**An Apartment with Benefits**

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

**Chapter 21 Tequila**  
  
Tuesday afternoon I took Tracy along to meet Darren about two o'clock. I told her that Darren was a bit shy and that he hadn't had a girlfriend for a long time, so he should be easy to impress. I told him how important he was to SVX but not that he was one of the three shareholders.  
  
I could see she thought that she was about to meet some real geek, who was probably both boring and ugly. Darren was none of those things, well okay geeky maybe in his own little way. They were obviously getting on well and I could see he was loving every minute of it. She made a real impression on him particularly when he consulted his notebook for the next question, 'So why do you want to live in a flat exposed so much to the public view?' Okay I admit he is pretty geeky.  
  
She answered by standing up and holding up her skirt to show that she had no knickers on. 'I think I am a bit of an exhibitionist and this would enable me to test my theories.'  
  
She had the flat, I could see it in his eyes. I made my excuses and left them after he told her that he lived over the office nearby so that he could keep an eye on the computers at night. 'Oh, can I see them please?'  
  
I didn't expect them to spend long on the computers.  
  
Patsy and Louis were our Tuesday night dinner date. We met them in a Mexican Restaurant near their flat and got on really well. Susan had been a little nervous going to meet them. I eventually dragged it out of her why. She had seen the girls lifting his cock from his boxers at the party and was worried that I would expect her to have sex with him. It was, I regret to say, larger than mine and mine is apparently bigger than the average bear, Boo-Boo. I digress.  
  
I told her in no uncertain terms that I never have, nor never will make her have any form of sex with someone if she did not want to. We had only strayed the once, admittedly, in my case with three different people, so why all of a sudden should I change into a sex-mad pimp. I asked her if it was not just her way of trying to find out whether I would let him fuck her if he tried, at which point she became, falsely I suspect, teary and said of course not. She just wanted to know where she stood.  
  
I had to lay it out formally for her, yet again I felt.  
  
'Darling you know I love you, and I know that neither you nor I are going here, or anywhere else looking for sex with other people. We also know that the way things have been going because of these flats and our new job that we may end up having sex with other people. Either together or singly. Providing it doesn't cause a rift between us, or one of us gets jealous then no harm done. It may even be enjoyable. That's how it is tonight and tomorrow and the next day. The day one of us doesn't like it any more is the day that we stop. Okay?'  
  
She kissed me walking along the street. 'Okay. You say things so beautifully and clearly. You are my one and only love. Okay.'  
  
I knew I would have to say it again next time the situation arose.  
  
The dinner was good and the free glass of tequila given to us by the owner was very acceptable. We split the bill and Louis invited us back as he had a bottle of tequila in the cupboard getting old, as he put it. That seemed a shame so we were quickly back at their place sitting on bean bags in the lounge. They liked their reggae music so soon we were listening to old favourites and artists new to us as well. Bob Marley of course, Peter Tosh and Burning Spear. We naturally started dancing after the first tequila and then slow dancing. It seemed natural somehow. After a couple of tracks Louis shouts to Patsy 'more tequila, get one for Alex the way I like it and then you can show Susan how to make them.' I was fascinated how do you make a tequila?  
  
Patsy pulled off her tank top to reveal her pair of snow-white C or small D breasts with pink nipples. She dribbled a little spittle over the nipples. She lay on the floor, poured a little salt over the wet nipples, put a slice of lime in her mouth and balanced the glass of tequila on her tummy button.  
  
'Off you go my man,' said Louis, 'Lick, sip, suck. Lick the salt from her nipples, sip up the tequila and suck the lime in her mouth. Heaven.'  
  
I did and it was. Particularly as Patsy seemed to be playing hide and seek with the lime, so it took a while.  
  
'Of course, that is really my second favourite way of having tequila,' said Louis.  
  
'Really' said Susan. 'What is your favourite?'  
  
Now that was either naive or hopeful. I am still not sure which. I knew Susan would decline to tell me later. Either way it did not make her look good.  
  
'Patsy will show you how to prepare it,' he said.  
  
Patsy laughed, came forward and removed Susan's blouse as I expected. She then took off her skirt and her bikini panties leaving her stark naked. 'Lay down here, hold the slice of lime in your mouth while I salt your tits.' I noticed she not only dribbled on Susan's nipples but followed up by sucking them and nipping them to make them hard. She salted them and then said, 'Now cross your ankles and hold your legs together tight while I pour the tequila between your legs. Hold tight while Louis takes the salt.'  
  
Patsy poured a trickle of tequila in the natural pool formed in Susan's crotch by the crossed legs. Louis jumped forward to suck and nibble the salt off her nipples and then buried his tongue in her crotch as he sucked up the tequila. Not content with draining as much of the pool as he could he pushed her legs apart and licked her crack from anus to clit to remove any lingering tequila. He then of course squeezed and sucked the lime segment in Susan's mouth, giving her a taste not only of salt, tequila and lime also but her own pussy juice.  
  
'Wow, I don't normally ask for drinks in someone else's house but can I have one of those please?'  
  
Louis laughed and clapped me on the back.  
  
'Sure thing man. Patsy get it ready. Alex, my brother, would you like it on the rocks.' He winked at me.  
  
'No please Alex, not on the rocks,' said Patsy. I was torn. Was I a gentleman or not?  
  
'Well that sounds different, Louis I would love to try one.' I could make a good guess how it was going to come, I just hoped I got all the accoutrements.  
  
Patsy gave me a hard stare, which I really thought was for Louis's benefits as there was still a grin curling the edges of her mouth.  
  
'It will come as no surprise to hear that it is cold and comes over ice,' she said, 'so I am going to give you the extra shot warm.'  
  
She dribbled and pinched her nipples, lay down and then covered them in salt. This drink was great even before I tasted it. She put the wedge of lime in her mouth and took a slurp from the tequila bottle. I got ready on my knees beside her as she crossed her legs and I saw the strain on her muscles as she held her legs tightly together. She poured an inch of tequila and half a cupful of crushed ice into the pool and gave me a thumbs up. I worried those nipples like a dog worries sheep. I nipped and sucked until there was hardly any skin, let alone salt, left. She had been holding the tequila for a couple of minutes now so I sank my tongue into the crack to find that she had managed to keep the pool intact, and it was still almost frozen. As Louis had done, when I thought I had it all, I opened her legs, threw them over my shoulders and buried my mouth in her crack, licking and sucking for all I was worth. As much as I was enjoying it, I knew not to tarry so moved up to her mouth. As we kissed and opened our mouths to find the lime, she shot a jet of tequila, at blood temperature into my mouth, followed by the lime. That did surprise me, I thought I was merely going to get the taste of tequila in her mouth, not a jet of it. I was a gentleman and dribbled half of it back to her while squeezing out the lime. Wow, again.  
  
I was now a little drunk and ready for anything including more reggae, but I was reminded by Susan licking her lips, possibly remembering the taste of lime and her pussy juice mingled, that she might like another tequila.'  
  
'They were so good, but I just remembered my manners and here I am again, now asking for another drink but for Susan, and presumably one for Patsy this time.'  
  
'Sure thing, do you think they will like the special.' I saw Patsy grin, so I guessed they would. 'Patsy, get a saucer please.' I would normally let Susan, as the guest, go first but I think it might be better if she sees how it works, so my man, get ready. Take off your clothes.'  
  
I had expected this after the last drinks and this was a Special after all.  
  
Patsy came back with a saucer she had liberally sprinkled with salt. She put the slice of lime in my mouth and grinned, 'Hold tight, but don't squeeze and don't lose it.' She threatened. She bent down opened her mouth and sucked in my balls one at a time. Wetting them, I guessed. The massaging they received was only a bonus. I did nearly swallow the lime, whole. She rolled my balls in the salt and handed me the bottle. I had no idea what to do with it, but I was in no rush to find out as she licked and sucked all the salt off my balls. As she came up for tequila, and air, Louis urged, 'Quick push your cock down into her mouth and pour the tequila slowly down it. All the way from the top.' Wow again. I slowly trickled the spirit as I did not want her to start choking. She gradually swallowed it and chased it up my cock until I was completely buried in her mouth and I could no longer tip the bottle. There must have been an inch or two in her throat. As she again came up for air I brought the lime between my teeth and kissed her again, the lime eventually getting lost between our thrusting tongues. It seemed like forever that we were tongue locked but every good thing has to come to an end. I looked around to see Susan and Louis just watching us. Susan looking pretty enquiring, probably about the tongues rather than me pussy-licking or Patsy swallowing my cock. I suspected that was a question that would be deferred only as far as tomorrow.  
  
