**An Apartment with Benefits**

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**Chapter 16 A Party Escalates**

I awoke to a very solicitous Susan. Breakfast in bed, and then the truth came out. She was still horny. Could I get it up for her yet?

'I'll try, but of course it is still very painful,' I emoted, then throwing back the covers with a 'tada' revealed my morning woody, ready and waiting. 'Just kiss it gently first to see that it is still in working order,' I pleaded. As she did I threw her down onto the bed and practically pushed it down her throat.

'You bastard, get off me.'

We were back to old attitudes. I rolled her onto her face, spread her legs under a camera as she groaned, and entered her with one push. Luckily, she was wet and ready. I hadn't even thought to check. We fucked for England, and Wales and Scotland for that matter. After nearly an hour we were sated and I had proved that I was back to A1 condition. I now had to get ready for what was likely to be a long night.

We both went shopping but in different directions, Susan to pick up food and nibbles and me on the booze run. I also called in at Small Things to buy a few things that could be fun later. I had no great plan to have games and things, just dancing and a bit of nudity I figured. But then I began to think it out and decided that a couple of games would not go amiss. I wondered whether Tracy would be bringing her father. She had been pretty open minded and up-front with the jokes about her knickers in the washing basket so I didn't think that I would need to pull any punches if he did come. I did some quick maths and realised I was getting drinks for a dozen, plus Stan if he came. There were going to be eight girls and four or five men. Seemed like a reasonable ratio, eight to four might be better but we could cope with five. I was back around three.

'Susan, I am back.'

'In the kitchen. Mind the door.'

I walked in gently pushing the door open to find her washing the floor in panties which were either very worn, or very thin, I was not sure which. But it was how she was doing it. The floor had obviously been washed and she was now mopping up spare water with a large cloth. She was running the cloth along the floor with her hands while standing with her legs stiff at the knees and as wide as she could comfortably get them. She bobbed up and down ringing the wet cloth into a bucket. I knew we had a mop why wasn't she using it. '

She explained. 'I have been practising bending straight-legged. How does it look?'

'Have I got time to show you?'

'No, you haven't. If you get that out I am going off to lock myself in the toilet. I look that good do I?'

'You really do. I can see right through those panties up to the point where the gusset starts, so all of your crack is visible and open. You look incredibly desirable.'

'Good,' she said. 'That was what you wanted. It's hard work but if it looks good, and it keeps me fit, it must be okay.'

I made up a table in the lounge for a bar and laid out glasses with ice buckets and bowls for nibbles. I was done and decided on a quick nap and then a shower. I awoke to laughter in the kitchen, so throwing on some boxers, I went to greet the girls. I moved into the kitchen dispensing kisses and cuddles, and receiving a few gropes at the same time. By the time I had greeted Melissa, Sam and Bryony I was as hard as a rock. Bryony pointed it out as she moved away from me.

'I see you are feeling better today Alex. Don't waste it you might need it later.'

The girls had nearly finished making the food so sent me off to get a quick shower and get dressed. I was told I had fifteen minutes to vacate both bathroom and bedroom, to give the girls time to change. And once I was out, I was out. No forgetting things and having to come back in while they were getting dressed.

I poured myself a drink, started some music and read a magazine.

Gordon and Elise were first in, masked up, and turned up with Jim and Brenda, having had a quick drink elsewhere. Seconds later Joanne and Pete knocked on the door. That was good as I had a few moments to explain who Tracy and Stan were. I explained that we had met them when Susan was trying on underwear and that Stacy was fun and her dad Stan was somewhere between fun and a dirty old man. I was not sure he was coming, but if he did come, just treat him as one of the boys and try to shock him a bit. I didn't really expect him to come, I told them.

I got that wrong, they were both there ten minutes later. I introduced people to each other and made sure that everyone had drinks. Stan really was quite fun. He had a definite eye for the girls and Gordon and he got on like a house on fire. He explained that his wife was away for the weekend with her sister. 'Thankfully', he said. 'I would never have been able to come if she was here. I am looking forward to having an evening away from the old dragon.'

The new girls had all disappeared into the bedroom and for an hour or more all we saw were hands stretched out around the bedroom door for more bottles of Prosecco. It gave us guys a chance to tell a few stories and have a few drinks.

Eventually the girls came out and I introduced some of the newcomers to Melissa, Sam and Bryony.

All eight girls had made a real effort to dress up with short skirts or dresses, stockings or perhaps tights, and tiny tops or sheer blouses. I couldn't see any bras. I wondered how many were wearing panties. I would find out.

I tapped glass and thanked them all for coming and hopefully entering into the spirit of the evening.

The girls were rowdiest with calls like 'It's not a spirit I want entering me,' and 'Why are you thanking me for coming. I haven't yet.'

'I did mention that the dress code was skirts, dresses and stockings ladies, so I think I would like you all to line up against the wall here and prove that you are wearing stockings not tights.'

That called for a few cheers from the guys, and catcalls from the girls, but I noticed they were quick to line up against the wall. There was a little natural reluctance to be first so I started at one end and decided to orchestrate it.

'Susan it seems reasonable that, as the hostess, and already at one end of the line, we need you to start. Girls all face the wall please, and then when I tap you on the shoulder I would like you to raise your skirts to the waist, and then after a count of twenty, turn around with your skirt still raised. Please hold it there until I move on to the next girl.'

More cheers from the boys.

They all turned to the wall giggling. I had turned them around so that they could not really see much until they had lifted their own skirt.

Susan, perfect. Stockings and a tiny white thong. I ran my fingers over her thighs as I passed on to Elise. Stockings again with French-cut wide-legged knickers in pink to match her dress. Joanne was next with stockings and little black bikini panties. Sam next had stockings on but no panties at all. This got a big cheer from the boys. I had almost been a little surprised that the first three had actually been wearing them. Bryony and Melissa were similarly dressed, or should I say undressed with no panties. That left Tracy and Brenda. I was not surprised to see that Tracey had little yellow panties on, after the comments she had made about her father liking them. Brenda was still getting value from the honeymoon undies, as I pointed out to the audience. She blushed.

'Of course, when I gave you the dress code I didn't say anything about panties,' I said. 'If I had wanted them I would have asked for them. Sam Melissa and Bryony recognised it. I think they have to come off ladies. But wait, I know you are eager to take them off but one moment please.'

They were keen and one or two of them had started lifting their dresses ready.

'I am going to start at this end with my delightful wife and remove them for her. Firstly, so that you horny men do not molest my virginal... laughs all round... sorry vaginal, wife and secondly as a sign that I am comfortable with her circulating amongst you for the rest of the evening in this state. Susan raise please.'

I got on my knees and eased her thong down to the floor and off. I was fascinated that the first three girls had put their panties on last, over the suspender straps. Tracy and Brenda had put them on before the straps and they would be harder to remove. Harder or more fun?

Gordon was quickly up to Elise, but took his time removing her French knickers. He ran his hands up the wide legs over her pussy while joking about how handy these sorts of knickers were. He eventually pulled them down before slipping his finger between her lower lips and tasting her.

Pete was next and actually looked a little embarrassed about pulling her panties down. I can see why Jo did not want to give him all the details of the shopping trip.

I moved past the three girls who were on their own and said, 'Tracy of course we have a problem here.' She and Stan presumed that I was thinking that it was a problem that they were father and daughter, which was what I wanted them to think. 'Stan if you come over here and look. Lift please Tracy. Stan, you will see that her panties are under her suspender straps. You will need to undo the straps first, then turn her round to undo the back before removing them and then do them all up again. It could take you hours. But don't worry we will wait and enjoy and Tracy will keep her skirt high to make it easy for you.'

I could see that while Tracy was very embarrassed, she was so turned on that she was staining her panties.

It took Stan about ten minutes in all but he obviously enjoyed it, judging both by the look on his face and the action going on in his trousers.

'And finally, Jim. This may be the first time you ever have taken off these honeymoon panties. I know I was the first to do it, but it does look like you are going to get sloppy seconds.' Everyone laughed. 'You have the same problem Stan had, so Brenda keep that skirt nice and high while Jim makes the most of his second honeymoon down there.'

And he did.

Games over for the time being, I turned up the dancing music. The girls danced away while we guys went up to the bar.

'I am betting that was a first for you for a while Stan.'

'You're right there. I love my daughter more and more. I am very proud of her. I just wish I had married someone like her.' We all laughed.

The girls were dancing for an hour or so, occasionally dragging one or more of us in for a fast or sometimes slow dance. I was pleased to see Stan dancing with Bryony his hands clasping her buttocks, her skirt raised to the waist while she kissed him deeply.

I called everybody into a circle for a quick kissing game.

'Spin the bottle always results in people squirming into or out of line with the bottle. I have thirteen pin pong balls numbered. I am one, Sam here on my right is thirteen, work out your own numbers. If I call out two men, tough luck, lads. I expect some sort of kiss. The girls loved that. The same for two girls, although I cannot see that being too much of a problem. I was of course going to cheat, I knew the guys numbers, three six nine and twelve, plus me on one. I would try to drop one ball if two of those came out.

'Firstly, just give a quick, well not too quick, kiss to the person on your left and on your right to warm up.'

That took about ten minutes and after that the numbers came thick and fast I would call two numbers and while they were standing in the middle kissing I would be lining up the next two, who would be starting as the first couple were finishing. I managed to keep all the boys separate. I enjoyed watching them all pushing tongues down throats. No-one seemed shy, even Pete was very obviously enjoying himself. It was not just tongues thrusting away, Fingers and, so far, still covered cocks, were rubbing whatever they could get.

With a little dubious calling I made sure that I kissed all the girls before we started dancing again. The dancing got a little steamier, all slow numbers now.

Another half hour went by and I thought it was time to bring out my presents for the girls.

I tapped my glass again to groans. 'What's the sleazy bugger going to want me to do now,' I heard Elise say laughingly.

'Ladies I have a present for each of you, I have put them on the bed. There is one each just choose a colour you like and come back out again for a little fashion parade.'

Giggling they ran to the bedroom. We heard laughs and more giggles before the door opened and they filed out. I had bought t-shirt dresses in four different colours. It was not fair to say that they had long armholes, they were more like loose tabards joined both sides around the hem by small straps. The hems came down just over their bottoms, so technically they were dresses and not t-shirts. Every time they moved a breast showed and a little more movement exposed buttocks or pussy. I was delighted to see that they left their stockings and suspenders on. Brenda and Bryony being both tallest and with the biggest breasts looked particularly good.

Stan just goggled. In fairness, it wasn't just Stan almost thunderstruck by the extent of flesh available. Dancing was certainly going to be better now.

'Gents,' said Susan.' I think it is time we saw some flesh please. Strip off to underwear please.'

No-one was about to argue.

We danced for a while, you practically needed hoses to break up some of the couples so I thought it was time to bring on my last but one game. The very last thing I had planned would certainly bring the evening towards a conclusion and at the moment it was still only just midnight.

I buttonholed Sam, Melissa and Bryony and asked if one of them wouldn't mind playing the part of a man for the first round of a game of musical chairs with a difference.

Bryony agreed to do it and I asked the men and Bryony to lie, on their backs in a circle with their feet towards the centre of the circle.

I explained there are now six people laying on the floor and seven girls walking around until the music stops.

'When the music stops each girl has to try and sit on a mans or Bryony's, face. The one that doesn't get a seat, and incidentally a good licking guys, pays a penalty. That one who wasn't able to get a seat and loses has to pull her partner out of the game. That partner will be so rightly upset that he has to leave the game, that he will no doubt want to spank his girl. For the sake of this game Briony has Sam and Melissa for this first round as partners. The spanking of course is the penalty that the player gets. If you both fall out of the game, you will just have to choose who you pull out and get spanked by. For the first round we will just let the girls walk around until the record finishes. After that perhaps, one of the people who was eliminated can be the DJ.'

Most of the guys picked up quickly what was going to happen with various degrees of belief. A huge grin spread across Briony's face. The one that surprised me most was Susan of all people.

'But I've never...err... oh okay...i... err.'

And Joanne looked a little surprised as well.

I wondered whether someone was going to complain and whether I had gone too far, Gordon was quick to come forward and lay on the floor. 'Sounds good to me,' he said, 'Come on Stan, lay by me and Pete, you're on the other side of me. Now, I want you girls to be careful, no fighting for seats and don't land too heavily on me or you will break my nose.'

Jim said, 'Judging by the feel of some of these girls while we were dancing, it will be like being at Guantanamo Bay. It will be torture.'

We all looked a little bemused. I wondered whether he had quite understood the game. 'You know,' he said, 'The torturing that goes on. The water-boarding.' Yes, he had understood.

We were quickly laying down, I had Bryony on one side of me and Stan on the other. The girls started walking slowly round us. That was fun in itself. Just watching the pussies walking along above me, had my eyes rolling in my head as I swivelled from one pussy to the next, trying to work out which was which.

