**An Apartment with Benefits Part 2**

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

**Chapter 06**

I entered the apartment carefully, fully expecting a handful of kitchen knives to fly across the room towards me. Susan ran towards me and kissed me strongly. So far so good. She seemed in a surprisingly good mood.

'Well,' she said, 'Did you fuck her up the arse as I told you to?'

I managed a rueful laugh and said 'No.' That the conversation and the rejoinders had rather put me off the idea of any sort of sex. I had been so worried about coming home today that I had not even had a cursory look at the VSX site and had a wank.

Susan said, 'So you didn't see me entertaining Gordon again?'

'No,' I shook my head. 'And I can't really blame you. Barbara was well over the top with that comment and she knew it. It came out because she was with me when we watched Gordon and you in the flat together. I got it all on catch-up and boy, did it turn me on.'

'Turned you both on, I hear.'

I looked strangely at her. 'Yes how...'

'She rang me last night. About half an hour after I slammed the Skype down. Her timing was perfect. I was just beginning to blame myself for even letting you go to Manchester, knowing that you would not be able to keep your cock in your trousers, especially after seeing me with Gordon. She apologised, showed me that she was in her room on her own. Walked me through all of it to show me that you weren't there. We talked for nearly an hour. She actually is all right, although I wish you had made her bleed at least once.'

'I am so please you are not too mad with me. Yes, she is okay. More than okay actually. She was shocked to be caught out trying to seduce your husband and reacted badly. Did she tell you that I upset her later?'

'Uhuh. And that you made up, without even kissing on it. I had better own up now that I didn't see Gordon, although it was on my mind for a few minutes after I slammed the Skype down.'

'Really, you really thought about it. I hadn't realised quite how turned on you must have been that night. You wait until I get hold of Elise. Still, we are okay are we?'

'Yes we are, be honest with me, how many times did the two of you make love over the last three weeks?'

'Not even once,' I was quick to tell her.

She started to tear up, her face wrinkling as the tears began to flow.

'We fucked twice but we never made love.'

She smiled through the tears and said 'That's what Barbara said.'

We cuddled silently for what seemed like an hour. Sorted.

I eventually said, 'She has a business proposition for us. Sorry for VSX that is. She owns half a dozen flats and wants to put them into VSX. We are meeting with Darren and Art tomorrow morning to tell them. What are our plans this weekend, this last one before my last week at school.'

'It is the first of the parties I have been organising for the King's Arms. We brought the first one forward by a couple of weeks because everyone we spoke to was raving about what a great idea it was and someone else came in who wanted to organise a one-off 'open mike' night on the date we had chosen. I have told all our tenants and think a lot of them will be going. I have warned them that it will not be an orgy like our Friday night parties usually end up. However, I am sure Eddie won't mind if it does. And Les perspires at the thought of one. I have already agreed with Ed that I will compere the first two or three and then let him take over for a few. We don't really have to be there every time, and Ed is happy if they are going well. I will still get paid for at least a year.'

We spent a quiet evening in front of the TV cuddling and holding hands. I really had not been expecting to be even talking, let alone cuddling.

The next morning at eleven we met up with Art and Darren. I first gave them a run-down on the Course and how professional I had found it. The first three weeks had gone well and I knew a lot more about Estate Agency, Finance and the Law and was looking forward to the last week where we would get an overall view on the Human Resources angle. I gave them a thumbnail sketch of the other attendees, saving Barbara until last. I could see that they were wondering when I would get to the meat.

When I did they were as shocked as I had been.

'Look, it came as a surprise to me too. I only heard about her plans last night but have had a while to think about it. It strikes me that there are two ways around it, if we do want to expand. The first is to license her to use the software and charge her a percentage of her earnings to cover the use of our name and billing department. The danger there is that she puts in sub-standard hardware into the flats, or somehow upsets her clientele. That her operation would not match the quality of ours and ours would suffer by its connections.

The alternative, is that we all dilute our shareholdings and make her a full partner. We sorted the calculations of the value of the flats to the company with the ones that you two both owned in the first place. We could take the lease value of the flats away as a deduction from the monthly income of them in VSX.'

We talked over the ramifications of dilution and agreed that the second plan was the better and could show considerable benefits with the right deal. Not surprisingly Art and Darren wanted to meet Barbara, and a phone call later it was agreed that they would structure a deal by Wednesday subject to coming up to Manchester to meet on Friday evening, after the course finished. I would book another couple of rooms for the night and extend my own by a day. Susan would travel up with Darren, and Art would drive up separately. We would meet in the hotel bar at six. I had my reservations about introducing Susan and Barbara, but it had to be done.

Walking back to the flat I asked Susan if there was anything I needed to be doing for the party tonight, only to be told that she was all organised. She had everything planned including her speech and a few short 'Games'. The entrance price included 2 free drinks and there would be a special deal on Prosecco by the bottle. The evening started at eight, the disco started at nine and throwing out time was eleven-thirty, to get cleared up by midnight. Susan planned to give her little talk about eight-thirty and would introduce Ed. She was understandably a little nervous. I persuaded her not to get there at six as she wanted. 'That's way too early,' I said. 'You will only fret while you are there. Seven will be easily early enough. After all you want Ed to do the lumping around of the disco. Just get there in time to have a couple of drinks.'