After Patsy and I had got up and sat down again Louis asked Susan if she had enjoyed salt with her tequila. A strange question I thought when the two things go together like strawberries and cream.  
  
'Sure,' she said. 'Lovely.'  
  
'Would you like more?'  
  
'Why not?' she said, 'If it tastes so good.'  
  
'Wonderful,' said Louis. 'I that case we will go for the Extra Special tequila. Patsy, more salt please.' She came back in with the pourer this time and placed a small pile in the saucer.  
  
'Undress me,' he said to Susan. I do not know whether this is his normal authoritarian style or whether he remembered from Friday night that Susan liked to be ordered around. Whichever, she quickly attacked his shirt buttons, running her hands lovingly over his six-pack which still shone as if oiled. I must find out whether it is oiled or his natural black sheen. His shirt was followed by his jeans and boxers, and Susan eventually held his tumescent cock in her hands. I willed myself not to be jealous of him and of the size of his cock. I just hoped Susan didn't get used to it.  
  
'Okay Susan prepare my balls.' She had watched Patsy suck and play with mine in her mouth so she knew what to do. A few moments later she stopped and rolled them in the saucer of salt. Louis then lay down and propped his back up with his shoulders and elbows on the ground. His legs were vertical pointing towards the ceiling. '  
  
'Show her Patsy, and give her the lime,' he grunted and spread his legs as wide as he could.  
  
Patsy moved between his legs and poured a small trickle of salt between his legs, from the edge of his balls to an inch or two past his starfish. Susan's mouth hung open in disbelief. She knew what she was going to have to do. She could not help herself when he said, 'Lick it all off. Start at the other end.'  
  
She fell to her knees and licked him, starting, as he described, an inch or two past his taint. She licked and sucked every grain of salt as she worked her way through his perineum up to his balls.  
  
'Very, very good,' was all he said. 'Okay now my balls.'  
  
He didn't need to hold his cock out of the way as it was past tumescent, pointing strongly at the ceiling. In fact, he had difficulty holding it down later as he poured the tequila down his cock into her mouth. She swallowed but was unable to chase it up his cock as Patsy had. She did have trouble taking my cock far into her throat and Louis's was that little bit bigger. He did not seem to mind but did slow the trickle to a succession of drips, in order to keep her sucking for longer. I half expected him to come in her mouth but, no, he lowered himself on to his knees at her level and squeezed the lime now between her lips. It seemed to me that Susan was so shocked by her earlier actions that she had no great passion left to fight for the lime as Patsy and I had done.  
  
'Now that's how you drink tequila,' said a happy Louis.  
  
We left soon after as Susan never really recovered her composure. The three of us asked if she was okay, Louis particularly worried that he might have pushed her too far. She assured us that she was fine, tired and more than a little embarrassed by her actions. She did assure them that she would love to see them again, when we would host them to dinner, but that tonight she was absolutely bushed.  
  
She was quiet all the way home and was asleep before I could get into bed. I slept quickly despite my worries about her.  
  
Next day I prepared breakfast, just toast and coffee and took them into the bedroom. She had sat up in bed in preparation but I was worried by the fact that she had put a t-shirt on. I hoped Louis hadn't made her regress from her earlier freedom of spirit.  
  
'Are you okay?' I said, 'Silly question. I can see that you are not alright. How do you feel about what happened last night? Talk to me. Tell me about it and let me reassure you.'  
  
There was a pause as she slurped down some coffee.  
  
'I will come straight to my deep-seated worry. It was only the second time I had ever met Louis and within a short while I was following his instructions as if it was you. Is that me now? Will I follow the instructions given to me by every man in the future, and maybe every woman? What am I? What have I done?' She started to cry.  
  
I quickly swallowed my piece of toast, cuddled her and tried to kiss away her tears. I wasn't too sure how to reassure her because for all I knew she may well follow every instruction.  
  
'Susan, I love you with all of my heart. You have done nothing wrong. If anything, I have an apology to make for that tongue wrestling between myself and Patsy.'  
  
That did bring her up sharp a bit and for a moment the tears went away. I had certainly managed to change the subject and get her concentration back. 'I was going to ask about that,' she said. 'That was more sexy than... err... sex itself.' She eventually found a comparison. 'But no, I am not going to hold a grudge for that, particularly after what I did. I licked his crack and his arse. And I did it willingly.'  
  
She didn't go on to say whether she enjoyed it and I felt it was the wrong time to ask.  
  
'I am sure next time you won't just do anything anybody asks. Last night we both got carried away. We drank too much, and the way Louis organised the drinking it became almost competitive, and you know how competitive you are.'  
  
She conceded that this was the case and wondered how we could change her.  
  
'Look I don't really want to change you. I love you how you are and I don't believe that you will take any old instructions, and, if you do, I have no problems with you accepting instructions from anyone that makes you happy.'  
  
The smile I got was from the bottom of her soul. As if a light had lit inside her. 'Really? That is the nicest thing you have ever said.'  
  
I really didn't think it was that profound but, hell, accept the plaudits while they are available. I thought maybe it was time to bring up my little grouse.  
  
'By the way, when you undid his shirt, did you need to run your hands over his six-pack as if it was ... as if it was well, I don't know, my six pack.'  
  
She laughed when I said 'My six pack', and then brightened perceptibly, 'Oh that makes me feel so much better. Another lovely thing you have said.' I looked puzzled. 'You were jealous, you do love me.'  
  
How did I get around this one. Jealousy, it was at once, both a virtue and a vice.  
  
'Well not exactly jealous, but you were treating it as you did that pashmina your Mum gave you for Christmas last year, or your Mum's next-door neighbours kittens.'  
  
She got up on the bed and started dancing round, the fact that she had no panties on completely forgotten.  
  
'J E A...L O U ... S.S.S she chanted like some sort of football chant, throwing herself at me, and covering her tits in buttery toast. She wrestled with my tongue as if trying to find the piece of lime from last night still in there. I seized the opportunity, pushed her onto her back and ignoring the piece of toast stuck to her tits, jumped on her and sank my dick deeply inside her in one thrust.  
  
'Aaah, fuck me, hard, hard,' were the only words I heard for the next ten minutes. I had a full load of spunk on board from the night before and she received all of it, half of it up her cunt and the other half over the piece of toast on her tits.  
  
I offered it to her which she declined with a laugh. I had been careful not to tell her to eat it, so I was able to say,' There, that proved that you don't take every instruction as mandatory.' I suspect that she hadn't noticed that it wasn't an instruction. It was better that way.  
  
When we got up, changed the buttery sheets and had a second breakfast, she rang Patsy to apologise for leaving early, and advised her that she was now fine. 'I think I drank too much tequila,' she laughed. 'Never again eh. Anyway, you must come over next week and see our place.'  
  
Never again I thought. Yeah right.  
  
I had the same thought two days later when I spotted a bottle of tequila in the cupboard after she had been shopping. Never again huh.

**Chapter 22 A most unusual evening.**  
  
We were gradually getting to meet all the tenants, Janet and Dave were the next on our list and they had invited us over to their place a couple of days later. This was the couple of whom I had the least expectations. They were a little older, and generally just looked a little... well... staid. However, whenever I had those thoughts it would come back to me how she had groped my cock at the party. Admittedly while I was doing the same to her bum. She was still one of only four or five of the girls who had been pro-active with me.  
  
In our usual style we turned up about seven-thirty with a couple of bottles. We made small talk in the kitchen as Janet finished off the dinner. David was a watchmaker, and repairer, more strap and battery work than actual technical work on the movements. He, of course, took his job pretty seriously, he didn't seem to amused when I said,  
  
'There is nothing like a good movement.'  
  
Okay I know it was a bad joke, Janet and Susan didn't laugh either. We sat down to a lovely meal, scallops, followed by a Boeuf Bourguignon, I felt sorry for Janet that we were not recording a cooking programme.  
  
Pancakes, or crepes, were desert. Having had the movement joke go down so badly I resisted saying, 'That I had a wonderful Crepe.' Cheese and coffees followed. The brandy came out. A real old-fashioned dinner party.  
  
The food was good, the wine was lovely but the dinner was just a little stilted. We were running out of small talk.  
  
Eventually the conversation got around to the party. Or rather I dragged it round to the party. 'How did you enjoy the party last week?'  
  
Janet was straight there. 'Very much so, I had no idea what to expect, and I must say I was pleasantly surprised. So many people I meet are boring old fuddy-duddies and it was really lovely to mix in a non-pc environment with a few drinks and a bit of flesh.'  
  