Eventually the music stopped and I understood what Gordon had been worried about. Elise thumped down fairly hard on my face. She was facing my feet, and I felt a momentary barging going on as she shouldered someone else out of the way. Confident that she had her seat, she concentrated on rubbing her slit up and down my face, my lips on her clit and my nose along her groove. After a few moments, which I believed we all enjoyed immensely, Joanne declared herself the loser of that round and pulled her and Pete out of the game. The other girls slowly stood up so that we could all see him pulling her over his knee and giving her ten good smacks on the bottom.

I looked around to see which of the guys had been licking Susan's slit to find that she was standing by Bryony and in fact, was still being fingered by her. As we had somewhat automatically embraced our 'jockeys' and started fondling them, it wasn't difficult to see who had been sitting on whom. The couple that intrigued me were Tracy, who was standing beside her father as he played with her tits. His face was as wet as mine was.

After the smacking I kissed Elise goodbye and we all resumed our places as spokes on the now 'five-spoked' wheel. The music started and the merry-go-round was off again. This time I had young pussy, Tracy and Elise was declared the loser. Tracy, admittedly only four years younger than me at eighteen, tasted very earthy, unlike Elise who had obviously sprayed herself with a dab of perfume before coming to the party. We played a couple more rounds, I was ridden by Brenda and then Sam before finding out that Susan had been unable to find a 'chair.' I was rightly aggrieved and made myself feel a little better by giving her 10 of the best. The last man in the game was Jim and he was being competed for by Brenda and Melissa. Well, as Brenda graciously let Melissa take the seat because, as she said,' I have to fight him off every day, I am not going to start fighting for him now.'

We all laughed and let Melissa collect her prize of an orgasm. I hadn't actually decided a prize, Melissa just helped herself to it.

The party just moved on to half an hour's dancing and drinking, before, at about one o'clock I asked the eight ladies to line up against the wall.

'I would hate to finish the party with this odd number of people, possibly leaving un...how shall I say... unsatisfied. Or you may never Cum again.'

Everyone laughed at the play on words.

'I thought I would just arrange a make-out game where at least you should all be able to achieve a form of satisfaction and still remain virginal, if you want. Just tell your partners quietly how far you want to go. You may have noticed that the vests the girls are wearing, are only four colours, two of them in each one, pink white black and red. Gentlemen we will do a blind pick. By the way, as host I have left myself out altogether but you may find me joining with your little threesomes from time to time. You are welcome go into any of the rooms to get comfortable. That only leaves me to hold up this little bag with four pieces of paper in it, one of each colour.'

I don't know whether Pete and Joanne had yet had an opportunity to discuss how far they were going to go but I figured at least that they would be happy being fingered.

I held the bag out to Gordon who put his hand in the bag and pulled out a pink piece of paper. The girls looked around and I noticed Susan and Melissa stand forward holding hands. I knew Susan would be pleased that we had changed our arrangement.

Jim was next and got white, Bryony and Elise, Stan next and wow, he got red which was Joanne and amazingly Tracy. I didn't know what to do, I was flummoxed and about to ask whether I should draw again, but was pre-empted by Tracy running squealing across the room to her Dad and, throwing her arms around his neck, said, 'Come on Jo, can we go to the bedroom please. Just more comfortable, ohh ... I didn't mean to... you can all come in as well. I am not trying to hide.' Now she looked embarrassed as if she had tried to take him out of everyone's sight.

I just moved on.

'That leaves Sam and Brenda for Pete. Enjoy, boys and girls.'

I moved on and left them to it. Tracy had already claimed the bed, or at least part of it and Gordon was quick to take the sofa. I saw him pull Melissa onto the sofa with him, pulling her tabard over her head. He placed Susan between his legs and I had to walk away to stop myself watching her giving him a blow-job. It wouldn't be fair of me to watch them. I went into the bedroom where Pete had taken over the chaise longue with Sam and Brenda. Brenda was kissing Pete, while he was pulling her dress up and Sam was helping him by licking Brenda's tits. I squeezed in behind Sam, lifted her dress and fingered her ass and pussy. She was a little surprised at first knowing that Pete's hands were both busy but then recognised who I was and what I was doing. She was soon bending over with her mouth around Jim's cock while I had my cock deep inside her. At last, I had dreamed of this for ever, well, since we had met anyway. I didn't come, but she did. It had been a long night and not only had they received a lot of licking, but had been fingered consistently while dancing so I was not surprised she came so quickly.

I moved on to the bed and watched Stan pounding into Tracy. Incest had come home to roost. Both appeared to be lost in their own little world. I didn't like to interrupt and anyway, there was Jo, looking like a wallflower at a dance. She looked pleased to see me and we started deep-throating before sliding onto the floor where we seemed automatically to slide into a sixty-nine. A few minutes later, after she had cum, twice I think, we moved the right way round again and resumed kissing. Between kisses she told me what a wonderful time she had had yesterday taking her clothes off before all those men.

'I knew I could do it because you were there to save me if there had been a problem. God it was so good. I was so horny afterwards.'

'You were horny! What about me, and then what you did to me later?'

'I know I am so sorry. I would much rather have jumped on you and fucked you, but I was under the impression that Susan wouldn't have liked it.'

'Well at least you got your satisfaction with her,' I said. 'I heard the pair of you going at it like a pair of dogs on heat.'

She stopped playing with my cock, in fact stopped doing everything and gawped at me. 'Oh, Susan didn't tell you, that was just to tease you. We didn't even touch each other. We just sat and made all the noises to get you frustrated especially as you couldn't see.'

'That makes sense now,' I said. 'She was a little shocked when I organised the Merry-go-round, game. I assumed she would have got used to have been eaten by you.' It amused me that this had been her first experience of another girl. 'Anyway, I am going to make up to you what I would have loved to do with you yesterday. Have you had your little chat with Pete yet?'

She knew what I was talking about but said, 'Not really, but I can see what he is doing now.' Looking over my shoulder she said,' He is balls deep in Sam with Bren sitting on his face. If he is the goose I am the gander. Fuck me now. Fuck me hard and let me have my memories of yesterday all over again.'

I did. Another tick on my bucket list, but more than that, I felt a real connection. I hoped to spend many days shopping with her. With or without Susan. I would have to try and get Susan's permission to take her shopping on our own.

I thought about trying to find Elise but she was in the other room with Jim. Tracy looked over. She had exhausted her Dad, he was lying there snoring now. Still horny, she came and joined us on the floor, offering Joanne her sticky pussy to lick while cleaning my cock of Joanne's juices I am pleased that it was not the other way round. I am sure she still had Stan's sperm inside her. Joanne seemed to enjoy licking her out and drinking Stan's baby juice. She had done this before, even if Susan hadn't. Tracy got me hard again, cleaning me off, so I fucked her for a while before she exhausted me as well. Quite the little nympho.

We eventually all ended up at the bar having a final drink. Most were within walking distance but Tracy went to wake Stan while I called them an Uber. They ended up giving Jim and Brenda a lift as well and quickly Susan and I were on our own.

'Let's just go to bed,' I said. 'We can clear up in the morning.'

'How was it?' I said. She knew what I was asking.

'It was alright. No that's not fair. It was good. We can talk in the morning,' she said as she literally fell asleep as her head touched the pillow.

**Chapter 17 A new flat to christen.**

I awoke slowly, hearing Susan pottering around in the kitchen. For the first time I completely forgot about the cameras and strolled naked into the kitchen to join her. Susan was obviously sharper than me and had put on the pink tabard dress that she was given last night. And panties, I noticed. I suddenly realised my nakedness and strangely enough, instead of getting embarrassed I started to get hard.

'How was your night?' I asked raiding the fridge for some orange juice.

'I thought it was an amazing party. You really did hit the right balance between games, dancing and partying and the right balance between nudity and clothed. God what letches you men are,' she giggled.

'Us men?' I cried. 'It's you girls. Let's face it Sam, Bryony and Melissa fondled me till I was hard even before the party started. And, how keen were all you girls to take your knickers off? As soon as I mentioned it I had to stop you all so I could do it my way,' I laughed.

'Well we knew they were all coming off quickly. We worked out that the dress code probably did not include panties and so we organised that there were some with, and some without. I had to lend Joanne my black bikini panties. We didn't notice the suspenders over or under however. That was a nice touch and really embarrassed Tracy at first.'

'And how was the sex with Gordon and Melissa?'

She looked embarrassed.

'Come on I know Gordon would have fucked you. He had been talking about it since we first met them. If it makes you feel better I had sex with Sam, Joanne and Tracy. I enjoyed all of them, but of course none of them were you.'

'Yeah right. And I'll bet you spent all your time thinking about me right.'

I had to laugh. 'Well maybe not all the time. So come on, how was it and who was it?'

'Okay Gordon made love to me last night, and to Melissa.'

'And you and Melissa?'

God you men are really obsessed with girl-girl sex aren't you. Yes, we did. It was my first time with a girl. I meant to tell you that the other night when Joanne and I were making all that noise and you were tied up we actually didn't even touch each other.'

'I know she told me last night. She was surprised I didn't know. So how was it? Did you like it? Would you do it again?'

'So many questions. But yes and yes. It was different. You won't get upset if I tell you about it?'

'Of course not,' I said, moving towards her to take her hand.

'Well, Gordon grabbed me and set me down on my knees in front of him so that I could get him out and play with it. He was kissing Melissa and playing with her tits. She has lovely tits you know.'

'Yes,' I grinned, 'she does. But not as nice as these.'

I slipped my hands under her tabard and got an elbow in the ribs.

'Anyway, I started giving him head. I thought that was important for him because I had refused to do it when we were in the lingerie shop after I told him about our agreement.'

'Yes, I saw that bit. That all happened pretty quickly. That's when I left and went into the other room to give you some freedom.'

'Oh, that's nice,' she said placing her hands over mine as they played with her breasts. 'I saw you go but assumed you just wanted to go and score with one of the girls in the other room.'

'No, I chose the other room because of you. I didn't want you inhibited. I found Sam just kissing Brenda's tits and her ass was sticking out, so I just started playing with it. Like this.' I turned Susan and bent her over the kitchen table, lowered her panties to the floor and started fondling her bum. 'Anyway, carry on with your story.'

'I sucked him for a while and he pulled my dress over my head so we were all three naked now, then he pushed Melissa towards me so we could share his cock and then he pushed us together so we started kissing. It's funny isn't it that I had never had any sexual contact with a woman before tonight and I had my pussy eaten by Bryony in your game, before I had even kissed a girl.'

'And did you eat Melissa's pussy?'

'Wait, I will get on to that. As I was saying we were kissing and sharing his cock, and he laid himself down on the sofa and pulled me on top of him to sit on his face. He was the fourth person to eat me last night. Can you imagine I had only ever been eaten by you and now, in one night, four more. Bryony, oh yes, you knew about her, and then Pete and then Stan, in case you weren't watching me in the game. They were all different but Gordon was the best, well apart from Bryony and she was just great. Or maybe it was just because she was my first. Oh and then there was Melissa of course, that's five.'

I laughed. 'Woah, slow down a bit I have only just got to you kissing Melissa and now she is eating pussy.'

She giggled. 'Yes, I am getting ahead of myself. Anyway, after Gordon licked me out he moved me down so I could sit on his cock, jockey style and he pulled Melissa up to sit on his face. We played with each other's boobies and somehow it didn't seem relevant at the time that I was actually being fucked by someone other than you.'

'In fact,' I said, 'You were fucking him if you were riding his cock.'

'Oh yeah,' she looked thoughtful. 'Does that matter? Does that make me bad?'

I went quiet for a moment considering my reply. 'I think it does. I think you have been unfaithful to me in the worst possible way. You were the aggressor and not the acceptor. You have been a bad girl and I am going to have to punish you.' I pulled the tabard over her head. I do like those tabards, so easy to remove. 'Bend over this table a bit more. You know what I am going to do. I think this one deserves the paddle.' I went to the bedroom and retrieved the paddle. I was a little worried that she had taken my words to heart and believed that I was really upset. I realised that that was not the case when I got back to find that she had moved at ninety degrees around the kitchen table and was bent legs wide open immediately in front of a camera.

'What a bad girl. Count please and say thank you.'

'One ooooh thank you. Two aaaah thank you.'

I paused around eight and licked her bottom spreading saliva over her buttocks. I wondered whether it would hurt more.'

'Nine... AAAH that hurts, thank you.'

I think it did. I must remember that. I played with her bum, running my fingers up and down her slit. I just penetrated her to one knuckle depth running the finger through a river of arousal. I pushed that same finger up her bumhole to the same depth.

'AAAH Ten,' and then she screamed as I rammed one finger up her ass and two up her cunt, rubbing them quickly over her g-spot. She came long and loud spraying my hand before saying a contented 'Thank you.'

It was later before she finished the story about how Gordon had first put the two girls in a sixty-nine position and then bent them together over the sofa so that he could fuck them alternately. He came in Susan apparently and had Melissa eat her out again.

One way or another our agreement was well and truly history.