We arrived just after seven and sure enough Ed had done everything necessary to get the evening going. His Dad sat outside the door checking tickets. He had been told not to enter the room on pain of death. He was probably thirty years older than the guests and Ed didn't want him 'perving the tarts' as he put it. I did worry about Ed as well at that stage.

By ten past eight just about all the tickets had been accounted for, and the bar was in free flow, even I was helping out temporarily. Ed would remember to get another server next time even if just for the first hour. The drinks were free of course, which was one reason for the bar rush. Bar queues at ten-thirty would be more of a yardstick as to how the evening was going.

At exactly eight-thirty Susan and Ed took the stage next to the disco. The DJ, ready to start early, gave them a drum roll and a couple of long guitar riffs to quieten the room. It worked fine until Susan stood forward and all the boys started whistling. True to her promise to Les she had worn her new gold satin dress, with a huge scooped back and a large scooped front. Her tits were almost on display and any sign of her bending put her knickerless cheeks on display as well.

I had warned her that might happen and told her just to wait out the noise and let Ed try to quieten them. When she spoke, she should speak quietly so they would all want to hear her. That way she would command maximum respect.

She stood quietly, while Ed tinkled a couple of wine glasses together.

Eventually, 'Ladies, Gentlemen, boys, girls, whatever. Welcome to the first of our Saturday night parties at the Kings Arms. My name is Susan, and I am your hostess for the evening. This amazing hunk of flesh beside me is Ed. He is the Landlord's son and heir, and mine for the evening, so keep your hands off him ladies. Anything you want to know ask one of us. The plan is that the disco will start up as soon as you manage to get me off the stage here.'

The DJ gave himself a drum roll and stood and waved.

'Get off.'

'Get on with the music.'

'Stay there and flash your tits.'

She waited again for quiet.

'But before that happens, I want to tell you the rules.'

'Boo.' A loud booing noise broke out.

This time she shouted over the noise, 'There are no rules,' to loud cheers, and then waited for it to go quiet again. 'That's not quite true,' she said, 'but let me explain the only exception to no rules. We did think about theming these parties, but when we considered it, we realised that there were only two things that you ever thought about and we couldn't theme it around money.'

They quickly picked up on the joke, 'Yes, Get 'em off.'

She beamed, delighted that she didn't have to explain the joke. 'So, the only thing we all hate here is PC, Political Correctness. Anyone who has a problem with other people being non-pc can leave now, after your free drinks, and get your money back. I do not want to hear complaints of 'he touched my bum,' or 'he put his tongue out when he kissed me,' or 'she fondled my nuts.'

Loud laughter followed this statement. 'In fact,' she said, 'I am quite fond of fondling a few nuts myself so if you don't want them fondled steer clear of me.'

More cheers and laughter. 'Now, the serious exception to the no rules. No means No. I am planning a few really short, fun, maybe smutty, suggestive, dirty, embarrassing, sexy little games. If you want to take part just stay on the dance floor. If you don't want to take part, move to one side. Anybody, and I mean ANYBODY, even my Fiancee and Ed here, if you cannot respect no, if you try to coerce anyone into doing something they do not want to do, you will be thrown out. I cannot repeat enough, NO means NO. My little games will probably involve two people, so let us try one. Look all around you and choose a partner. I suspect that most of you will choose a member of the opposite sex, but believe me, I don't care if you choose any gender available. So, having chosen your partner, put both hands around their waist. That should show that the two of you have agreed on your choice. Now kiss. Ten seconds with tongues.'

They did. All around the room all you could hear was the slurping of tongues.

'Ohhh lovely. You all went quiet.'

'Now, break up with your partner. I suspect most of you chose people you came with, probably a partner or at least a good friend. Now turn around and put your backs together. Okay so far. Good. Choose a new partner, one you are looking at. Put your hands on their waist. Okay introduce yourselves, shake hands. Now kiss for ten seconds, tongues. There that's more fun isn't it. Now say goodbye and have a dance or a drink. The disco is going to start and every so often I will stop the music for a game. And remember No means NO. I'll see you later.'

I watched her coming back towards me, slowly talking to people who were buttonholing her en route. I noticed her grab a couple of guys by the balls. They just laughed and the girls they were with cried out in mock anguish, before doing it themselves.

'How did I do?'

'Perfect,' I said. 'Give me ten seconds of that tongue. I was in the wrong place and didn't find anyone.'

'Too slow,' she said. 'You snooze, you lose. I missed my chance as well. I realise now I should have grabbed Ed and showed everyone what to do. Mind you they seemed to have cottoned on quite quickly.'

We eased our way to a quiet corner where Ed joined us.

'Dad's over the moon,' he said. 'We were about twenty short of capacity on the tickets we sold but then a queue formed at the door. There still is one. The word had spread somehow even before you had finished speaking. It won't be a problem if we go overcapacity a bit will it? It's my Dad's problem with his licence if there is a police check. There seems to be a lot of room still.'

