**An Apartment with Benefits Part 2**

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

**Chapter 01**  
  
Well time had moved on and the Voyeur apartment business had really gone well. Despite the fact that the expansion had not happened as quickly as I had hoped, the revenues were through the roof. The monthly parties were a big draw and a lot of people had been dragged into joining as a long-term member after a free party weekend introduction. The parties were immensely popular, always achieving great viewing figures.  
  
We had managed to lease Gordons entire block of flats, which turned out to be very near our own flat. There were six units, but a couple of the original flat's tenancies had expired and had to be rehoused. That left us currently with one extra flat looking for tenants, although we were not desperate to rent it out. There was a possibility that Louis's tenancy was also about to either expire, or hopefully, be renewed.  
  
The block of six comprised a two bedroomed and five one bedroomed. That worked well. Sam, Bryony & Melissa had the two bedroomed flat, and Tracy, Tim and Roger, Sandra and Alice, and Jon and Chris, one of the new pair of tenants, had four one bedroomed apartments. There was still one empty. Another advantage of having the block was that it was a bit of a party block. There were no couples. Some three months in, there was no real pairing off, but I had seen all of them having sex with each of the opposite-sex others. Having said that Roger and Sandra did seem to be getting closer than most of the others. Yes, there were no secrets in that house. Everyone knew who was fucking who. It either happened at parties or on-screen. They all had access to lap-tops or phones where they could pick up VSX and see what their flat-mates were up to.  
  
The company wanted to send me on a management course in Manchester. I was really enthusiastic about going until I found that it was a one-month residential course and I would be unable to take Susan with me. The course could have been made for me. It had aspects of accounts, estate agency, legal and man-management human resources.  
  
After talking it over with Susan we agreed that I would have to go, but that I would probably be able to get away weekends to come home. I could get a train back on the Friday night and return either Sunday night, or at a pinch, on the Monday morning. Susan was now the arranger of the monthly party and she organised the next couple so that it coincided with the start and finish of the course. I would leave on the Sunday after the party and return hopefully early enough on the Friday before the next one. If I could get away the last day by about four o'clock, I should still get to the party on time.  
  
It was going to be the first time we had been separated since we moved in together. I would be able to phone her in the evenings from the hotel and it would be very easy for me to keep track of her on my phone or lap-top via the VSX website. I realised that we would have to have a chat about what she could get up to while I was away. In a hotel of course I would probably have no qualms about a little dalliance on the side. I was not expecting to look for one, but if it happened, I probably would not get myself in a position where I would have to explain it to her. On that basis I would have to allow her to have her own fun. Let's face I was going to be away for a lot of days and she was now used to having fun at least once a day.  
  
I brought the subject up over dinner.  
  
'Now Susan, while I am away, I want you to have a good time. I mean, if you want to grab some of the girls or even some of the guys and have ... , well you know, some fun, I won't get upset.'  
  
She laughed, 'Now who is the prude. Here you are telling me to go out and get laid, giving me carte blanche to find a variety of male or lesbian lovers and you cannot even say the word fuck. And, may I ask, are you just laying the way for some infidelities of your own?'  
  
I was quick to reassure her that the thought had never even crossed my mind. I just didn't want her sitting in every evening moping. I did point out however that it would be easy for me to check up on what she was doing, at least inside of the flats.  
  
'So,' I finished up, 'If you really want to be unfaithful to me, don't forget to do it in the back alley behind the pub, because I will always be able to see you if you go with one of the tenants.'  
  
We both laughed before we got a little more serious and she added, 'You know it is going to be difficult for me not to get involved if I get invited out by some of the other tenants, who are now friends of ours. They are all sex mad and may feel sorry for me that I am on my own here. You know I am never going to be looking out for anyone new, but it may be difficult not to play around a little with some of the guys. And as for Gordon, you know he will be all over me like a rash the moment you are gone.'  
  
'Well, make sure you only see him when Elise is there.' I said, and then added, 'Not that that will help. She has the hots for you as much as Gordon does.'  
  
We both laughed again, knowing this to be very true. 'Why don't you put on a little show for me if Gordon comes on to you, I mean when Gordon comes on to you?'  
  
'What do you mean?'  
  
'Stand in front of the camera and say 'Alex, this is for you. I may be being touched by Gordon, but I am thinking of you.' All three of us will get a laugh out of it knowing it is not true, and that the last thing you will be thinking about as he worms his long horny fingers into your pussy is me. But it will also make him aware that we do love each other and that I want to know what you are doing. I am sure I will get a little jealous. It is not like we are in the same room that I can come over and do something about it.'  
  
The sentiment hit the spot and we were soon tumbled up on the sofa, doggy style, Susan squeaking as I thrust into her. I guess we were both thinking about Gordon?  
  
It was still about ten days before I was going but we did cut back a little on the socialising by not organising anything of our own, just going out a couple of times when invited. Gordon and Elise invited us over with Brenda and Jim for a nice dinner at their house. They lived in a very smart three story town-house only a short cab ride away so Jim ordered a cab and picked us up on the way. Knowing it was a smart house and a bit of a formal dinner party we were dressed to kill, which in my and Jim's case meant nice slacks and dress shirts. Ties, no, don't be ridiculous. The girls were both wearing short cocktail dresses. Joanne had the typical little black dress, but shorter than most, and perhaps also cut a lower in the bust than most. Neither had stockings on as it was still a fairly warm evening in early Autumn  
  
I complimented her on her look as I kissed her in greeting, and she was quick to ask Susan if the dress was not just a little too short. 'I had it new for my honeymoon a few months ago but felt it was fine for the cruise but a little fuddy-duddy now, so I shortened it. Is it too much?'  
  
Susan hastened to assure her that it was lovely, and I assured her that while it was a perfect length, most men would be looking at her other assets, 40d's which were equally beautifully displayed.  
  
She tutted, enjoying every minute of the banter before saying, 'Jim you are not going to let him get away with saying that, are you. Say something about that slut Susan's dress.'  
  
We all laughed.  
  
Jim was not going to say anything. He was tongue tied at the sight of the slit in the side of Susan's cheongsam style dress which went all the way up to her waist on one side. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing panties.  
  
Brenda followed his eyes to the slit.  
  
'Oh, I see. Susan, Jim is not going to say anything, he is much too polite, but did you dress in a bit of a hurry tonight dear? Did you forget to put part of your clothing on maybe? Do you want me to get the cabbie to turn around and ask him to go back for your panties?'  
  
That was said loud enough for the cabbie to hear and we saw him turn towards the rear mirror.  
  
'Everything all right there? Can I help with anything?'  
  
Even craning his neck around I knew he could not see what we had been laughing about.  
  
I assured him that we were all okay and that he would get a glimpse of what we had all seen when we got out.  
  
We were quickly there and as I paid him his eyes came out on stalks as he watched Susan alight, not too delicately, from the back.  
  
'Cor luv-a-duck mate. Here's my number if you want a cab home. '  
  
I assured him we would ring as the party went up the stairs to Gordon's front door, his eyes switching between Brenda's short skirt and Susan's tight buttocks.  
  
Gordon had a jacket on. I was pleased to see no tie, and being the perfect gentleman that he was, the jacket came off as soon as he put the girl's wraps in the closet.  
  
Elise ushered us through to the kitchen.  
  
'Come in here and have your drinks. That way I can stay and talk to you, rather than having you sitting in the lounge. And don't you two look wonderful, and of course you as well, Alex and Jim. How are you all. It's been a few weeks since we met up.'  
  
The girls chattered away. I couldn't help watching Gordon's eyes as they flitted between Susan's tight dress, the slit at the side and Brenda's legs and décolletage. He eventually remembered that we were there and we were soon discussing the merits of Arsenal's goal keeper versus Chelsea's. We sipped our beers while the girls chugged away a bottle of real champagne. I excused myself after asking if I may use their toilet. Elise directed me to the downstairs cloakroom and a few moments later, leaving and walking through the hall I spotted Gordon in the dining room changing the name tags around. How strange I thought, with just the six of us there it must have been easy to organise earlier. Elise by the door, myself and Brenda next followed by Gordon on the end, Susan and then Jim coming back. Or even the other way around with Jim and Susan on this side and Brenda and myself on the other. Either way I knew it would not matter I would be sitting between Brenda and Elise and Gordon would be sitting between Brenda and Susan.  
  
The conversations carried on in the kitchen for another fifteen minutes before we were ushered through to the dining room and Gordon showed us politely to our seats. In a flash of inspiration, as Gordon held Susan's chair, I realised why he had switched the seating. I realised it only proved that my mind is in the gutter matching Gordon's. He needed to sit on Susan's right, the same side as the slit up to her waist. All of her thigh would be showing right next to him. It just made me laugh inside.  
  
I turned my attention to Elise, but, conscious that a lot of Gordon's attention would be towards Susan, I reminded myself not to ignore Brenda.  
  
I should not have worried, the conversation flowed and nobody was being left out.  
  
The asparagus starter was followed by slices of cold Beef Wellington, salad and new potatoes which was ideal on this still warm evening. A choice of sweets then cheese, all washed down by bubbly or sauvignon blanc and a lovely red Cote de Rhone had us all replete and just a little giggly.  
  
I mentioned over the cheese that I was going to be sent on a course in Manchester for a month and as I expected Gordon was effusive in his display of his desires to assist Susan while I was away. 'Perhaps she could come over and even stay for a few days?'  
  
Susan saw through that one and assured him that 'Thank you. That was a lovely idea, but she was far too busy at home.' She was also looking forward to seeing more of her parents, as although they were only a short way away, she had not spent much time with them recently. Brenda of course also offered any assistance.  
  
I noticed that I could not see Gordon's left hand or arm. It was below the table. I realised that I hadn't actually seen it in a while.  
  
Instinctively I reached out with my right hand and found Elise's knee. I felt her move her thigh towards me and her legs open in a friendly manner. Seconds later her left hand found my cock which reacted accordingly. Now I had to be very careful not to ignore Brenda, on my left, but it would mean that I had no hand available for my glass. I laughed to myself when I noticed Gordon adjust the front of his trousers before standing up to fetch the brandy decanter. He was also careful not to ignore Brenda spending quite a long time, hovering over her, looking down her neck, as he poured her a glass of Tia Maria. She was quick to lean forward, to taste and savour the flavour, giving him a good long look, almost down to her nipples I suspected. There was no sign of a bra. I did succumb myself to a long slow look as I mused about the appeals of Cognac and Tia Maria. I felt it was only fair to hold her thigh for a while as I did so. When I say her thigh, I think my hand was a little further up her leg than perhaps it should have been. Her skirt was so short that, at odd moments, particularly if she leaned back a little, I could see that her knickers were pink. I was slightly surprised expecting them to be black like her dress. I suspected that she wore them to be seen more easily. Anyway, my point was that perhaps I was a little too high when I realised that my little finger was telling me that they were silk or satin. Shiny and very warm, and just a little damp. She also allowed her thigh a friendly move towards me. I was amused by the thought that had I been claustrophobic I might have been worried about the two of them getting closer. As I am not, I just sat there and enjoyed it.  
  
It did surprise me that the conversations still flowed despite the amount of groping that must have been going on. I hoped poor old Jim was not missing out. A few minutes later I found that he was not missing out as his fingers touched mine in Elise's lap. We both jumped and I covered a laugh with a cough.  
  
Elise was quick to say 'What a lovely evening. I am enjoying myself with such young enjoyable company. You really must come over more often.' I suspected that part of her enjoyment of the evening was that her legs must have been at nearly ninety degrees and that her gorgeous apricot coloured floaty dress was up over the top of her thighs. Susan was not the only ones who had forgotten her panties.  
  
I though briefly about making a joke about it, but realised that it might have embarrassed her. She was enjoying this far too much to put the evening at risk. I felt a little sorry for Jim. While there was no doubt that he was enjoying himself with Elise he could not have got near to Susan's thigh as it was a tight dress and the only slit was on Gordon's side.  
  
By one o'clock I realised that unless we moved to the lounge or the bedroom the evening was not going any further so I suggested that I ring for a taxi. That appeared to be acceptable so I called the number that the cabbie earlier had given me. He must have been almost outside waiting as he told me that he would be with me in a few moments. That suited, we were all a little drunk. It would be good to finish the evening in my own bed.  
  
We lined up to say our goodbyes. Jim and I both kissed and extensively groped Elise, Gordon slipped his hand up over Brenda's pantied backside before sliding his hand into Susan's dress's slit, managing to stroke her almost all the way from her breasts to her knees.  
  
As we got into the cab and turned to wave good-bye, Jim was unusually direct, possibly the alcohol I thought.  
  
'Susan, get in here with me,' he said, pulling Susan onto his knee. 'I have hardly touched... whoops, I mean spoken to you, all evening. I think he meant what he said the first time.  
  
We sat in the cab with the girls on our knees sitting facing in. I watched Jim waste no more time and slide his hand up Susan's slit to see whether he could just touch her breasts. I suspected not, the dress was too tight above the waist, but he did not waste much time trying as it slid instead down to her crotch. Deciding to be blatant and ignore all subtlety I pushed Brenda's left leg out at ninety degrees to show the now, very moist pink panties that she wore.  
  
'Pretty panties,' I said. 'Two tone, darker in the middle?' I knew she would be able to take the joke.  
  
Jim must have had one too many brandies and slurred, 'Yes so why are you the only one wearing knickers tonight?'  
  
The words were no sooner out of his mouth then I think we all knew he had made a mistake.  
  
'How do you know Elise wasn't wearing any Mister. We all know the tart here isn't wearing them but Elise had a calf length dress on?'  
  
'Excuse me,' said Susan. 'From one tart to another what is that wet part doing on your panties? Have you wet yourself? Cabbie, this err.. err lady, has wet herself in the back of your cab.'  
  
Luckily at this moment we arrived at our apartment.  
  
'Susan and particularly you Alex, thank you for a delightful evening. We will pick up this bill, you paid the outward leg. I will sort out a tip for the driver and Jim will pay the bill as soon as he explains to me about Elise.'  
  
She winked at us and started removing the offending panties. 'Drive on cabbie. Your tip is awaiting.'  
  
Susan and I creased up with laughter and, arm in arm, mounted the steps to our flat. I was forced to put my arm around her waist to help her up the stairs. In retrospect if I had been a little more sober. I might have put it over her dress rather than under it. Still, unfortunately no-one saw her bottomless walking up the stairs to our floor.  
  
It was the next morning before we managed to have sex. We both just dropped off to sleep while waiting for the other one to snuggle up. I took the opportunity to ask her what Gordon had been doing to her all night. 'How far did he get?'  
  
'Well not too...'  
  
'And don't lie. No Bullshit. I am leaving you on your own for a month. Well not exactly on your own. Every horny bastard within three miles will know you are on heat and if Gordon or Jim does ever leave your ass for a moment, I have no doubt that there will be a queue for it.'  
  
Susan looked momentarily shocked before admitting that well he had managed to get a finger, well actually two fingers, well almost three fingers, inside her and yes, he had slid a finger up her ass as well.  
  
'That's outrageous,' I shouted. She looked shocked again. 'I only got two fingers inside Elise and I couldn't get at her ass, Jim was already up it.'  
  
Susan laughed delightedly and kissed me. 'You bastard. You are teasing me again. Why do I always rise to your bait. I'm glad Jim got there first because he couldn't get to mine in the taxi as I was on his knee. '  
  
We both cuddled and decided that lunch would be the next meal immediately after we had eaten each other for breakfast.  
  
The days went very quickly for me as I was busy buying books for the course and getting some early reading in. As this was the first studying I had done since Uni and it was being paid for by the company, I decided I had to take it seriously. The books on Management, Psychology and Human Resources I found fascinating, if not a little predictable. There was a lot of 'If in doubt use common sense' on the management side but too much Political Correctness for my taste on the HR side. The estate agency notes again were not overly surprising with overtures of the legal sides very important. The legal books themselves and the accounts books were too tough to read. I would have to earmark the relevant chapters when we studied them.

I felt prepared by the time the Saturday came. I was almost packed and had my train ticket to Manchester. I was booked in to the Midland Hotel, a nice traditional City Hotel. I could stroll to the course venue in four or five minutes.  
  