We had a quiet weekend, just livened up by a few calls thanking us for the party. Stan and Tracy both spent a while telling us on the speakerphone how much they had enjoyed it. Stan was speechless most of the time, really unable to put into words how much he had enjoyed himself. The three girls popped in Sunday with a bit of news. I knew that they were moving in to the flat on the floor below us on the next day but they had eventually got agreement with the landlords, that the three of them could move in. Melissa would start on the sofa-bed in the lounge until they got a larger king-size bed when all three of them could share it.

The thought of that gave me an immediate erection, which Susan unfortunately noticed.

'So, tell me Melissa,' she said, 'Would you sleep in the middle? What about pyjamas and touching the other girls in the night? Will that be a problem?'

I could see the girls were confused by her questions until she caught their eyes and nodded towards my erection. They quickly slipped into tease mode.

'Oh no it won't be a problem, none of us ever wear pyjamas or nighties or anything at all really. Well apart from stockings occasionally if we are feeling naughty. And when we wake up in the morning we often find a very wet warm finger up an odd hole or two.'

Melissa came over to the sofa and knelt between my legs. Wow I thought. I wondered whether Susan was okay with this. I looked over to see her laughing.

'Of course,' said Melissa removing my cock from my boxers. 'I rarely wake up with one of these in any of my holes, but I think it would be nice occasionally wouldn't it girls? Susan do you think we could borrow it from time to time? I can swap it for my dildo if that helps.'

'That would be perfect,' said Susan. 'The dildo won't go soft on me at a bad moment or spit all over my hair.'

I was not in a position to complain about her telling tales out of school as Melissa now had me halfway down her throat. The situation got to me as much as the actual blow-job. I was sitting in my lounge with my girl-friend and three other beautiful girls and I was about to come in one of their mouths.

''Oh Susan...'

'I know. Don't expect this every time and make sure you have enough left for me for bedtime tonight. Go on Mel finish him off if you like.'

That sentence was hardly out of her lips before my sperm was deposited in Melissa's. She swallowed, which probably wasn't difficult as most of it was down her throat in the first place, licked me clean and went and sat back in her chair as if nothing unusual had happened. Well, hopefully I thought, maybe it hadn't. Maybe that would happen from time to time now they were living so close.

I was not really into the conversation and Susan made them all laugh by saying, 'Earth to Alex, Earth to Alex. Wake up Alex, concentrate please. You have to be good for more than just sperm retrieval. We are sitting without drinks. Come on jump to it.'

Suffice to say I was the butt of the jokes all evening. When we went to bed I had the opportunity of asking Susan if she was comfortable with what had happened.

'Of course,' she said. 'If I had wanted to stop it, I would just have told Melissa that if she was that hungry I would make her a sandwich and everyone would have laughed and she would have moved away. Now she has eaten both of us. Those girls are not a real threat to me. They are too up front and fun-loving for even you to make them into a threat to us. No, providing I don't find you sneaking downstairs for a quick one, or using up so much of your energy that you don't have enough for me, then it is not a problem. In fact, I may even let Melissa have you for the night as she suggested. I wouldn't want her dildo though. But I might swap for Sam or Bryony.'

Wow. The spunk I had been building up for the last hour or so was all hers. Very quickly, after hearing that.

Of course, Melissa's blow-job had a built-in cost as I was to find out.

For three days they had me moving furniture, cds, clothes, shoes, handbags and yet more shoes into and around the apartment. Thanks? Not a chance, not even a little grope, well not one that was meaningful. A couple of little twitches on my cock or arse and my cheeks kissed a dozen times. How we of the male race are made to suffer.

It was the Wednesday evening about seven when I sat back on their sofa believing that there was actually nothing left that they wanted me to do.

Until Bryony said, 'Alex, there is just one more little job for you to do if you don't mind. And while you are doing it we are going to pop up to Susan and invite her round for a drink and pizza later. The pizzas are ordered for nine o'clock. I will get her to bring some clean clothes down for you if you want them.'

'Just a pair of shorts will be fine,' I said bearing in mind that we were in front of the cameras and I had a financial share in making sure they were well watched.

'Right, this is what we would like you to do. You see these three boxes. If you can just transfer the contents, neatly please, into this big drawer. Sort it how you like provided it is neat and tidy. We will go and see Susan, have a quick drink and be back in half an hour.'

They left laughing. I quickly realised why. The three boxes contained underwear. Presumably one each. And I was going to handle it all and put it away in one drawer. And the drawer was right under one of the cameras.

I rifled through the first box. It was all panties, bras, stockings, suspender belts, waspies and corsets. No t-shirts or semi underwear, just very intimate apparel. I held the first pair of panties to my nose. Yes, a faint smell of Melissa, her perfume. Unfortunately, they had been washed since they were last worn. Of course.

I got into a routine. I mentally divided the drawer into sections. I could have assumed that each box was owned by a different girl and just divided the drawer into three and arranged it by girl. I did think that if they were happy to have their stuff all in one drawer they would be happy to share and therefore I would put all the bras together and all the panties together, Stockings were rolled neatly and their belts folded tidily as much as possible. The waspies corsets and miscellany were put towards the back of the drawer. The look of them was stored in my memory banks for later retrieval.

The routine I established was to hold the garment up so that the camera could get a good look, sniff it, fold it and put it away. If the item was a shelf bra, or one designed to show the nipples, I would just make it obvious by wiggling my fingers where the nipples would show. With the crotchless panties I would push my fingers, or nose, or tongue, between the pieces of lace. Time went by and I had just finished putting the last item away when the girls returned giggling.

'Did you enjoy that?'

'You know I did.'

'We certainly do. We sat and watched you on your lap-top. We also called Elise, Jo, Bren and Tracy so that they could watch as well. 'I went bright red. I was truly embarrassed. I had sniffed every item. And licked quite a lot of them.

I took a sideways look at the camera.

'That's it, wave and say hi to the girls. On second thoughts, don't do that. It is our first week and I know the company don't like you acknowledging the cameras. But just know that they are there watching.'

I waved at the cameras, and spoke loudly and slowly. 'Hi girls, I am sure they won't mind me breaking the rules this once. All I can say in my defence is that you have seen how I treat underwear. I promise you, that next time I see you I will treat yours the same way, on or off.'

The girls applauded my little speech and pulled my boxers off to admire my rampant, leaking cock. Leaking? I'll say. I had been sorting underwear for over an hour.

They led me by the cock into the lounge where they handed me a beer and told me to relax. The pizzas would be here soon.

As I sat enjoying the first sips they started undressing before me. I noticed there was very little underwear to add to the drawer. No bras, just three pairs of bikini panties. I thought that I might as well get hung for being a sheep rather than a lamb and asked them for their panties which I duly pushed under my nose.

'Mmm, Bryony, Melissa and Sam.' I murmured evaluating the different scents.

They laughed, 'Very good. You got them right. I see your cock likes them too.'

It had been dozing as I drank my beer but was back rampant again.

Sam looked at the clock.

'Okay girls Paper Stone Scissors.' They played two rounds before Sam was declared the loser. I didn't ask.

'By the way,' Bryony said. 'Susan is not coming down. She is going over to Joanne and Pete's. Jo invited you both over as Pete is away for the night at his parents. I hope you don't mind, we said you would be too tired to go.'

'I must have looked a little surprised and even disappointed that I wasn't going to get to spend the evening with Joanne, without Pete. And then came the surprise.

'Anyway, Susan said that she thought she would spend the night there, so she will not be expecting you to go home tonight. She said she didn't need to swap for Melissa's dildo on this occasion. Does that mean anything to you Alex? Alex?' My eyes must have glazed over. Susan had just given me permission to spend the night with these gorgeous girls.

I could see them giggling as I started to understand. I had been chosen, selected, identified, whatever word you like, as their piece of meat for tonight. Their piece of prime fillet. Susan knew and approved and was probably getting hers anyway with Joanne. Here was my reward for three days of hard labour.

How much did I love that girl? In fact, how much did I love all three?

At that moment the bell rang. I guess the pizza guy was here.

Now I knew why they had played the game. Sam got to her feet and pressed the answerphone bell to open the outside door.

'Along the corridor on the left,' she called.

There was a bang on the door. She peered through the magic eye and gave a thumbs-up to the rest of us, throwing open the door.

'Come in while I find my purse.'

She rummaged round on the floor in front of this college-age lad. His eyes followed her bottom around, and around, and around.

Her gaping lips showed, engorged and damp.

She found the right money, gave him a big kiss and said, 'There I think that was enough of a tip wasn't it?'

He nodded.

'Good. Make sure you come back for us next time. There are three of us here. Wave girls.' She directed his view to the sofas where we sat in full view. He had been so wrapped up watching Sam he had not even noticed us.

Sam came back giggling. 'See It is much cheaper if you never have to give a tip. Does Susan open the door for you?'

'No,' I said,' but she might in future.'

By the time she had seen him off at the door Bryony had sliced them up and Melissa had found the oil and chili.

'Mmm good,' I said looking around. 'This has all the makings of a good evening. Are you sure that Susan...'

The girls howled with laughter. 'She said that you wouldn't believe us.'

'Oh no, I believe you. It is just that well, it's the first time we have spent the night apart, as well as, well you know...' I stumbled on.

'She said that if you wanted reassurance look at your phone.'

I did and there was a message.

'Aaah, still thinking about me. How nice. Enjoy your night, I am. Be ready to show me all the moves tomorrow.'

I read it out to laughter.

'How well she knows you.'

'Dirty slut, what is she doing with Jo?'

'I'll bet she doesn't have pizza between her teeth.'

I yawned ostentatiously and looked at the clock. 'Amazing it's ten o'clock already. I am so tired after all that physical hard labour.'

'What hard labour is that? Sniffing panties?'

I felt myself colouring again. 'Well I have sniffed them all now so I can get down to the real thing. Come on girls, I need to luxuriate in your flesh.'

And that's what I did for a while. I cuddled and touched and groped and kissed and fingered and licked and sniffed and sucked everything in sight, and a few things that weren't in sight but could only be felt. Eventually, just like their underwear drawer I got them sorted. Bryony on her back on the bed, Sam laying face up on top of her and Melissa laying face up on top of Sam. I had my cock in Bryony my fingers in Sam and my tongue in Melissa. Finally I got them to line up along the bed with their asses in the air and I fucked them in rotation. One after the other a dozen strokes and move on, slow, fast, hard and tentative. I concentrated on their pussies explaining to them that I was never going to have the energy to satisfy them in all three holes so tonight I was just going to enjoy their pussies. 'This little hole,' I explained sinking my index finger in a knuckle or two, 'will have to wait until next time.'

'So what makes you think you get another chance. This might be once a lifetime only offer,' said Sam.

'Not a chance,' I bragged, 'How many Big Os have you had tonight? Five each I am betting? Maybe more. Who else can supply that and lives within twenty yards? No, you will be banging on my door saying 'Susan, can he come out to play.' You will have to keep Susan happy though. Did she explain the little joke about swapping me for Melissa's dildo?'

They shook their heads.

'Well a couple of days ago, just after Melissa had gone down on me and offered to swap her dildo for me for an evening we were joking about her letting me come down here to spend the night, and believe me, at that time I was completely joking. In my wildest dreams I did not think it would happen. Anyway, at the time she said that it would probably work but that she wouldn't accept the dildo as a swap, she wanted Sam or Bryony. That's why I knew It was truly from Susan when you gave me the message about the swap. I must admit however it was nice to get the reassurance in the form of a text message.'

I got a trio of 'Aaahs,' and I knew subconsciously that they had respect for me caring about Susan that much. They were nice girls who were only interested in me for sex not as a long-term boyfriend. A view that was entirely reciprocated I might add.

As you can imagine sleep was hard to come by that night each of the girls woke at some stage and decided it would be nice to taste my cock, although only Bryony, being the last one in the morning, about nine, was able to score any cum. I hoped she had left me a little for Susan when she got back. Who am I kidding, I couldn't care whether there was any or not. Susan would have known the girls wouldn't let me out until they had wrung all my juices from me.

**Chapter 18 A Spanking and a Surprise Job Offer**

I got home about ten next morning just in time to get a surprise call from Mark.

'Morning stud.'

'Morning Mark,'

'So how are you feeling this morning Alex? Tired after all your exertions last night? Sorry I meant over the last three days. And are you still wearing the undies, or just sniffing them again?'

This was going to come back to haunt me I realised.

'Very funny. Still on balance it was a pretty good evening.' I just realised as we were talking that I would be able to get to see Susan in Joanne's flat on catch-up. Suddenly I was in a hurry to get off the phone. 'Look, sorry Mark I have to dash, was there something I can do for you?'

'Actually, something I may be able to do for you. Something I think you will really like. Can you meet me tomorrow for a drink? The King's Arms perhaps. Twelve o'clock? Susan is welcome to come along. You know she is always welcome to come.'

Was that a pun on coming? I assumed it was.