'Don't you dare sell any more,' Susan stormed. 'I don't even like you selling the shortfall on the door. I want these parties to be exclusive. No ticket no entrance. People will sign up early and then maybe we can put the price up. If we can possibly pick and choose and weed out stag nights and a lot of single men then it will be even better. It might even be possible to have Blue tickets and Pink tickets to even the numbers out. A partner for everyone. No stag nights unless there is a matching hen party. Now that is a good idea. Spread the word around. Special deal's for hen parties who register in advance. No stag nights unless we approve it in advance when we have hens organised. Within a few months we will get the numbers properly balanced. Next time, instead of your dad, we will get a 'DoorBitch' to check the tickets with a little leeway perhaps to let in say up to a dozen good-looking girls and boys. Even better, no tickets. Just names on the board, sooner or later the DoorBitch will recognise the regulars and the ones with money.'

Ed rushed off to stop his Dad selling any more tickets. He could see Susan's point. Exclusivity was good.

We stood and chatted with some of our tenants for a while, there were about eleven of them, Sam, Bryony, Melissa, and Tracy were there, as usual without any partners. Cindy was also on her own technically as Luther was away, visiting family. They were almost matched off by Tim, Roger Chris and Jon. Cindy was obviously close to both Jon and Chris Joanne and Pete made the numbers up.

Susan indicated that she was going to do another little game in a few minutes and strolled off to talk to the DJ. I asked Cindy to dance. I guess about half the room were dancing, the others drinking and talking. Most of our crowd followed us onto the dance floor.

Five minutes later the music stopped,

'Right,' said Susan standing up there on the stage with Ed, find yourself a partner. Remember how? Two arms right, two arms on their waist.'

Cindy and I naturally moved together holding each other around the waist.

'Right first thing, Kiss, ten seconds, tongues... Now introduce yourselves if you don't know the person. ... Right now whoever is holding a boy, grope his meat, see if you can make him hard if he isn't already. ... and finally, all the girls, show your partner your knickers, if you are wearing any. And if not prove it to them... Thank you and back to the dancing please.'

I had enjoyed my kiss and grope with Cindy and she had showed me that yes, she was wearing panties. White broderie anglaise. Beautiful. We danced another song and made our way back to the table where our drinks stood. We were joined by Susan and Ed. It was proving to be a good evening. Susan was everywhere, laughing with the customers one minute, helping bar staff another, pointing Ed in the direction of things needing watching and occasionally popping downstairs to reassure Les that things were going well. She spoke to the dozen or so people who, while they were no longer queueing to get in, were either hoping to slide in unnoticed or hoping that people would leave so that they could replace them. She assured them that no-one would be leaving before the end but that she would take their names now against the next months party. They would have to come in and pay a couple of weeks beforehand to make sure of the tickets on the night.

The evening was a success.

About ten o'clock she stopped the music again.

'So how's your evening so far?'

Cheers and more cries of 'Get them off,' echoed around the room.

'I have a couple of bottles of bubbly here for the first two thongs given to me by guys with the thong in one hand, and the girl in a fireman's lift over his shoulder.

She didn't have to wait long. There were screams, apparently from every corner of the room, and, after a few seconds you could see girls being hoisted into the air and moving forward.

She nominated the first two guys who came to the front and indicated that they should do slow spins, thus proving that, yes, it was the girl over the shoulders who owned the panties. The crowd cheered as the guys turned and walked back with the bottles clasped in their hands.

'Slowly back to your places guys,' Susan called as she saw the girls being smacked and groped as they were carried through the crowds.

She nodded to the DJ and the music started again.

There was about an hour and a half left, Susan asked me if I had any ideas left for one more game. I gave her a suggestion. The bar was in danger of selling out of the special offer prosecco. Ed and I were dispatched to the cellar for another four cases and a couple of sacks of ice to chill them. I gave Ed another idea for an alternative game and told him when to suggest it.

Just before eleven Susan again stopped the music. It was funny watching the crowd. A lot of the girls were ready to hoist their skirts and I could see a few guys loosening their belts.

'Girls, form a circle in the middle of the floor looking outwards, boys a bigger circle outside of them looking inwards.'

I pulled Cindy by the hand and joined the throngs. I was expecting Ed to interrupt Susan's announcement but he was too late to stop her asking both circles to turn to their left and walk five places.

'There,' she said, 'that should ensure you are at least ten paces away from anyone you brought with you tonight. You know what to do, put two hands on the person in the ring opposite you. You have a new partner for the game. Now kiss, you know how, ten seconds, tongues. Now I have a bottle of champagne here... '

'Hold on a moment,' interrupted Ed. 'I have a better prize. Two tickets to next month's party for the first couple to get out here wearing one item of their new partners clothing. Let me show you how.'

He ripped off his shirt, which he had already quietly unbuttoned, 'Quick Susan, give me your dress.'

He grabbed the hem and started lifting it over her naked body. The crowd was divided between those who were trying to remove their own clothes and those nearby who were watching a stunned Susan being quickly stripped naked. He gave her his shirt and in a stunned silence she watched him pull her dress over his head. 'Quick put the shirt on,' he said. She did it in a daze.

A dozen couples appeared to be running to the stage wearing various switched clothes. He handed the first couple a card with a printed IOU for tickets. He nodded to the DJ to start playing and escorted Susan back to the corner of the bar where we were standing. He and I grinned at each other in acknowledgement of a deed done well. He started to remove her dress.