The Friday night party however was the most important thing on my mind. It was the fifth one we had hosted now and they got easier each time. This one had an underwear theme. As we had always ended up mainly undressed anyway it seemed rather pointless using this as a theme. Susan's idea was that we would all undress down to our underwear at the beginning of the party. She thought it was better to warn people so that they actually wore some.  
  
It was in the King's Arms as usual. We had negotiated some storage space with Les, the Landlord for the electrical equipment and cameras we needed for the parties. We had half a dozen fixed cameras, which now had their brackets permanently screwed to the walls and disguised as much as possible and two hand-held ones operated by John and Pete, our electricians. We made the rights available to these parties to our viewers, separately, after giving the first party to new customers free, as a sort of taster. They had proved very popular and were also sold packaged as a Premier service, along with twenty-four hour access to all cameras and use of the archives.  
  
Susan and I had enjoyed quite a heated conversation about whether we would ask the tenants to undress in the main room as soon as they arrived, or whether we would put them in dressing rooms. Or undressing rooms, to be technically correct. Either way we had hangers on a temporary clothes rack. We compromised in the end by erecting movable screens behind which we would direct the tenants to undress, men to the left girls to the right. As soon as everyone was changed we would collapse the screens and remove them. The compromise was that two of the fixed cameras were also behind the screens recording the disrobing. Soon after eight the new block of six flats all arrived together. I guessed that they had been for a drink elsewhere first or maybe just had a drink in one of their apartments while getting ready. I mused to myself that I must check the recordings to see whether they had all got together to change to come out. That would be a great sight. Six girls all wandering around a lounge, partly clothed, trying on stockings, bras and thongs. The four boys would be lounging in the chairs or running around with bottles. If that was not what had happened, I would suggest it next month. They were the first of the apartments to arrive but by eighty thirty everyone had arrived. The changing areas worked efficiently and it was easy for people to slip their outer clothes off onto a hanger and leave it on the hanger rack.  
  
The room was a voyeur's delight. Even by eight ten the sight of Sam, Bryony, Melissa, Sandra, Alice and Tracy walking up to the bar would have gladdened the heart of any man with testosterone in his body. They had all worn the full set of bra, g-string, and stockings with suspenders in a variety of colours. High-heel shoes of course. The free bar was the busiest part of the room but everyone knew now that the bar was free all night. The extra couple of hundred pounds that were drunk because they were free was easily made up with a few extra sales. The more alcohol consumed, the more likely everyone was to have a good time and start removing their clothes by the end of the evening. And as usual I had a plan.  
  
I stepped up to the centre of the room, facing the bar, and tapped my glass for a bit of quiet.  
  
'Ladies and Gentlemen, good evening.'  
  
I had expected barracking and got it in spades.  
  
'It will be when you stop talking.'  
  
'I'll have a gin and tonic waiter.'  
  
'Don't focus those cameras on Alex, we will all lose viewers.'  
  
I was delighted to hear that last comment because it showed that people understood the relation between the cameras, the viewers and the free apartments.  
  
I waited for things to quieten down again and said, 'Firstly I would like to welcome our new Apartment, Cindy and Luther. Step forward and wave please.'  
  
They were a nice little find. Friends from Uni where they had both taken sports related degrees, they were both of black Caribbean stock, Cindy a couple of shades lighter than Luther, and both really hot looking. Cindy had briefly been on the edge of British athletics, specialising in the long jump before she damaged her achilles tendon, and Luther was a fine football and squash player. Luther was now one of the senior managers at the gym where Melissa worked and Cindy was a sports masseuse. Melissa and Luther had got friendly at work, very friendly apparently, but also with Cindy involved. They were invited to a party at the girl's flat, were fascinated, and not worried, by the cameras, and the rest is history. Melissa will pick up a bonus for a successful recommendation once they are settled as tenants. They already had their own rented flat so the company just picked up the tab.  
  
'May I also introduce the other relative newcomers. Most of you will have met them last month but I know that you, Patsy and Louis could not make it last month so I will ask them to come forward and wave again, - Jon and Chris, take the floor please. '  
  
They were tucked in the back against the bar so had to fight their way out a bit to turn and wave. I happened to be watching Cindy as they waved and was surprised at her reaction. She grabbed Luther's arm who was laughing with Patsy and dragged him over towards the two boys. I later found out that they had all been at Uni together and in fact had been good friends, partying one summer together in Spain as part of a small crowd. Chris was Joanne's neighbour, when she lived at home with her parents in Cornwall, and she had bumped into him and Jon as they were in a local coffee shop bemoaning their luck having been turned down for yet another job. They both had minor business degrees, were having trouble getting jobs and were couch-surfing with a friend here in Clapham. I was a little dubious at first, after all they didn't appear to bring much to the party. They were not film star good-looking, nor gay, but there was something about them I liked. I gave them three months probation. So far they were fitting in nicely with the girls in the six unit block. It appeared that Jon, who was a bit overweight actually, had a really large cock, and he and Chris were happy to provide threesomes.  
  
'Now we have all been introduced I would like to tell you how well things are going. You sex-mad freaks are a hit with our customers, and these parties, well, just look at yourselves, a bunch of reasonably attractive men in their underwear compensated for by a small crowd of the most gorgeous girls in the world all dying to get out of their underwear, and into yours.'  
  
Everyone laughed.  
  
'But seriously look around. This is what the punters are buying and you should be very proud to be a part of it. Our revenues are up by another twenty odd percent so the remuneration you get will also be increased from next month. I would remind you that we are still looking for new tenants and if you find some you will earn a bonus once they are out of probation.  
  
At this stage I will always report to you who were the top three flats last month and who was the least watched and therefore most likely not to have their contract renewed. For the sake of the newcomers I will reiterate that this flat is not in danger of eviction but is under warning that, to be here in a year's time, things have to improve.  
  
Well the good news for Tim and Roger is that they have moved off the bottom this month. I know it is difficult for you guys in an apartment to get viewers as most of our clients are men. But it can be done as Tim and Roger have proved. Those two parties helped a lot I am sure. For those of you who were not invited, or watched them online they had a beach party, complete with inflatable swimming pool in their lounge on one night and a poker night where Melissa and her crowd were invited as waitresses and apparently eventually as prizes. Well done.'  
  
Laughter and applause followed the announcement. Melissa, Sandra, Alice and Tracy had all enjoyed dressing up as waitresses in skimpy outfits parading around in front of the guys.  
  
'Unfortunately for Janet and Dave someone has to be at the bottom, and I am afraid this month it is you. I am sure it will be temporary but as always if you want any help or ideas call me and I will always try. One thing to remind you all about is that if you know you have a big event, a party or anything worth advertising we can tweet it out in advance.  
  
The flat with the third most viewers last month, in for the first time, were Emily and Graham, our babies, sorry youngest, or in Emily's case Babe. Your appeal is undoubtedly your innocence and youth. Long may it last, although I am not sure that innocence is quite the right word. Second this month are Joanne and Pete which I am confident is partly down to her skill with her right hand.'  
  
Laughter all around the room.  
  
'Sorry Joanne but you and your little friend, Mr White I believe you call him when he is all charged up and ready to go, are legendary. We get a lot of praiseworthy emails about you. I am not going to be coy about what we do. I have mentioned before that we are now part of the sex industry. You are effectively sex workers so I am sure she won't mind me telling you that last month she started work as a CamGirl. Many of the emails that we have praise the fact that our VSX cameras are almost as well placed as the pay per view cameras that she uses. She gives a great show. Congratulations Joanne. Finally, in top place, again, is the threesome, and I use the word advisedly.'  
  
Laughter  
  
'Bryony, Sam and Melissa. Guys I know it is hard to beat three girls wandering naked or semi-naked around the apartment but keep trying. Remember your imagination is probably very much the same as the imagination that our punters have. Find something that titillates you and you probably have a winner that titillates the viewers. I should tell you that as Susan and I have been working with the management team they have taken our flat out of the competition, so that there is one less to beat. We will still be earning for you all of course, just not taking part in the competition. On a personal note I am off for a month starting tomorrow on a business course, but if you need anything do not hesitate to ring Susan who will still be around. I will be back hopefully for next month's party. I can tell you now that I have another little present later this evening for you lovely ladies. I look forward to distributing them, and then of course you trying them on.'  
  
More catcalls and barracking.  
  
'I can guess what they are pervert.'  
  
'Do they come with batteries included.'  
  
'Anyway, thank you for coming again, - pun intended' - pause for laughter. 'We have a free bar until about eleven fifteen as we have to be all packed up and out by midnight as usual. So, if you are still here by eleven-thirty I hope you are moving furniture. Thank you all for your cooperation. Cheers everyone.'  
  
I refreshed my drink and wandered over to Cindy who was hugging and kissing Jon and Chris. Luther told me the story of how they had all met. It seems sex had been involved. That made me a little more comfortable about having Jon and Chris in a flat.  
  
We had no games planned for the evening, most of the people were now comfortable with each other and there was no need to make artificial fun. About ten thirty I handed each of the girls a tiny bag which could only have held a very small piece of underwear. They all opened their bags to find tiny G strings in a variety of colours. There was just enough material in the front to hold the small letters VSX. I was gratified to see that without exception they pulled off the panties that they were wearing to replace them with the sponsored ones. One or two of the girls swapped with each other to get a colour that matched their other underwear. I enjoyed myself wandering round making sure, with my fingers, that they were a good fit. I had no complaints. Good girls. There is nothing P. C. about our girls.  
  
I set off next day for Manchester full of enthusiasm. The hotel was fine, nice and close to the seminar venue and surrounded by bars and restaurants. A really social area. I arrived early enough to go out for a nice dinner and was in my room on the lap-top by nine o'clock. I needed to check on my charges. That was how I felt about them, sort of responsible for them.  
  
I first checked on Susan of course. No sign of her. She was out for the evening. We had agreed a little sign, the hall light. If it was on, she was in and I would find her in one of the rooms, or I could obviously ring. If the light was out, so was she. I could still phone of course. I was able to pull up a few flats and I found her first attempt. She was with Sam Bryony and Melissa, and the two boys from their block, Tim and Roger. They were all dressed and sitting around in the lounge watching tv. Roger was topping up their wine glasses. Boring. Nothing to see, I thought and moved on. Tracy was out, Joanne was lying in her now regular pose on the bed with a big white vibrator idly playing through her lips. She was not on her CamGirl job just enjoying herself. There was no sign of Pete.  
  
Wow this was interesting John our electrician was visiting with Janet and David. I assumed he was in his David identity, not Dave as, at first, I could not see him. I switched cameras and saw him manacled to a dining room chair at the bottom of the sofa. John had a naked Janet over his lap and was alternating slaps and caresses. They both looked pretty happy. Who am I kidding they all looked pretty happy. I was pleased for John as he was divorced and not getting any elsewhere at the moment. Janet and Dave were making a real effort, they had told me at the party that they had a meeting of their sex club in their apartment on Friday and I should advertise it for them. I wondered who had instigated this evening. I knew John had been over a couple of times, but maybe he was now a regular.  
  
I moved the cursor again to see who was in the other flats in the block. Sandra and Alice, not there, Emily and Graham, not there. I found Sandra and Alice with Jon and Chris as were Cindy and Luther. I shouldn't have been surprised as they knew them of old. I had also warned the two guys that it was going to be difficult to get the ratings unless they invited girls around on a regular basis, and then they still had to get lucky. They were all playing cards. That was a good sign but no-one appeared to have lost any clothes yet. I looked at my watch too early maybe?  
  
I moved on. That only left Patsy and Louis. Patsy was ironing in a little bikini bottom and Louis was sitting beside her idly playing with his cock under his boxers. Not a great advert for VSX I mused but I could not help but admire his beautifully built body. Black, gleaming and just hinting at a large cock. Maybe it wasn't a bad advert after all. If I had been a girl, I guess I would have watched longer.  
  
I went back to see Susan holding her glass up for another refill. Roger obliged and then sat down beside her, in fact between her and Melissa. Switching cameras, I could see Bryony lying alongside Sam on a couple of bean bags. No sign of Tim. Oh yes here he comes, with a pack of cards in his hands. Maybe I will watch for a while. I turned up the volume.  
  
'What would you all like to play,' he asked, 'Poker, maybe strip poker.'  
  
I am not sure whether he was serious and just waiting for one of the girls to laugh him down.  
  
''Oh no,' said Melissa. I was surprised to hear her say no, Melissa of all people.  
  
'Far too slow,' she added. 'Let everyone take a card and the highest removes an item of clothing from the lowest. Standing up in the middle. And then the loser has to do two slow spins to show off.'  
  
That was my Melissa. much more in character. I could see Tim eyeing Susan. I guess she was the unknown factor. The boss's wife? Maybe he figured he could get lucky with her. Since Susan and I had relaxed our sex rules to allow more or less anything to be acceptable I do not remember Susan getting together with either of them.  
  
'Yes,' Susan said, putting the matter beyond doubt, 'and you have to remove the item with your teeth.'  
  
Game on. I wondered how many glasses she had already had. I had always wondered what it would be like to watch Susan make out with someone else on screen, where I could do nothing about it. I could phone I suppose. I wondered whether she had 'accidentally' left her phone at home. I was tempted to find out. At a party when she had been with someone, I had either been in the same situation or I could walk over and take charge. Here I was useless and about to be cuckolded I suspected. Is this how David felt? I did have an erection.  
  
The room was being arranged, bean bags on one side, the sofa on the other. I noticed Susan looking at the sight lines of the nearest two cameras. No obstructions. She wasn't that pissed.  
  
Tim sitting in the middle of the bean bags passed the cards to his left, said 'take a card and pass them on.'  
  
From the angle of the camera I was watching I could obviously not see all the cards but it transpired with Tim and Bryony standing that Bryony was going to have her t-shirt removed with Tim using his teeth. He was making a bit of a meal out of it, pun intended.  
  
I heard Melissa say, 'I like the teeth idea but shall we reserve it just for underwear or this will take all night. I am working in the morning.'  
  
They all seemed to check with Susan who happily agreed. Bryony took her seven hundred and twenty degree turns. The contrast of her black skin with the white see-though net bra was delightful.  
  
Even after it got a little faster it was a while before Susan lost her first item of clothing. She was wearing a summer dress, possibly because it was still quite warm as it moved into Autumn. Possibly because she liked taking it off in public. Who knows?  
  
Small blonde Sam got the honour. She was already down to bra and panties herself, and she took her time slowly undoing the eight or ten buttons down the front of the dress. Susan, as was her habit, had lined herself up with the camera. As Sam pulled the two side apart and said, 'Oh my,' Susan winked at the camera. Was that for me? Or just because she had no bra on. She went from showing the least to showing the most in seconds. She took her little spin and this time there was a definite wave to me. To me that is and maybe a few thousand other people watching.  
  
Roger got the honour of pulling down her g-string with his teeth, slowly. Very slowly.  
  
When everyone was naked, I saw Melissa look at her phone. 'Look guys you know I don't want to be late tonight as I am up early tomorrow. Instead of wasting time spinning a bottle and kissing why don't we slip to the last stage straight away. There are six of us, so three couples, or not actually any 'couples' at all. How about 'seven in heaven,' in the bathroom. Once the first couple come out after seven minutes, the second couple go in and then when they come out the remaining two people also go in. it means we all get some fun. It may be girl-boy, it may be girl-girl, or even, oh poor boys, it might even be boy-boy.'  
  
Roger laughed. 'Well I can tell you that would be a waste of time. We would both sit there and talk about Arsenal for seven minutes and you could rename it seven in hell.'  
  
'I don't know,' said Melissa you could both go in there and talk about Susan and Bryony for seven minutes and wank yourself silly, and still call it seven in heaven.'  
  
Both Tim and Roger nodded and said, 'we could,' and 'I guess.'  
  
I saw Susan pick up the pack. 'How about this I will deal one each in a circle and the first pair of cards the same delineates the pair.

They all nodded. Now Susan has a lazy way of dealing with cards flying all over the place. I have often felt she did it deliberately to get a peek at the card. I wondered what would happen.  
  