'Very non-pc,' I agreed. 'I took a bit of a risk that night with my speech. It could have gone so horribly wrong if anyone had taken exception to any of it. Particularly when I started offering the examples of what people like to see when they watch. I must apologise now for talking about you spanking each other.'  
  
'You don't have to apologise for saying anything non-pc to us or about us. I really wondered how you could tell that we liked that sort of thing. Is it obvious?'  
  
I laughed, 'Not at all. I had no idea, in fact I am quite surprised. I have seen no sign of it on the website on the occasions I have looked at your flat. I hope you don't mind me admitting that I have watched your flat a bit. Apart from occasionally making out under the bed-clothes you seem remarkably normal.'  
  
'You mean boring.'  
  
'I didn't say that Janet, but well, in the interests of you keeping this free flat, yes, I am afraid I would agree.'  
  
'David and I had a chat about what we should say to you and we agreed to tell you a bit about us. Right David?'  
  
He nodded.  
  
'We are members of a club so all our sex fun is there usually.'  
  
That surprised me.  
  
'Ooookay, well there is no reason that it should change. Why not go to your club, or even better why not hold some of the meetings here. Invite the other members over, after making them aware of the cameras of course so that they can fill in the forms.'  
  
It seemed that it had not occurred to them. I was intrigued but was not sure whether I could ask direct questions about the club.  
  
'Is it a straight sex club or just spanking and BDSM?' said Susan. 'Can you take us in as guests?'  
  
Why was I worried about asking the direct question when I was with Susan?  
  
I think Janet was as surprised as I was at the questions. She laughed, and said 'Don't you need to know what sort of sex club it is first, before we invite you?'  
  
I interrupted before Susan could say that she didn't care, she just wanted to go.  
  
'We certainly do, there are all sorts of clubs that I wouldn't want to go to, a gay one for example.' I could almost see Susan's brain working overtime. With her new-found passion for other girls she wouldn't care a jot if there were gay girls there.  
  
'David has an unusual fetish, isn't that right David. You don't mind me telling Alex, do you?'  
  
He shook his head.  
  
'Not good enough David you must tell me what you want.'  
  
This exchange surprised me but made me ready for what may come next. She was definitely the dominant. This could be interesting.  
  
'You can tell Alex about my fetish if you want.'  
  
'No, if YOU want David. In fact, why don't you tell him.'  
  
He shuddered and drooped his eyes. 'Errr ... errr I like to see Janet with other people.'  
  
'Very tactful David. Tell it as it is. You need to be a cuckold. I have to be fucked by big strong men while you are tied up or restrained. You are a weeny-cocked inadequate lover who sprinkles his cum when you see me with a real man, right?'  
  
Wow that was loud and clear. Even Susan had stopped asking questions. I suddenly realised that Janet was looking for my reaction. She was no longer looking at Dave I knew I had to do something, I hoped Susan didn't mind.  
  
'Dave,' I started but was interrupted. 'David.' I began to realise that Dave was his family-friendly name David was his sexual moniker.  
  
'David, I want you to take your dining room chair and put it a yard away from that wall where you can see the sofa and just sit on it please.' He was instantly on his feet, moving the chair.  
  
'Janet, stand here in front of me.' I was a little lost. I had seen how dominant she was with him. Would she want to be in charge with me or would she want me to order her around. I ran my hands over her breasts and down over her bottom. I had to think what to do about Susan? Inspiration hit me.  
  
'Janet stand in front of the sofa and wait for me. Susan would you stand behind David's chair please. Thank you. Now hold his hands behind his back. He may try to move. Hold them firmly please. I am not going to tie you David. You must learn to control yourself. If Susan has trouble with you, you will be punished.' I sat on the sofa in front of Janet.  
  
'Janet raise your dress up to the waist.' She had a royal-blue silky-soft A line dress with cap sleeves and quite a large V front and matching back. I could see no zips, belts or any other fastening. I figured it would slip over her head easily.  
  
'Good stand like that. Turn slowly, all the way round please. David, I am going to have your wife undress for me. I am then going to spank her like a real man does, like you should have done in the early days when she was naughty the first time. Janet take it off now.'  
  
She was wearing light blue stockings and a deep blue lingerie set of matching lace bra, panties and suspender belt.  
  
'Over my knee please facing away from David.' I pulled the panties to half-mast. Just far enough down to enable me to smack her buttocks and show her tightly creased pussy lips.  
  
'Count them David.'  
  
We got to twenty when I felt I should let her up, some of them had been quite hard, although I had heard no complaints.  
  
'Any problems Susan?'  
  
'No Sir.' That was good, Susan was getting into it too. That made me feel a little better about what I had to do.  
  
'Susan can you get his dick out please.'  
  
She did as I asked and then I heard her say, 'Out sir, but I did have difficulty finding it. It is very small.' I grinned where he couldn't see me. I couldn't think of a suitable comment so I stayed quiet.  
  
II was in a bit of a quandary should I just fuck her hard, as a 'real man' would do, or should I eat her first, so that we both get some enjoyment and she is guaranteed an orgasm. To hell with it. This may be my only chance.  
  
'Janet, stand up and remove those knickers then get down on your knees and suck me.'  
  
Ohhh that was good. I don't know whether she practised her skills at their club, but she certainly practised them somewhere.  
  
'Right lie back on the sofa while I eat you out. Susan, check for me, is he hard?'  
  
'I am looking sir. I don't know. It's too small to tell.'  
  
Luckily while she was looking I was burying my face in Janet's puss so I was able to cover my laugh by blowing into her vagina. I could feel Janet shaking with laughter disguised as an orgasm. When she really did come I could feel the difference. I pulled her to her feet, and turned her to lean on her husband's knees while I fucked her hard from behind. She came again and again before I finished pouring my spunk into her.  
  
I stood, and addressing David said, 'You may clean her up with your mouth while I am in the kitchen getting dressed. When you have finished I want you to stand in the corner facing the wall until I have left. No wanking. I hope you both have enjoyed your evening. Your cuckold tendencies are now on the internet. I am sure you will have more good times on line in the future.'  
  
I winked towards Susan and nodded to my clothes and the kitchen door. She picked up the clothes and followed me out.  
  
'Are you okay?' was the first thing I asked.  
  
'I am so hot. I need fucking. Soon. Have we got time now?'  
  
'I don't think so. I am a bit embarrassed about all of this. I will be better when we get home. We will leave as soon as Janet comes out.'  
  
Janet came out and I whispered,' Was that okay? Did I guess right what you wanted me to do? I have never done anything like this before.'  
  
'You were perfect,' she said. 'He loved it. And I don't need to tell you that I did as well.'  
  
'You did know it would be broadcast and everyone watching will know Dave's kink? '  
  
'Yes,' she said.' We talked about it. We need to keep the flat, neither of us earn enough to rent our own, and we do like it here. Dave was excited about coming out and now it means we can invite friends from our old club and our new friends like you, from the apartments, round for dinner. The bonus is I know I am going to get fucked more. I do love him you know. We could call him in now and he would confirm all this.'  
  
'Oh I don't doubt you, but I would rather not face him now. It is the first time I have done anything like that and I am not sure I am a natural at it. By the next time I will be reconciled to it. How do I treat him next time we meet, like a friend or always as a cuckold.'  
  
'If you can remember, take the clue from me. If I call him Dave or talk about Dave treat him as a normal guy. Same jokes that you would say to anyone, everything regular. If I call him David then push him around and treat him as a cuck. And by the way thank you Susan. You were wonderful. As you will have seen it is small, but not as small as you suggested. And thank you for letting Alex fuck me. None of us would have enjoyed it as much if he had to ask you whether he could fuck me.'  
  
Susan laughed, 'I would normally say, 'My pleasure,' but on this occasion it hasn't been. I am dying to be fucked so I am afraid we have to leave now so he can get me into bed. Say goodnight to Dave for us. Thanks for a lovely and entertaining dinner Janet.'  
  
I kissed her, hard on the lips and said, 'Yes, thank you Janet. See you soon I hope.' I also hoped that Susan didn't see my wink and grin.

**Chapter 23 Return of an old friend.**  
  
I was delighted that Susan had neither questions nor complaints about my behaviour last night. I did bring the matter up and she was quick to dismiss it as I 'never really had any choice in the matter.' Janet had planned it all and, as she said, it would have been out of character to ask Susan for permission. I told her I would make it up to her at the first opportunity.  
  