''Yes, and she's getting good at it isn't she?' We both laughed.

'Sure thing, see you at twelve.'

I hurriedly turned on the lap-top keeping it facing away from the cameras. Yes, Susan was still there. In the kitchen drinking coffee, so knew I had at least twenty minutes on my own before Susan could get home. Both girls were wearing the tabards that I had bought them on Saturday, Joanne's in red and Susan's of course the pink. Both were wearing panties I noticed. I thought that would have to change soon, well in Susan's case anyway.

I switched back to catch-up where I could get the last twenty-four hours on demand. I figured ten was a good starting time, perhaps subconsciously mirroring the time I had started playing with the girls.

There, they were already hard at it on the sofa, tongues firmly lapping each other's clits. Rolling back further I found Susan arriving just before nine with a Chinese takeaway and the pair of them, hand in hand, and tongue in mouth by nine thirty. It seemed to have been led by Susan but I did hear her make some form of apology that she was pretty new to this and that she had never done anything like it before our party. Jo certainly had been around the block before and was quick and practical in getting Susan undressed and onto the sofa where she nibbled her tits and fingered her clit. I watched entranced for over an hour and had just managed to get my erection back after last night's little games. I was sitting at the kitchen table playing with myself when I heard Susan say 'What are watching? Is it good?'

Oh my god. Caught. Far better to get it over with.

'You darling. You and Joanne last night. On catch-up. I couldn't resist it.'

'Oh Lordy, I forgot about those bloody cameras. I guess the world has seen it right?'

'No dear, of course not,' I said light-heartedly. 'Only me.'

'Yeah right,' she said,' you and anyone with a few quid to spend. Well I am a big girl now. Did I look like I was having fun?'

'Come and have a look. Or even look and have a cum,' I said still remembering Marks little joke from earlier.

She gave me a sort of resigned but amused sort of look and moved over besides me.

'What good cameras. I know I have seen them before but somehow it is different watching yourself. Turn it off, get into bed and I will show you what I did. I really don't like watching it on screen. How was your night anyway? Do I get to watch that later?'

'Of course, if you want to. I am going to be completely honest so don't get pissed at me. Yes I had a good time. Yes, I screwed the three of them but only in their pussies, and they did all give me a bit of a sucking. I did not spank any of them and I did come four times, including this morning. If you want to watch it fine. Yes, I did miss you of course. I resorted to looking at your message on text to make sure, but once I got that I went for it, as you would expect. And I am back here now with you, and this is where I intend to stay.'

I realised I had got my message over so added slyly, 'at least until after lunch when I have to go and sort out a couple of drawers downstairs.'

She laughed and started thumping me wherever she could catch me. 'I'm sorry,' she said.' I guess I was in a bit of a state after spending the night with Jo, forgetting the cameras and then coming in here and seeing you wanking to it. I am okay now and I don't want to watch you or me playing at studs with other people. I do want a word with you about your panty sniffing exploits however. I think I have more than a little explanation due. In fact, I am going to take this opportunity given to me and insist that you fetch the paddle and bend over this table. Now.'

'But Susan i... well... '

'Alex, I said NOW and if you are not back here by the count of ten with the paddle, I will make it twenty strokes.'

I realised that she was not joking and in an imperious mood. If this is what a little lesbian dalliance did to her I would have to ration it.

I did return with the paddle in time and bent over the table as told.

'Boxers down, Alex. You know where, around the thighs, in fact no, take them off and spread your legs so I can see your balls jump when I hit you. If you are not good I will aim at them, so move it.'

I did. I moved it. I also counted them out and thanked her. Yes, she did play with my balls after eight and with my cock after nine. No, I did not come after ten despite the finger she stuck her finger up my ass. I think she realised by my soft prick that I was not excited by being spanked. In fact, all it did was hurt.

It did make me realise that I should play with Susan's genitalia just a little more when I spanked her in future. I rather hoped this way round was a once in a lifetime opportunity, as Bryony had put it. Wow was I still thinking about the girls after receiving a spanking?

Yes, I was.

I changed the subject and told her about Marks call. We speculated about what he wanted. More flatmates?

Susan and I enjoyed the rest of our day cuddling in bed. Yes, we made love. Soft, gentle, slow, appreciative sex accompanied by honeyed words and deeds. I was the one who hopped out of bed to get a warm wet cloth to wipe her down. By morning the little spat had never happened, but my bottom was still sore.

We had a quiet morning, both of us exercising in front of the tv to an old keep fit video. It may have been old but it was enough to get me breathing heavily, or was it that Susan was just wearing a skimpy bra and panties.

Midday saw us entering the King's Head and me buying the first round of drinks, prosecco and a lager. I had hardly finished paying and we were deciding where to sit when Mark walked in with a slightly older guy, late thirties or early forties, who we did not know.

We waited at the bar and the introductions were made. The other guy was named Art, presumably short for Arthur, spoke public school English and looked like a merchant banker, dark suit, blue shirt with white collar and cuffs and yellow tie. Dramatically overdressed for the Kings Head at midday. I wouldn't describe him as ugly but it was probably lucky for him that he had money. It transpired that Art was the man behind the funding of the Apartments. He was the money man and there was just one other guy involved, a computer whizz-kid apparently who designed and set up the internet connections. I was very interested in how it was run, who fitted the cameras, how the money was collected and a million other questions. I was fascinated. It seemed that Art came from a monied family and buddied up with the computer guy at LSE. He had done a business degree and had gone into the family business, a small stockbrokers. They had received a good offer for the company by a Bank expanding its business base and as, by that time, Art was a partner he received a few more million, but had nothing to do. Coincidentally he bumped into Darren, the computer guy in a bar one night and they got back to laughing about their time at university and how they had established a small porn company making and showing blue films to the other students. It had never been big enough to sell on as the small amount of money they made they either poured down their throats or gave to the girls who starred in the movies.

I suddenly realised that I had been monopolising the conversations, at least with questions. 'I am so sorry, the business fascinates me. I hope I haven't been too curious about you and how the business evolved.'

'Not at all, if I had wanted to keep it quiet I would have just ignored the questions, or at least changed the emphasis. I would however ask you not to talk about me, or the business, generally. This is a business that my family is embarrassed by and that's what brings me to this meeting. Mark, tell us about yourself.'

'Well,' Mark said. 'You have never known much about me for the same reason that Art has just given you. My wife, yes, the one I have never mentioned, hates this business, will never talk about it and has eventually persuaded her father to give me a job in the family Brewery in Newcastle. I cannot do this from up there and that is probably the main reason she has worked to get me the job. It is not that I do not get on with my father-in-law, he's fine, but mainly that I have no experience at all in the industry. I was originally trying to be a party planner, after doing a hospitality degree.

Susan who had been quiet up to that moment almost squealed, 'That's what I did at Uni too. I wanted to be a party planner, after organising all the Uni Dinners and Balls.'

'Anyway,' he finished off, 'at least I know a bit about the uses of the Breweries products so eventually they have offered me a job I cannot refuse. Which brings us to you Alex. Art was impressed how quickly you found some very good tenants and how quickly you have adapted yourselves to the apartment itself. Also, your negotiations to take a percentage showed both business acumen and a fair amount of Margaret Thatcher's favourite vice, greed. This is not a bad vice in the business world apparently. They both grinned, I began to realise that I was being offered Mark's job. I started to think quickly. Greed, if that was what they wanted, that was what they would get.

I sat back and looked at them as if I was trying to assess the situation.

Susan jumped in, 'So you want Alex to manage the three flats we have brought in?'

I shook my head reflectively, which Art noticed and grinned. 'I think Alex knows we want a bit more than that.'

'It's all the flats isn't it. You don't want to be the public face of the company, to the other apartments or the world at large, and the computer guy just wants to do the computers.'

Art nodded. 'Mark, soon I am going to have to talk money and I am afraid it is going to be more than I am paying you. Mainly because it is a bigger job than you have been doing and I would like to expand quickly if we can. That will mean a lot more work than you have been doing.'

Mark looked a little crestfallen but in fairness, offered to leave if either of us did not want him there. Neither of us cared, I knew he was going North and I would be unlikely ever to see him again.

'I am going to want to know quite a bit more I am afraid. In principle I would love the job but I need to know what sort of plans you have for expansion. I have some myself and quite frankly relish the opportunity of working with you both. I have given this business quite a lot of thought, frankly, wondering whether I could ever afford to lease a couple of flats and go into competition.'

Art laughed, leant forward and shook my hand 'Sounds good, ask away.'

'I know how many flats you have and who the tenants are. Are there any more in the pipeline? How many monthly, quarterly and annual passes have you sold, and what is your renewal percentages? How many three-day introductory passes do you sell each month and what is their conversion percentage? You see I want this information so that I can assess how I am doing, not that I want to know how much you make out of it. 'Although,' I grinned, 'from those numbers I would be able to make a fair guess. I know how much the apartments cost, and what you have been paying me in backhanders so can make a fair estimate of running costs. All I do not know is Mark's salary, and the amount of maintenance you need on cameras and computers. I am guessing only Darren and one maybe two part-time electricians who double up as labourers when opening a new flat.'

'Wow, you don't pull any punches, but that's fair. Particularly the reason for knowing the most important numbers, the customer base. When you agree to the salary and we chat and agree about how we are going to grow the business then I will open the books to you so that you can see exactly what base we are working from.'

'That's fair, but you haven't heard the big request yet. I want to be a partner.'

Greed huh. Greed I have in spades.

'Wow. I really did not see that coming,' said Art. Susan and Mark just looked on with their mouths open.

'Don't panic, I am not looking for an equal partnership. You have the money and Darren has the computer skills, but neither of you can be the front man for the tenants, and the image man for the company if it gets any bigger. I will need to get a percentage say twenty five percent, leaving seventy-five for you and Darren. I guess you will need to talk to him about that. I have no idea whether you are equal partners, or you take interest out for the cash you put in and then equal partners or even eighty- twenty. Anyway, that will be a conversation for the two of you, and of course I will need to meet Darren. Where are you based?'

'Less than a mile away, we have a small office and a storage area for the electrical gear.'

'Okay future planning. There are two ways forward. The first is more expensive but you need to double the number of flats and you have to change the style of many of the tenants. I would bet you that in less than a week the three girls below us are one of the top draws. Three practically naked girls running around. What's not to watch. Us, Joanne and Pete. Top three I reckon, and let's face it we have helped put Joanne and Pete on the map. The other way to expand is to advertise to customers that we will be having at least one new flat a month, for say, six months, and generate more income to pay for each new one by improving the quality of the tenants. You also want to get the customers more involved. I have some thoughts on that if we can tie the knot. And don't forget that for that 25% you also get Susan. She is a party planner, as was Mark and has a degree in entertaining. That about it for starters.'

All three of them were now looking at me wide-mouthed.

'Do you have my cell-phone number. Of course you do, Mark has it.'

Art looked very bemused and said, 'I guess we're done for today. I will give you a call in the morning. As you say I need to talk to Darren and have a long hard think about this. I am really not looking for a partner.'

'That's funny,' I laughed, 'I wasn't really looking for a job.'

That made him laugh and we shook hands. 'Can I buy you a drink before we go?'

'Thank you,' I said. 'A prosecco and a pint of lager please. I am a little dry after so much talking.'

'That's all you are getting at this stage, Prosecco not Champagne.'

'Absolutely right. The Champagne will wait until tomorrow.'

We grinned at each other and I could hear him thinking 'Cocky bugger.'

Art and Mark left and Susan grabbed my leg, 'Alex what are you doing why didn't you take the job first, and then try for the partnership later?'

'Because he needs me, and let's face it they said greed was good.'

She laughed and said, 'My hero. Do you really think he will offer you a partnership?'

'I really think so. It won't be twenty-five percent, it will be twenty maybe fifteen. I will have to have some plans ready for expansion, and how to get the customers more involved.'

That evening I persuaded Susan to wash the floor as she did last week, bent double but this time without knickers. Later, between bouts of silent thinking and computer surfing, particularly watching the other flats, she blew me on the sofa and we fucked long and hard again in bed. I had to show Darren that I had stamina as well as flair. It was only later that I realised she had swallowed my sperm. That didn't happen very often.

I got the phone call about nine-thirty. They must have known I was still in bed, they could watch me on the cameras. I agreed to meet them at their offices, a mile away, at one o'clock. I googled their address and we set off soon after twelve. We were in the Crest and Feathers pub over the road from their office by half past twelve for a quick livener. I asked the landlord about the office across the road but he did not know them. I didn't really expect them to be regular pub users as, although they were old friends, Art presumably did not have much of a social life near the office. Another reason they needed me. I was quite surprised that the storage area they mentioned was actually very big. The office was on two floors and the storage area, with big double doors on the end, also appeared to be two floors and about twice the size of the office itself. There was plenty of room for two cars or vans and storage room besides, even on the ground floor. It was far bigger than necessary.

