They were all waiting to see the girls one more time. Eventually the girls came out, all smiles and giggles, arm in arm. They waltzed their way through the shop, kissing cheeks and taking their own opportunity to grope a few men. This time, fully dressed they got the respect that I had hoped. It was interesting to see that not one man tried to grope them back.  
  
We left, the three of us arm in arm.  
  
'Kings Arms,' I said, 'or home for a drink.'  
  
'Home,' they both said.  
  
We went home. I placed the girls on the sofa, fully expecting them to pass out with tiredness. I was half expecting to have to call Pete to come and get Jo.  
  
I got them some Bacardi and coke and a few nibbles which they devoured in moments. They declined more food but wanted their glasses topped up. They pulled me down between them and within seconds I was the one being groped. Susan was kissing me, her tongue deeply into my mouth. It certainly wasn't her opening my zip. I was so delighted that Susan and I had agreed on our little chat about sex with other people. I knew it was about to happen.  
  
'Shall we take this through to the bedroom,' said Susan.  
  
'Yes lets,' says Jo. 'I cannot wait to get my hands on him I am so horny.'  
  
We were on the bed in a flash, my trousers and boxers quickly on the floor. My shirt was ripped off me and the next thing I felt was my arms and legs being tied to the corners of the bed legs.  
  
My hard-on was immense and just beginning to hurt. I had been hard for most of the afternoon and the balls were definitely beginning to turn blue. I could feel Jo's colder hand playing with my testicles. I groaned.  
  
The girls stood over me and started undoing their skirts. I realised they were both fully dressed.  
  
'Don't you think he saw enough of us today?' said Jo.  
  
'Absolutely right,' said Susan with a giggle. 'Jo does this remind you of anything.'  
  
She slipped the blindfold over my head.  
  
'Bitch,' Jo said. 'It certainly does. Which reminds me. Where was he when all those guys were molesting us?'  
  
'That's right,' said Susan. 'When they were playing with our private parts, like this.'  
  
I felt four hands playing with my cock and balls, two mouths pulling and nibbling on my nipples. I felt the hands lift away and Susan said, 'Jo your breasts are so lovely and soft, can I just kiss them.'  
  
'Of course. Come over here.'  
  
I felt the girls move over to the sofa in the lounge and for the next twenty minutes I heard groans and the wonderful sounds of two girls making love. Without me. I was rock-hard and in pain. I tried calling to them, to help me. Release me. Relieve me.'  
  
Everything went quiet, except for my beating heart. I could practically feel the blood rushing to my cock. I tried groaning again and telling the girls I was in pain.  
  
It felt like an hour before they came by.  
  
'See what it feels like smart-Alex.' They both laughed.  
  
'Where were you when we needed help. Enjoying yourself that's what. Making us naked for your enjoyment and that of dozens of perverts. Well we don't need you any-more. Not now we have found each other.' They giggled again.  
  
'We have agreed that to pay you back we are going to leave you here under the cameras watchful gaze for another two hours. I am going to go home and get fucked by my adorable husband,' said Joanne.  
  
Susan is going to keep you hard but not allow you to come. Unless of course you want to come with me Sue. Pete can fuck us both. We are both dying for it and we can give him a little lesbian show first.'  
  
'I suppose I could,' I heard as the voices drifted away.  
  
I tried calling out. 'I'll fuck you, both of you. If you want. Or not, whatever you like, just let me cum and untie me please.'  
  
'Susan, please don't leave me like this. Susan.'  
  
I thought they must have gone because I hadn't heard anything for at least half an hour. I heard the door-bell ring, and wondered who it was. Whether they would eventually go away. I was feeling really sorry for myself and my cock and balls still hurt.  
  
I was lying there feeling miserable and all of a sudden I heard, 'Surprise surprise,' by what sounded like a multitude of voices. The blindfold was whipped off to see Susan, Joanne, Sam and Bryony all standing round the bed grinning. They started to reach towards my cock.  
  
'Oh please, don't even touch it. It is so sore. They were laughing so that tears were running from their eyes. I gather that Susan and Joanne had told the other two what we had been up to and they both delighted in helping them get their own back on me. They had also brought Pizza.  
  
They undid my straps and told me they were going to leave me alone to relieve myself, under the cameras, and that I could come out and join them when I had done it. I knew it wasn't going to take long, but it was painful. Soon I had stripes of cum all over my chest, at which point the girls threw open the door again to see me covered in cum. They had been standing outside the door listening. My humiliation was complete.  
  
They had a Bacardi and coke ready for me and large, hot slices of my favourite Pizza on a plate. All was well with the world. Almost. I still had a sore cock and balls, and I hadn't fucked anyone. I just hoped Susan wasn't still horny, as I am not sure that I could cum again.  
  
I asked after Pete to be told that he was out for the evening with old friends. It had been planned that way when he knew they were going shopping.  
  
'So you could never have taken Susan round there to get fucked?' I started asking.  
  
'Ohhh the green eyed monster, 'laughed Joanne, and I felt really silly. She was right. That was exactly what it was, and yet had I been worried about Pete when I thought I was going to be able to get Joanne and Susan into bed. Susan had to explain further details to Sam and Bryony of what had happened at that stage and how they had teased me. 'We didn't need to anyway,' said Joanne. 'Not after Susan and I had got it off together earlier.'  
  
'New respect girls,' said Bryony. 'It's fun isn't it. Next time wait for us as well.'  
  
I felt that Susan and Jo went a little quiet at that stage, perhaps they had not wanted to admit their tryst.  
  
'Just one more thing,' said Jo. 'on a serious note. I have had a wonderful day. Tonight may have been the icing on the cake, but we really did feel that you shouldn't get too used to having everything go your own way. Alex. But before that I thought it was fantastic. Everything we did and you did to me Alex was orgasmic and certainly memorable. It was all my fantasies rolled into one, including cumming three or four times at the hands of a bunch of perverts. I am only sorry that you, chief pervert, wasn't there doing it to me. I am not sure how much I am going to tell Pete. I am not quite sure he would be ready to hear all of it. I will tell him about the first shop and you coming into the changing rooms to see what we were trying on and even being persuaded to come out into the store in our underwear. He will know that was likely to happen and hopefully he will find it boring enough that he will not want to come with us next time. I do love him dearly, but I am not sure he is quite ready for all of that. Maybe after the party this weekend, if it goes the way it is likely to, and he comes out of his shell a little then, well, we will see.'  
  
We all promised to keep her secrets. I was delighted to hear her little speech, that I hadn't put a foot wrong and that their revenge and my humiliation was meant in jest as mere humiliation and not revenge. I would have to get my own back for two things now. Firstly and mainly, for my aching cock and balls and secondly for seducing my girl-friend. We would need to talk about that in the morning.  
  
I was notably quiet for the rest of the evening. The girls left about ten with promises to come round early to help with the food, leaving Susan and I alone at last. We got ready for bed and as she put her arm round me for a cuddle I said. 'I am not sure how to tell you this. You may still be horny but I really do not want to get hard again. It is still so sore and my balls are aching. So please don't ask. I am sure I will be okay tomorrow.'  
  
She was very solicitous and apologetic and just cuddled me gently until we were asleep. Ahhh, love is a wonderful thing.