A Jack to Roger on her left, a four to Melissa, an eight for Bryony, a queen for Tim, a six for Sam and a three for herself.  
  
After the first round she paused while she asked Roger for a top-up for her drink and I am sure sneaked a look at the next card. An ace went alongside the Jack, a King for Melissa and a two for Bryony. Was that another pause. She looked at the camera and waved, everyone's eyes followed hers to the lens, she served a seven off the bottom of the pack to Tim followed by a Jack, back off the top to Sam.  
  
'Woah two Jacks, Roger and Sam,' Melissa cried and we watched them troop off to the bathroom.  
  
'We will give you a minutes warning after six minutes,' cried Bryony.  
  
They made small talk for a few minutes so I switched apartments and moved to see how John and Janet were getting on. David was still tied to the chair but now he had his cock out. I guess Janet had released it. She was bent over the arm of the chair and John was deep in her pussy, or possibly in her arse, I could not tell which.  
  
Joanne was asleep, still naked on top of the sheets and Pete was asleep beside her.  
  
Patsy had finished ironing and was now sitting on Louis's face listening to a Bob Marley record.  
  
I idly turned to the new boy's flat not expecting much to be happening. Wrong. Sandra and Alice were all over Luther like a rash. Alice wriggling over his face while Sandra was deep-throating his cock. Jon, who had a very large cock was definitely up Cindy's ass, as Chris was lying on his back with Cindy missionary position with his cock up her pussy. Jon was on top of the pair of them thrusting hard as Cindy was screaming, 'Yes Jon fuck me hard, hurt me. Fuck me.'  
  
I resolved to come back and watch that on catch up.  
  
I turned back to watch Susan. Tim was dealing the cards, with no signs of the shenanigans that Susan had been pulling. I suddenly realised of course that she didn't mind who she went with, girl or boy, she just didn't want the two guys to end up together. My heart went out even more to her. Always thinking of others. Well, almost always.  
  
Her nine was eventually matched with Tim's nine and they trooped off to the toilet. I realised that of all the rooms in the flat it was about the only place where you could have any privacy. The toilets were not covered by a camera, although most of the floor, the hand basin and the bath or shower were still covered. I wondered whether after all this I was not going to be able to watch. I saw Tim's shadow leading her in and I could see that he had sat down on the toilet and was pulling her towards him.  
  
Susan, god bless her cotton socks, had pulled him over to the edge of the bath, and rubbed her back and bottom against him, looking directly into the camera. She winked and made a small heart shaped sign with her fingers. I knew that was for me. His hands came around and sensing that she was game on, he grasped her boobs and twisted her nipples. Well done, I thought. She likes that.  
  
He was good, he nuzzled her neck and then then spun her around to grope her pussy. His other hand was down feeling for her asshole. I heard her say, 'Have you got a condom?' and I could practically see his world fall apart. He looked around but of course they were in the girl's bathroom, so even if there were any, he had no idea where they were.  
  
'Don't worry,' she said dropping to her knees, taking him in her mouth. He came after a couple of minutes in her mouth and I was a bit surprised to see her spit his come into the handbasin beside her. I heard the knock on the door 'One minute.' They realised that was not long enough to start anything new so Susan pulled him in for a big tonguey kiss. I wondered whether he might refuse after her mouth had harvested his come but he was soon enthusiastic after a slight reluctance.  
  
The door banged again and she winked at the camera before leaving the bathroom with him. I had seen enough. I quickly turned to the time lapse for Chris and Jon's apartment and wanked off to Cindy's double penetration before putting out the lights. I had a busy day coming up.

**Chapter 02**

I had a good breakfast and with hardly a thought about Susan and whatever she was doing, I was at my new desk by eight thirty. There were just eight of us. Five guys and three girls. The 'girls' were all pretty good but one of them must have been in her early forties, smartly dressed in a short-skirted business suit, and really attractive, while the two younger 'girls' were late teens or early twenties. There was an older man in a suit, who had to be in his fifties and four of us about the same age in the early twenties.  
  
We were all a good fifteen minutes early which I felt was a good sign. I was determined to get some real work in and learn a lot and I felt punctuality meant that we all felt the same. We had time to introduce ourselves and talk a little about why we were there. The older man, Arthur, was a Director of a smallish Estate Agent and wanted to come away from selling houses and specialise in Management. He would prove to be invaluable when we had lessons on Estate Agency. He knew far more about the practical side than the teacher. He might as well have let him take the lessons. He did end up doing a lot of the talking. Barbara the older lady in the smart suit owned a half a dozen buy-to-let houses which she had bought at auction, supervised the reconstruction and then rented out. She was particularly interested in employing someone to work with her to help manage her houses. I could see that she was assessing us all as potential employees.  
  
I realised I was going to have a problem. What would I tell them? I manage half a dozen bawdy houses. I am in the Porn industry. I know more about sex than management. I decided to tell them that I was a junior version of Barbara, that I owned a couple of houses on big mortgages and need knowledge to look after them. My fiancée was the construction supervisor and was managing a third, fitting it out while I was away. I noticed Barbara looking at me as a snake must look at a dormouse. Hungry. I had moved to the top of her want list. The other two girls, Steph and Cheryl and the three guys, Arran, Raul and Sujit were all out of work and looking for a skill set to get a job. They looked at Barbara like she looked at me.  
  
The day was unexceptional. There was a canteen for lunch and that first day's education was merely an itinerary for the rest of the four weeks plus information on homework, more text books and information on where we could get photocopying and the like. We four 'lads' had a quick drink after Barbara, the girls and Arthur all declined with other things to do. Barbara was very apologetic and really wanted to join us but had to go and meet a tenant with problems. One of her houses was not too far away.  
  
I had a bite to eat in the hotel bar and retired to bed again with my lap-top. It was a quiet night in VSX land, Emily and Graham were screwing on the sofa, Patsy and Louis had family round. I assumed they were family as they looked a lot like Louis. Janet and Dave were busy setting up their lounge as a party room. Whips and handcuffs were replacing the paintings on the wall. The dining table that I had eaten at was having straps and tethers attached to the legs. Somewhere they had stored a sort of St Andrews Cross, which looked like a heavy wooden structure, again with tethers attached. It took pride of place where the television had been. Susan was chatting on the phone to her Mum. Melissa and Bryony were chatting with Tracy over coffees, not a glass of wine in sight. I did not expect a three-way lesbian orgy to break out.  
  
I read the notes we had been given and looked at the text books while I waited for Susan to come off the phone. Next time I looked she was fast asleep on the sofa and I was reluctant to wake her so went to sleep myself.  
  
Morning came and I texted Susan with the message that I had waited until she stopped talking to her Mum but I didn't like to wake her up to call. I sent my love and told her I would speak to her tonight.  
  
I got to my class and found Barbara already there. She asked about our trip to the pub and I told her that it had not been exactly exciting so I had gone back for dinner on my own at the Midland Hotel. It transpired that she too was staying there. We had obviously just missed each other at breakfast. We arranged to go for a glass of wine that night, and would ask the others if they wanted to join us.  
  
A good day's studying. Basic accounts. Not too basic in my case. I was coming almost from scratch. There was homework. I think most of the guys were a bit shocked. While I cannot say I was pleased, I was able to accept that the course was a serious one. I was definitely going to learn things.  
  
We rearranged the drink to eight thirty. I had pleaded that I needed to talk to my fiancee and wanted to do the homework. There was a vague agreement to meet later in the El Pirata Wine Bar a couple of doors along from the hotel. Arthur was also staying at the Midland.  
  
I spoke to Susan and ribbed her about 'seven in heaven'. She claimed that she could feel that I was watching her. I teased her that I was now over twenty-four hours without sex and she owed me one. She claimed to be surprised that I hadn't fucked the teacher,it must have been a man. I laughed and agreed that yes it was a man. I described the three girls on the course, possibly a little defensively, as they were all good looking, even, in fact especially, Barbara. She made me promise to take some photos with my phone and send them on to her. I did tell her that I may be meeting them later for a quick glass of wine. She made me promise, again. To give her all the dirty details tomorrow night, and then added that of course she trusted me, but wouldn't be entirely surprised if I fucked one, or even all of them.  
  
'Watch out for that Barbara,' she said. 'She sounds like a maneater. Send me a photo.'  
  
I agreed to do so and make my apologies that I had to leave and go and get that glass of wine.  
  
I was not the first there. Arthur was sitting at a table alongside the bar. He had changed from his suit into a jacket and tie. Very casual. He had a bottle of white wine so I joined him. Steph and Cheryl were next in and were obviously going dancing. They wore sparkly t-shirts and miniskirts and I hoped that I was not going to last the month without fucking them. Barbara was next, and last, and made a bit of an entrance with a kaftan style dress, split at the front, almost up to her crotch. I wished that we were on bar-stools and not at a table. I could not help notice her legs. Hell, the dress was designed to show off her legs. I thought about the photos I had promised. The last thing I needed was a full frontal one with a lot of leg showing. Susan would be on the next train up.  
  
I stood up to get another bottle of wine and took a couple of surreptitious photos with my phone. I got back with the bottle, was about to top up all the glasses when Cheryl stopped me and said that sorry, but they had to leave. They were meeting someone. They duly left so I just topped up the three of us.  
  
'Do you mind if I take a photo?' I said. I have promised Susan a picture of my colleagues. Maybe just to prove I am at a seminar,' I joked.  
  
'In fact, I will take another in the classroom tomorrow. That should be proof enough.'  
  
I suspected by now that I was making heavy weather of this photo now but it was too late. I was committed.  
  
I took a photo of the two of them, raising a glass. 'Thank you.'  
  
I saw Barbara raise a finger towards the bar and within seconds the barman was standing there in front of us. She was that sort of lady.  
  
'Would you mind taking a photo of the three of us please, Ramon?' she said handing him my phone.  
  
I was impressed, she knew his name. She must have been in here yesterday. She was in the middle of course and I suspected, a little closer to me than Arthur. Well put it this way, she couldn't have got any closer to me. He went to hand the camera back to her.  
  
'Just one more please, Ramon. Stand up guys, over here against the wall. Again she was in the middle and with her right leg forward in front of me I suspected that she was showing a lot of thigh. As it was my camera. I would find out exactly how much thigh later I thought.  
  
'Thank you, Ramon.' He returned the phone to her and she turned it on and input something before handing it back.  
  
'There I have put my number it in for you so when you are sending the photos to your fiancee, did you say Susan?, you can send them to me as well.'  
  
'Of course,' I said. There it was under B. Barbara Burton. I idly checked the photos. What a lot of leg. I might not send that one to Susan.  
  
I sent the photos back to her and heard the buzz of her phone in her handbag as they arrived.  
  
She bought the next bottle and even Arthur began to mellow. He took his tie off so he must have felt very relaxed.  
  
We finished the bottle, Arthur made his excuses and just when I was beginning to wonder what I should do, or maybe actually how I should go about it, Barbara also started her goodbyes. I was very surprised, and not a little disappointed. I had already forgotten any vows of moral rectitude. We all strolled back together and said our goodnights in the lift. We were all on different floors. I wondered whether they had a Ladies floor, a men's floor and an old farts floor. I had consumed at least one bottle of wine. Back in my room I checked the lap-top to see no sign of Susan, neither in our flat nor any of the others. I wondered whether Gordon had invited her round. I sent her the picture of the three of us at the table and she came straight back with the comment. 'I thought you said she was an older woman? Or was that one of the two other girls?'  
  
I emojied her a wink and said 'Where are you?'  
  
'Mum's, do you need me?'  
  
'No. Homework and bed. XXX'  
  
Not entirely true. The homework was done so I spent half an hour alternating between watching Sandra and Alice making out on the bed and the party at Janet and Dave's. It was not really my sort of party but there were about ten people there, and Janet was the 'centre' of attention as she was tied face down onto the St Andrews Cross and being paddled. David, as I must call him at the moment, was manacled and being used as a footstool by one of the other guys. I watched for a bit longer as Janet was duly turned around and had her tits flogged while one of the other girls was kneeling in front of her eating her pussy. There were couples spanking each other, or fornicating all over the lounge. I guess it was a good party. I saw David having a cock stuffed in his mouth before I had enough and turned back to see whether Alice or Sandra was on top. Sandra. I fell asleep.  
  
The next days were busy. More homework as well. I did have time to take a photo of all eight of us on that first Wednesday and included a teacher. Steph was looking particularly hungover. A good time to take a photo to send Susan I thought.  
  
The week sped by. Arran and Raul were not going home for the weekend and tried to invite us all for a drink on the Friday night. I think they were surprised that we were all going home. I managed to get away soon after four o'clock and was home by nine.  
  
Susan was ready for me laying on the bed legs akimbo. She was so wet I wondered whether she had been using the tube of lube we keep by the bed. I don't think she had because she was really horny. She came three times before I came once and I was damn ready I can tell you. I just had time to ask her about the weekend. More importantly Saturday evening. Did we have any plans?  
  
She gave me a strange look and said I hope you are up for it. We have been invited round to the 'the girls flat' as we called Sam and Bryony's for a small intimate party. That was their word intimate. They made me promise not to let you come more than twice tonight and tomorrow morning.  
  
I laughed, 'in that case dear I had better do my homework tomorrow morning. I have to do a trial balance. That will keep your hands off me.'  
  
I slept and dreamed of the following night.  
  
I was a good boy and did my homework. My trial balance balanced. All was well with the world. I had a brief word with Darren to hear that there was nothing new happening and that Art was in Corfu. It's alright for some I thought. Here I am slaving away ...!  
  
It was about nine before we strolled round to the girl's flat. Susan and I had visited a local Tapas bar, had a nice meal and a bottle of white rioja. I was looking forward to a quiet evening cuddling up to three of my favourite girls, and Susan.  
  
Over dinner there had been a small lull in the conversation and she said, 'You know I love you, don't you.'  
  
That of course immediately worried me. Had I done something wrong that I was about to receive a roasting? My second thought was that she was going to make an admission and be sorry for some infidelity. Should I pretend to get upset or laugh it off as a frivolity?  
  
'Of course. And you know I love you too don't you?'  
  
Get in first I thought. 'You know I have been a good boy while I have been away don't you. I have not touched a girl. Not a kiss, not a peck on the cheek nor even a hand on an arm. I really have been good.'  
  
'You silly boy. You knew you didn't have to be good. I know what happens on these seminars. You are bound to succumb sooner or later. Just make sure I know about it. And make sure you know who you are coming home to.'  
  
Wow I thought. She really did mean it.  
  
'But that brings me round to what I wanted to say.'  
  
This may be important I thought. She has a new boy-friend. She hasn't just fucked Gordon or Jim. She has found someone else she prefers to me.  
  
I started to speak. 'But Susan...'  
  
'Wait this won't take a second. We have all missed you this week. You will be surprised how much they have all missed you. The girls that is. And Tracy and Jo, and those are only the ones I know about. You are quite the Alpha pack leader round here. You do realise that don't you. It only came to me that that is what you are after talking to the girls and watching an animal programme about wolves. Anyway, they all expect to fuck you tonight, so I may well be taking a back seat, or even go home early. I have told them that you can't possibly fuck all of them, but you have to know that whatever you do tonight is okay with me.'  
  
She sat back, as did I. Both of us, I believe, emotionally drained.  
  
I grasped her hand, 'Look I know I have never asked you, but I should tell you that I have been describing you as my fiancée all week. Is that alright?  
  
She looked at me strangely. 'Are you...?'  
  
'Yes, I think I am. Will you marry me?' I went down on one knee beside the table. 'I suppose I should have asked your dad first?'  
  
She screamed, 'Yes, of course I will.' and smothered me in kisses.  
  
The whole restaurant broke out into applause and I felt so foolish.  
  
The waitress brought a couple of glasses of cava on the house.  
  
I thought I had stopped her talking. She appeared speechless, but no.  
  
'They will still expect you to fuck them tonight, and it's still fine. But I will expect you to be mine tomorrow morning before you go back to Manchester.'  
  
I kissed her happily. Wow. The next stage of my life had just crept up on me.  
  
We arrived at the second floor flat to screams as we banged on the door.  
  
'Congratulations,'  
  
'At last.'  
  