We crossed the road at one o'clock and rang the bell. It turned out that the office was just the ground floor and there was a flat above which Darren lived in. Darren himself was a bit of a recluse I suspected. The same sort of age as Art but very quiet and surprisingly good looking. I could see that Susan liked him. She thought she wasn't being watched as she undid another button on her floaty dress. Then she saw me looking and got embarrassed. We both knew that the dress was the only article of clothing she wore. I had not put out any bra or panties for her. I don't know whether Darren saw Susan's action but he certainly seemed appreciative of her figure generally. I thought that may help so I tried to think of a way to encourage Susan to undo a few more buttons.

They must have discussed me at length.

Art said, 'Tell Darren about yourselves and why we should even contemplate giving you a share of our business.'

I gave him a quick resume of my life and a slightly exaggerated version of my degree and how it could relate to running a business. Tricky. Waffle. Garbage. I thought I had better give him a little real thought on taking this forward.

'Look, realistically you don't want me for what I have done which is very little. You want me for my ability to convert this bunch of losers in some of your apartments into sexual exhibitionists that will encourage people to pay to watch them.' I had seen Susan surreptitiously undoing a couple more buttons on her dress. A quick nod to her was correctly interpreted. Turning slightly to one side so that Art and Darren could not see her she rapidly undid the remaining three buttons but held the dress together as she turned back towards them. I don't think that they had caught her movement they were so wrapped in what I was saying.

'As I said, you want us, Susan and myself, to turn them into exhibitionists and sexual athletes like we are.'

I held my hand out towards Susan and she took the clue and stood up, opening her dress to expose herself completely. Darren goggled, while Art just laughed but I noticed he could not drag his eyes away. 'If you think you can bribe us like that I can assure...'

I interrupted him. 'We don't. You can sit down again Susan. I am not bribing you, you are not touching her and I am certainly not going to let her sleep with you. I am showing you what I have done with a regular, almost shy girl, who would no more think of exposing herself than flying before we got together. You have seen us in the apartment. You have seen us at parties and with our friends. You know in your hearts what I can do. Let me also give you one of my ideas for expanding the business that will not bring in any more money but will link us more closely to our customers. If we agree a deal within two days I will come back with an idea of which tenants we should keep, which ones we should encourage to open themselves up and which ones we should get rid of. The customer link would be to establish a feed-back site where they could login, talk to other customers and we could feed them with titbits, questions, quizzes with prizes and ask for their views. This week ask them to vote for the prettiest girl, next week the hunkiest man, the week after the best tits, the best cock, the sexiest, the old game fuck or marry? - Susan The results ' Woowoo twenty percent marry, twenty-five percent fuck, fifty-five percent both.'

They laughed.

It's Christmas in a few weeks, what presents should we give to each of the girls in the flats? See what they say- stockings and suspenders, crotchless knickers, dildo's. You will get insights if they say get Susan a paddle, they think she needs to be smacked more, Give Susan a dildo - I am doing my job too well and she is not lying on the bed legs open and wanking enough. And then you can make a big deal of actually giving them the present. A big sign on the box with the dildo, - as suggested by Nils of Copenhagen. How many times did Susan and Alex fuck this week - a free month for the winner, of course only current members who have access to the feedback site can take part. There, that's a freebie idea because I know you want me, sorry us, to take the job.'

Darren looked at Art and nodded. 'As we discussed,' he said.

Art leaned forward and said, 'Fifteen percent and a thousand a month. You will need some regular cash before the accounts are all complete, and I will give you all the figures, including, as I want to be scrupulously honest how much we have taken out the last ten months we have been running. The first six months we ran at a loss.'

'Twenty.'

'Seventeen.'

'Eighteen, plus the thousand monthly, with an increase to twenty if I can double the number of customers over two years.'

Art looked at Darren who nodded. Art held his hand out to shake mine. He also produced a cold bottle of champagne from the desk drawer. Susan jumped on to Darren's knee and kissed him. We all laughed.

'Had the Champagne ready I see.'

'Well I knew we would have to buy it because you are a cocky bastard and would undoubtedly have reminded me.'

We raised a toast to the business, they promised to get all the financials to me in the next couple of days and I reminded them that I would give them my ideas on the other tenants. Darren was going to start working on the feed-back site. How about we advertise both the site and the potential new feed-back site in a couple of men's magazines and to be strictly fair a Cosmo or Playgirl. Perhaps we could offer twenty-four hours free access and make sure that during that twenty-four hours there are a couple of hot parties going on. We must also talk about the cash payments that we are giving to the tenants, perhaps opening them up so they know what is available. What rank they are and how much more they would make if they moved up a rank. First gets two grand, second fifteen hundred, third a grand, fourth seven hundred, fifth five hundred, sixth two-fifty, last and last but one nothing, and, if you are last three months in a row you will be asked to vacate. Just a thought to mull over. You may have to be fairly cut-throat but not until we find out how easy it is to get new tenants in.'

'Wow. That is a lot to think about,' said Darren. But all that is fine with me when we see how the first set of changes to the tenants goes down with the customers.'

'That's a question to ask when they are perhaps more comfortable with the feedback site. Feed them with a tempter. Tell them we need an apartment for two lingerie models, which apartment should be vacated?'

'Oooh,' Darren winced. 'Harsh but yeah maybe why not.'

One little question I thought about earlier, just by way of background. How come this office and storage room is so large? Are we renting it?'

'No,' said Darren. 'This is mine. I inherited it when my parents died and their business closed. They were spice importers and needed a fairly large storage area, and they lived in the flat upstairs, over the business,'

'Ok right, I don't know whether you are already, but you should be charging the company for rent and storage space rent. It's only fair. And you Art, have you bought any of the apartments or are they all rented?'

'Good point. I bought the first one but have never claimed rent for it. It wasn't that Darren was offering the office, it just never occurred to either of us.'

It would be only fair if you both took the extra out, you should work it out with the accountant. I guess we have got an accountant.'

They acknowledged yes and mentioned that the customer base paid via a world-wide payment service and that all of our accounts were outsourced. They promised that they would speak to the accountant and their lawyers and come up with a contract in a few days. When I received it, I should come in and we would have a brainstorming meeting. I asked if we could have a big party where I could meet all the tenants, put forward my ideas and explain what I needed them to do to earn good money and indeed stay in their free apartments. I would need it to be camera'd up and you need to find the way of putting it out as a temporary viewing site. The sound would have to be muted for half an hour, and the customers made aware that it was not a technical problem, while I gave the tenants some of my wilder ideas and talked about money. They agreed that could be done. I told them that it would be Susan's first task to find a venue and organise a party.

We left on a cloud and went home and celebrated in the way we knew best. And she swallowed again.

**Chapter 19 My Way or the Highway**

You can imagine that I was in a bit of a daze for the rest of the day. Susan allowed me space and time and disappeared out shopping late afternoon. I sat and watched the other tenants. As much as I had told Art and Darren that I would tell them who should stay and who should go, I realised that it was not very fair on the tenants. If they had not been told what was wanted by the management, it was hardly fair to kick them out for not giving it. I had my own thoughts on the matter as we had watched the other tenants in their flats from time to time. There was no-one very exciting. I would not have paid to watch any of the apartments apart from ourselves, Joanne and Pete and now the three girls. Brenda and Jim I thought would also work but would need time.

The more I thought about it, the more the big party came into its own. We could start at eight and pour drinks down their throats until ten. In fact, we could tell them that there was a free bar only until ten o'clock. That would encourage them to drink quickly early on. I would start my little talk about nine or nine fifteen and get the cameras to start recording at ten. That would give them an hour to understand what we wanted and decide whether to leave or not. We would tell them that as a start the cameras would be rolling after ten and we expected them to start misbehaving. The results would be interesting one way or another.

I typed up a few pages on my ideas for the feed-back site and a few on incentives. I noted a few questions I still needed to ask such as, how much did Darren want to socialise with us, if at all. Art I will assume wanted to stay completely in the background. The same question was appropriate for the electricians and even the accountant and lawyers. I believed that the opportunity to mingle at the parties I envisaged could be a big perk for the associated workers. They could be kept sweet at very little cost, and accept that they were part of a big team. The faster we expanded the more we would need a big working team.

Susan must have been reading my mind because she arrived back with a little bag of groceries but a very excited demeanour.

'I have put tentative reservations on The Kings Head for the Friday night next week and the two weeks after that. It might be difficult to get all eight flats there by next week. I told the landlord, Les, that we would let him know which one we wanted within forty-eight hours. I explained to Les that the party may get a bit wild, with some nudity and needed to know that he and his staff were comfortable with that. He was more than happy, as he said they have had strippers in the back room from time to time, for stag nights, so we could have that room. I did remind him that it had to be a private party and I also told him that we would need to put in temporary cameras and probably need an extension until one o'clock. He was happy with all of that. there is no charge for the room on a Friday providing he can do a buffet and we spend more than twenty pounds a head including drinks. When I told him that it was only twenty people he said we would be better off with the upstairs room which would be cosier. It comes with it's own bar which they can either service or we can do it ourselves and he will charge by the bottle or barrel. If we do expand and want a party later the downstairs back room will hold up to eighty.

'Wonderful work. Although we don't know exactly where all the other flats are yet we know there are three within walking distance so it is as good as anywhere else. I will email Art and Darren and get them to invite all the tenants for the first Friday, telling them that they can postpone for up to two weeks after that if there is a problem.'

Darren was quick to respond to us so that within the forty-eight hour period, we were able to confirm the first of the Fridays was suitable. His 'invitation' was more in the style of 'an offer that cannot be refused' particularly when signed by 'your landlord.' It would also give us plenty of time for Art and Darren to approve everything I wanted to talk about. In fact, the meetings with Art, Darren and myself, and invariably Susan, went very well. I was a little surprised, indeed worried would be more truthful, when I saw that we had quite a large number of customers already. I had promised to double this number. However I rationalised that if we could get that number of customers with the current 'entertainment', it should not be too difficult to double it with another half a dozen flats and much hornier tenants. One thing I wanted to know from management was what they thought about tenants with other jobs. While Pete was a part-time bookie, which did not detract from his 'home-time' others may want to have jobs that they could do from home. I envisaged some of the girls wanting to be 'Camera Girls,' stripping or even having sex in front of a camera for money via an agency, and possibly even prostitutes. Escorts would be less of a problem unless they were out of their flats for too long. It was decided that as it was still sex, why not, provided that our cameras had as good a view as the laptop cameras they would be likely to be using. I even got Art and Darren to investigate how easy it would be for us to set up our own agency which would enable the girls to keep it all in house. They said they would look into it. Art would check out the costs and potential rewards and Darren the technical side. Maybe he could provide better than 'laptop' cameras. The camera would need to be movable rather than fastened to the walls, unlike the current ones.

By the Friday night I was ready. There was going to be exactly twenty of us, nineteen tenants and Darren who would be introduced as our technical guru rather than a Partner. I would be described as a tenant cum manager with the managements permission to make changes where necessary. The ancillary workers would not be invited to this first party. I envisaged regular ones, partly as a way of keeping spirit up and partly as a regular 'one night a month sexy party' available for watching by the customers.

As you can imagine we were there with Darren by seven-thirty. We had decided to run our own bar and Susan had insisted that the food was already laid out by seven-thirty so that the pub staff had as little involvement as possible.

Darren and Susan were kept busy running the bar, especially as I had announced as soon as everyone arrived that there was a 'free bar' until ten o'clock. I walked round, introducing myself to everyone I didn't know emphasising that while I was the new manager, the whole company was under new management and that Susan and I had been tenants for some time now. I explained that this must be better as I could look at problems that arose as a tenant not as a company man. However, I tried to emphasise that we were all part of the sex industry. In order for us to keep our flats It was important that we give something back that could be sold. There should be a strong quid pro quo. The management was keen for me to 'sex' things up a bit. All the tenants had access to a computer and could see what the other apartments were doing. I told them that I would explain a little later what plans I wanted to put forward.

I had already decided that the two girls and the two guys on their own and two of the couples, Janet and Dave and Emily and Graham, were all likely to leave. None of the flats had shown much sign of exhibiting themselves. Janet and Dave had been with the company for nearly a year, and while they made love frequently it was always with the lights out or under covers. The two lads showed little imagination, wanked a bit in the shower, but never brought girls, or other boys home. If they were a couple, which I doubted, they did not show it. The two girls, similarly, rarely brought friends home and in the five or six weeks we had been aware of them had never brought home a one-night stand. They shared a bed but that was about all they did do. The young couple, I just fell may be too young. They were obviously in love but I was not sure whether that would be enough.

Soon after nine I stood up, tinkled my glass and got a bit of quiet. Darren and Susan knew that they were to move around topping up drinks.