'Woah, bastard,' she grinned coming back to life again. 'Leave that dress on for the rest of the evening and get those fucking jeans and boxers off as well. If I have to wear your shirt, that is the least you can do.'

'Okay,' he countered, lowering his jeans and boxers to the floor. 'Agreed. But you have to leave the buttons undone as they are now.'

I liked him. The boy I had first seen a few short weeks ago had just grown up.

I pushed them both towards the packed dance floor. 'Go on you two. Circulate. You are the image of this party. See if you can get some more clothes from the punters. Take the jeans and boxers Ed. Start to make a big pile in the middle of the floor. Start with the couples that have changed clothes and take their changed clothes. Start small and see what you can get. I will tell the DJ to announce that they can get their clothes back at eleven thirty. Come on Cindy, we will help them start the pile.'

I had seen that, although she had come back after the game dressed, a few of her buttons had been undone, so she had obviously been willing to lose her dress. I was pretty sure that she only had the white lace panties underneath it. I had been foiled from seeing her strip by Susan, exchanging partners. It was not going to happen again. We started dancing encouraging the punters who had exchanged clothes to drop them on the pile. 'Quick, start undoing my shirt. Pull it off and throw it on the pile.' I started undoing the buttons on her dress.

'And now my trousers.'

She did and by the time she had them down I had her dress off and on the pile that was now growing.

We danced on in our knickers, eventually walking back to the bar where our friends were gathered.

They laughed as we encouraged them to go to the pile and contribute and in a few moments they were off, returning in due course in only their underwear.

The evening went as you would expect. Even after the DJ had finished and packed his gear away there were still semi naked people being persuaded to collect their clothing and go. Without exception they had all had a wonderful time and would be back. Susan and Ed had managed to stay dressed in each other's clothes and now they had to change back so we could go. I was delighted to see that neither were in a huge rush to put their clothes on, both finding the odd small job that needed doing to interrupt their dressing.

I wondered whether Ed lived with his parents or had a flat we could fit out?

**Chapter 07**

I was back on the train Sunday night and back at my desk on the Monday morning. Over coffee I got the opportunity to talk to Barbara and told her that by Wednesday we would have a proposal that Art was working on and that we would all be here Friday evening.

From the course point of view, the week was fascinating. While there was a lot of Political Correctness it was obvious that HR was the meat of the course. We had directors, tenants and workers and they all needed to be managed differently. It was also a pretty social week. We all realised this was the end of the month. In a few days time we would be going back to our previous lives and we had enjoyed each other's company. Barbara had spoken to Sujit and sounded him out about being her assistant. She had not yet told him about her plans but told him that she would contact him with an offer and the exact nature of the job next week.

She and I got together on Tuesday night, both for dinner and a quick shag. I tried to find out a little more about her personal life, particularly her sex life. She was still a bit of mystery and she did admit that one of the six flats that she was considering putting into the company was the one she actually lived in. I was quick to tell her about our monthly competition and that she shouldn't be last in the viewing stake. It would not look good with the other tenants so I felt I had to point out that she would have to at least pay lip service to be in competition with the other five flats if she was going to continue to live in it. All of the other residents would be able to watch her at night and while they would not be able to see the viewing numbers, they would certainly be able to see whether there was anything worth watching. She would get the viewing numbers from Darren.

'I know I may be older than you, and even older than most of your other residents but my sex life is pretty hot,' she said. She had obviously taken umbrage with my comment.

I hastened to assure her that I, of all people, did not need convincing of her screen appeal, but was merely trying to point out that this was week in week out from now on, and particularly at first it would be important to lead by example.

She accepted that, and apologised for jumping to the conclusion that I felt she was not going to be active enough, which to some extent was exactly what I did think. Despite this small argument, or maybe because of it, she was anxious to impress me back in her hotel room and we had a hot sweaty couple of hours. I left her watching some of our catch-up tv about midnight when I went back to my room. I sent a quick note to Art suggesting a few changes that might be necessary now that we knew hers was going to be one of the tenanted flats.

By midday he had sent me an amended proposal which Darren, Susan, our Lawyers and Accountant all agreed with and even left a little room for renegotiation. Never offer your best deal straight away was obviously his watchword. I forwarded it on to Barbara after reading it through and texting that I too was happy with it. The key points were that the percentage that Barbara would earn in the first five years would be very dependant, not only on the number of flats and the extra revenues earned by us, but also on the viewing figures for the six flats that were her contribution. The fact that we could sell say one third more memberships, may be a reflection of the fact that we were offering one third more apartments, and not reflect the viewing figures that the extra ones would attract. I did not see her either Wednesday or Thursday evening as she was off talking to her own Lawyers and Accountant.

Friday lunchtime the course finished and I arranged to meet Barbara in the bar of the hotel about seven. She had given me no clues as to her reaction to the proposals. All of the other attendees staying at the hotel had checked out in the morning and were carrying their suitcases with them. I was in my room when Susan rang me and told me that they were just drawing into the forecourt in a taxi. I hurried down to meet them and helped Darren register for his room. I carried Susan's bag up to our room and threw her onto the bed. I just had time for a quickie before we were back in the bar again. As I was on the short strokes I heard a text arriving, which turned out be Art's arrival in the hotel car park. Susan had time for a very quick shower and we were still first into the bar. I chose a corner booth where the five of us could sit comfortably and privately and then ordered a bottle of New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc.