One of the first things I did was to ring Darren and ask whether he had seen my trip to Dave and Janet's last night. Yes, he had. He had watched it twice. He was really turned on by it. In fact, he was really turned on by Janet. I kept my thoughts to myself that he was really turned on by every girl I had introduced him to so far. I asked after Tracy. He was loquacious and very much in love.  
  
'I wouldn't get too excited by her. Yes, she is a nice girl and lovely, but a real flirt. I am sure you will see that when she moves in. You will not be her only boy-friend so don't get hooked. If I were you I would see her as a friend with benefits.'  
  
He laughed and said, 'I guess so. She is really a bit young for me as well I suppose. But we did have a great time.'  
  
'I am sure you did. That's why I thought it would be good for you to meet. Anyway, about Janet and Dave, why don't you ring them? You met them at the party the other night, didn't you? They know you as a techy. If you tell Janet that you need to change one of the cameras as it wasn't quite right when you were watching it last night, I am sure she will invite you over for dinner, and then you can play it by ear. If she calls him David go for it like I did. If she keeps calling him Dave then just have a lovely dinner. She is a good cook.'  
  
After some doubts I persuaded him that he should call. I only hoped he could keep up a hard-man image if she did want to be fucked.  
  
I had another surprise that morning. Mark rang again and told me that he was going up to Newcastle in a couple of days. They had given the requisite notice on their flat so his wife left a couple of days ago. He was joining her in a few days with the car and the last of their luggage.  
  
'I thought It would be nice to have a beer today if you fancy one. You and Susan of course, if she would like to come.'  
  
'That would be nice, yes, we cannot make this evening I am afraid it would have to be lunchtime.'  
  
'Great shall we say one o'clock, Kings Head again.'  
  
'Perfect, we will see you then.'  
  
That just about gave me time for an hour in front of the keep-fit dvd. I was putting on weight with all the drinking and entertaining. I was enjoying it I guess, but had to work harder at keeping my shape. I had never yet achieved a six-pack but I knew I was looking a bit better than a year ago.  
  
Susan was surprised by Mark as well when I told her. She immediately started thinking about what to wear. I knew that she had always fancied him really.  
  
'I will leave it up to you this time,' I said. 'Except of course I will have a right of veto, so no thick jumpers and long woolly skirts.' As if, I thought. I knew she would be thinking see-through or micro- mini. 'I will lay your bikini pants and bra out later, when I see what you have chosen. The colour ...' I finished off vaguely.' As if, again. There would be no bra or panties today.  
  
About ten minutes before we left she called me into the bedroom, telling me that she was ready for the underwear. There was a see-through blouse and a short leather, wrap-over skirt laying on the bed. I was delighted, the blouse definitely needed a bra under it and as for the skirt, the wrap-over section was not very large so every-time she sat down a large V opened in the front between her legs. The leather was stiff enough to stay firm and therefore never laid flat along her thighs. She would need panties with it.  
  
'I have put them out already,' I said and saw her pick up the blouse and skirt case she had dropped them on the underwear. She checked the floor on the far side in case they had fallen off and then the realisation hit her. There was no underwear today. She turned to the wardrobe with the skirt and blouse in her hand.  
  
'No. leave them there.'  
  
'Leave what? I haven't got my clothes out yet.'  
  
'Good try. I think these are what you were going to wear. So just put them on.'  
  
But I can't wear either of them without underwear. This shirt is so sheer you can see right through it, and you know that this skirt shows my knickers whenever I wear them.'  
  
'Yup, I know that. So why did you choose them? Did you want Mark to have to choose whether to watch your tits through a skimpy bra or spend lunchtime looking at your knickers perhaps?'  
  
She knew she was caught. She could give no answer. She was caught red-handed. 'I think the phrase darling is 'Do the crime, get caught, do the time,' so you have to take the punishment, which in this case, definitely fits the crime.' I laughed. I was going to enjoy this and I knew that Susan would as well. Just not yet. First the embarrassment, then she would feel horny. I may let her relieve some of that horniness later, I thought. The day was sunny but quite cold. I got a ski-jacket that I knew she didn't like, for her to wear over the blouse and skirt. She put it on unwillingly, it was hardly haut couture. I knew she wouldn't wear it for a moment longer than she needed to.  
  
We walked into the bar where Mark was already waiting with a bottle of bubbly. Real French bubbly. Susan had her coat off before she got to the table. She was starting to enjoy it already. She knew the coat would be off before long so it might as well be off straightaway.  
  
'Wow Susan, you look gorgeous.'  
  
And she did. She had showered, her hair was long, red and gleaming and her make-up was perfect. Her nipples were hard and only I knew that she had shaved her puss. But Mark would soon I thought, and smiled.  
  
He smiled back, 'Sorry Alex you look great as well of course, losing weight?'  
  
Smarmy bastard, I thought, but I had and maybe it was showing.  
  
'Do you mind if I have a pint,' I said. 'I was working out this morning and am still thirsty.'  
  
He got my lager and returned to the table where we had sat. I noticed his eyes were on the front of Susan's skirt, which I could see from where I was sitting was gaping open. I noticed that Susan wasn't quite sitting in a hiding sort of way. She didn't exactly have her legs apart, but then they weren't quite squeezed together either.  
  
'I really wanted to thank you,' he said. 'Art and Darren were impressed enough with you that they gave me a nice leaving bonus for finding you.'  
  
I was delighted. 'I am so pleased Mark. They seem quite fair guys. We are getting along well so far. I have come up with a couple of ideas.'  
  
'I can see that,' he said. 'Part of my leaving package was a lifetime membership of VSX and a hotline number to Art if I come up with any ideas. I have been watching you both the last couple of nights, while the wife has been away. You have been pretty busy you two, and out tonight as well, you said.'  
  
'Yes,' I said. 'I have an idea. We are meeting up with Sandra, Alice, Tim and Roger, who you probably know anyway.' He nodded that he did. 'Why don't you come along, we are all meeting up together to have a getting-to-know-you game of cards.' I could see he wanted to but couldn't make himself say yes.  
  
'No, I can't the numbers are nice and balanced and the wife can't come along...' nor would want to, I thought. I sorted that. 'Don't worry. I know just the single girl, to make up the numbers, she is just about to move into the apartments and I need to have a chat with her anyway. You could escort Susan if you wouldn't mind.' I could see that both thought it was a great idea but neither could own up to it, so the excuses came thick and fast.  
  
'Oh no I couldn't. I mean Susan I would love to but... , well suppose I meet up with this other girl instead and ... '  
  
Susan stopped any arguments. 'That would be lovely. I would love to have a handsome escort for the evening. Especially if Alex is having to talk business with Tracy.' She knew I didn't have any business to talk over with Tracy. I made a couple of phone calls first to Tracy and then Sandra and Alice and everything was sorted. I asked Sandra to tell Tim and Roger, although I knew they wouldn't mind.  
  
We carried on drinking talking and laughing, while Mark told us a little about his Father-in-Law and his brewery. I stopped him buying another bottle by saying that we should get back as we had things to do before going out. I broke the party up fairly quickly and Susan disappeared off to the toilet.  
  
'You know where we live Mark, why don't you come round about seven and have a drink before we go out?'  
  
'Yes, that's fine, are you sure I will not be in the way?'  
  
'On the contrary, we will be eight for cards. It may get a bit raunchy, well, you know what to expect, you have seen the other nights this week.'  
  
That hit him. He hadn't expected that he was being invited to that sort of party. 'Oh, but... umm, are you...'  
  
'Super see you later,' I said picking up Susan's coat for her, but being careful not to let her put it on before we had said goodbye to the Landlord, Les. Keep him sweet as well, after a perve at Susan's tits.  
  
I managed to keep Susan busy all afternoon. Checking my plan for the flats and doing a bit of food shopping. At about six thirty I pretended to have a text from Tracy. 'Could I go to her place and pick her up?'  
  
I told Susan that tonight was likely to be a strip poker session or similar and that I had laid her underwear out. She could wear what she liked above it but not too many layers please. I would check her later. I told her that she had plenty of time before Mark was due to arrive. 'When he gets here give him a drink and chat, or should I say flirt with him. I know you are looking forward to it and I am going to give you Carte Blanche to flirt, tease, strip or do almost anything you like with him. Just no sucking, no fucking. You may do that later as a party girl, if that's how the party goes, but not here on your own in the flat. That would be the action of a cheating slapper. Your reputation would suffer. I promise the same about Tracy. Anyway, I am picking her up from home so won't have the same pressures as you will, on your own with Mark in the flat here. Don't forget that I can keep an eye on you on the laptop. But, you can show him a good time. I don't think he will be here for a while yet anyway. If I am not back by nine go straight round to the Girl's flat with Mark and I will see you there.'  
  