'Good evening and welcome to the first of what I hope will be monthly parties. We are all tenants of the same company who provide zero-cost apartments to us all. The company has apparently hardly been profitable since it's inception over a year ago and we now have new management, including myself, whose aim is to make it more profitable. Because I am also a tenant I can recognise the business from both sides. I like to think of myself as the company worker rep on the board. Recognising my unique position, and hopefully talents, they have given me the powers to make some changes. If you don't like what I am saying then please contact the Company's Management on the email that sent you the invite. Hopefully you will be as delighted as I am with the changes that I can announce tonight. You have had an hour to introduce yourselves around but in case you didn't finish, as I call your names just wave and make yourselves known please.'

I called the names and everyone waved at the right place. A good start. It was beginning to get a bit raucous as the alcohol hit home.

I continued, 'When Susan and I were offered the flat we are in, we were told a lot of lies about why we were offered it and what was expected of us. Over the weeks we learnt the truth and have now decided that we enjoy the lifestyle. And believe me it is a lifestyle. We must accept that we are part of the porn industry. Twenty-four hour viewing of our flats is marketed to people who want to look at naked men and women, who want to watch them having sex, and having rows and making up. They are changing the Company name to reflect that new approach. It is VoyeurSeX, or VSX for short. It should come as no surprise that a company marketing itself as VoyeurSeX is selling sex to voyeurs. You are the sex. Now, so far this talk has been very blunt and I am sure you are thinking, how much notice you will get to leave the flat. But hear me out. Susan and I, who are not married or even engaged, are just in love. We have known each other and been going out together for eighteen months. Before we moved into this flat we could make love occasionally, not even once a week, and were hampered by strict parents and a shortage of money. Now we make love at least once every day and have almost remained monogamous. Neither of us had sex with other partners until a couple of weeks ago, and that one occasion was still the only time we have had other partners. Now I don't tell you this for any prurience or even encouragement. This is us. This is what we do. You don't have to do the same. You can stay strictly in your couples or like us you can stray outside your personal relationships. But in order to stay in your free flats, you have to open up your bodies and sexual activity to people who are paying to watch. You may find, like Susan and I that it is a huge turn-on and that it will revolutionise your relationships. I hope so. The one thing that you cannot do, I am afraid, is carry on making love under the sheets. Why? Well the management have decided that they are going to pay by results. There are currently nine flats and you are all here. The technical gurus, Darren wave a hand, can monitor the customers and know how many minutes a month each of the cameras in your flat is being watched. It is easy therefore to calculate the total number of minutes that your flat is watched. The management will pay one thousand pounds each month to the top watched flat, seven hundred and fifty for the second place flat, then six hundred, five hundred, three hundred, two hundred and one hundred, down the line. The bottom rated flat will receive nothing and, if it is in bottom place for three months you may be asked to leave. I am sorry that it is carrot and stick. If the number of customers double then the pay will increase. That does mean that at the moment you will not be able to live on the money without earning elsewhere unless you are in the top three or four flats. That should be an incentive to move up the 'minutes' ladder. Put yourself in the shoes of a customer who has paid good money to watch our flats. What would you like to see? Strip poker, yes. Naked twister, yes, Spin the bottle, yes. Bryony over there walking around with the carpet sweeper in the nude, yes. Louis working out naked or in tiny Speedos, yes. Dave spanking Janet, or even Janet spanking Dave, yes. Tim wanking Roger, yes. Sandra lying on the bed using her dildo, yes. Joanne and Pete making mind-blowingly gentle loving sex under a sheet, no. I hope I haven't upset anyone by using them as an example but I am trying to point out to you guys that this can be one of the finest things that can ever happen to you. You are getting a free flat, yes, a free flat, how many of you could afford to pay the real price for your flat? You are also getting the opportunity to improve your sex life. And there we can help. No, I am not a sex therapist. But we will hopefully organise parties once a month, like this, where you can socialise with like-minded people. The cameras will record the parties, because it will all help to bring in customers. Every new customer means more money in the pot for you and I. Hopefully you will take the hint and socialise with other tenants or friends from outside our circle. However you do it, you have to find a reason for some-one to pay to watch your flat.'

I could see by the faces that some were grinning from ear to ear and some were looking a little apprehensive. It was what I expected.

'I guess I will try to answer any questions that you have. '

'What sort of jobs can we do to supplement our finances,' said Sandra, one of the two 'possible lesbians'.

'Anything you like,' I said. 'Let me tell you that Susan, my partner is a party planner, weddings, birthdays that sort of things. Pete over there works in a bookies, part time. These are just regular jobs that I know of. The main factor as far as we are concerned is that both of these people get plenty of time to have sex in their relationships. There are some jobs that can assist you to move up the 'minute' ranks. You could make porn movies in your flat. You could hold Lingerie parties in your flat. You could do 'CamSex', stripping or having sex, or talking dirty into a laptop camera for an agency. Don't get me wrong, you may hate that idea but live and let live. Thousands of intelligent students pay their way through university nowadays by selling their bodies, not physically but safely, at the other end of a camera. I personally see nothing wrong with that.'

'You say you are looking to expand, how will you do that,' said Patsy, Louis's partner.

'Well the last two flats that opened Susan and I helped to get them in. They were good acquaintances then, and now friends, who obviously enjoyed sex. They needed accommodation and so Susan and I invited them into our flat for a party to see how we lived the lifestyle. They enjoyed the evening and like you all have done, very quickly accepted the cameras. I would hope that some of you have friends that would like the lifestyle. Let me know if you do and we will all sit down and have a chat, preferably semi-naked inside your apartment. They will see, and experience, first-hand the lifestyle and you will improve your viewing figures because our customers will be sitting there with bated breath hoping that these 'newbies' will be taking some clothes off.'

'Can we invite people home easily,' came from Emily.

'Yes of course, it is your home. But there are still restrictions. The big one is no children. The second one is that anybody coming into your flat has to sign the forms that you already have that allows their images to be released around the world. If they don't like their faces showing have a selection of masks that they can wear. We have done that. The people concerned were prominent business people who were happy to show their bodies but not their faces. And while we are talking about the cameras, the management are trying to relax the instructions to ignore them as much as possible. You can let it be discretely obvious that you are performing for the camera. Susan I am about to embarrass you.'

She turned her face away from me and groaned.

'You all have access to the VSX site and the other flats. If you have seen our flat you may have seen Susan lying on the bed with her dildo facing directly into the camera. You may have seen me spanking her making sure that her crack was aligned with the nearest camera.'

She groaned again.

'I will let you into another little secret. Those last two sentences will have made Susan cream her panties. She is a very sexy little minx but hates to recognise it. Since we have recognised the fact that we are enjoying the lifestyle she has changed her dress style completely. We have thrown away all her old lingerie using the money we have earned from VSX. Here is another little secret that you guys particularly will like. I choose her clothes most days and her underwear every day. For example, I can tell you that today she is wearing a white peek-a-boo bra and matching crotchless knicker. How do I know? Because I laid them out for her. Now I didn't see her put them on so I guess I should really check, and prove to you that it can be fun. Susan would you like to join me here at the front.'

A gap opened up through which she slowly approached me. She whispered in my ear.

'Yes, Susan you do have to, and no you don't have to take your dress off. Just show the kids out here how much you enjoy wearing the clothes I put out for you.'

She slowly undid the buttons of her summery dress until it was completely undone but held together by her clutching hands.

'Perfect now grasp the sides and pretend you are a cricket umpire signalling a wide.'

I knew Susan had played a bit of cricket and that she would know that meant spreading her arms wide. Slowly, slowly she moved the sides apart until every morsel of her body was available.

Now, it is important for you to know that I am not doing this to Susan because I hate her or even to punish her for something she has done. She will not admit it but she loves it. Look at her nipples, hard as nails sticking through the holes.'

I tweaked hem both. I pushed my fingers through the gap in the crotch.

'As I knew it would be, wringing wet, as I suspect some of you may be. So, any of you girls that have moistened at anything I have said or done today or any guys that may have a hard-on, should easily be able to adapt to the lifestyle, as I will continue to call it. If there are any more questions catch me around the floor, ring me or even better invite us round to your flat and we can talk it over in peace, with a bottle of wine and with most of our clothes removed. It may increase your 'minutes' listing. It is now nearly ten o'clock, at which time the cameras will start to roll. We have an extension to one o'clock so there is no rush to do anything, the drinks will remain free all night and the remains of the buffet is still there against the wall. I have a couple of games that we can play in due course and I really hope that by the end of the evening we will not be wearing quite so many clothes. That of course is up to you. One last thing for couples who want to stay monogamous is to say that groping is not sex, as Bill Clinton would have said, and between consenting adults it is both allowed and enjoyable. Groping is a particularly ugly word, perhaps I should say fondling. Fondling does not have to lead to sex. So, to summarize, if someone wants to fondle you, perhaps you could see it as a compliment. That is todays thought for the day. Thank you for coming. I hope you enjoy the rest of the party, and I look forward to having more conversations with you over the next few weeks.'

I was a little surprised. My talk had obviously gone down fairly well as I got applause, even muted cheering as I finished. Maybe it was just because I had finished. I moved to the bar to top up my glass. I had a dried mouth and it felt like I had been speaking for hours.

'Did I miss anything?' I said to Darren.

'I don't think so. You were great. I am not sure Susan will ever talk to you again,' he grinned.

'Look at her, circulating with the two wine bottles. She has not done the buttons up. And no, I didn't discuss it with her beforehand. She hates to love it. But she does. Right, we should circulate too. Did you get my hint about the groping. Give it a try. Watch me.'

I walked up to the nearest group of people, Joanne was talking to Emily, Graham, Patsy and Louis. 'Hi Joanne, I am sorry I did not get a chance to talk to you before I started speaking, how are you?'

I kissed her cheek, slipped my hand around her bottom and pinched it hard enough that she jumped slightly, alerting all the others that I had fondled her. She rubbed her bottom back hard into my hand. It was pretty obvious what she was doing.

'I am fine thanks Alex, looking forward to these monthly parties of yours. Will they be here?'

'Very probably, certainly for the first one or two. We mostly live around here so can have a few drinks and walk or take a cheap cab. We may find somewhere better but the landlord, Les, seems to like us.'

I moved my glass into the other hand and turned towards the other four in the group. 'How did I do? What are your first reactions?'

I slipped my hand around Emily's waist and lowered it over her bottom, not a pinch this time, just a caress. She took a deep breath and I saw Graham, her partner, looking at my hand. 'I thought you were very honest,' she said. 'I am not sure what we think yet. Like you, we were never told quite what was expected of us, but like you we could never afford our own flat so would have to go back to living with parents. We have only been together about six months but are really happy, aren't we Graham?'

'Very much so,' he said. 'We love the flat and the freedom it gives us and at the moment we are both doing part-time jobs in the same restaurant. I cook and Emily waitresses. One of the problems is that our shifts don't always match up.'

I was intrigued to see that while he was speaking he had run his hand over Patsy's bottom. I thought he was brave on two counts. Firstly, he was the first guest to start groping another's girl and secondly Patsy 's partner was big and very, very fit and I suspect could look very threatening. This was going to be a test.

Patsy was the next to ask a question, 'Do you really choose Susan's underwear every day.'

'Sure. She was the shyest little thing at Uni. She would blush if you saw a little bit of her thigh, but we found out that if I tell her to do something rather than let her choose what to do, then she gets off on it. Look at her now, circulating without doing her dress up.'

While we all looked over I noticed Louis sliding his hand around Joanne's ass. I breathed out in relief. I think this might be working. She of course instinctively rubbed her ass back onto his hand and placed her hand on his crotch, no doubt trying to find out what Susan really wanted to know. How big was his cock?

We all saw her doing that and I noticed Patsy didn't turn a hair. Emily looked a little surprised but seconds later I felt her hand brush my crotch. It could have been an accident but I didn't think so.

In the meantime, Susan had seen us looking at her and come over to see whether we wanted more wine. She topped up a few glasses and I was fascinated to see Joanne slip her hand into Susan's panties. This time Emily gasped, so I looked at her inquisitively and squeezed her buttock quite strongly. She rubbed back at me.

'Were you surprised to see that?' I said, addressing the elephant in the room.

'Err well, err... no... not really... but yes, I was really. It doesn't happen in our restaurant or anywhere else I have ever been. So honestly, yes, it surprised me.'

'Did this surprise you?' I said rubbing her bottom a little more.

'Well yes at first but now I see we are all doing it,' she said looking at Graham and then Louis.

'And are you enjoying it?'

She looked at Graham obviously a little embarrassed to say yes. 'Well it is different and, well I have never really been groped by anyone before and well, yes it's okay,' she eventually said.

'So, to the next stage. Will you enjoy it as much as Susan does. Would you like to put your fingers where Joanne's are, or maybe you would like someone to feel you the way Susan is being felt.'

She was wearing tight satin trousers so I squeezed my fingers into her crotch. I am not sure whether she was damp but she was very hot.

'Oh.' Was all she said but I felt her thigh muscles relax a little.

'Anyway, if you will excuse me I think the time is ripe for me to start a small game.'

I tapped my glass and asked for some quiet.