Barbara was the next there and I had to smother a smile as I said Susan, Barbara, Barbara, Susan. I just prayed that neither would try to get a jibe in at the expense of the other. I particularly didn't want Barbara saying anything about our quick shag on Tuesday night. They were both on best behaviour.

'It is really nice to meet you at last Susan,' said Barbara.

'Indeed. Lovely to meet you as well,' said Susan.

She couldn't resist adding. 'Thank you for looking after him for the last few weeks, you know, stop him from straying or anything. I don't know why but I am really pleased to get the big lunk back.'

'I know what you mean Susan,' Barbara laughed easily. 'Can't live with them, can't live without them.' That broke the ice and by the time I had poured the wine they were chatting like old friends.

Art and Darren arrived together a couple of minutes later and introductions were made. A few minutes small talk followed before Art said, 'Well look we all know why we are here, shall I start?'

'Please do,' said Barbara.

'You will have seen the proposal already but let me first tell you how delighted I am that this opportunity has arrived to expand our business so easily. You are showing great confidence in us even to suggest the merger of our businesses.'

Barbara, not prepared only to listen, interrupted with, 'Thank you, I had no idea such a business even existed, and yes, listening to Alex here waxing lyrically about it was motivation enough for me to look more closely at it. I should say at this stage that Alex is a fine advocate for both your business and you all. Susan, with her strong performance on screen, was the final trigger that I needed to approach you with my proposal.'

Susan looked briefly, first embarrassed and then aggressive, before smiling through clenched teeth and saying, 'Thank you Barbara, I look forward to repaying the compliment in due course.'

I prayed that that would be the end of that conversation. I was delighted when Art came back to the business at hand.

'Right what we need to know from you Barbara is a bit more about the Apartments themselves, and their valuations. Also, about the tenants that you already have, if you think the existing tenants will fit into our lifestyle or whether we will need to recruit. Then we need to know your views on the proposals that you have received from us. If we are all comfortable with your answers, I would suggest that tomorrow we have a look at a couple of the apartments and then meet up tomorrow evening again to go a little further.'

Barbara seemed happy with all of that and provided estate agency details and valuations on the six apartments. She gave us thumbnail sketches on five existing tenants, pointing out that she had obviously not had the opportunity to see firstly how prolific their sexual activity was currently, and indeed whether they would forgo their privacy for a free tenancy. If they do not of course I would have to give them the requisite notice, but would soften the delay by providing the rent that they currently pay. The sixth flat is myself and, while I have had no experience of running around naked and hosting bonking parties where a range of sexual exploits are important, front and centre, all I can say is I am looking forward to it. I may be forty-four years old but currently have regular sex with partners of both persuasions. I anticipate that leading from the front, as I have been told I must do, will be immensely rewarding and will provide a new fillip to my social life. If I cannot cut the mustard and lead from the front as proved by your viewing figures, I will have no hesitation in buying elsewhere, moving out and finding a new tenant.'

That seemed to satisfy Art and he asked Darren to run through his ideas on fitting out the apartments. Darren was keen to experiment with upgraded cameras, and more of them. He was confident that the existing software could easily handle double, or even triple the existing workload. He confirmed that they could go on line as soon as each one was ready. They would start with Barbara's, and move on to the others as the tenants accepted the agreements. He then showed Barbara the legal agreements that would need to be signed, which had been left blank as far as ownership and remunerative percentages were concerned. The accounts for the last three years were then handed over, on the basis that Barbara was becoming a partner, although currently a junior partner. Susan then gave a short talk about the marketing methods that we used, not for the memberships themselves, but the local parties, and how they could be money spinners in their own right. They could also be a useful tool in recruiting tenants if necessary.

Barbara seemed to take it all in and by eleven we had agreed to go and look at one or two of her apartments at ten the next morning and we were off to bed. We agreed to meet Art and Darren at eight-thirty for breakfast.

With no cameras on out bedroom walls I felt no necessity to perform and we both drifted quickly into the arms of Morpheus.

I awoke early after only six hours sleep but felt good. Susan was snoring gently beside me so I just got up and made a cup of coffee, turned the lap-top on and had a quick catch-up.

Sandra and Alice had gone to bed at around nine after a quiet evening watching tv. Sandra had been seeing quite a lot of Roger so I wasn't expecting fireworks between the two girls. How wrong could I be. They had got into a bit of a row over that very subject. Alice felt a little ignored and was sulking while Sandra was saying 'Come on, I know something's the matter. What's up?'

They ended up having terrific make-up sex. I could tell that Sandra really felt a little guilty and she was determined to make it right. She had pulled Alice's panties down quickly and fingered her to a first orgasm. They then started sixty-nineing and you could tell that Alice was feeling a little better. She aggressively fingered Sandra, ending up fisting her. They both shed tears, kissed up a storm and slept the last few hours in each other's arms. Ain't love wonderful.