'You know I wouldn't. My name is not Alex, she said, 'You are the one fucking around, look at last night.'  
  
'Don't start. That's not me normally. You know there were exceptional circumstances. You agreed that at the time.'  
  
'Hmmm.'  
  
I monopolised the bathroom and about five minutes to seven left the flat. The idea was for Susan to be surprised by Mark just as she got into the shower. I could then watch her on my lap-top and see how she teased him.  
  
My timing was good. Susan was about to get in the shower and I had to slip into a shop doorway as I saw Mark walking down the road.  
  
I pulled into the Kings Head, where I was to meet Tracy, ordered a pint and opened my laptop on a table in the corner.  
  
I was watching Susan in the bedroom, she had just thrown off her t-shirt and was about to enter the bathroom naked.  
  
She cocked her head at the doorbell, and I heard her say out loud, 'Either Alex forgot his key s again or it will be one of the girls downstairs.'  
  
She picked up a hand towel to cover herself and threw back the door. 'Mark!' she said. 'I thought you were Melissa from downstairs. Errr come in. Alex had to pop out. Let me get you a drink.'  
  
It was working perfectly. She tried to usher him into the lounge before her, but ever the gentleman I heard him say, 'After you. Show me the way.' He may as well have said 'After you. Show me your butt,' because that is what he meant. And that is what he got.  
  
'Am I a little early. I thought Alex said seven.'  
  
'No that's fine I am sorry if I am not ready, and I am sure Alex will be back soon. We do not need to leave before about nine. Watching Mark looking at a practically naked Susan who was about to pour him a drink and then give him two hours to enjoy it, was a picture in itself.  
  
'Won't you join me in a drink? I hate to drink alone.' Especially I thought as she would have to stand up and walk over to the cabinet, or perhaps out to the kitchen. Finally, she went to the kitchen, found the new bottle of prosecco I had chilled earlier, poured herself a glass and excused herself for a moment to go to the bedroom. This was a test, I thought. What would she wear? How much would she cover up? I was pretty sure she wouldn't put the old t-shirt that she had just taken off. It was probably at least a little dirty. Like Susan, I thought.  
  
She went to the drawer and pulled out one of my favourite tabard style shirts with the long arm-holes and a pair of bright red panties. She looked at the nearest camera for a second and then she put the panties back in the drawer. The little tart. I loved her.  
  
'Sorry for being so long,' she said and sat on the chair opposite him, probably the best viewing spot for her pussy but the worst for her boobs. She sat and chatted for the whole drink, probably twenty minutes before telling him that if she did not have shower now she would have to go smelly.  
  
She was back in ten minutes with her hair in a towel, the same t-shirt on and still no panties, but this time she chose to sit beside him. Another drink and it was coming towards eight o'clock when I saw his hand on her thigh. She had not said anything and it took me a while to realise it had been there some time. I ran back a few minutes to check and found it there ten minutes earlier and considerably lower. I only noticed it when it was practically on her crotch. As he touched it for the first time, I think, she stood and said, 'I am beginning to run late. Come into the bedroom while I do my hair.'  
  
If he hadn't had a good look at her tits earlier, which he had, he was going to get a great view now, with her arms up playing with her hair-dryer and a brush.  
  
When her hair was perfect she leaned forward to put on make-up. What happens when you lean forward in a dress with armholes down to the waist? Yes, your breasts are completely exposed. She has no shame, I thought. All three of us were loving it.  
  
I doubt that she had found time to check the underwear I had laid out for her. A bra made up of only straps around her boobs, no covering at all and crotchless panties. Suspenders and stockings, naturally. Of course, what else do you wear for a strip poker party. She looked a little shocked and risked a smile at the camera.  
  
'Look what that man of mine has done. You know he chooses my underwear for me whenever I go out, well look what he has chosen.' She held the offending garments up.  
  
'Good choice,' said Mark. 'Do you need a hand with them?'  
  
'Of course not. I can put my own underwear on thank you.' She tried to sound affronted. 'Actually,' she said bashfully. 'I cannot see how this bra goes on, it is only straps. I have never worn one like it before. Do you know how it goes?'  
  
It is amazing how much fitting of the hands around the breasts was necessary for a little bit of lace to get fastened around them.  
  
'There,' he said. 'That feels right. I mean looks right. This other lacy thing looks a bit the same, why don't you stand up and face me and if I get down on my knees here I may be able to see how it fits. Oh, that was easy,' he said, as Susan quickly clipped the suspender belt into position.  
  
'I have worn this one before,' she said. 'So I knew. I may well need help with the stockings though, if I just lay back down and you see if you can slide them down my legs.'  
  
I knew she was going to flirt with him and I would have made a few guesses that she wouldn't be wearing a lot of clothes, but if he just fell forward now he would fill her in one movement.  
  
'Oh,' she said. I don't think you need to spread my legs that far apart. It may give you ideas and before you ask, the answer is no. If you were hungry you should have eaten before you came out.'  
  
I wondered how he could stop himself. I am not sure that I could have done.  
  
'Right, now I am standing up again, you can fasten the suspender straps to the tops of the stockings. And no, you don't need to support the top of my thighs. Thank you. Hands off or I get dressed in the bathroom, thank you, yes, that's very good. They are nice and tight. Do they look alright?'  
  
'Susan, they look more than alright. You look fabulous. Good enough to eat.'  
  
'Mark, you naughty boy. We have been through all that. Next time eat before you come out. If you are still hungry later, well, we will see how it goes.'  
  
'What about the panties,' Mark said. 'They look awkward, can I help?'  
  
'Only if you are a good boy,' said Susan.  
  
'How good do you want me to be?'  
  
'Not that good, touching, but no loving, okay?'  
  
Mark looked disappointed.  
  
'What sort of a girl do you think I am? This is only a first date.'  
  
'I guess I would have been a happy bunny if all the girls I have ever dated allowed me to help them get dressed before we went out.'  
  
'Exactly, and as you say we haven't even gone out yet. Just think about the goodnight kiss. Now just pull those panties up and tuck them in around the back. Ooh that's' too far, and anyway that wasn't my panties, you were tucking. It was my skin.'  
  
'Wow your white, soft skin looks so lovely in this gap in your panties.'  
  
'Yes,' Susan mused, 'it does sort of frame it doesn't it, but how do you know it is soft? Have you been touching?'  
  
'Not with my tongue which is what I would like to have been using. Only my poor little fingers.'  
  
'Down boy. Now hand me my skirt, the same one I wore this morning I think. That will keep Alex happy. And I think this mohair furry top. I just love the way my nipples rub against the fur, and it is not too long. It shows a bit of tummy.'  
  
'You look really gorgeous.' He told her again. 'I hope there are girls like you in Newcastle.'  
  
'There are,' she said. 'You are married to one of them. And No, I don't want to hear any stories out of school about how your wife doesn't understand you. You men are a bunch of randy goats who should be castrated at birth. It doesn't look like Alex is coming home now. Here is the address. It is not far but I don't fancy walking. I am not a cheap date. Go outside and hail a cab or call an Uber. I will be down in two minutes. And no groping in the cab,' she smiled.  
  
I laughed as she walked back into the bathroom and washed her pussy. If I was correct, she was running wet and really needed to come. It looked like an interesting evening in front of us.

**Chapter 24 A Friendly Game of Cards**  
  
As I closed my lap-top and purchased a couple of bottles of wine Tracy came into the pub. I gave her a kiss and said 'Perfect timing, with a bit of luck we can share a cab. Would you mind doing me a favour and if anyone asks, I picked you up at home and we were just on our way back to my flat to pick up Susan and Mark. I can explain later.'  
  
'Sure. I am sorry I asked you not to come to the house but I didn't really want you bumping into Dad in case he said something that Mum might have caught on to. She is already a little suspicious that I have a free flat to use.'  
  
'We will try and find a way to pacify her.' I said. 'Oh look, there they are, getting into that cab. Hi Susan, Mark this is Tracy. Tracy, Mark. We were just on our way home to get you. Perfect timing.'  
  
I got an accusing look from Susan. I wondered what she could be accusing me of, especially after what she had been doing. I knew I was fireproof, apart from spying on her.  
  
We were quickly at the girls' flat and a few more introductions were made.  
  
Mark had joined the company as the girls were moving into their flat and had met the boys on one occasion as well.  
  