'It seems like we are all getting to know each other a little better and think that a couple of little games might speed things along. Firstly, I would like you to go up to the buffet sometime in the next few minutes, and take a numbered ping-pong ball from the jar that is there. That is your number for the evening so don't forget it, unless you do not want to play. I hope you will. In the meantime, a couple of us are going to walk around and try to slip unobserved a little glass marble into someone's hand. When this buzzer goes the holders of these marbles will have to come to the front and have an item of clothing removed from them.' I held up the buzzer in my hand. 'The holders will pick another ball from the other jar on the table and that person will remove an item of their choice from your body.'

There was a nervous and excited buzz.

'Only a couple of little rules. It has to be surreptitious because if people know you are holding one they will avoid you. If someone touches your hand with a ball you have to accept it, so no holding your hands in the air. Then you will want to try to get rid of it to someone else. You can also slip it into a pocket if it is easier. Oh and no giving it straight back to the person who gave it to you. Otherwise carry on chatting as before in little groups. Let's go.'

I knew I would be immediately suspected of having the marbles so had given one each earlier to Susan and Darren and one each to Joanne and Pete and told them to hold onto them until they were told what to do with them. They were now in play.

I circulated again and ended up talking to Tim, Roger, Melissa, Janet and Dave. Standing between Janet and Melissa, I had a little fondle of Janet's bum. She didn't seem surprised so I suspected that Darren, who I had seen talking to her earlier, had followed my example. The couple were a little older than most of us, late thirties, maybe even early forties perhaps, and married. I had instinctively put them down as a couple who would be unlikely to partake in the lifestyle. I began to feel I was wrong as Janet groped my crotch in return. I thought it would be rude not to reciprocate even more so gave her breast a quick fondle as well. I could feel the eyes of the group on me but nobody said anything. We just kept chatting about the flats.

Melissa meanwhile must have been feeling left out. I could feel her rubbing her buttocks against my hip. I pulled her in front of me so that she could rub away at my crotch while I ran my hands down her legs. Janet leaned over and joined me by fondling Melissa's tits over her dress. Melissa had a very short knit dress, the hem just protecting where her butt met her legs. It was somehow, loose fitting but clingy, emphasising her bubble butt and lovely tits. I wondered how much I could get away with and then remembered the casual way that she had given me a blow-job in the flat. I thought that I would push the limits a bit. Janet was still caressing her breasts, so I brought my hands up the outside of Melissa's thighs, bringing the hem up with them. When I reached her hip-bone I realised firstly, that she had no panties on and secondly, that by now the hem was over the front of her pussy. I looked around the group. Everyone's eyes were on her hem-line and the group had gone very quiet. Melissa however was still grinding against my crotch. Could she not know she was exposed? Was she enjoying it too much to care? I tickled her clit with my left hand and explored her butt-hole with my right hand. Now she had to know but she didn't turn a hair. I brought my hands back up over her tummy and up under her dress high enough that I could reach her breasts. I quickly proved that she had no bra on either as I squeezed her nipples between my fingers. Even Janet now had stopped and was admiring my actions, with a hint of envy I thought. Melissa raised her arms to shoulder level to facilitate me even more. Had she raised them above her head I would have taken the hint and lifted it over her head. This far just meant that I could expose and play with her breasts while showing the rest of her naked body. Janet was quick to assist me with her right breast while Roger, on her other side, ably assisted with the left. That left me to concentrate on her pussy and bum again and I could see Melissa was in heaven.

I thought that it had gone too quiet in our little group so decided to talk to the two lads about their lifestyle. 'I hope you didn't mind me making that crack about wanking each other off earlier but I have noticed on screen that you are a couple, but probably bi, is that right?'

'Very much so,' said Tim. 'We are not really committed to each other and I think we would both like to see more girls but never seem to get to meet any.' I laughed, 'Well you have certainly met Melissa now and you could try Sandra and Alice or Sam and Bryony they may be in the same boat.'

'I had been thinking about that,' said Roger. 'Really nice to meet you Melissa.' That made us all laugh.

I kept the conversation going and gradually let Melissa's dress drop back down to cover her as if nothing was amiss. 'Let me share another secret with you about Susan. The first day we tuned in to the VSX site on the computer and looked down the other flats and saw you I wondered to Susan about your orientation and Susan said, 'Oh I do hope they are bi, they are so good looking it would be a waste for us girls if they were not.' From a management point of view, the girls who tune us in won't want to watch me or, with respect Dave here, working out in a pair of Speedos but you two and Louis are going to be watched all the time.' The thought had never obviously occurred to them and I saw them both preen a little. Just then I felt a little tap on the hand by Janet, and a marble was put in it. I laughed out loud and smiled at her nerve, held my hand up and hit the buzzer.

Loudly I cried out. 'Janet here just handed me this marble so I thought it only fair that I buzz. I will start it off. I am number one by the way, Susan is two and Darren is three, the rest of you have picked your numbers. I picked out a ball. Can I ask the other three people with marbles to come to the front please?'

Sam came out waving her marble and was slowly followed by Emily and Louis. I asked them to pick a ball and when they had done so, I called the number on my ball, number eleven. Janet laughed and stepped forward, 'What a coincidence I gave you the ball and I get to undress you. Seems right really.'

'You do indeed,' I stood with my arms in the air making sure I faced a camera and said, 'Help yourself, but one item only.'

'Absolutely no choice, trousers. You talk a good game, I want to see what you've got.' She quickly undid the belt, unzipped me and pulled them down as I slipped my shoes off. I must learn never to underestimate women in future. This was a lifestyle candidate if ever I saw one. She groped my cock. 'It's a good one ladies. You know who to give the marble to again next time.' They all laughed.

'Louis?' I suggested. I suspected that he was not going to be shy, I had seen him working out in his flat. I heard cries from the back of the room, Bryony and Melissa each shouting out their numbers. Number six he called and Joanne stepped forward with a big grin. 'Janet you are so right, it has to be trousers.' They were quickly thrown into a corner and like Janet she fondled his package making a wow face as she felt him growing.

'Enough, enough,' I called. 'That's not the game. Yet.' I added to laughter.

'Sam perhaps next?' She called 'Seventeen,' and Tim stepped forward eagerly. Definitely Bi.

Sam was wearing a cocktail dress, we all knew what was going to come off. But, good for him, Tim took his time. He looked her up and down to raise the suspense. 'Well,' he said. 'It looks like I have two choices as I cannot get at her bra, if she is wearing one, so it has to be tights or the dress. What the hell, of course, it has to be the dress.' Cheers rang out from the men standing around.

I really had my doubts whether they would be tights and of course they were not. As he moved in close and she turned to let him get at her zip, I turned her a fraction to make sure she was in front of the camera. I noticed a lot of people look at the camera realising what I had done. He took his time after unzipping her and slowly pulled the hem up her legs, over her stocking tops and suspenders, then her panties and finally her flimsy bra which was more about presenting than supporting. She looked gorgeous of course and got a round of applause.

I looked at Emily. I was pretty sure she would take part, after all she was standing out here with the ping-pong ball in her hand. She showed me, 'One.' It was me, lucky me. I held it up for people to see that it wasn't fixed. I looked her up and down she had black satin trousers and a white silky shirt. I could see no sign of a bra. She leaned forward and whispered in my ear that if I wanted I could take her trousers. I saw the opportunity to embarrass her and find out whether that would turn her on.

'Emily has just whispered to me,' and I paused while she blushed to her very roots, 'that she has no bra on so I should take her trousers. I am not sure whether that is a lie and a double bluff, so that I will ask for her shirt and find surprise, surprise, she is wearing a bra after all, or whether again a double bluff, like Brer Rabbit wanting to be thrown into the briar patch, that she is so proud of her gorgeous titties that she likes to show them off. Or should, I as a gentleman, do as she asked? Well folks, I am a gentleman, and a panty man.'

I was rudely interrupted by Bryony shouting, 'Yeah we all saw that the other night when you sorted our undies drawer.' It was my turn to go red.

'Bryony, I am certainly not going to apologise for sniffing and fondling your underwear and I can assure you I will take every opportunity to do it again. Those of you who do not know what we are talking about had probably ask Bryony, Sam, Melissa Susan or Joanne about it. Please do not aske or I will go red.'

'As I was saying before Bryony embarrassed me, I am a pantie man, and a gentleman so will do as she asked. I am going to take her trousers. Face the camera please Emily, let's make some money.' I unfastened the waist button and undid the short side zip. I helped her take off her shoes and then lowered the tight satin trousers down her legs. She was wearing an exquisite tiny lace thong so there was no panty line. She also received a round of applause and I stopped her moving away in time to say, 'What was good for the ladies surely must be good for the men.' I could see puzzled looks turn into laughs as I groped her crotch pushing a finger or two under her panties, along her slit. 'Ohhh,' I said quietly, 'you are enjoying this, Emily.' And then louder 'I seem to remember that you missed out on doing this Tim. Perhaps you had better find Sam again and make amends. She may get jealous.' Again, everyone laughed and I saw Tim looking around for her, as she waved at him, perhaps looking forward to being fondled.

'Just a small point, as much as I would love to see Sam and Emily stripped and you girls undoubtedly would like to have Louis's underwear in your handbags, it would be better for the remainder of the party if the marbles were given to fully dressed people. But you must pick and choose yourselves. Another three rounds later most people had lost one item of clothing but nobody except Melissa was actually showing more than underwear She was completely naked apart from her shoes.

It was getting close to midnight and I wanted a real party with dancing that people would remember not just chatting and games so I again called for silence.

'I think that's enough of the games,' I heard a few boos. 'But to mark this momentous occasion I have a present that I would like to give to all of the ladies. Gentlemen don't feel slighted, one of these parties you may get one as well.'

I saw Darren at the back of the room moving a small three-part folding screen out, a yard or two away from one of the corners, before going back to his computer console from which he organised the cameras. The nearest two focused in on the gap at the back of the screen.

'Behind that screen there are a couple of boxes of presents, containing one each for you lovely ladies. There are a variety of colours. It would be a nice thank you to the company for the party, and the lifestyle opportunity, if you would like to wear them for the rest of the evening. Ladies help yourselves'.

The men of course moved to the bar and I was pressed for details of what they were about to wear. Mostly people guessed stockings as not many of the girls were wearing them. The girls crowded behind the screen which was deliberately small. I heard laughter and then someone shouted, 'Where's the privacy, the cameras can still see us. And the space behind the screen is too small for all of us.'

'Of course you can be seen by the cameras. That is what this party is all about and if the space is too small, just move the screen out of the way.' That got a big cheer from the guys.

We saw a lot of backs and pantied buttocks, and even more leg and the occasional breast before the girls trooped out wearing tabards similar to the ones I had purchased before but now each was decorated with VSX in big letters on the front and VoyeurSeX in slightly smaller letters on the back. It always pays to advertise.

I was pleased to see that following the lead of Susan and the girls, they had all abandoned their bras and were all still wearing panties. It was also gratifying to see that there were no granny panties amongst them. I suspect that if there had been they would have preferred to be commando under the tabards rather than face the embarrassment of wearing them.

I started the music and within seconds all the girls were dancing. There were tits everywhere, so the boys were quick to move amongst them. Half a dozen fast dancing numbers were followed by an equal number of slow ones. The numbers were almost even but I did see Bryony dancing with Patsy on one occasion. They were naturally groping each other's tits. I found it amusing to tap one of the guys on the shoulder, say 'This is an Excuse Me' and when the girls put their arms around me, I grabbed a tit and pushed a finger into their pussy and said 'Oops excuse me.' I noticed it quickly caught on. I also noticed that Louis was not even bothering to put his cock back in his briefs, because every new partner just pulled it out again.

Thus the evening finished, sharp at one. Les came up with a couple of bar girls to clear up and the tenants quickly put their clothes back on and left. Kisses all round and cries of 'see you next month,' or in many cases, 'I will ring you next week' abounded. I helped Darren gather his gear and we were off as well. He dumped the gear in our flat so that he could walk home and promised to collect it next day. He was fulsome in his praise for the party and the way that we had organised it. He was also a little in love with all of the girls. He didn't seem to have a favourite. He really should get out more. I would take that as a first task. I promised to ring him in the morning and arrange a meeting with Art when we could give our conclusions on the tenants.

**Chapter 20 Emily, Graham and the Pizza guy**

The meeting on the Monday with Art went well. He had obviously watched us on the screen. We were all in agreement that it was not obvious that any tenants would not make the grade so we were keen to encourage them. Art had a new flat ready, a fairly small one, just one open-plan kitchen lounge, but still with a double bed in the bedroom and wondered if I could find someone for it. I told them I thought I had a single girl who would fit into the scheme of things beautifully. If she agreed did they want to meet her?

'Not necessarily,' said Art.

'Yes please,' said Darren.

That kept Art and I with big grins on our faces for the rest of the meeting, even after Darren's blush had faded. I told him I would arrange it.