Joanne was awake early, Pete must have gone out early and she had slid down the bed under a camera and was gently playing with herself. She was so close to the camera that had she stretched out her legs she could probably have touched it. She was looking directly at the lens. I knew it was the lens because otherwise that was a blank wall. There was no tv or pictures on that wall. I was a little surprised when she blew a kiss at the camera. We advised them to ignore the cameras completely but there were always times when people did react to them, sometimes deliberately. I remembered a time when Jim had got very drunk and had a long conversation with the camera. How much he hated his job. How much he loved Brenda. How much he fancied Susan, And Elise. And Sam, And Melissa. You get the picture. It had been very funny when we saw it and reminded him of it over dinner one night.

Joanne was sober though. I turned the volume up to hear her talking. 'How's this Pete. Do you like what you are seeing? Wouldn't you rather be here with me? You know I am thinking of you. I am feeling your fingers Pete. Ohhh.'

I suspected that he had gone to visit his parents and they had either arranged to meet up on line, or maybe Joanne was just leaving a message for him when he woke up.

I heard Susan get out of bed behind me.

'What are you looking at? Oh, you dirty pervert. I will tell Joanne you were watching her play with her pussy. Not that she would mind, the dirty cow. She would enjoy it, as you well know. Even though she would rather you were there to do it yourself.'

'She was doing it for Pete. I have just heard her talking to him.'

'Ohhhh isn't that lovely. Would you do that for me?'

'Probably not,' I said. These new cameras are good though aren't they. Look how clear her clit is. What good definition.'

'Yes, they are good. She needs a bit of a shave though. A bit of early day stubble. Should I ring her and tell her.'

She started reaching for the phone.

'Don't you dare,' I said. 'She would be so embarrassed.'

'I guess. How can anyone be embarrassed after choosing to lie there like that?'

I ignored that rhetorical question and however much I was enjoying watching felt that it would be politic to move on.

'Oh look,' I said. 'Jim and Brenda had those two couples that we met the other day round for dinner again. I thought we had been invited on Saturday week.'

'Yes, that's right. We have. They are their friends though and they are entitled to have them around whenever they like without us.'

'I know that silly. I just was surprised. Let me run back to them arriving and see if they say anything.'

In fact, rather than the couples saying anything, as Jim went to answer the door, Brenda actually spoke to the camera.

'You know who I am talking to.'

Us, I guessed and probably Emily and Graham.

'We are not ignoring you and I am still looking forward to getting together next time. The couples we have invited tonight were worried about you four and your sexy reputations, so tonight is a toe in the water night.'

She blew a big kiss, just as Greta and Helen entered the lounge.

I started fast forwarding the catch-up. '

'Do we have a reputation love?'

'Well you sure do. Half the girls in the scheme are in love with you. They all love being fucked by you and I suspect they are a little in awe of the way you have been made a director of the company at such a young age. And they must realise we are making good money at it. Also we have established the parties and are running them successfully. Yes, I guess we, and particularly you have a reputation.'

'Ohhh I guess so. Oh look, these are the bits I love, look.'

As the fast forwarding had moved on, I had spotted the three girls kneeling on the sofa facing the back wall. I watched the three guys playing Stone Paper Scissors to establish a running order.

Jim moved forward and slowly flipped the girl's skirts up over their backs. Brenda was the only one wearing stockings. Hold-ups.

Ian then followed up by lowering their panties down their thighs and Tom followed up by kissing each girl deeply along her slit.

I guess this was what Brenda called putting their toes in the water.

Minutes later they were all sitting on the sofa sipping their drinks as if nothing had happened, Quarter of an hour later the six were standing in a circle, with their non-partners either side of them. All the girls turned to their left and removed an article of clothing from the person that they were facing, and then turned to face their right and did the same again. Then the boys did the same. Everybody had rapidly lost 2 items of clothing. It did not take more than a couple more goes to see 6 naked people. Except I noticed Brenda still wore her stockings. I was obviously not the only stocking lover.

Half an hour later, more drinks and they were all in bed, firstly making a sexual oral daisy chain and then simply fucking the nearest person they could find of the opposite sex.

Looked to me like they had put their whole feet in.

'These parties are escalating,' I said to Susan. We rarely have fucked everyone in the room, as they are doing. You know they will expect this to happen again when we go round there next time. Especially with our reputations? Can you email Emily and Graham in case they haven't watched it and warn them what to expect if they are still going on Saturday week.

I checked my watch.

'Just time for you to do something about this,' I said, pointing at my erection.

'I see. Is this what has happened every morning in this hotel in Manchester.'

'Now then, be nice. You know it's not. You know everything about what happened between Barbara and I. From both of us. I know she is very different from you and I know she is a very strong, vibrant and even attractive, older woman but be assured if I were going to leave you, which I am not, there are at least half a dozen girls in the lifestyle here, that I would choose before her. I am afraid it was just a question of time and place. And the fact that she was fascinated by both our lifestyle and business.'

She must have been persuaded because she did get down on her knees and help me with my problem.

The day went as expected. We met up for breakfast with Art and Darren. They both felt that provided we could agree a deal it was a good way of expanding quite quickly. They had written a mutual exit plan available for either party for the first three years. Neither saw any problem with the valuation of the flats, cheap compared to London prices, and the legal agreements had been drawn up by our lawyers so should be watertight.