'Well done. Have you got a ring?'  
  
I looked at Susan. 'How on earth...?  
  
'I texted Bryony as we were walking down the street. I just said 'My fiancee and I are running ten minutes late. I guess they assumed...?'  
  
We laughed.  
  
'But don't worry girls he is still all yours tonight.'  
  
More screams as they jumped on both of us and kissed us. We were still in the hall when I realised that I was also being kissed by Tracy and Joanne. And then someone was shaking my hand. I looked round,  
  
'Stan, how are you? Lovely to see you. How did you get away?'  
  
'The wife is at her sister's. So I took the opportunity of seeing a bit more of my daughter,' he chuckled. I hope you don't mind the girls inviting me round for your party.'  
  
I looked over at Tracy who was wearing a loose vest that came down just to her waist, but also had large wide armholes that also came nearly down to her waist. I had seen her in this sort of tabard before. She knew it was one of my favourite looks. Her tits were almost always on show. Add that to a miniskirt and stockings and what can go wrong.  
  
'When you said you took the opportunity of seeing a bit more of Tracy can I assume you meant more than you are seeing now.'  
  
We both laughed as he said, 'Well I suspect I will before the evening is out. I don't see so much of her in either sense now she has moved into the flat. Anyway, I know you will see more of her. She hasn't stopped talking about you. I am really not sure I should be here, it is very much your evening. Particularly now you have just got engaged. I have told Tracy to send me home if I get in the way. If you don't mind, I will just go and congratulate Susan as well.'  
  
He winked and sidled off to give Susan a big kiss as he groped her bottom. I could see her fingers wander over the front of his trousers. He's a nice old pervert.  
  
I soon had a drink in my hand and a gaggle of girls around me. As my glass was topped up for the second or third time, I heard a ringing noise as Melissa tapped her glass with a fork. Oh no I thought. I hoped they didn't want me to make a speech.  
  
'Alex, we know that you are definitely practising to be a pervert, and that Stan here, your mentor, is no doubt showing you the ropes, so we are going to have a little game, that we think you will like. If you two would like to sit there on the sofa we will be back in a minute. Follow me girls.'  
  
They trouped off to the bedroom. Susan looked as surprised as Stan and I so I guess they were taking the opportunity to fill her in on what was happening. Whatever it was, if I was going to enjoy it, then she would.  
  
A few minutes later they all trooped back in single file and stood in front of us facing away, towards the blank wall where the tv hung. I had seen that they all wore stockings or tights under mini-skirts. I expected them to be stockings. They knew what I liked and it was still only Autumn and quite warm. Even before they started to raise their skirts, I was admiring their form. While Tracy probably had the most flesh showing, none of them were exactly well covered. Melissa and Sam both had very short crop tops. If they raised their arms above their heads, I am sure that their breasts would be uncovered. Susan had a fairly see-though green blouse, which looked delightful under her red hair. Jo had a pink blouse on, which I noticed was now flapping completely open at the front showing that in common with all the other girls she was not wearing a bra. Bryony was covering her big D tits with a man's white shirt open but knotted under them, accentuating their size.  
  
They slowly pulled up their skirts as if choreographed. What a delightful sight. Slowly, slowly. Stocking, stocking, that first glimpse of the lacy dark band at the top and then suspender straps and flesh. Yes and then the panties. Thongs, bikini, brazilian, french, boyshorts, I love them all.  
  
They stood there immobile for a couple of minutes while Stan and I sat in silence enjoying the view. They lowered their skirts and without a single word trooped off to the bedroom. Stan and I naturally applauded and shouted for more. A couple of minutes later they came back in and Melissa, in the lead, gave me six pairs of panties.  
  
'Now don't let me down Alex. I have a small bet that you will be able to get every one right. Which one is which. You will also get a prize for every one you get right.'  
  
That was so easy. Or maybe I just am a pervert. I wrinkled my brow as if concentrating. I sniffed them all is if that would tell me and held up the green ones towards Susan. Easy they had matched her blouse. She collected them.

'One,' they all chanted.  
  
'Well of course I know the aroma of my fiancée.' I said to laughter.  
  
I sniffed and held up the white broderie anglais ones towards Bryony. Easy the contrast of the white against her coal-black skin.  
  
'Two.'  
  
I sniffed the pink ones twice as if unsure and offered them to Jo. Again, they had matched her blouse.  
  
'Three.'  
  
That left me a light blue pair and two pairs of black.  
  
The blue ones were really expensive, good quality. Melissa worked in a lingerie shop. Too easy, even if I hadn't remembered the sight of her encased bottom. I sniffed them. Looked at Sam as a decoy and gave them to Melissa.  
  
'Four,' they all laughed at my antics.  
  
So that just left two pairs and both black. I held them out as if to examine them. I checked them for stains, much to the embarrassment of Tracy and Sam. I looked at them both and mused,  
  
'Now two pairs Tracy and Sam. Both black. Both the same small size. Both thongs, and I only saw the back? Hmmm. One tiny front, one almost completely see-through.'  
  
I knew because there was a very small label on the see-through pair that I had spotted at the top of Tracy's crack.  
  
I held them up, being careful to hold them facing the wrong girl while I mused for a moment more.  
  
I sniffed them again, crossed my arms and offered the tiny ones to Sam and the see-through ones to Tracy. Tracy was never going to be wearing anything other than slutty with that outfit.  
  
The girls cheered and called 'Six.'  
  
'I knew he would,' said Melissa.  
  
'Pervert,' said Susan.  
  
I shook hands with my mentor. 'He has trained me well,' I said to more applause.  
  
'What's my prize?' I asked.  
  
'Well,' laughed Melissa,' Susan so much enjoyed the last little game we held...'  
  
I could see Susan puzzling, trying to remember a game and what the prizes had been.  
  
'That we thought it only right that we offer the same prize for this game. Is that okay Susan?'  
  
'I guess so. Of course. It sounds fair,' said Susan. 'I am trying to remember the game though.'  
  
'Seven in Heaven,' said Melissa. You remember Tim, don't you Susan.'  
  
Susan went red. God I loved that girl. I was glad for her that she had told me about it. Or actually that I had let her know I had seen it all. I must have a quick word with Melissa however about telling tales on people.  
  
'Your prize is seven minutes in the bathroom for every one you got right. Susan was first. You can take her in there and see whether she is that red all over.' Everyone but Susan laughed.  
  
I grabbed her arm and moved her to the bathroom where I enveloped her in my arms.  
  
'You know everything that happened,' she said. 'Melissa is just making me feel bad. I wasn't bad, really.'  
  
'Hey,' I said. 'I know exactly what happened and you know I have no problems with that. And listen, even if I hadn't known I would have trusted you, and anyway you have offered me to the girls tonight. That has to be a lot worse for you. And you can still change your mind if you want. You can just tell them that Melissa blew it for them. Cos', let's face it, that's what you did. Blew it. Right.'  
  
She smiled at last. 'That's right. I blew it. She blew it.'  
  
I was cursing my stupidity even suggesting that I might not get to play with the girls.  
  
'But no, I cannot do that to all the other girls. I will tell Melissa that she might have blown it for herself.'  
  
'I have a better idea,' I said. 'Why don't I tell her that I have restricted her to a blow job. That way you don't look to be upset with her joke, which by the way is all it was. Wasn't it?'  
  
'Yes, it was,' admitted Susan. 'She knows you watched it from your hotel room so she wasn't really being nasty. Just winding me up.'  
  
The door banged. 'One minute.'  
  
I gave her a quick wet kiss. 'Here let me smear your lipstick, and undo your blouse a couple more buttons so they can see we haven't just been arguing.'  
  
She smiled a full beam at last and gave me another big sloppy kiss back. 'Go on, do your worst with those girls. Sorry I mean your best. Let them all know what I can get anytime I want. And I am going to freak them out by smooching with Stan. Is that okay? I feel sorry for the poor man. Everyone knows he has the hots for his daughter so everyone lets him alone.'  
  
'You are such a good person. Such a kind sex-mad freak. Now you know why I love you. When's the wedding?'  
  
She strutted out of there with the biggest smile on her face that I have ever seen and headed for the bar to refill her drink.'  
  
Bryony was quick to grab me and pull me back to the bathroom. 'I am next.' she said. 'Can you make me look like that in seven minutes.'  
  
I laughed. 'I can certainly try. Bend over and hold onto the bath. Spread your legs.'  
  
I kneeled behind her and licked her from clit to taint.  
  
'Oh my god,' she screamed out loud. Now all the other girls would want to scream too.  
  
I knew I didn't have long so gave her the works. She gripped my cock in her muscular pussy as I squeezed my thumb into her arsehole. I could feel her playing with her clit and sure enough, before even the six-minute warning, she was screaming in orgasm. I could pull out without coming. I might need it later.  
  
The knock came and we cuddled for the minute. She was rendered speechless, but not for long.  
  
'I have never come so quickly. God, how do you do that.'  
  
I smiled 'Chemistry, between us. You are lovely and my appreciation makes itself known to you. Thank you gorgeous.'  
  
Leave 'em feeling good!  
  
We came out to a round of applause almost. I patted her bottom and moved towards the bar. Even before I could get there Joanne intercepted me.  
  
'Hey where are you going lover, I am all yours now.'  
  
'I just need a very quick drink.' I told her. 'My seven minutes in heaven, and it will be with you, doesn't start until that door shuts.'  
  
In reality I needed to remove the smell of Bryony's pussy from my mouth in case we kissed. I had an idea we might. I tried to construct the scene with her in my mind.  
  
I had a very quick glass of beer and managed to surreptitiously wipe my mouth, nose, cheeks and even my forehead, in case.  
  
'Come on my own little model,' I said to her.  
  
She preened, 'You know I am not a model.'  
  
'You are mine,' I said. 'Do you not remember the first time we met all the modelling you did and then the modelling in the shops when we went shopping.'  
  
I kissed her deeply, breaking away. 'However, I prefer you this way, naked.'  
  
And she was. As I said it, I pulled her blouse off her shoulders, it had been open all the way down the front anyway, and pushed her skirt down to the floor. That was it. She was mine. I sat on the toilet and bounced her on my cock, her blonde hair flowing around her, her c cup breasts bouncing nicely. She really could have been a model. As the knock sounded, she managed the almost obligatory scream.  
  
It did not take much longer than the allowed minute for me to calm her down and dress her but we still walked out to cries of.  
  
'That was eight minutes.'  
  
'Why does she get all that time.'  
  
I knew they were joking and Jo just preened. She really did look well fucked. Her blouse was no longer tucked neatly in her skirt but hanging loose and her hair was a mess. A beautiful mess.  
  
I actually got the next glass to my lips before my next date grabbed my arm. I was over the hump, if you will pardon the pun, three down and three to go.  
  
I looked at Melissa as she smooched up under my arm. I held up one finger. She wriggled her arse at me and teased me, 'If you insist.'  
  
I laughed. 'Not what I meant, one minute while I drink this and then we are off. By the way I love that new short hair of yours.'  
  
She had her normal blonde locks cut short with just a faint tinge of pink through the longer strands at the back. It was a really nice cut.  
  
I winked at Susan as I walked into the bathroom.  
  
'I need a word, before we start. Please be a little more careful about your jokes with Susan, she is still very unsure about this swapping lark. She doesn't seem to mind me and you or any of the regular girls getting it on but she feels guilty whenever she does something herself. Whether it upsets me or not. You nearly got me marked 'out of bounds' for the night. Susan wanted to tell you that you blew it, and she found it quite funny when I pointed out that that was what she had done. I had to promise that it would be a blow-job only. I am not going to fuck you, but I will make it up to you next time we have the opportunity, I promise. We didn't discuss who would give whom the blow-job however so if you fancy a quick sixty-nine we can lay on the floor here.'  
  
She may have been a bit put out but she was on top of me seconds later. And boy, did she try hard. She attacked my length as if she had been starved of cock for months, and ground her clit onto my nose. I pushed my tongue up her arse and my two fingers played a symphony on her g-spot. We both came together. Quietly I was pleased to observe. My cock in her mouth kept her noise down to a moderate volume that would keep Susan happy. I was pleased that she got the goo when I came. I was able to tell her that I had saved myself for her. She recognised that I could not have produced that amount if I had come with any of the earlier girls.  
  
She kissed me as we opened the door and I whispered 'Our secret right, and try to look unhappy.' And she nodded.  
  
I nodded importantly to Susan and she smiled broadly. I could not look down with a straight face and see if Melissa had managed to wipe the grin, and my cum, off her face.  
  
Although I had just cum, I had been without for most of the week so I knew I should be good for at least one more session. It would still help me however if I had a break. I explained this to Sam and she seemed happy to wait, providing she could do it on my arm. Never a problem to have bubbly blonde on my arm. Or in my hands, Or on my cock. The permutations are endless. We had a drink while I had an idea that would give me an even longer break.  
  
'Stan I am sorry that I have been ignoring you, as you realise, I have had my hands full.' I winked at him as he laughed.  
  
'Don't you worry about that. I am still here enjoying myself. Tracy hasn't sent me home yet, and I have these two lovely girls to keep me company.'  
  
It was true, he had Tracy on one side of him and Susan on the other both cuddling up close.  
  
'Stan why don't you try seven of those lovely minutes in heaven. And I promise to count slowly. Susan?'  
  
She looked a little surprised but I was pleased to see that Stan didn't notice. His eyes were wide and his mouth was open looking at me. Susan quickly recovered and said  
  
'Wow that's a nice idea Stan, have you been to heaven recently.'  
  
His brain might not be completely working yet but he had not lost his sense of humour.  
  
'You know I haven't. You know I am a married man.'  
  
He then realised what he had said and that she had just got engaged.  
  
'Not that I meant you wouldn't, well,... when you are married... I am sure you... Well. Are you sure, heaven, me. I would love to.'  
  
I was not sure who he was asking, me or Susan but he didn't have time to wonder much before Susan dragged him off to the bathroom.  
  
I saw Melissa about to set her watch and shook my head. I whispered in her ear. 'Give them some time. He won't be as quick as I was. He hasn't got you on the other end of it.'  
  
Leave 'em feeling good!  
  
With no other men now in the room and five horny girls around me I allowed my fingers to lead my brain. I moved Jo's shirt even more open exposing her delightful c's. and undid the knot on Bryony shirt to allow her wondrous boobs some air. I pulled Tracy's tits through the low armholes and by the time I had done that Sam and Melissa had both taken their crop-tops off altogether. Now it was getting to be a party.  
  
I rather lost track of time as I alternated playing with the various boobies on show, making sure that I kept all the nipples hard. It didn't turn out to be a problem. We had a couple of shots each before a slightly worried looking Tracy said 'Do you think he is alright? She won't kill him, will she?'  
  
That did amuse us enough to raise another shot to her poor deceased Dad, which even Tracy found funny. Suddenly we heard a scream, and it wasn't Stan. Just for a moment I had a feeling. Could that be jealousy. Wasn't I the only person supposed to make her scream.?  
  
The feeling didn't last as Sam, now anxious for her turn ran her fingers inside my fly.  
  
'Shall we go to the bedroom instead?' she whispered.  
  
'If we go in there, you know I will ignore the seven-minute rule.'  
  
'Oh good.' She grinned and would have taken me but Bryony had seen her whispering and may even have heard her.  
  
'You two are going nowhere until they come out, and remember seven minutes, not seventy.'  
  
They did come out, and yes, Susan did look fucked and, yes, Stan did look nearly dead. She led him to the sofa and as Sam dragged me towards the bathroom, I heard Tracy saying, are you alright Dad, do you need a drink?'  
  
I heard no more as Sam and I locked lips. I tried to close the door but realised that her skirt was on the floor in the way. Her crop-top was in the lounge of course so as I kicked her skirt out of the way I was worried that Susan would have seen a very naked Sam dragging me down to the floor.  
  
There was nothing romantic about this encounter. There were no pretty words to make her feel good. It was simple carnality. I thrust hard and fast, missionary position. She came twice before the knock on the door reminded us that we only had a minute left. I faked a small orgasm, realising that she would never be able to tell because she was so wet herself that she was dripping all down her thighs. The mandatory scream had been less of a scream than an exultant 'yes.' Still loud enough for the assembled jealous girls next door. I think they were now less worried about the time as we cuddled for a couple of minutes without anyone banging on the door to remind us of their presence.  
  