There was a table full of drinks and nibbles that we attacked with gusto. I quickly brought the subject of the party. 'How did you think the first monthly party went?' I asked. There was unanimous agreement that it went well. Not too much outrageous sex for a first meet, but enough to get them all feeling randy. 'I must say,' Sandra said, 'We have been following your escapades on line the last few nights, You two have really been going for it. Susan when we get a quiet moment I really want to ask you about Louis.'  
  
'Louis who?' asked Susan to laughter.  
  
'Yes, that's the one,' said Alice.  
  
'And last night,' asked Roger. 'If we got invited to supper could we, well you know.' The girls all catcalled and the boys leaned in for the answer.  
  
'I have no idea, invite them round for supper and see. One thing I would tell you...' and I leaned forward conspiratorially, 'If you ever get invited round there for a meal ... go.' I paused. 'She is a wonderful cook.'  
  
The girls nearly wet themselves laughing and all the boys who had been hanging on my every word had the grace to laugh at themselves. 'I will tell you one thing to watch out for, if she wants to treat Dave normally and as a regular guy and husband, she calls him Dave, and if they are in the mood to play, David. There, and you haven't heard it from me, you just picked it up by watching the session. Anyway, weren't we going to play cards?'  
  
'Good idea,' said Sandra. 'Rather than Poker, which we don't all know, we thought an easier game would be Newmarket which is also a betting game. In the regular game you put your bet on one of four cards, an ace, a king, a queen or a jack, all of different suits and the person who plays that card wins the money on it. You also put a coin in the middle and who ever uses up all their cards first takes that pot. In this game whoever plays one of the four picture cards loses one item of clothing and the person who goes out first loses two. There are eight of us and we deal cards to all eight plus one hand for a dummy. These, in the dummy, are effectively stop cards. The person who has the two of diamonds goes first followed by the person who has the three then the four etc. When no-one can go, because the next card is in the dummy hand, then the person who played last can play again, the lowest card in their hand. It carries on like that. As soon as you play one of the four 'losing' cards you take off one item. It will be quicker than poker and at least three of us don't know the hands in poker. Let's play a dummy round and you will see how it goes.'  
  
We did and it went well. Everybody knew what we were doing. One of the boys asked, 'How many articles of clothing is everyone wearing?'  
  
This was going to be fun.  
  
The boys who had taken their shoes off at the door all managed five pretty easily. Socks, shirt, trousers and underwear. Sandra was quick to admit that she had five on, which was interesting because all we could see was her dress and tights or stockings. Stockings I suspected, so maybe no bra. Alice only had four on. She wore no socks, so it was easy to work out what she was wearing. Blouse, skirt, bra and panties. Tracy had six. I had glimpsed stocking tops earlier and I could see a bra strap so they must have been hold-ups unless she had no panties on.  
  
'Nine,' said Susan going pink. 'No seven. I will take my shoes off now.' Even the girls were surprised. There were a few cries of unfair  
  
I whispered to Roger sitting next to me to ask her if she was sure, that was an awful lot of clothes and to ask me about it.  
  
'I am not an expert on ladies clothing,' said Roger, 'but that sounds an awful lot. We know Alex chooses your underwear, so Alex can you tell us the number?'  
  
'I am afraid not, I went out today before Susan went into the shower. Mark what time did you get there? Do you know what she is wearing? You are her date for the evening.'  
  
A few jaws dropped and I saw Susan spot the trap I was leading her into.  
  
'I got there at seven like you said and no, Susan had not got into the shower yet.'  
  
'So, what was she wearing when you got there?'  
  
They looked at each other and I could see the questions in their minds, 'Shall we tell the truth?'  
  
'Nothing,' said Susan. 'As I was saying I was just about to go in the shower. I had a towel of course.'  
  
'That's okay,' said Alice. 'I like wearing a bath towel myself. It can be a great tease.'  
  
'Well it wasn't exactly a bath towel, just a bit smaller. Anyway, not that it should be of interest to any of you, but I poured him a drink, went for my shower and then got dressed. That's it.'  
  
'So, did Mark see you dressing, will he know what you are wearing?' Roger asked.  
  
'Well no,' said Mark, 'Well, maybe a glimpse. White I think they are. Why don't you just tell us what the seven items are and we can start the game?'  
  
'Either that,' I said, 'or we could just watch the replay on the VSX site.'  
  
'Mark went pale and Susan stuttered. 'We.. we.. we don't need to do that. Why don't I just get down to five and then start the game.'  
  
'That's reasonable,' I said, 'So what are you going to take off.'  
  
'My stockings of course. Then I have the same four as everyone else plus suspenders.'  
  
'That sounds a little boring,' I said. Why don't we ask the guys what you should take off? I vote for blouse and skirt. Mark?'  
  
'Oh, stockings definitely.' Susan gave him a grateful smile which was spotted by Roger and Tim who both voted for blouse and skirt in order to see exactly what caused her to be so grateful.  
  
She looked daggers at me and started shuffling off her skirt while seated.  
  
'Oh no, normal rules,' said Tim. 'Stand in the middle and show everyone and then a long slow spin.'  
  
'Yeah,' all the boys cheered. I noticed that even the girls were beginning to enjoy her embarrassment.  
  
I could see her cursing me under her breath as she stood up and removed her fluffy mohair top to display her beautiful breasts. Her nipples just surrounded by strips of white lace.  
  
'Wow Mark,' I said. 'You only got a glimpse and you could tell they were white. That must have been some glimpse. I am sitting here and almost all I can see is flesh.'  
  
'Well of course, that is because I am a gentleman and only looked at the lace.'  
  
We all laughed. I assumed it was a joke.  
  
'And do we want to see the panties,' I asked. They both went pale again.  
  
'Panties, panties,' was the cry.  
  
I got 'the look' again from Susan, which was only marginally tempered by the hint of a grin appearing. I could see that she was just beginning to enjoy herself. She was beginning to get the glint in her eye. She dropped the skirt to howls from the men and cries of astonishment from the girls.  
  
'Wow. You go girl,' said Alice. 'I have never seen a gap that size in crotchless panties. There is more gap than pantie.' We all laughed.  
  
'Mark, I am even more amazed that you remember they were white. There is even more flesh there than white. Turn around Susan, show us that beautiful bottom.'  
  
She turned a couple more times until we were all satisfied that we had seen all there was to see. We let her sit.  
  
'So, Tracy, as my date for the night, I would be embarrassed if you started off with more items than anyone else so perhaps you should lose one item as well. Which is it to be boys?'  
  
The skirt of course was favourite and she shimmied it off to show us tiny white bikini panties and her hold-ups.  
  
We were ready to start the game at last.  
  
I always seem to be unlucky at cards and so of course I held the Jack of Diamonds which was the first of the target cards to be played.  
  
I started taking off a sock only to hear the call from Susan, 'Woah, woah there. We haven't agreed what we want you to take off. Remember, that's what you did to poor Tracy and me.' Hoist with my own petard. I couldn't argue particularly when Tracy agreed. 'That's right we want to see some cock. Get those trousers off.'  
  
I wasn't too unhappy as it was going to speed up the removal of everyone's clothes. We would soon get everyone down to Susan's state of showing everything I thought. Next was Alice who lost her blouse and then poor Tim suffered the most as he played his last card before the King of Clubs got played. It was obviously in the dummy hand. The girls made him stand in the middle and remove both his trousers and boxers. No pity for the new boy.  
  
The next game started and over the course of the next half an hour, Alice lost her skirt to reveal sheer Brazilian-cut panties, Mark lost his trousers and Sandra who finished the hand first lost her dress and panties. She was left wearing just black stockings and suspenders. Beautiful.  
  
I do love that time when people are partly dressed, some more than others, so suggested we stop, have a nibble and a drink and maybe even a dance before we started again.  
  
We started dancing to 'Billie Jean' but then a slow number came on and we all started to get into the party spirit. Sandra changed the music to all slow numbers and we were soon groping each other merrily.  
  
I did say after a while that it was a little unfair on a couple of people that we had stopped, particularly Roger who was the only one completely dressed still. They all agreed and over the next half hour Roger lost his trousers and then again later his boxers, Mark lost his boxers and Tracy lost her blouse and panties, to be left with just a bra and hold-up stockings.  
  
More dancing enabled a little more fondling before we started again. We decided that in this round the loser of the item should approach someone of the opposite sex who would remove the chosen garment with their teeth only.  
  