We visited Barbara's flat. It made all our current flats look second rate. Really lovely, only two bedrooms but with big rooms, en-suite bathrooms and a beautiful balcony big enough to hold a party on. She did wink at me as she walked us into the master bedroom. And of course, Susan did see. I knew I would pay for that later. We saw the outside of two of her other apartments. They were both attractive.

We had a quick lunch in a local pub where Barbara sounded us out about renegotiating the percentages. Art had a range of arguments ready but in the end we all agreed that until the lawyers and accountants had checked the paperwork none of us could go any further towards commitment.

As soon as we got back home Art would enquire of John and Pete how quickly they could move towards fitting the equipment and Art and Barbara would stay in touch as necessary.

Art dropped Darren, Susan and I at the station and we were home in time for tea.

**Chapter 08**

It was Monday when Susan had a call from Elise. It seemed that Gordon was going away on business to Edinburgh for a couple of days. I thought that this might be the opportunity for my own back. I heard Susan telling her that she would ring some of the other girls and they would all get together for a night out. I was quick to intercept her before she rang any of the other girls.

'Remember that time I was away and Gordon came around here and had you against the wall, well I really need to get my own back on him. Getting Elise on my own would probably do the trick if I can find some way of alerting him to connect to our lap-top pages. He will be able to see what we are doing but not be able to do anything about it. Are you game to help? I can always send her to the girl's flat nearby when we finish. Is that where you are going to meet the others?'

She seemed reasonably easy to agree. I knew she still felt a little guilty about how much she had enjoyed that night, so, even knowing that I was going to fuck Elise, she was happy enough to help me.

'Just get Elise here for eight and I will organise her evening. You're okay with that aren't you. You know I owe them a fuck and I assure you she will enjoy it. I know I want to get my own back on Gordon but I would never hurt her. I just want Gordon to see her enjoying herself.'

'No, I don't really mind,' she said. 'I know Elise has a thing for you and that you won't hurt her. Shall I see if I can meet her for lunch today and get her talking about her fantasies? Maybe you can enact one of them?'

What a girl.

She did and came back a little squiffy from too much wine at lunch but full of ideas.

'Wow, I have never known anyone with so many fantasies. I guess she is a lot older than me. Maybe when I am her age and not getting as much sex as I do now, I will have as many, but wow.'

'What sort of things, would she like? You didn't tell her that I was going to try and enact one did you?'

'No of course not. I started describing a 'dream' I had last night and said that it was so close to one of my fantasies that it must be something I really wanted to do.'

Now I was fascinated. 'What did you dream about.? What did you tell her?'

'Don't be silly, I made it all up.'

'Okay but for you to put it in words it must be something that you would like to do?'

'Well only a little. I told her that I wanted to be put in the stocks in mediaeval times, pelted with soft fruit and fucked from behind by all the men from the village.'

I laughed, 'I will remember that. Now what about Elise.'

'Well, the most outrageous one was that she wanted to be the prize in a boxing match. Winner takes all and gets to fuck her in the ring after the match. She takes turns in egging the two men on to hurt their opponents more and more. The crowd are cheering as she lets the winner of each round take off an article of her clothing. She is wearing four items, so there are only four rounds and the fifth round goes on until someone is knocked out and cannot stand.'

'That will be tricky,' I mused.

Her first one would be easier. She wants to go back to when she had her first 'internal examination' for birth control. She was telling me what a waste it was not knowing all she knows now. She said she would have enjoyed it a lot more if she could have persuaded the doctor to give her an orgasm. She even suggested that she would have liked to have done it at a university teaching hospital surrounded by trainee doctors. We could use the portable massage bed as a couch. You could be the doctor and I would be your nurse.'

'Yes,' I said, 'that would be do-able. Were there any more?'

'She would like to be a stripper in a club, but thinks she is too old ever to do that now. Oh, and she would also like to be a lingerie model. I guess that is why we met them in the underwear shop.'

I laughed, 'I think you have all enjoyed doing that.'

'I wonder if I could get her a job as a stripper for the night. No, I think you are right it would be easier for us to do the doctor. Tell her to be here on Wednesday to meet you at eight and that you are going out with the girls from downstairs. A club and dancing! You can be the nurse, ask her to wait a few moments while you finish getting ready and as you are about to leave to go downstairs tell her that the doctor will see her now. I will come out with a stethoscope and take her into the bedroom. You can ring Gordon as you ae going downstairs and tell him that Elise is having a quick medical check which he will be able to watch if he turns on his laptop and tunes in to our bedroom. I know that he is a member of VSX so he will be able to watch it all. If he rings back however just don't answer his call. Let him stew. I have thought of a few props that I need so I will get everything prepared by Wednesday. I might even be able to find a trainee doctor to assist me.'

'Oh, can't I watch, I mean help.'

'Well you can all watch, downstairs on your laptop as well. I don't want to be interrupted once I have started. If you like the idea I might do it for you for your birthday.'

I could see that there was a definite appeal to that. She went quiet and I suspected that if I had left her alone she would have masturbated. She was certainly hot by the time we got to bed. She tried to tease my plans out of me but I just told her I had not had a chance to think about it yet.