Sam seemed to have sort of permagrin attached to her face as we left the bathroom. I looked over at Stan and Susan who were still on the sofa with Tracy. I winked at Susan and she winked back. If she had seen Sam attacking me, she wasn't worried.  
  
I saw Tracy whisper to her Dad before she joined me at the table with the drinks.  
  
'Well stud. Got anything left for little old me? Or shall I come home with You and Susan and the three of us can have a quiet evening watching tele?' She grinned.  
  
'I don't think so.' I said. 'I think there are four girls here who would argue with you getting first dibs on Susan.'  
  
'Yes,' said Jo, and Bryony, and Melissa.  
  
'And extra time with Studley here, I don't think so,' chimed in Sam, still recovering, and probably just about warming up for another go.  
  
'Just thought I might try,' laughed Tracy, 'Ready?'  
  
'Let me just finish this drink and you can have your way with me, you hussy.'  
  
'Hussy,' she said. 'That's nice. What about this lot, all sniffing around, running their hands all over you.'  
  
That wasn't too far wrong as it happens. At least three of the girls were holding on to my arms or stroking my face and leg.  
  
'Never mind, you can call me what you like. I will have the last laugh. I am going to lock that bathroom door and after the leeway that you gave my Dad I don't want to hear any complaints if we take eight minutes. We will be out by Tuesday, I promise you. Come on hussy-lover.'  
  
I don't have favourites, well only Susan, but if I did Tracy would be one of them. She was a little more Essex, a little more earthy perhaps, a little smuttier, maybe, than all of the other girls. A little bit more honest about sex and her desires. But then again, if I did have favourites, Jo would be a favourite for her fun approach to flashing, like Susan's. Bryony would be a favourite for her... well you get the picture.  
  
We went through the bathroom door and as I turned to kiss her, I saw her flick up the back of her skirt and wriggle her bare bum as they all watched.  
  
'I want to thank you, and Susan, when I get a chance to talk to her.'  
  
'What for?'  
  
'Dad of course. That was a really nice thing that the two of you did. You must have talked about it before. It was too smooth.'  
  
'Well no not really talked about it. Susan had said that a bit like Stan she was the odd one out here and she thought that it would be nice to make him feel a bit better about being here. And I guess he did the same judging by her scream.'  
  
'That was really nice of her, and yes I hope she did enjoy it. I guess we can find out when we watch it on catch-up.'  
  
I had not thought about that funnily enough, and wondered what I would see. Was it another blow-job? No with that noise they must have gone the whole way. That's great I thought. I ask her to marry me and she fucks the next man she sees before me. Now I wish I had fucked her in the seven minutes I had. Still as I always reminded her, I was the one taking her home - for the rest of my life now.  
  
While my brain may have been busy thinking about Susan and Stan my fingers had been busy thinking about Tracy and her vest and skirt were lying on the floor. My clothes were similarly arranged in a pile in the corner of the room.  
  
'Get in the bath,' she said. 'I really am going to take our time. I will explain to the girls later that I had to thank you. They will understand.'  
  
She clicked the lock and started the warm shower running over me. She leaned over the side of the bath and firmed me up between her lips. The warm water sprinkling over me and running around my back contrasted with the heat of her mouth and tongue on my cock as she sucked and licked it, rolling my balls between her soapy fingers. This really was seven in heaven. Seventeen? Seventy? Seventy-seven. You get the picture.  
  
'If you keep this up I am going to...'  
  
She took the hint and jumped on top of me, her knees either side of my stomach, my cock firmly ensconced in a pussy just as hot as her mouth. If not hotter.  
  
I tapped her on the arm. 'I am going to...' as she jumped off and leaned over the taps. Her legs spread as wide as she could in the bath. I briefly leant forward and managed to stop my ejaculation as I licked her crack and buried my tongue in her pussy. She put her outside leg on the floor to widen her stance and allow me more access to her fragrant slit. Eventually I got to my feet and took her hard, doggy.  
  
She groaned. I noticed that she hadn't tried to compete with a scream, she was completely into it and was just grunting and groaning with desire.  
  
'Now I'm coming.' And so was she. It could not have been stage managed any better. Neither of us were faking it. It just worked.  
  
We kissed but were not exactly in a comfortable position for a long cuddle. I got out and threw her a towel. We dried off and I went to get my clothes.  
  
'No. Let's shock them, we will wear the towels. They know what we have been doing. I am going to make them really jealous.'  
  
I laughed, 'Fine but not too heavy with Susan listening please.'  
  
'Sure,' she said. 'Don't forget I owe her a big favour.'  
  
We left the bathroom to cries of,  
  
'What's going on?'  
  
'What's with the shower?'  
  
'And it's not even your bathroom?'  
  
'Do you know how badly he got your girly smells? And it was all over him.'  
  
Everyone laughed. Even Susan I noticed.  
  
'You lot smelled like dogs on heat,' she carried on. 'I had to get rid of it. It was making me even hornier.'  
  
They all laughed again.  
  
'Nothing could make you hornier, you cow. You are the horniest bitch I have ever met.'  
  
How girls can call each other cows, bitches, whores and tarts and stay friendly I have no idea. But they did and they are.  
  
I waved Susan over. Stan was asleep on the chair anyway. I put my arm around her for a cuddle and quietly so the others could not see I massaged her ring finger on her left hand.

I am an old smoothie. I know how to get back in her good books. One little deed and the sun shone from my arse again.

**Chapter 03**

After a bit of a lay-in on Sunday I was back on the train to Manchester by five o'clock and the hotel by nine. A bite to eat, a couple of hour's viewing, switching between Cindy and Luther having a takeaway pizza with Chris and Jon and Tracy entertaining her Dad was enough for me to drift off to sleep by eleven. Not knowing Chris, Jon, Luther or Cindy really well, they took up the majority of my time. They were obviously very good friends indeed, not fucking with passion, just casually handing Cindy from guy to guy for a little fun. It was interesting to see that a good spanking took her a long way towards an orgasm, which Chris finished off with his fingers.  
  
At the seminar next day, it was good to see that we were all still committed to learning. There was no absenteeism, no, horsing around and all the questions were thoughtful. This week was all about Estate Agency, the contract, the legal side and even the practicalities. Consequently we heard a lot from Arthur, a very practical, hands on estate agent. We all asked a lot of questions and were pleased with the relevance of the answers. Even the lecturer admitted that he learnt a lot about current practices. While he was good on the legal, contractual side he had no recent practical experience. The week flew by, there was a lot of homework and apart from a quick beer with Arthur on the Wednesday evening when we mainly talked shop, there was no social activity. I was surprised to get an invite on Thursday morning from Barbara.  
  
'Hi Alex, how about a bite to eat tonight. I hate eating alone. There is a nice little Thai restaurant just around the corner. Shall we say seven thirty, give us time for our homework.'  
  
I didn't really have the opportunity to refuse. She was off to her desk before I could have come up with an excuse even if I had wanted to. I realised that she must have decided that I was the one that she wanted to join her business. It was going to be flattering to be asked but I knew the answer already.  
  
I had just finished my homework about seven when I received a text from Susan.  
  
'Are you free for a call? xx'  
  
I rang her straight back and could feel a hesitancy about her opening words.  
  
'Hello Darling, how are you?' she said.'  
  
'I am fine, what's the matter?' I said.  
  
'How do you know something is wrong?'  
  
'I know you too well, my sweet, my fiancée. What's up?' I could tell from her sharp reply that it was nothing important. To me anyway.  
  
'Well... I was seeing Elise and Gordon tonight. They were coming round here for supper, where I thought I would be safe, with you watching me, and Elise being here.'  
  
'You say you were seeing? I guess they cannot come. That's fine fix another date.'  
  
'No, it's not as easy as that. Elise can't come. She has to visit a sick friend. I have spoken to her after I spoke to Gordon when he apologised, and it's true. She has to visit a sick friend.'  
  
I could see what was coming.  
  
'So Gordon didn't want to...'  
  
'That's right,' she said. 'Gordon didn't want to stay in on his own. He said he was so looking forward to seeing me.'  
  
I'll bet, I thought. That was a convenient excuse he just invented and he persuaded Elise to go along with it. I'll bet she is in on her own if I ring them. She would be quite happy to let Gordon get together with Susan knowing that it was likely to lead to another encounter between her and I at a later date.  
  
'So what's the problem? You get on fine with Gordon.' I deliberately acted dim.  
  
'Oh Alex, think. You know the problem. He wants to be on his own with me. He will try and ..., well, you know.'  
  
'But you have never been too unwilling in the past,' I said realistically.  
  
'No I kn..., well not willing exactly. Now we are engaged it's not right. Is it?'  
  
How did I interpret that? 'Is it,'... was it a real feeling that she shouldn't do it with him any more, or was she asking permission? I had to assume the latter, or possibly upset Susan, and possibly Gordon, I surmised.  
  
'That's wonderful that you think that way Darling, but we have always loved each other and the ring, that you haven't got yet anyway, shouldn't make any difference to our love and to our feelings for each other.'  
  
'I guess,' she said.  
  
'Do you remember, when I first talked about coming up here and you were worried knowing that Gordon would come on to you, I told you to go ahead, but think of me. I can remember my exact words. I said stand in front of one of the cameras say 'Alex, this is for you. I may be being touched by Gordon, but I am thinking of you.' All three of us will get a laugh out of it knowing it is not true, and that the last thing you will be thinking about as he worms his long horny fingers into your pussy is me. But it will also make him aware that we do love each other and that I want to know what you are doing. I am sure I will get a little jealous. It is not like we are in the same room that I can come over and do something about it. Do you remember?'  
  
I could almost see her nodding.  
  
'Okay then darling, well in that case I had better get going and get changed, something not too easy for him. My tight jeans maybe?'  
  
I could see that she was already thinking about the sex rather than being a 'fiancee'.  
  
'Knowing Gordon, it won't make any difference what you wear, you won't be wearing it long.'  
  
'Oh Alex. You know I am not like that. I may be worried unduly. He may be the perfect gentleman.'  
  
I had to laugh at that but managed to say well go along then. I am going out for dinner so I will catch up later. Don't forget. I will be watching even if it is only on catch-up.'  
  
We blew each other kisses and I flicked the lap-top on to see her stripping off her clothes and rushing into the shower. That reminded me that I had to do the same. I was quick to shower and change, pick up my lap-top in case I was there first and leave.  
  
Minutes later I was opening the door to Hot Stuff, the Thai Restaurant, seeing Barbara sitting over a gin and tonic on her own. She looked lovely in a sleeveless orange blouse and brown skirt. She was sitting so I couldn't see her lovely long legs below the table.  
  
I smiled, 'Bridget,' I said. 'Good evening.'  
  
She looked puzzled. 'Barbara,' she said. 'As you know.'  
  
'Sorry,' I said, 'I was thinking B. B. Bridget Bardot, but now I see it is her younger sister.'  
  
She laughed at that. 'Too smooth to be even nearly true, but trust me, Man of Mystery, flattery will get you everything.'  
  
I hadn't time to digest that remark completely as I was still contemplating Man of Mystery.  
  
It was my time to look puzzled as I pointed to a pint of lager on a nearby table as the waiter came up. 'Man of Mystery, about as likely as Man on the Moon. Me, an open book.'  
  
The waiter came up with my drink and Barbara told him that we would have the superior set meal for two, 'and don't rush it. We are not in a hurry. And a bottle of the New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc.'  
  
This girl knew what she wanted, which I guess at that stage included me.  
  
'So, what was your view of the course this week.' Straight to business.  
  
'Fascinating,' I said. It was nice to get to know the Estate Agency business in such depth.'  
  
'Yes,' she said, 'I guess it was, especially for people who had no or little exposure to them'  
  
I agreed and went on to say how much Arthur had helped.  
  
'So,' she said. 'Going back to my first point, Man of Mystery, what are you doing on this course and what do you do for a living? You obviously do not have any buy-to-lets or had any experience with Estate Agents judging by the questions you asked. You know I am after hiring someone, but cannot possibly think about it until I know why you have deceived us all so far.'  
  
Now I was in a quandary, I had never admitted to anyone not in our social circle of flats, not even my parents, about what I really did. I could of course just refuse to say, huh Man of Mystery would be right, or I could think of something else quick. My imagination escaped me just then, so it was the truth or nothing.  
  
The starters and the bottle of wine arrived so I had a couple more minutes before the waiter left us. Barbara raised he eyebrows as if to say 'I am waiting'.  
  
'I will tell you, I am a little embarrassed about the job but I promise I am not stalling to think of a better idea.'  
  
We ate our starters and I sipped at the wine before saying,' I am actually a Company Director.'  
  
She very rudely, I thought, snorted into her wine and said, 'At your age?'  
  
I nodded. 'Yes I know I am only twenty-three but I have been very fortunate in my life so far.'  
  
I went back to the beginning. My girlfriend and I applied for a free apartment which was advertised in the paper. It turned out to be a...,' and here I paused not really sure how to describe it. 'it turned out to be a voyeurs paradise. The apartment had, should I say has, cameras in every room. While we were a bit shocked at first, we quickly got used to it and due to some luck, I was offered the job to replace the guy who was managing the half-dozen apartments and their tenants. He was moving and going to work with his father-in-law. So on behalf of the company VSX, I work with the original owner and the computer geek who set the system up in the first place. I guess I am in the Porn Industry. Here is my card. I gave her my VSX business card.  
  
It was now her turn to go quiet.  
  
The main courses arrived. I assumed the role of host, poured some more wine and started to help myself to the food. I put a couple of nice pieces of lobster on her plate.  
  
'So how... I am sorry, I haven't quite got it all yet. Firstly the job, but so far not even the company and how it makes money.'  
  
'Start eating while it is hot. I have my lap-top with me. I can show you a few pages when the table is emptier.'  
  
I had decided that I was quite enjoying this and as I had put it all out there, I had nothing to lose, and maybe a lot to gain, by showing her a few pages. I may be able to get her into bed if I could get her horny. She hadn't shied away at the mention of porn.  
  
We ate in silence and waited, impatiently, I thought for the waiter to clear.  
  
I moved around the table to sit beside her, rather than across, as she finished the bottle of wine into our two glasses and waved for another one.  
  
'I must give you a warning that you may see naked flesh, in fact I will be disappointed if you don't, and you may also see people err...'  
  
'Fucking?' she said  
  
'And maybe that as well,' I laughed.  
  
We laughed as the waiter topped the glasses up again. I took the opportunity to check her legs. A fairly short mini, with stockings, if I was not mistaken.  
  
The page opened naturally as it always did on the sofa in my lounge. There was Susan, naked, kissing an equally undressed Gordon on the sofa.  
  
'Ah,' I said and flicked the switch to the next apartment which happened to be Joanne and Pete who were apparently out.  
  
'Why did you turn that off? Wasn't that what you told me to expect?'  
  
Shamefacedly I admitted that that was my apartment and the girl was Susan, my fiancée.  
  
She looked at me with eyes the size of saucers. 'Well don't you want to watch and see what she does, or even ring her and try to stop her? Can you record it and see your solicitor later?'  
  
I stuttered a bit and said, 'Oh that's Gordon, her lover, no, one of her... No, we are a bit of a swinging set. I suppose you would describe us that way and when she rang me this evening to tell me that Gordon was coming round without his wife, I knew what was likely to happen.'  
  
'Well don't you want to watch her then. I know I would have wanted to watch my ex with his girlfriend. In fact, I still would.'  
  
'I don't need to because I can watch it on catchup for twenty-four hours as if it were live, or possibly see highlights of it recorded later.'  
  
She looked at me with half a smile on her face.  
  
'Wow, well you are a dark one. A real MofM.'  
  
'Still your Man of Mystery,' I asked. 'Surely not any more?'  
  
'Not any more,' she said. 'My Man of the Moment. I have never heard of anything like this.'  
  