I came up with a couple more money-making ideas, not for the present but to be stored for the future when we were a bit bigger. I suggested that they keep and segment the high spots from the archives that I suspected Darren still had and perhaps make them available 'on demand' at an extra price. I thought it was important to keep the preceding twenty-four hours for free so that people would only need to tune in once a day to see the high spots. The other idea I envisaged was an on-line shop, selling perhaps sex novelties, handcuffs and the like, similar to a regular sex shop, where we could push items that we know were used in the flats by the girls. A certain fancy dress perhaps, Santa's Elves, maybe. We could give each of the flats one for the girls to wear at Xmas and then sell off the rest of the stock to make a profit. If they didn't want to have to hold a lot of stock I am sure I could do a mail order deal as agent for Joe, the manager of Love Unlimited.

We agreed a date and venue for the next party and I said I would report back on the new flat tenant.

'When do you want to meet her Darren?'

'Oh shut up. If she's a friend of yours she will not be worth meeting.'

'You didn't say that Friday night when you met Bryony Sam and Melissa.'

That evoked no response, except a muttered 'Tuesday afternoon.' as he buried himself in his computer.

The very first thing I did was to call Tracy and see whether she would like to move into our new flat. I felt she was the right sort of girl to keep the cameras happy, and if I played my cards right, keep Darren happy as well.

She was delighted with the idea. She knew how the cameras affected our living environment and was more than happy to try. She was going to have difficulties explaining it to her mother. I suggested she tell her father all about it, as she would probably want him to visit sooner or later, but tell her mother that she was getting it free as she was looking after it for a friend who was going to Australia for a while. She agreed to talk to her dad about it and I arranged to let her 'interview' with Darren on Tuesday afternoon. I explained to her that he was the head 'Techie' and controlled the computers and the cameras and would be very influential in making sure she got the flat if she came across well. Of course, that play on words, 'come across' was exactly what I was expecting from her. I didn't think I needed to be more explicit. She had not had a boyfriend for the best part of a month so was gagging for it anyway. I arranged to meet them a couple of days later in the Crest and Feathers, right opposite Darren's flat.

The other responses to the party, apart from those of Art and Darren, were the number of invites we got to visit other flats. Susan had been fielding calls all weekend and we had a busy schedule mapped out for the next couple of weeks.

The first invite was from Emily and Graham for pizza and drinks. We turned up not really knowing what to expect in the way of enhanced sex, if anything. I had kept an eye on all the flats, monitoring any increase in flesh or activity and sure there were signs of it in most flats. Emily was only wearing panties and a t-shirt most of the time, and they had made love every night on top of the covers. A definite improvement. We arrived soon after seven with a couple of bottles of wine, Prosecco, of course, and a bottle of red. They both drank the bubbly leaving me to the red on my own. Suited me.

'I have booked a couple of Pizzas for eight thirty,' said Emily, 'unless you have any big dislikes in which case I have time to change the order?'

We were happy with anything so the conversation quickly turned to the party last Friday.

I asked whether they thought they could ramp up the sex in order to improve their rating.

'I think so,' said Graham. 'In fact, I think we have already.' I didn't tell them that I had been watching, and that while it was definitely an improvement they would still need to go a little further. It seemed a little unfair, sitting here face to face.

'What might improve them,' I said, 'is if you encourage us to take some clothes off, perhaps by turning up the heating, or just asking us, or even for preference by showing us the lead in what you could expect us to wear around here.'

They looked at each other.

'We are a little overdressed compared to normal,' said Emily. 'I don't normally wear a skirt and blouse on our own in the evenings.'

'Woah, you mean you have put extra clothes on for us coming over. Do you think perhaps that we get upset at the sight of flesh after I spent the whole evening last week trying to get you to disrobe?'

She had the grace to laugh. 'I guess not. We are conditioned by our parents I suppose. Can you imagine sitting in their parlour with a glass of sherry in just our underwear.'

We all had a good laugh at the image that conjured up and Susan admitted that we had felt that way when we first took the flat over.

The mood relaxed, I looked at Emily and raised my eyebrows. She quickly understood what I was getting at and said.' Oh well guys, if you want... I mean I am just about to... look do you mind if I ...'

Susan laughed and said, 'Emily instead of embarrassing yourself why don't you just excuse yourself a moment, go into the bedroom and come back wearing what you would feel comfortable in tonight. I can promise we will not embarrass you by sitting here scornfully. We will undoubtedly join in. Alex is trying in his ham-fisted way to make the two of you make the decisions rather than accept 'suggestions' what to do by us. What we would have done at home, in case it is easier for you, is that Alex would have told me what to wear before you came over and then if he wanted me to remove more later in the evening he would either tell me outright to do it, or take me into the kitchen and tell me quietly. If Alex tells me what to do, I can feel that showing off my body is actually his responsibility. And being told what to do, as he told everybody on Friday, turns me on. Try it Graham.'

'Ok,' said Graham, 'Good idea. Why don't you go to ...'

'No no no,' Susan interrupted. 'Why don't you is a request.'

'Oh right. Emily go into the bedroom and take off your blouse and skirt.' He looked very proud of himself. Susan looked a bit shocked, possibly he had never made such a statement before.

'Graham, but... but...'

'No, buts,' said Graham masterfully, looking even prouder.

She stood and slowly moved towards the door.

'Of course,' I said, 'She will only prevaricate by leaving us. She will probably be more turned on if you made her do it here, in front of us.'

'Good point. Emily, why don't... Emily, come back here and stand in front of me and remove your blouse please.'

I nodded encouragingly.

She had nearly reached the safety of the bedroom but had to turn and walk back towards us. I noticed she stood as close as she could get to Graham, rather shielding our view. She started to undo the buttons on her blouse and slowly moved the sides of her blouse to open herself up.

'Emily,' blurted out Graham. 'You haven't got a bra on.'

'That's what I was trying to tell you,' she said coquettishly. 'If I had gone to the bedroom, I would have been able to put one on. But now of course...' and slowly she continued to remove her blouse.

The little minx was beginning to love this, I thought. Susan and I exchanged knowing smiling glances. She had recognised the pleasure in her voice as well. Emily had a compact figure with probably large 'B' tits that looked very good on her slight body. No spare flesh meant you could see her rib cage, I always did like small girls that moved. Who am I kidding, I liked them all.

Graham had the grace to look a bit embarrassed, at least until I caught his eye and pointed to her skirt.

'Oh yes, and the skirt please Emily. Err do you have any...'

'Graham,' I said, 'before you ask whether she is wearing panties, you have to ask yourself will it make any difference if the answer is no. What are you going to make her do then? Asking that question at this stage smacks of a lack of confidence. It is your confidence that turns her on. She can blame you. One of the advantages about laying out Susan's clothes is that I know what she is wearing underneath, so do not have to ask that question. And if she wasn't? Well would I care anyway?' I left him with the dilemma what to do next. Emily just stood there exposing her charms and waiting. She was beginning to enjoy this. I suspected that she did have panties on or she would not have looked quite so confident.

'Emily,' he finally said,' take off your skirt and drop it on the back of the sofa please.'

We waited expectantly. The little minx oohed and aahed with her finger in her mouth as Graham began to wonder whether he should panic. Was she wearing undies? She undid the zip and it plummeted to the ground, she was wearing full, 'little girl' panties, that amply covered her charms. Graham seemed to sigh with relief. I felt the turn was now mine to compete a little.

'Call those sexy panties, Emily, you should be ashamed of yourself. We threw all Susan's away that looked like that. Susan, take your dress off and show Emily and Graham your panties, up close.'

Susan had been expecting something like this and quickly started undoing the belt on her slim fitting silky dress. She undid the buttons at the shoulder and it dropped. God, yes, her tits were that little bit nicer, just that little bit bigger, while her frame was the same. Just that little bit bigger. Again, perfectly balanced. I knew that she was wearing a slim fronted, almost transparent thong.

'Thank you Susan. That's what I call a decent, or do I mean indecent pair of panties.' She moved around showing them on both sides. When Emily looked a little shocked, she gave her a cuddle and said. 'Emily, if you are going to stay in this flat you are going to have to get used to Alex and his ways. Trust me he will never do anything to you if you do not really want him to. Just say no and mean it. But if you think you can do it, then do so and see how you feel when you have done it. Do you want to feel me, and see how I respond to him ordering me to undress? I suspect you have responded like I do.'

Just then the doorbell rang. 'Oh that must be the pizza,' said Emily. Can you get it Graham while I get the money for you?'

'Stay there Graham. Susan will get it, won't you Susan.' She held her hand towards her boobies indicating their nakedness. I nodded and she grimaced but moved towards the door. She hadn't played this game before with me. It was just Sam and the girls last time.

She threw open the door and this older guy stood there in disbelief as she ushered him in and took the boxes from him.

Of course Emily knew nothing about the game but Graham had caught on quickly. She called from the kitchen. 'I have the money here Graham, come and get it.'

'That's okay,' he said, 'It's all right out here, just bring it out.'

She obviously assumed the man would be waiting outside and had taken three or four steps towards the door before seeing him standing there admiring her, his glance flickering between the two girls.

'Ohhh, Graham,' was all she said, as he and I started laughing. She recovered quickly, gave him some money and told him to keep the change. Susan ushered him out of the door, and the two girls hugged and eventually laughed. 'Graham Ely, if you do that again I will swing for you. You see if I don't.'

'I am sorry darling but as it was a new pizza place we were trying I thought I would try to speed up the next delivery,' and we fell about laughing again.

'Ok,' she said, 'fun's over. I need a drink and you two need to start taking some clothes off or this pizza is going in the bin. Now.'

I was hungry so just in case she was serious I dropped my trousers and was halfway through unbuttoning my shirt before Graham stirred.

'Graham, trousers, drink, shirt, drink. Quick.'

Susan and I laughed at her indignation.

The mood was quickly restored with food and another couple of bottles.

Emily said shyly, 'Alex, you said something the other day about people would enjoy watching other people play Twister. Well we have never played it, so we went and bought a box yesterday. Would you like to have a go and show us what to do.'

'With pleasure,' I said. 'Get the mat and lay it here on the floor, near this camera. It gets a bit crowded with four, so Graham, if you don't mind being the caller for the first game I will play with the girls the first one and you can play the second, while I call'

I showed him how the spinner worked and told him that he should give us instructions in turn. 'The first one who falls over or cannot move in any way is the loser and has to pay a forfeit.'

Emily quickly understood the game and soon we were stretched across the mat. I managed to manoeuvre my head between her thighs at one stage and kissed her pussy through the kiddy panties. 'I heard an 'ohhh'. A few moves later and I was able to play with her nipples which were beautifully hard, and for such a small girl, surprisingly large. Graham was enjoying himself too. While turning the dial with one hand he was able to fondle Susan's bottom with the other. Her tiny thong did not obscure a lot. Her anal starfish showed all around the little thread of material above it. I managed to eventually crowd Emily into one corner and she collapsed, slipping off the mat, complaining that she had been pushed. Even my most innocent face seemed to cut no ice. I told her that the forfeit was to put on a pair of real panties, not the overalls that she had on presently. Good humouredly she disappeared off to the bedroom with Susan in tow. We heard cries of 'No I can't wear them.' She came back into the room looking very embarrassed. Strangely Susan had a big grin on her face. I suspected that she had made her wear the most embarrassing ones she had. I waited with bated breath for her to move her hand away from her crotch.

Graham started the next game and I positioned the girls to start where I could see them properly. Yes, Emily's panties were pretty shameful. They were not very small but they were crotchless. She seemed to forget about them after a few moments and I waited until she was spread-eagled with her feet as far apart as I could get them. I do know how to cheat at this game, just ignore the spinner.

'Nice panties Emily,' I called, and she groaned realising what I must be able to see. 'Oh no I had forgotten them for a moment.' I leaned forward a foot or two, fondled her labia until she was groaning again and called 'Emily right hand red'. As she tried to move I kissed her labia again, running my tongue between them. She collapsed again, crying 'Cheat, not fair.'

We decided knickers off was a reasonable forfeit and I asked if she wanted to continue. She certainly did. She claimed she did not want to go out on a losing streak but I could see from the glint in her eye that she was enjoying herself too much to stop.

We let just the girls play, while we played with the girls. I played with Emily's nipples again and kept pushing my fingers into her pussy. Never too hard and sometimes so softly that I could feel her trying to push back against me. I signed for Graham to pull Susan's thong down her thighs which he did. Susan found that it stopped her moving her legs easily so she took them off. Such girls we had. They played on for quite a while, ever more comfortable under our gazes and the cameras. What a pair of sluts. Thankfully.

We ended the evening with the girls sitting on our knees, and switching round from time to time as we finished the bottle. Graham and Emily seemed comfortable with that but went no further on this occasion. We walked home with Susan's panties in my pocket and the back of her skirt held up over her ass by her belt. I would never let her turn to see whether we were being followed. That kept her on such a high, she was naked before I had finished turning the key in the lock. We fucked and sucked for the best part of an hour before falling asleep naked on top of the bed.