Alice lost her blouse and bra after we allowed Tim to use his hands on her buttons. He claimed that the bra was an accident, it got in the way as he was removing her shirt. We let him get away with that because, as he said, if he had been trying to take off a second item he would have gone for her panties. We laughed and told her that she had to keep it off anyway. I lost my boxers to Tracy, while she managed to make me erect while doing so. She then led me round the room by my cock introducing it to all the other girls.  
  
The game was rapidly abandoned as Roger challenged any of the guys to arm-wrestle him for the right to take Alice's panties off. Mark took him on and lost easily, so Roger lay Alice down and removed her panties, taking them down with his teeth. Eventually. It was long slow job and looked very tiring. She had to turn over as he worked first from the back and then the front. His technique was interesting in that he straddled Alice's body in a sixty-nine position in order to push the panties down rather than pull them. How easily he could move with his cock in her mouth we were not sure. Tim beat me at paper, stone scissors, to remove Tracy's bra. That only left Susan and we asked her to stand in the middle and turn slowly while we decided whether we would bother to remove anything at all as it was all on show anyway. We decided in the end to keep her stockings, suspenders and bra, basically because we just liked them and they were only straps anyway. We would have to remove her panties and that the person who should do it was Mark because he was her date for the evening. He could also put her in any position he liked to remove it. Cleverly he had her do a hand stand against the wall and removed them by pulling them up her legs. Of course, we would not let her close her legs when he finished so we held them wide apart as he kissed her to say thank you for them. I don't have to tell you where he kissed her but he was limited to one minute.  
  
That only left us men all wearing socks and shirts. The girls went into a huddle, and decided they would give a prize to the best stripper of the evening. It turned out to be Tim who was a really good dancer. He was asked to draw a bit of paper out of a hat as his prize and was told after they opened the folded paper that he had half an hour in the bedroom with Alice. Not that anyone was going to put a stop-watch on him. Apparently, the next time he was seen was next morning. The party came to a rapid conclusion. Roger and Sandra just lay on the floor and fucked in the corner, Mark grabbed Susan and fucked her over the back of the lounge chair and I did the same to Tracy on the sofa.  
  
We had all finished about midnight so while we raided the fridge for soft drinks, I asked Mark if he wouldn't mind taking Tracy to her house as it was on his way home.  
  
I thought that he may have considered it a bit of a cheek, as I had absolutely no idea where he lived, but he seized the idea with alacrity. We found out a couple of days later that he took her back to his hotel for the night, as all his furniture was packed.  
  
I managed to get Susan to myself in the cab and we confirmed to each other that we had both had an interesting evening. I knew I was going to have fun in the morning when we watched the recording of her getting ready for the party.

**Chapter 25 Dinner with more Old Friends**  
  
I had fun next morning. I had made and eaten my breakfast before Susan surfaced. Whether she had really slept in, or waited until she hoped that I had gone out, I don't know. I had sat quietly in the kitchen until nearly ten o'clock, reading, but with the laptop open and ready to watch. I heard her in the bathroom so by the time she came into the kitchen I was a few minutes into the recording. I had just got to the stage where she had answered the door. I started laughing.  
  
'Good morning honey, what are you laughing at, U-tube again?'  
  
'Come and have a look,' I said. 'It's not U-tube. I am not sure they would accept it. I was just laughing at Mark's face as he follows you across the lounge with you just holding that hand towel in front of you. He loves your bum.'  
  
She groaned and visibly shivered. 'No, please no. You are not watching that are you? Just let it go. That was yesterday. Tell me something interesting. What are your plans for today and tomorrow?'  
  
''Oh, come on. This is really funny. I think my favourite bit is where you lay on your back, without panties on, wave your legs in the air and ask him to put your stockings on. I know I said you should flirt with him but...'  
  
I just managed to avoid the honey jar that was thrown at me from across the room. Luckily it was plastic, not glass, so didn't shatter on landing against the wall. Wow. This was serious, she had never got anywhere near resorting to violence before. Throttle back Alex, I said to myself.  
  
'Hey, sorry, sorry. I was just taking the piss. I am not upset. You know I like to take the mickey out of you. It was just in fun. Really. Come on kiss me. Let us make up.'  
  
'Keep your f... yes I'm going to say it you bastard, keep your fucking hands off me. I may never let you touch me again. You set me up last night. You invited him two hours early when you were going out and then kept an eye on me on the laptop to see whether I had screwed him. Well guess what, I wish I had. If I had his number now I would be ringing it and inviting him to move in and fuck me because you would be moving out.'  
  
Oh fuck, I think she was upset.  
  
'Listen honey, I may have got this so wrong, but you know I have screwed two or three girls this week, some of whom you have even had to watch. I know how much you love to flirt, especially when you are embarrassed, and yes, I thought I would get you embarrassed and then you would get a real hoot out of it. And yes, I did tell you no sex or sucking until later, because it is true that you would get a reputation for screwing around if the two of you had done it while I wasn't here. You were able to get your rocks off with him last night though and probably enjoyed it all the more because you had to wait for it.'  
  
I put my arm around her. I could see she was no longer in a throwing mood, she was slightly mollified by my argument.  
  
'I am not trying to excuse myself any more but I wouldn't have teased you if I hadn't seen you enjoying yourself. When you were dressing after showering, you looked at the camera and then put the panties back in the drawer. You even smiled at the camera.'  
  
She started to cry. Oh shit.  
  
'What's up now?'  
  
'Do you really think I am a slut? Is that what I am? Will you be whoring me out in a couple of weeks?'  
  
I am no good with tears but I think these were put on. I hoped.  
  
'Not until after Christmas, I am just setting up the website.'  
  
She was looking around for something to throw. Luckily she was nowhere near the knife drawer.  
  
The tears had stopped being replaced by a glint that I hoped was fun.  
  
I grabbed her, kissed the tear tracks, and held her tight. I didn't even try to finger her ass under the t-shirt she was wearing. That was unusual.  
  
'It's time for another long chat. Put the coffee on again while we talk about what's happening to us. Let me make some points and I want you to say good or bad after each one, okay.'  
  
'And then what happens.'  
  
If there are more bads then goods, we have to talk about whether we want to continue this life style. So answer truthfully, think about your answers.'  
  
'Okay.'  
  
'We are living together.' 'Good.' That was a relief. First hurdle over.  
  
'We have a nice flat.' 'Good.'  
  
'We have a new job. I say we because there is something for us both to do but separate them if you like.' 'No, Good.'  
  
'We have made some really good friends and some fun acquaintances.' 'Good.'  
  
'We are having more sex than ever.' 'Good.'  
  
'We are having better sex than ever.' 'Good.'  
  
'I am taking the piss out of you a lot.' Long consideration. 'True, not sure. You saw how I reacted earlier.'  
  
'I love you.' 'I think that's true. Sometimes it's good. Sometimes I hate you.'  
  
'You love me.' Another long pause. 'Bastard, you know I do. Good. Okay I get the point. Alex is screwing the world so all's right with the world.'  
  
'That's not entirely fair, but 'Good,' is what I say to that, and you are not doing too badly yourself for sex either. Truce honey? I will try not to laugh too much at you. How about I ask you before I embarrass you, humiliate you, or get you to do something really sexy.'  
  
'Bad, you know I don't enjoy it nearly as much. You know I love to be exposed and shocked. You know how much I fucking loved teasing Mark last night. You know how much I enjoyed fucking him last night, and you know me too well.'  
  
She jumped into my arms, wrapped her legs around me and kissed me deeply. I think I was back in favour. I might try and get Darren to give me a copy of last night's tapes though. It would be a fond memory in years to come.  
  
'You asked me what plans I had for today and tomorrow. You will be pleased to hear, I hope, that I have no plans for today and the only thing organised for tomorrow is our first real board meeting. We will get to see how the first month has gone and hopefully meet the electricians and the accounts people. It is all outsourced but they work on our accounts and they will give us the first real idea how much money we are making. Shall we go out to dinner, just the two of us, tonight. I am confident that we can afford it. Anywhere you like. How about that nice French place, a couple of streets away. Le Jardin, I think it is called. Make a booking for eight o'clock. Why don't you wear that green satin sheath dress we bought in the sex shop. You know the one with no sides.'  
  
She laughed, 'You may not like it as much. I have found some matching satin cord and put two more straps down the sides to hold it together so that I can walk more easily. It still shows that I am not wearing anything underneath, but not quite as readily. Anyway, you will still like it. I will book the table.'  
  
'If we aim to leave just before seven we can have a quick glass of bubbly at the wine bar in the same street.'  
  