'Well let me show you some of the other flats,' I said. And proceeded to do just that. Janet was getting dressed to go their club, putting on her black fetish wear and teasing David who was sitting in the corner wearing a blindfold. I explained the background. I clicked into Louis and Patsy's flat and found Cindy, Emily, Sandra, Alice and Patsy in a kitchen, all in their undies while Louis, Luther, Graham, Chris and Jon were all sitting round in the lounge with beers playing on a games console.  
  
'Judging how they are dressed I suspect they will be playing different games later. It is only nine o'clock,' I said.  
  
'What sort of games,' she sniggered. As if she couldn't guess?  
  
'I don't know, one of the favourites, so much quicker than strip poker is to hand out a playing card each and the highest male takes an item of clothing off all the girls and the highest girl undresses the men. They might blindfold one of the girls and make her try to identify the guys by their cocks in her hands, or even elsewhere.  
  
She was trapped. She was in a web of my spinning. She was horny and she was going to be mine. I could smell her.  
  
'Do you want to come back to the room and watch a bit more?'  
  
She smirked. 'Well that wasn't very subtle. I haven't been chatted up with lines like, 'Come back to my room and let us watch some porn, for a long time.'  
  
I could see her waving for the bill though. I got my card out. 'This one's on me, for lying to you. And, if you promise to sign up as a member, I will claim it as expenses,' I joked.  
  
'Yes,' she said. 'I will come back with you provided...,'  
  
Whoops, I thought, what's this going to be?  
  
'Provided I get to watch your fiancee and, what was his name Gordon? with you.'  
  
Oh hell, this was going to be embarrassing but we would both be horny by the end of it if I knew Gordon.  
  
'Deal.' I said as I entered my pin number into the card machine.  
  
I saw her waving some notes at the waiter.  
  
'Quick, another bottle of the Sauvignon Blanc to go.' She was in a hurry.  
  
While we didn't exactly run back to the hotel, we didn't dawdle either.  
  
While I connected a long lead from the lap-top to the big TV on the wall, Barbara visited the bathroom, claimed the two glasses and opened the bottle which she put on the bedside table. We had both assumed without speaking that we would be sitting on the bed.  
  
She climbed on to the bed and looked expectantly at me.  
  
'Hurry up. I am looking forward to this.'  
  
So was I. Probably for something a little different, I thought.  
  
I didn't ask and just shucked my trousers.  
  
'I hope you don't mind I can't sit around in those. As you have seen I am used to being a little underdressed in most of the flats.'  
  
'Fine,' she said. 'In that case...,' and she shucked off her skirt. I was right, self-supporting black stockings and black bikini panties.  
  
I checked my watch, as I turned on VSX automatically connecting with my flat.  
  
Nobody in the lounge, ah, they were in the bedroom. Cowboy style, she was riding him.  
  
'Do you want to watch it from the beginning?' I asked. I did. I was getting hard at the thought of it. Well harder. I was nearly fully erect seeing Barbara sitting on my bed in her stockings.  
  
I checked the timeline looking for the graph showing maximum activity. I checked the hall and the front door. The activity sensors showed a lot of activity at seven thirty. That would be it. I clicked the right spot to see Susan opening the door to Gordon.  
  
'Mm, he is good-looking for an older man,' said Barbara. How old is he?'  
  
'I don't really know, fifties, late fifties?'  
  
'And Susan, mmm mmm she is attractive. I love that reddish hair. Do the pubes match. Does she do women as well. Silly me of course she does, doesn't she?  
  
I nodded twice. 'Yes and yes, but she doesn't have any now.'  
  
That's a pretty dress, does she always wear clothes quite so ... so... loose fitting? I know it is a shirt dress, but long for a shirt dress, ... right down to her knees.'  
  
'No, that's unusual. In fact, I thought that she was going to wear tight jeans which would be difficult for him to get into? I normally lay out her clothes and underwear for her. I would never lay that out.'  
  
'You do, do you. Interesting. Mmm.'  
  
'I suspect that she is wearing that because she thinks it may put Gordon off. She is a little nervous about being alone with him, particularly as she hasn't seen him since we got engaged. Let me put it this way. She loves sex but always has to be persuaded that she likes it. Apart from with me that is.'  
  
We watched for a few minutes as Susan ran around getting drinks and canapes. I scrolled forward five minutes. More canapes, some pieces of hot Tapas came out of the oven. I watched Gordon try to run his hands over her breast or her thighs whenever she came close enough. She stopped him or moved sharply away. He was beginning to look frustrated. The final straw for him was when she jumped up and said, 'Cheese Gordon, would you like some cheese.'  
  
'Susan sit down.'  
  
'Yes Gordon,' she sat on the chair opposite the sofa he was sitting on.  
  
'Susan, you are not being a very good hostess. '  
  
'Oh...what can I get...?'  
  
'You. You can get me you. Come over here and stand in front of me. Ahhh, that's better.'  
  
I watched him put his arms around her and run his hands up her legs onto her bottom.  
  
'Errrr Gordon, errr I have to do something before you ... if you want to... Well you know.'  
  
She pushed his hands away and turned around.  
  
'I need to talk to Alex.'  
  
Barbara looked at me bemusedly.  
  
'I told her to do this. Fun isn't it.'  
  
'You really are a controlling bugger aren't you. Her clothes, underwear, now this.'  
  
She stood facing the cameras and almost recited word for word what I had said earlier.  
  
'Alex, this is for you. I may be being touched by Gordon, but we are thinking of you. Well I am. You know I love you Darling. Can you turn off the camera and stop watching please?'  
  
'No,' interrupted Gordon. 'Hi Alex. I guess you are watching this. I thought I had better interrupt because what Susan just said was not actually true was it. I wasn't actually touching her.'  
  
He stood up and pulled his arms around her waist and up over her breasts. He undid the top couple of buttons on the shirt dress and I thought for one moment that he would carry on undoing them right down to the hem. But no, he undid her belt and ran his hands down her legs to the hem. As they started to rise again you could see that they were now underneath the hem of the dress, slowly rising up her thighs, pulling the back of the dress up with him.  
  
'Now I am touching her Alex. Can you see?'  
  
I heard Barbara groan but could not take my eyes off the screen.  
  
His hands continued to rise. They were now on her bottom, with the back of the hem up around the top of her crack. At the front it was still down around mid-thigh.  
  
'She does have a lovely bottom Alex, but I guess you know that.'  
  
His hands came round the front of the dress to the top of her thighs, but still under the material, with the hem now at high thigh-high level.  
  
'Of course, you are not here to dress her Alex. You will be wondering whether she has panties on. All good girls wear panties don't they Alex. Don't they Susan.'  
  
I heard both Susan and Barbara groan at that.  
  
'Now Susan. Time to make that little speech again I think.'  
  
'Groan... Alex this is ...Ohhh Alex, Gordon is touching me... he's touching me ... there. You know ... there Alex. I am thinking of y... ohhh Gordon. He's touching me.'  
  
'And are you wearing panties? Good girl Susan, are you wearing panties?'  
  
'Alex. he is touching me there. Ohhh Gordon no... I am not wearing panties... err I couldn't decide which ...oohh. Alex.'  
  
His hands rose up and up, dragging the hem up to her waist her pussy showing clearly in the well-lit lounge. His hands rose up under and then over her breasts, while still under the front of the dress. The hem of her dress was now up over her shoulder-blades at the back and over his hands on her tits at the front.

'Alex, good girls wear brassieres as well. It really was a shame that you were not here to dress her. No panties no brassiere. No good girls here. Only bad girls round here. Are you a bad girl Susan?'  
  
'Yes, I think I must be Gordon. I must be a bad girl I couldn't decide ... Ohh Gordon. Alex ohhh Gordon.'  
  
'Put your hands on the shelf Susan, and look into the camera. Are you still there Alex? Yes, I am sure you are.'  
  
We heard a zip pulled down somewhere behind her. A hand of his disappeared to pull off his trousers and underwear.  
  
'Right Susan do you want to tell him again?'  
  
We saw her face wrinkle up and eyes widen as she was fiercely pushed from behind. We knew what had happened.  
  
'I am feeling her now Alex. In fact, I am feeling her inside now Alex. And my finger is up her arse Alex, I know she likes that when you do it. No condom I am afraid. Say goodnight to your fiancee Alex. Oh, and congratulations.'  
  
All we could see was Susan, practically kissing the camera as her face banged back and fore. 'Ohhh Alex, ohhh Gordon.' As she screamed in orgasm.  
  
He pulled her back from the camera and I saw the dress fly over her head, buttons popping off in all directions. He hoisted her over his shoulder and disappeared towards the bedroom.  
  
Barbara and I looked at each in disbelief.  
  
'Wow,' I said. 'I never liked that dress anyway.'  
  
'Wow,' she said. 'I need you. I need to come.' Looking at her now I could see that her blouse was undone all the way down showing her black bra and her bikini pants were halfway down her thighs where she had been playing with her clit.  
  
'I need you to fuck me. No foreplay. We can do that later.'  
  
We fell upon each other. I hadn't realised my cock was aching until I pushed it in her baking hot channel. We both came within seconds. It only stopped me for a few seconds as I got a second wind, or is that a second wood, and started banging her hard, from here to eternity.  
  
We awoke a little later in each other's arms. It was one o'clock. I had a hard-on again.  
  
'No,' she said. 'I am still sore. It has been a long time since I have had that sort of sex. We will do it again next week. Trust me. But not now. I just have one question. Do you know that you are clean? We didn't use a condom and you are a self-admitted sort of swinger.  
  
'I am sorry.' I said. 'That was my fault. And yes, I am really sure we are clean. I know the history of everyone I have been with and we all stick to the same group. However, for your own peace of mind if you want to get checked I will as well.'  
  
We agreed to do that and I kissed her as she was leaving. I realised that that was the first kiss that we had shared.  
  
'It was only one o'clock so I turned the laptop on and watched most of the remainder of Susan's time with Gordon. He left just after eleven, leaving my little girl after sharing a passionate kiss in the hallway. He winked at the camera as he left. I started looking forward to my next visit with Elise.  
  
I had a word with the hotel concierge and asked if he knew somewhere I could get tested. He did of course. That's what hotel concierges are for. I went lunchtime. I gave Susan their business card and she mumbled that she would go when we finished the day. We would get the results back Tuesday.  
  
The next day went by in a daze, lucky we were all working hard. We finished soon after three again and with barely a word to Barbara, or anyone else, I was on my way home.  
  
This was going to be an interesting conversation. I took my mind off it by doing my homework on the train. I arrived home about soon after eight, with no preconceived idea how the conversation was going to go.  
  
She flew, naked, into my arms as I arrived through the door, and hung on to my arm as I took the suitcase through to the bedroom and stripped down to my jockeys. It was just natural to do so now. We kept the flat warm enough to be naked at all times.  
  
'You didn't ring me last night,' she said. 'Did you watch... err did you see err... When Gordon came... I did speak to you in the camera. I...'  
  
I put her out of her misery.  
  
'Yes, I watched it on catch-up. Not live. And I am pleased I watched it on catch-up. It was incredibly moving, and well, horny. I have never seen you so nervous and then so passionate.'  
  
She looked at her feet.  
  
'Will you believe me if I tell you that, while that is true, it wasn't for Gordon, it was because I was doing it for you.'  
  
I was inclined to believe that she at least thought that was true. I actually believe that Gordon is a master at control and he had her wrapped around his little finger. Who am I kidding, he had her wrapped around his cock.  
  
I hugged 'My darling fiancee, that was a lovely thing to say and yes I believe it. I know you love me and now after doing that for me in a funny way I think you have proved it. Mind you, I am going to have a word or two with Gordon.'  
  
'But lover, you knew when I rang you what he was likely to want. So it was not entirely his fault. Perhaps I should have said no. You are right I should never have let him come.'  
  
'You misunderstand me. Yes I expected him to make his normal, urbane, and I am sure very pleasant moves on you, that I knew you would both enjoy. I didn't expect him to enjoy dominating you and cuckolding me, quite the way that he did. When he took you into the bedroom and smacked your bottom making you repeat, 'Gordon I give you my body' and then make you say 'Gordon you have a much bigger dick than Alex,' while he was only fingering your arsehole and had nothing to compare, was frankly OTT.'  
  
'I didn't really mean those things. He whispered to me,... err well he whispered to me, so I just said them.'  
  
'What exactly did he whisper to you?'  
  
'You won't be cross.'  
  
'Not with you.'  
  
'He...he said that if I wanted him to fuck me in the arse I had to say what he told me to, and well I was so turned on by then, after talking to you ... well not... talking ... but ...into the camera.'  
  
What a manipulative clever bastard, I thought. My admiration for him knew no bounds.  
  
'Well anyway, I will have a private word with him and I know that if I have to get my own back by spending an evening with Elise, getting back at Gordon of course, not enjoying myself, then at least I know you won't have any objection and will support me.'  
  
'Of course... and you mean we are all right. You and me. I have been so worried all day. Especially when you didn't ring. Or even text me. You know you can do whatever you like to her. Yes, I will help you if you want.'  
  
'There is no need to be vindictive Susan. It is not Elise's fault and I will have to make sure that she enjoys herself as much as you did. I just need Gordon to go a little green.'  
  
She gave me a big hug and dragged me towards the bedroom. ' Errr... .'  
  
'Yes what is it now. Something more from last night.'  
  
'No not really, but can you leave my bum alone please, inside and out. It is very sore.'  
  
I acted indignant. 'Well I hope it is okay by tomorrow or I will be going back to Manchester without having enjoyed it. Perhaps I will have to find a pliant little bum up there.'  
  
The fact that I had already got one lined up, more of a pliant big bum actually, somehow slipped my mind at that point.  
  
I managed to do without the anal orifice realising that it just gave me a little more ammunition for another occasion.  
  
Saturday night we had been invited round to Brenda and Jim's for a dinner party. Susan claimed we needed to go shopping for a new dress. That could be fun.  
  
'Who else is going.' I fully expected Elise and Gordon, and yes, they had been invited, but no they couldn't attend. I was pleased. I really needed to see Gordon alone the first time. I was still smouldering from the wink he gave me as he left. Bastard.  
  
The only other couple we would know was Emily and Graham. That was fine they were a nice young couple, not exciting but would go along with a party. And such a pretty, innocent little thing. The other two couples we would not know. One were old school friends of Brenda and Jim, and the other they had met on honeymoon a few months ago. This other couple had also been on their own honeymoon.  
  
''Brenda has warned me that it may not be like our parties. Exciting,..err.. sexual I mean.'  
  
'That fine. I will be more than happy to have a nice, quiet, relaxed, sophisticated evening.'

**Chapter 04**

'Where do you want to look for a dress? Round here hopefully?'  
  
'Indeed, it is in the little mews off the street that the Adult Video shop is in. I went in there earlier this week. I didn't buy anything in case you didn't approve, it is not as racy as most of the shops you take me in to.'  
  
It wasn't, but it was fine for a nice LBD, little black dress. It actually was a two piece, a soft satiny, v-necked, scoop-backed top with a matching skirt which had a hem halfway up her thigh and a slit to the top of the thigh. I experimented and by turning the skirt around the slit could be over a thigh or up the centre of the back or front. The skirt was fairly straight but not tight at all and with Susan's little bottom it did not need to be fitted or shaped. It was just long enough for her to wear stockings under it without showing the lacy tops. The v-neck came down between her boobs and the back scooped halfway down her back. There was no way she would be wearing a bra with it. I guess effectively it was almost as sexy as some of her clothes bought at the shops she described as racy. I liked it.  
  
We left there and somehow could not resist turning into the Adult shop, Love Unlimited, a few doors along. Joe, behind the counter greeted us with enthusiasm.  
  
''Susan, Alex, hi. Come in to try on some clothes? Remember, twenty percent.'  
  
I saw him pick up the phone and hit a predial number even before he had received an answer from us. On past experience it would take him between five and ten minutes to get a handful of friends down here. I idly thought of asking to go on the 'please ring' list.  
  
I laughed, 'Well just looking really, but knowing Susan she won't be able to resist something.'  
  
'Susan indignantly said, 'It's not me that wants to come in here and get embarrassed. Oh no. It's you, you pervert, as she hurried down the stairs to the clothing department. Following her down I idly rummaged through a couple of racks. Mainly a lot of the stuff she had tried on before.  
  
'Down on the left, near the viewing galleries entrance, first rack. There is some new stuff,' called Joe.  
  
There was indeed. Just about the first dress my eyes alighted on was a gold lame, light, almost parachute silk, type dress.  
  
It reminded me a little of the dress we had just bought but more so. The shoulder straps were skinny, the front similar to the back, a scooped u-neck. The back, well, what back? There was a scoop back, but without seeing it on, it looked ever so low.  
  
'Try this one on. Oh and this one.'  
  
This one was a black net dress with light applique work over the breasts and pubic area. There were also a couple of similar appliqued strips running diagonally across the back as low as half way down her buttocks. It came with quite a large pair of matching briefs, heavily appliqued to cover her 'private' parts. Far too private in my view so I refrained from giving her the panties. 'I can see these will fit,' I said. 'No need to try these on.'  
  
She gave me a wry smile and turned to see if there was anything else. I was suddenly in a hurry to see these and get going. We would just have time for a drink before leaving.  
  
We walked upstairs to the viewing room, whoops I mean the changing room. Joe's friends had been quick off the mark and there were half a dozen guys idly looking at DVDs along the natural 'catwalk', the narrow gangway between the changing room and the full-length mirror.  
  
Susan disappeared into the changing room. The curtain still did not fit properly. Surprise surprise!  
  
I heard her say 'Wow, I think you will like this. I will try the other one first.'  
  
She came out in the black net and the guys in the gangway gave up all pretence of looking at DVDs. It was nice, it showed off everything to advantage. Thinking about it, I may have been wrong, it might have been a nightdress, a baby doll, not a day dress. It was short enough that her butt cheeks hung below the hem and it was so see-through, it did not obscure her pudenda at all. It was okay, but nothing special. The guys liked it though. She sashayed three times along the catwalk and retired to the changing room. Within seconds she was back with the gold dress on. I was struck dumb.  
  
'Wow that looks so good on you,' I eventually managed. The u-neck pushed the shoulder strings to the side somehow, I could see that if she bent forward the weight of the scoop would hang down in front exposing her from nipples to toes. And as for the back, the big heavy scoop, which was loose around the sides, came three-quarters of the way down her buttocks. You could plainly see the crack of her arse. When she bent forward, as she did now, all the guys in front got a look at her painted toes, via her nipples, but the back moved almost up to her waist. Wow.  
  
I must remind her to paint her nipples to match her toes.  
  
'Can you dance in it,' I asked. She danced a few steps down the gangway, swung her arms about in an exaggerated dance. I watched her tits flop out at the sides. 'Whoops.'  
  
'We'll take it.' I said. 'I would be quite happy to have you wearing this just for me.' I have always been an arse and legs man really.  
  
We paid and left, a much quicker visit than usual, but Joe was happy to hear that if he stocked that sort of quality clothing we would be in more often.  
  
We had a quick one in the King's Arms on the way home. Not quite on our route but it never does any harm to glad-hand in the pub we were using for our party nights once a month. Les was delighted to see us and introduced us to his son who had got divorced and moved back home from Gateshead.  
  
'Ed here will be helping me now in the pub. We are doing more and more business and your Friday nights have not hurt. People keep coming in and asking if they can join the party upstairs. They see all those good-looking girls going up and want to join in. I am thinking of organising another party once a month on a Friday or Saturday, a couple of weeks between your nights. What do you think? Would you like to organise them? I will pay you, perhaps on commission.'  
  
I looked at Susan. 'What do you think?' I asked.  
  
I explained to Les and Ed that this was what Susan did for a living. Party planner.  
  
'I don't see why not,' she said. 'Alex is away a lot at the moment, so I can spend time on it. It would not be able to clash with ours though. That is our current priority.'  
  
'Perfect,' said Les. 'Let me know what you decide and if you do I would like you to involve Ed here so that he can take over from you if you move away or stop doing it. Is that fair? I could give you five percent of the takings and pay for any redecorating you need doing.'  
  
Susan looked around her mystified. 'Alex did you hear someone say something about five percent. Don't they know I don't get out of bed for less than fifteen.'  
  
We all laughed.  
  
'Canny bitch,' said Les. 'Ten or Ed will have to do it all on his own.'  
  
Susan leaned forward to shake on it. 'You have a deal Les. We start on the second Saturday in October and plan to hold one on the second Saturday's thereafter. As a little sweetener I will wear my new dress for the first night.' She held out the shopping bag and of course Les demanded to see it as she knew he would.  
  
'Okay okay, I will show you now, but I am not trying it on. You will have to wait.'  
  
She lifted from the bag, held it up and turned it around and around. They were both goggle-eyed and Ed showed that he had least some of his Fathers wit by asking which side was the front. We all cracked up. I hoped that it was a joke. We made our farewells and Susan agreed to come in during the week with some ideas for the promotion.  
  
We grabbed a cab to Brenda and Jim's. The LBD was all I put out for her to wear. Plus of course the obligatory stockings and suspenders. You know I am a leg man.  
  
We turned up and were actually last, but only by a minute or three. It was a while since I had seen Brenda and she had lost quite a bit of weight. She would never be a small girl, tall and busty but now she carried nothing extra. She looked really good and I told her. Funnily enough the most changed was Jim. After a couple of months of VSX paying them a small amount to live in the flat, plus the flat of course, they were comfortable enough for Jim to give up his job at the Bank and become a decorator, handyman. He already had as much work as he wanted. We had of course started him off with some work for VSX before he got his own clientele. And we would still use him from time to time. He had put on weight. Not in a bad way. In the right places. He was muscular but not like a body builder. Just all-round fit. And he looked happy. He introduced us to Helen and Ian, old school friends of theirs, who had been childhood sweethearts. They too had been a couple for ever, but unlike Jim and Brenda had never got married. We were not told why, but just introduced as Susan and Alex, 'and they aren't married either.' Neither of us actually mentioned that we had got engaged, me because I realised that we had forgotten all about buying an engagement ring. That was going to get me a yellow card, if she thought about it. Helen looked like a distance runner, tall, slim and pretty fit. No boobs to talk about and shoulder length dark hair. I could imagine that it was normally seen in a ponytail.  
  
Another couple were introduced as Greta and Tom. They had shared a table on their mutual honeymoon cruise, and stayed in touch. Greta was a very Germanic blonde with beautiful boobies. I thought that they probably were magnificent but she appeared to have a very Madonna type conical bra that just made them stand out. I wondered whether I would ever get the chance to see them. Tom was a bit like Jon, good-looking in a slightly heavy way. He was currently trying to sell cars for a living while looking for a job that justified his minor business degree that he was proud to quickly mention after it came out that he sold Toyotas. Not even Lamborghini's I thought.  
  
They were all good company though. Emily and Graham of course were delightful. Particularly Emily, I thought. I idly wondered whether Graham was now dressing her. She had a lovely red silk wrap-over dress and bare legs. It was still mild outside.  
  
The conversation eventually came round to sex, over the cheese and the bottle of port I had brought with me. We had drunk our way through a couple of boxes of white and red and were now on the port and brandies. Conversations were getting a little louder and less discreet. Opinions were getting a little more positive.  
  
We had got Brenda and Greta talking about their cruise and Greta had mentioned, with a wink at Brenda, the 'hunks' that had been laying round the pool. It was obviously an in-joke. Jim had followed that up with a nudge in Tom's direction and a quip about the girls in their bikinis which had looked like underwear.  
  
Tom, not to be outdone said, 'Talking about underwear. While we were sitting round the pool one day, Jim here told me this amazing story about visiting an underwear shop with Brenda, just before they came on the cruise. There were half a dozen girls, including Brenda,' he stopped to look adoringly at a now blushing Brenda who of course knew the story, 'who ended up naked walking around the shop so that all their guys including Jim here, could see them. Now I couldn't quite believe it, but if it was only partly true, it was still a bloody good story. Tell it again Jim.'  
  
I thought it would be fun to get in before poor Jim had to tell it again.  
  
'But yes, of course it was true. Susan and I were there as well. In fact, that is how the four of us met. Is that not right Brenda? There were the four of us, an older couple called Elise and Gordon and three girls who I saw last only a few nights ago, Samantha Bryony and Melissa. Actually to be strictly accurate they didn't all get naked. Melissa worked there and it was not until a week later that I saw her naked as well.'  
  
Poor Tom was looking like a stranded goldfish. He really did not know what to say. I could see that poor Helen and Ian just wanted to hear the whole story, and Emily and Graham who would have had a good idea how it happened remained quiet expecting probably to hear the full story later. I was in two minds whether to shock everyone completely by asking them if they would like to see what they had missed and tell Susan to take her dress off. I didn't think we were quite there yet. Susan must have been wondering as well as she caught my eye. I shook my head and she smirked. She knew what I was thinking, the dirty exhibitionist that she is.  
  
Having got so far though I did think that we should move the conversation on a bit.  
  
'Anyway Tom, following that train of thought and probably of more interest to Helen and Greta, has Jim explained the cameras to you.'  
  
We all looked around as if we had never seen cameras before.  
  
'Brenda, you don't mind if I explain the purpose of the cameras and the consent forms that you all signed when you got here.'  
  
'Not at all,' said Brenda. 'We have no secrets here, have we Jim? We were just about to explain about them when you arrived and somehow, we never got around to it. We really meant to do it earlier. Certainly before anyone went to the toilet.  
  
I laughed. 'Yes. I am afraid the cameras and microphones will even follow you into the bathroom. But not while you are sitting or standing at the toilet itself. There is some discretion. But not much.' Six of us laughed. The other four looked horrified.  
  
'Look I will put it bluntly and then you can ask questions if you want. We are six ordinary people. All different. We talk differently, we don't look alike, we have dissimilar backgrounds, but we live all our lives under the cameras for the benefits of voyeurs who like to watch us on the internet. We get paid for flashing the flesh. For making love on top of the bed rather than in it. For standing facing the camera in the shower rather than hiding from it. We are an extension I guess, of the porn industry. Do we hurt anyone? No. Do we enjoy it?' I looked around and got five nods. 'Yes. Is it lucrative? Yes. You realise that by the very fact of getting a free flat Jim has been able to give up a job he hated and do something he really enjoys. So it works on a number of levels. For Susan and I, it has expanded our social life, and I admit, our love-life is so much more exciting. We take our clothes off at the drop of a hat in our own homes and sometimes in other peoples, but only if they are happy with it. That's it. That's all of it. The six of us. Anything to add guys?'  
  
I looked at the others.  
  
Emily said. 'I have broadened my horizons and my outlook so much. I was shy, timid, I hid my body from everyone, including Graham here and now after only a few months I have realised so much about me and my way of life, I love to be told what do. What to wear. How to conduct myself. If Graham tells me to take off my panties in a department store, I don't think about it. I just do it. I get a frisson of excitement. I wet myself sometime with just the excitement of doing taboo things in public. And Graham, he is so much more than the man I first met. Quiet still, yes but masterful and dominant at times. I love him more every day.'  
  
I had never heard her so eloquent before. I was pleased that it was not just the money that was having an influence on their life.  
  
'All that is true,' said Bren, 'and more. As you know I am only a carer and Jim a decorator. Neither of us very pushy. Historically, you know Helen and Ian, that we never made friends easily. You two are the only couple we keep in touch with from the first twenty years of our life. Tom, that meeting you described in the lingerie shop was our first foray into this so-called porn-web existence. It started out with a small group of acquaintances opening up their hearts, yes and their clothes, to a bunch of other people. If we had not met them and exposed our very souls, would we have been the same people that you met on honeymoon Greta and Tom? Would we have got on as well as we did that week? We swapped smutty stories, enjoyed the sight of other semi naked people around the pool, and secretly fancied the others partners.' The other three all blushed. I realised that it was true. 'So here we are. I know the six of us are going to continue eating and drinking. We still have a couple more bottles to go. We may play silly games. We may start getting undressed. The four of you are welcome to stay with us, to join in our games and possibly our nakedness, or you can leave at any time if it all gets too much. And if it does, and you do go, I hope that you will come back and see us next week and in advance ask us to keep our clothes on. I value your friendships. We didn't have many but have a few more now, and I hope you will remain some of them. Jim after all that talking I need my glass topped up. I will go back to the white wine please.'  
  
There was a general clearing of throats, passing of glasses and I noticed Helen getting up and going to the toilet. They were the most likely to leave I thought. The conversation went back to how lovely the food had been and yes, another Port would be lovely.  
  
Helen came back a few minutes later and sat back in her seat. Well, I thought, they are not leaving immediately.  
  
She leaned forward and whispered.' I must tell you, quietly, so the cameras don't hear. I sat on the toilet and took my panties right off. I could see where the angle of the lens was pointing so I realised you were right they couldn't see me.' She looked around, almost furtively. 'I held them in my hand and did not put them on until I was standing in the middle of the bathroom where I could be seen. And I feel so... so... horny.'  
  
I did the only thing possible and we all exchanged high fives and raised our glass in a toast to feeling horny.  
  
'Anyone for Twister,' said Jim.  
  
We all volunteered but Bren, self-elected as Games Master for the night chose Emily myself and Helen for the first game.  
  
Mmm I thought. Two supposed timid ones, but Emily is not nearly so timid nowadays and I am not sure that Helen isn't waiting to be converted. I waited a dozen spins before doing anything outrageous. It was getting harder to move. I suspected that Brenda was choosing the places for us to put our hands and feet. It did not feel random. Helen practically had her face in Emily's bum. I was a little to one side almost spread-eagling Helen. As I heard Alex 'right hand red' I lifted my right hand and 'accidentally' flipped Emily's red silk hem up over her bottom.  
  
'Whoops.' I said, 'Sorry.' Emily screamed and so did Helen, but neither moved. 'I assumed that Emily would be wearing panties. But no, her beautifully manicured beaver was open, beckoning to Helen's nose, about three inches away.  
  
'Jim,' said Brenda with a giggle in her voice, 'If you didn't hear me that was 'Right hand red.' I struggled to place my right hand down between Helen's knees onto the mat. 'Oh, another one for Alex. Alex right hand green. Of course, this time I flipped Helen's skirt up over her bottom to see her pink bikini panties, with, if I am not mistaken, a slightly damper patch in the middle. There was a Hello Kitty feature on the front.  
  
'Heellloooo Kitty,' I heard Jim say.  
  
Everyone laughed, including Helen I noted. I decided the time was right to finish this game so quickly fell over and got penalised my trousers for the next game in which I partook.  
  
The next game was Graham, Susan and Greta and of course it wasn't long before Graham did exactly the same as I had done, exposing Susan's naked bum, which was surrounded by her delightful stockings and suspender belt. Again, the next movement, he picked up Greta's skirt and to my surprise revealed her panties to be net, and see through, front and back, with just the gusset having any real body to it. I realised she had gone down there knowing what was likely to happen and what was likely to be revealed. In true Germanic tradition she had a fine growth of blonde pubic hair.

I managed to get a quick apology to Graham while one of the next games was going on. 'I am sorry that I exposed Emily's bottom first and so completely,' I said. 'I fully expected her to be wearing panties.'  
  
'That's all right,' he said. 'She will have loved every bit of it. I tell her what she can wear almost all the time now so she very rarely gets to wear panties.'  
  
A man after my own heart.  
  
We had a few games, enough for all the girls to get their dresses flipped a couple of times and all the guys to lose their trousers for losing the game.  
  
it was after eleven and I wanted to make the most of an evening where we had two young girls apparently willing to lose some clothes but on the other hand, I had to go back to Manchester tomorrow so I did not want to be late. Escalate was the answer.  
  
'I am far too drunk to concentrate on gymnastics and look at you beautiful girls. Are you up for a game just to lose some clothes?'  
  
The reactions were mixed from enthusiastic to maybe... well maybe, well how much... Shall we say reluctance.  
  
'Well we don't have to,' I bluffed, 'we can just ...'  
  
'No that's okay.' Both Helen and Greta were quick to keep the party going.  
  
'Jim have you got a table tennis ball?'  
  
'Yes surprisingly,' said Jim.  
  