We did exactly that. The dress looked fabulous, and much more practical. Two thin three-inch long straps connected the sides between her hips and her waist. It was easy to see she had nothing on under it but it wouldn't just fly open if she moved quickly or a light breeze started. I could feel her preen herself as I helped her out of her coat in the wine bar. I ordered two glasses of French champagne and stood back and watched the other customers looking at Susan. The men were lusting and most of the girls seemed to be jealous, constantly trying to get their man's attention back. We left at eight and walked three doors along to Le Jardin. We were astonished to see Gordon and Elise just being seated. Elise waved and Gordon who was still standing came over to greet us. The Maitre d' waited while we exchanged kisses and started to move us towards our table.  
  
'Will you not join us?' asked Gordon. 'Emile, can you find us a table for four? I would much rather have this gorgeous lady at my table rather than the far side of the restaurant.'  
  
We were happy to join them and share a bottle of bubbly. I was able to tell Gordon that I had been recruited by the flat owners to be one of the management team, in charge of the tenants. He was delighted for us and said if there was anything he could do to help just let us know. I thanked him and said I was not even sure what he did. He laughed and said he owned a property company specialising in flats. If we wanted to lease any, he would usually be able to find us some. I told him a little about the company and told him to buy a membership to VSX when he would be able to watch what we did and would get an idea what sort of flats we needed. He suggested that he had a block, a bit like the one we were in, that had six flats, very close by. The advantage of a whole block was that the other residents wouldn't get upset to find that one or two of the flats were being used for porn and were being offered free. He made a good point. I told him I would bring it up at the meeting tomorrow and get back to him. While we had been talking I realised that Susan had been relaying to Elise the story of the set-up last night. Elise was part shocked and part excited. I heard her say what a nice young man Mark must have been not to get carried away with the situation. As Gordon was describing the flats, I heard her whisper, 'It was just as well that he didn't invite Gordon round under those circumstances. He would have had you in bed before you would get a chance to get in the shower. He would not have been able to stop from jumping on you. You don't have a copy of that broadcast do you. Gordon would love it, and so would I.'  
  
'No,' I heard Susan whisper,' but I will try and get one.'  
  
We had a lovely meal and vowed to come back. The conversation had flowed and we all had a terrific time. Gordon eventually agreed to share the bill but asked us to come again as his guests next time.  
  
Before we left Susan excused herself to use the ladies. I think the whole restaurant went quiet as we watched her walk the length of the room. I suddenly realised that the two new straps at hip level were no longer there. It was open from her ankle to her armpits. She walked slowly, I am not sure whether to stop the dress flapping open or whether to allow every one time to look at her.  
  
Gordon was quick to get to his feet and help her back into her chair. 'My dear, you must excuse me, I hadn't realised sitting there how truly spectacular that dress is. Or should I say how truly spectacularly you wear it.'  
  
'Well thank you kind sir. It is the first time that I have been brave enough to wear it.'  
  
'In that case it is my good fortune to be in the right place at the right time. I would be honoured if you would wear it next time we go out.'  
  
Susan laughed and nudged him in the ribs with her elbow. 'You dirty old goat, you just want to see my body, but if it keeps you happy, and Elise agrees, I will happily wear it for you again.'  
  
Elise smiled, and said, 'Of course I will be delighted if you wear it. It certainly looks very different without the two lower straps doesn't it.' She winked at Susan to show that she was aware that somehow Susan had removed the straps since she arrived. Susan blushed a little but Elise only grinned at her.  
  
I raised my eyebrows, 'Yes, how did you do that?'  
  
I continued for Elise's benefit, 'Susan added those straps to the original dress herself, and now they have gone.'  
  
'Velcro. I can do them back up if you like.'  
  
'Heaven forbid,' said Gordon. 'Can we offer you a lift home?'  
  
'Thank you,' said Susan. 'We are only a short way away, but nicer than walking if you have your car nearby. Will you come up for a drink?'  
  
'Thank you. That would be lovely, wouldn't it Elise?' She just smiled. Judging by the way his hand was stroking Susan's back, under her dress, he was looking for more than a drink.  
  
We got outside to find that not only had he got a car out there he had a driver as well. We thought he was well off but didn't realise it would extend to a full-time driver.  
  
He directed the driver while I sat in the back between Elise and Susan. Gordon wasn't the only one looking for more than a drink. Elise had grabbed my cock through my trousers and was gently fondling it. I was actually pleased that we only took a few moments or I might have made a mess in my trousers. What a waste that would have been.  
  
Gordon told his driver that he could go home as he was likely to be a couple of hours and would call Uber.  
  
I offered them a couple of face-masks, as they had used them last time, and organised drinks. I did ask Susan whether she would like a tequila as I noticed she had bought a bottle recently and she gave me a very stern look, which Elise noticed.  
  
'That was a pretty heavy look Susan. Can I assume you got a little drunk on it last night?'  
  
'Well not last night Elise, but I certainly had too much a few nights ago.'  
  
'She certainly did,' I added. 'You should have seen us on line, you must get yourself a membership. If I remember rightly, she said 'Never again' and yet next day I found a bottle in the cupboard.'  
  
'Stop telling tales Alex and get those drinks. Elise and I will have a prosecco please. What will you have Gordon?'  
  
I heard her whisper to Elise that she would try and get her that recording as well.  
  
'Thank you Susan. Just a glass of red if I may.'  
  
I was in the kitchen pouring the drinks when Susan came in to help me carry them. She gave me a strong elbow in the ribs and said 'Would you stop trying to embarrass me. Give me that tray and I will take the drinks in.'  
  
For just one moment, I was confused. If she was that embarrassed about probably the two worst things she had done in the last couple of months why was she promising to give Elise a copy. Then I realised that the whispered criticism was just her excuse for coming in to the kitchen. When she walked back in and offered the drinks from a tray her dress would balloon forward, exposing herself completely. I thought it would be fun to warn her.  
  
As she reached the door with the tray in her hands I said, 'Careful Susan, remember which dress you have on when you are holding that tray.'  
  
She had the grace to look a little embarrassed before grinning and said, 'I have remembered. Thank you.'  
  
I was close behind her when she offered first Elise her prosecco. I had carried my own so took the opportunity to join Elise on the sofa. Susan was careful to stand front on, and bend her knees to offer Elise her drink to minimise the amount that the dress gapped. When she got to Gordon's chair, after offering him his wine, she stood side-on to him, and leant across him to place her own glass on the side table. Her straight-legged bend opened the dress entirely, hanging straight down from her neck. Gordon didn't even hesitate before taking her nearest breast in his cupped palm, as if to support it's weight. She took her time fiddling with the glass and then happily accepted the seat on his knee that he offered. At this stage I stopped watching as Elise had already unzipped my cock and dropped to her knees in front of me. While she was tickling her tonsils with my cock I was slowly lowering the zip on the back of her dress. I was never going to undress her as quickly as Gordon was going to strip Susan but it wasn't going to take me a lot longer.  
  
I had got her dress off and was admiring her undies, a silk chemise, g-string and stockings with a suspender belt when I heard Gordon cough. 'Alex I wouldn't normally ask, but I really don't want to rush this. Would you mind if we stayed the night and left in the morning. We can perhaps alternate for the use of the bedroom.'  
  
'No need Gordon, you take the bedroom and I will make this sofa up into a bed. I am delighted you are staying the night. Help yourself to coffee or anything else you need, including breakfast in the morning. I see you have already helped yourself to the most important thing that you needed.'  
  
He managed a chuckle, and added that he didn't think he would need anything else to eat for breakfast. I knew what he meant and hoped to be in the same position myself, replete.  
  
Elise excused herself to go to the bathroom, while I made up the bed, but only after I had asked her not to undress yet, as I wanted to do that myself. I slowly undressed her, revelling in each abandoned garment and the newly bared flesh. I adored and licked and kissed my way to her core. There may be more noises coming from the bedroom than the lounge, but believe me we were having just as much fun and it went on for a lot longer. I heard Gordon snoring as Elise was getting her third, or maybe fourth orgasm. I was then awoken at about eight by Elise suckling on my cock. 'Quick,' she murmured. 'We will have to be off by nine as I know Gordon has a board meeting he will really want to attend. We have just got time for another of those lovely hard fucks like the first one last night. I love him dearly but he doesn't have your youth and stamina on his side any more. Come on Alex fuck me one more time this morning.'  
  
And that's what we were doing when Gordon stumbled out for the bathroom and then a coffee. He winked and gave me big smile of approval. 'Well done my boy. That will keep her off my back for another few hours.'