'We can play beer pong on the floor in the kitchen. Boys against girls. Take a paper cup each and write your name on it. Put all the men's together on the floor in front of the men, and the girl's ones in front of the girls. Keep the names turned away from the opposite team. Now taking it in turns you take the ball and throw or bounce it into a cup the side. The person who threw the ball takes an item of clothing off the person whose name is on the cup. Easy. The wearer chooses the item, shoes and socks don't count. We stop when one team is naked. When an individual is naked or, I guess, if they want to stop playing their cup is removed.'  
  
That would give the boys a small advantage I figured. With Emily and Susan only wearing a dress their cups could quickly be removed for us to concentrate on the remaining cups.  
  
We let the girls start and they were quickly off the mark, with my shirt and Jim's. We snaffled shirts from Greta and Brenda. I was fascinated by Greta's boobs. I still could not tell what they were like as her bra was so structured that they were quite stiff. Quite unlike her unstructured panties. The next round of throws got Jim's jockeys, which left him naked, and Tom's shirt.  
  
I realised that my calculations were thrown out by the fact that Susan had two stockings and a suspender belt, so in all had four items, and that all of us guys only had two items each as we had already forfeited our trousers.  
  
Susan was first to show all as she offered her dress, when I suppose in theory, she could have offered a stocking. Her excuse, and I think knowing Susan that it was an excuse, was that Emily only had one item to lose. Emily of course, was quickly out while Susan stayed in the game throwing for her stockings.  
  
The nitty gritty was that after four rounds of throwing, Susan was left in with her suspender belt, Helen with her panties, and Greta, surprisingly, still had her bra on. She had offered her panties on the basis that they covered nothing anyway. Ian and Graham both had their boxers on. We all threw again and Greta seized Ian's boxers, taking three or four minutes to tease him before removing them. In the next round Brenda got Graham's with the first throw. I was not going to get to see Greta's tits.  
  
It was time to leave, we kissed everyone and thanked Brenda and Jim for their hospitality. We shared a cab with Emily and Graham and left the other six to mull over the evening. I would love to have been a fly on the wall, and then I remembered the catch-up. I wondered whether they would remember to whisper. I could watch it on the train next day.

**Chapter 05**

I returned to Manchester and, on the train, I did manage to listen to the conversations between the six that we had left in Jim's apartment. They had all enjoyed it. I was really surprised when Helen asked if they would all like to go to their house soon and continue where we left off. That sounded promising and Greta and Tom were quick to accept. Brenda agreed that they would be delighted to come but, if nobody minded, she would prefer that they could meet back in her apartment in two week's time.  
  
'Frankly,' she said, 'In order to keep our flat we have to keep attracting viewers and nights like tonight, and this next get-together we are talking about, will be popular with viewers and make it easier for us to stay here. It's not that I don't want to go to your place, but it would certainly suit us to be here, and you appear to have enjoyed being in the spotlights?'  
  
They all agreed to meet up again in two weeks and Brenda would ring Susan and Emily and invite us all again. I would leave the invite up to Susan. Maybe I will get to see Greta's tits eventually.  
  
Monday in the class was back to normal. Barbara was her normal bubbly self and we all continued to study assiduously. It was law mainly this week. The laws relating to buying and selling house, and basic law relating to employer/ employee relationships. All very interesting, but a lot of reading. I noticed that Barbara seemed to be spending a little more time in the company of the three lads, Aran, Raul and Sujit. I assumed that Barbara now had her eye on one of the lads as I obviously had a job and would hardly want to be her assistant. She buttonholed me at coffee time and asked if we could get together for a meal again. She needed a chat, she claimed. I agreed to meet her back in the Thai restaurant at eight.  
  
When we met she was bubbly, and all over me, kissing me and dragging me back to her table.  
  
'I couldn't wait to tell you,' she said, 'You can go ahead and claim the bill for dinner. I joined your VSX on Saturday and have not been able to stop watching it. What a time waster, but wow does it keep me horny. I enjoyed watching your party Saturday night and boy, did you give it to Susan when you got home.'  
  
We both laughed as I said, 'Well, I had spent all evening expecting to at least see, if not get my hands on, Greta's tits. Imagine the frustration.'  
  
'But I didn't just watch you, I have scoured all the other apartments. That Louis has got an amazing body and so have Chris and Luther who seem to spend a lot of time together, along with Luther's girl Cindy and the other guy Jon. She does seem to like her threesomes, or is it foursomes?'  
  
I told her that while they were all fairly new, I had spotted that as well. I also gossiped about the fact that I only recently found out after they joined us, that they knew each other beforehand. They had all been to Uni together.  
  
'That explains a lot.' She said. 'They do spend a lot of time together.'  
  
She was so enthusiastic that, as we ate, she pulled out her lap-top and we watched a few of the flats. Susan was working on her computer, I assumed working on the plans for the party nights at The Kings Head. She was naked of course. I found Janet's flat as we were surfing through, I was interested to see that John, our electrician was round there again. Briefly listening in, and realising that the night was still young, they were both still calling Dave 'Dave'. I explained the significance to Barbara and told her that probably shortly they would start calling him David and he would likely be tied and cuckolded. She was fascinated to watch and, sure enough, just as we were asking for the bill, which this time Barbara paid, they started calling him David as they moved through to the lounge.  
  
Barbara of course invited me back to her room to continue watching. Well it would have been churlish to say no, wouldn't it. We both started undressing as we entered the room. It was unspoken but we both knew we were going to bed, and I don't mean to sit on. We were less hurried, in fact we just lay and cuddled for a while as Janet knelt at John's feet blowing him. David was watching from the corner chair, slowly wanking. They must have felt sorry for him as he wasn't tied up. He could reach his cock. We soon got down to it and I fingered her to a quick 'O' as we lay there. She then spent a long time giving me really sloppy head before I turned her on to her knees and entered her from behind. By midnight she must have come four or five times to my twice. I left her in the early hours to get some sleep before the next day's studying.  
  
Unusually I met Barbara again at breakfast. She explained that yes, she had reconciled herself that I was never going to be her assistant and that she was viewing the other three guys as possibles. At this stage she thought that Sujit showed the most potential but she needed to spend a bit more time with them. She didn't want me to think that she was moving on from me, she explained. She enjoyed last night so much that she would like to repeat it each evening if possible. However, she did want to spend time with the guys, could she phone me when she was free, or perhaps just bang on my door? I assured her that either was fine, that I wasn't looking for anyone else and had no intentions of chatting up either Cheryl or Steph, so she could happily bang on my door if she needed my body. That made her laugh.  
  
It did get more social that week. I had drinks with Arthur on the Tuesday evening, funnily enough with Cheryl and Steph, who happened to be in the same bar. They were off later to meet a couple of lads they had met dancing. We had a pleasant hour or two with them before they went off and Arthur and I then finished another bottle of wine. He was going for it large. He admitted that one of the reasons he enjoyed coming on these trips was to get away from a boring wife who did not approve of him drinking at all. I agreed with him that it must be difficult not to drink as an estate agent, where one of the key aims is to get as close as possible to your customers to know what they want. A few hours drinking, especially if you enjoy it, is a small price to pay for a few thousand pounds commission.  
  
I got back to the room about eleven and went straight to bed. I spent half an hour watching Susan, still working on her computer, and Tim and Roger entertaining Melissa and Tracy, I would have to check out if they paired up by watching catch-up in the morning. I half expected a bang on the door later but if there was, I didn't hear it because I was asleep. I assumed that Barbara also went straight to bed as there were no phone calls or messages.  
  
On Wednesday I sat with Barbara in the canteen for lunch and she told me that while she hadn't said anything yet, Sujit was way ahead in the employment stakes. We had already been more impressed by the questions that he asked compared to the other two, but she also said that his social skills were much better. He laughed and joked fairly readily. She said how nice it was that he looked her in the eyes when they spoke whereas the other two both seemed a bit scared of her. I knew how they felt. I am sure she could be scary.  
  
'Can I ring you tonight, I have to meet this tenant again first.'  
  
''Yes of course. That would be lovely. I will be ready for you.' I winked.  
  
Ii had a quick drink in the bar with Arthur but left about nine using the excuse that I had to speak to Susan.  
  
I did check whether she was in so that I could ring. There was no sign of her so I assumed that she was at the King's Head talking parties. Catch up showed me that Tim ended up with Melissa in his own bed. Roger stayed overnight at Tracey's after walking her home. They lived on different floors of the same block. Some dangerous walk for her.  
  
I was just after ten I got the phone call.  
  
'Are you awake?'  
  
'Wide awake and raring to go.'  
  
'Give me five minutes. I have just got in. A quick shower and I will be there.'  
  
I opened the door and left it propped open with a shoe and went back to bed. Still no sign of Susan. I had a quick explore round and saw that Louis and Patsy were entertaining Emily, Graham, Cindy and Luther. That would be worth watching later.  
  
I heard a light rap on the door and Barbara let herself in wearing a raincoat. No, not a condom, a real raincoat.  
  
'What's with the raincoat? Don't you like getting wet in the shower?' I asked, and then 'Wow.' As she peeled off the coat. Her long blonde curls and perma-tan offset the black stockings, suspender belt and demi-bra which was all she wore. Her nipples and areola lay comfortably on the top of the bra.  
  
'Wow, again?'  
  
'That's what I like,' she said. 'A man of few words. Why talk when you could be eating these.' She held a breast in one hand and her pussy with the other.  
  
I started to get out of bed to greet her, only to be told 'Don't waste time moving. Here I come.'  
  
She straddled my face, lowering her moist lips onto mine. Her mouth lowered itself over my cock and we sixty-nine'd. She was very wet and tasted flowery. She had made time to shower before coming down to see me. I found it difficult to concentrate on her labia with the quality of the blow-job she was giving me. I roiled her over, moved to one side, pushed her legs up to her ears and gave her vulva all my attention. I had her screaming when I suddenly saw her arse-hole winking at me as if to say, 'What about me.'  
  
It took very little effort to insinuate first one, and then two fingers, knuckle deep in her rosebud. She had naturally lubricated my fingers, but as I had no bottle of lube to hand I had to ask her if she wanted me to fuck her arse this time.  
  
'I have a condom,' I said, hopefully, feeling for my wallet beside the bed. She groaned and turned over onto her knees, which I took as assent. I slathered spittle over the condom and, surprise, surprise, easily forced my cock into her arse. She was no newcomer to this. She even came as I pumped her. Admittedly I was playing with her clit at the same time. I soon filled the condom and slipped out of her to slump beside her. We were both asleep within minutes and the next thing I heard was the sound of the alarm going off to awaken me for the course. She was still curled up beside me. I wakened her with a kiss, as well as the mandatory tickle of an available nipple. When she appeared to try to roll over I pinched the nipple hard enough for her to groan and spread her legs.  
  
'Get up.' I mumbled. 'We are going to be late for school.'  
  
I laughed again and said, 'It's been a long time since I said that.'  
  
She was awake enough to relish the humour in this and added 'It's been even longer since anybody said it to me. Do we have to go in?'  
  
'Don't you think it would be a bit obvious if neither of us turn up, and what is Sujit going to think? You will frighten hell out of him if you sleep with me and offer him a job. He will wonder if he has to sleep with the boss. That's a thought. Does he?'  
  
'No he bloody well doesn't. What do you think I am some sort of slut? Actually from the time that you have known me that might be right. Let's leave it that no he doesn't. Well not unless he has a dick like yours!'  
  
She found her raincoat and, checking both ways, slipped out of the door. She was only ten minutes late to the lesson!  
  
Thursday passed quickly and Barbara and I again had dinner, this time at a little steak house a few hundred metres past the hotel. We spent most of the evening either watching, or talking about VSX, how I 'managed' the apartments and a lot of gossip about the tenants. We spotted Susan getting ready to go out, so to Barbara's surprise I skyped her to see what she was doing. She was, as you can imagine, happy to hear from me, and was eager to tell me what she had organised with Ed at the King's Head. Barbara, who had gone quiet when I first rang, started teasing me, rubbing her shoe-less foot against my crotch under the table. I made a little more fuss about it than I needed to, groaning slightly at one stage, licking my lips.  
  
When I had Barbara working hard on my cock, I said into the screen, 'Susan darling, I have someone here in the restaurant who would like to meet you,' and spun the tablet around to point it at Barbara.  
  
'Say hi Barbara, oh and Susan, ask her what she is doing with her foot while we were talking.'  
  
I knew Susan would put a good face on it and let's face it, she expected me to be playing away anyway. Sure enough, I heard her say, 'Hi you must be Barbara, what are doing with your foot around my husband's balls?'  
  
I burst out laughing.  
  
In fairness Barbara started laughing, after first going beetroot colour. I could see her struggling for a good come-back.  
  
'Guilty as charged, I am afraid. I just felt sorry for him.'  
  
I could see a trap being set but was not quick enough to grab the tablet back.  
  
'Why are you sorry for him, I'll bet he is loving it. '  
  
'I hope he is. I feel sorry for him because he is so far from home with 'knickerless' Susan seeking comfort from poor Gordon.'  
  
'Ohhhh, ohhhh.' It went a little quiet while my mouth dropped open and I looked amazed at Barbara. How could she do that?  
  
'Alex,' Susan eventually said, 'When you have finished fucking that bitch up the arse tonight, make sure she is sore. In fact more than sore. Bleeding would be good. We will save our little chat until you come home tomorrow.' The screen went dead.  
  
'Wow,' I said as my hard-on disappeared like the face on the screen. 'That told her. Did I ever tell you how much my, now ex-fiancée and I loved each other?'  
  
'Sorry,' she said. 'She caught me out on a raw spot. I was actually getting you ready to fuck me later. I've never been caught like that before.'  
  
'Remind me not to upset you,' I said. 'Hopefully I will be able to talk her round this weekend when I am back. She knows I only have one more week with you.'  
  
'I wanted to talk with you about that,' she said.  
  
'Whatever it is, no, is the answer now. Did you want to come and spend the weekend with us in London. Some chance now.'  
  
'I have six flats up here around Manchester. I would like to license your company to fit your equipment and join in the VSX project.'  
  
That one did throw me. I had not seen that coming. I looked at her while I thought and Susan briefly went out of my mind.  
  
'There is a logic to that. That is why you have been so interested in how I got and manage the tenants. I hope you don't think I am leaving Susan and coming up here with you? That would definitely be a non-starter.'  
  
'Don't get me wrong,' she said. 'I like you a lot, and you are a good fuck, but I have enough regular men, and a couple of women, in my life without adding you to it. This is a simple business proposition. You are a director of the company, aren't you?'  
  
'Yes,' I replied with a hollow laugh. 'And so is Susan.'  
  
It was her turn to laugh. 'Whoops, I really do have to make that apology.'  
  
We paid the bill and started walking back towards the hotel. I had to bite the bullet and tell her that she was on her own tonight.  
  
As we got into the lift I said, 'I am afraid that little discussion with Susan has rather put me off my stroke for tonight. I am going to go back and try to talk to her. I will see you tomorrow at the class.'  
  
She nodded.  
  
'I will speak to the other Directors, and Susan, over the weekend and come back to you next week when I get back here. I think Sujit is in room 311.'  
  
'Ooooh, and I thought I was going to have to make the apologies. Yes, I will see you next week. Actually, as nasty a shot as that was, you owed me one. I am sorry I said that to Susan. We can get over this. We will have to if we are going to be partners. Truce?'  
  
'Truce. I'll be all right when I am sorted with Susan. Sorry about suggesting Sujit.'  
  
'Sure, I guess we are both too protective, definite truce. I really do like you, you know, or I wouldn't even be suggesting a tie-up. I think I would like Susan as well, after all she tried to put me down firstly, with a great line. Hopefully we will end up as great mates. Oh, and what was Sujit's room number?'  
  
She laughed as she got out of the lift.  
  
I didn't even try to ring Susan. I was never going to get anywhere with her tonight. I did text Art and Darren and ask if we could meet up on Saturday or Sunday?  
  
I was pleased not to see any of the others at breakfast, I was down bright and early after getting a good night's sleep and was first into class. The day sailed past and I was soon on the train on my way home.