Wednesday arrived and my plans were in place. I had contacted some of the guys who were delighted to be told what their roles would be. I wanted them dressed in scrubs, which I bought from a fancy-dress shop, complete with operating theatre masks. I wanted Gordon to worry about the identity of the others who were seeing Elise undressed. They were told to arrive at exactly eight fifteen. The door would be left ajar by Susan going out and they should just knock once on the outside door, so that I would know they were there. I would call them in to the bedroom when I wanted them. That way not even Susan and the girls would know who they were.

Wednesday quickly came around. I had organised the boys, Jim, Pete, Jon, Chris and I had even found a spot for Tracy's Dad Stan who managed to get away from his wife for the evening by telling her that he was visiting Tracy, while she herself was at Bingo. I had no real rationale in my pick. Jim and Pete because they knew her well, Jon and Chris, perhaps because they were new and Gordon did not know them, or maybe just because Jon had a large cock. And Stan? Well we all knew poor Stan didn't get much at home.

They all met in the pub until their allotted time.

I had converted our bedroom, as much as possible, into a Doctor's Surgery. When Elise arrived, she was surprised to be given a magazine by Susan and asked to wait a few moments, before she disappeared back into the bedroom. A few moments later, all dressed for partying, she walked to the front door with her phone to her ear. Elise stood to accompany her but was signalled to sit back down again. We could all hear Susan on the phone as she said,

'Oh hi Gordon, it's Susan here. ... '

'Yes I'm fine thank you...'

'Yes I am home at the moment, just on my way out ...'

'No, that's why I am ringing you. She has just arrived here. Actually Elise is not coming out with me and the girls tonight. She has an appointment at the Doctor's...'

'No, no, she's fine Gordon. Don't worry. She has just gone for a little check-up. If you need to keep an eye on her you might log into your lap-top on VSX...'

'Yes, we are still in my flat. See you soon Gordon.'

I had come through the doorway wearing a white coat with a stethoscope to hear this and Elise's face was a picture. Her mouth had dropped open and she was looking at Susan as if she had two heads.

'Susan, I am not going to the Doctors, I am ...' She turned and saw me in the doorway. 'Oh.' She gave a guilty looking grin and said 'Susan, that chat we had the other day...?'

'Bye-bye, Elise,' said Susan as the door was pulled almost to closing.

I reckoned I just had a few seconds while Gordon found his Lap-top and logged in.

'Elise, remember that night that Gordon had with Susan last month, tonight it is our turn. Just play along with the game. You know you will enjoy it. Your safe word is Gordon. I will of course be telling him that, and I will ignore it, so your real safe word is Architect. You can say Gordon as much as like and I will not stop.

She laughed, 'He is right you are a bastard, you could be his own flesh and blood. That is the sort of thing he would do.'

'Right, so try not to look as if you are enjoying yourself.'

'Miss Elise, would you like to come into the surgery please?'

'Thank you Doctor.'

'Please take a seat Miss Elise. I understand from my nurse that you have come in for a full examination, particularly worried that you may have a small irregularity, shall we say errr ... down below. Let me take a few notes.'

I wrote a few words down until I felt that Gordon would have had long enough to log in to his screen.

'Just one piece of, shall we say, housekeeping, Miss Elise. In case you believe that I am going too far, you are in pain, or even that you think what I am doing is inappropriate your safe word is Gordon. I will stop what I am doing immediately. Do you understand?'

'Yes Doctor,' she looked directly at the nearest camera. 'If I want you to stop, I call Gordon. That's funny, doctor. My husband is called Gordon and he is a long way away.'

I tried not to laugh but realised that Gordon wouldn't be looking at me anyway.

'Right Miss Elise, just take off your clothes down to the waist please and hop onto the bed.'

As soon as she was lying there, strangely, just under one camera, with another camera angled between her legs, I started placing my stethoscope at various places around her left breast.

'Stop moving so much Miss Elise, you are making it difficult.'

'Sorry you are tickling me.'

I then listened to all of the areas around her right breast, not that I could hear anything.

'Please keep still. I can see that I will have to tie you down, you are wriggling far too much.'

As I said this, I clipped her wrists into handcuffs and fastened them to the table legs near her ears.

She groaned, anticipating that her fun was about to start.

'Oh, one small thing Miss Elise. Just checking with you, you know that this is a teaching hospital, I trust it is okay if I am joined by one or two trainee doctors. They will benefit immensely from some ...er... hands-on experience.'

She groaned again, but could not speak. I heard my mobile phone ring in the lounge. I was going that way to summon the guys and delighted in hearing my phone go to message... 'Alex, talk to me. Alex, where are you? Alex, Alex.'

I waved the boys into the bedroom, all wearing scrubs and masks, whispering that they should ignore, but try not to obscure the cameras. As they trooped in I heard Elise saying, just loudly enough to be heard, 'Oh my god no, no. Six of them. Oh...'

I could almost hear Gordon shouting his name at the screen.

'Gentlemen, Elise here has offered herself for you to practice your skills upon. Perhaps the two at the top could try investigating her head and the two in the middle could check her breasts for lumps. Should you wish to use any other part of your bodies, tongues, elbows, or conceivably, more delicate areas of your body, please feel free. Elise may I introduce you to my assistants, Gordon, Gordon, Gordon and Gordon.'

I heard the phone in the lounge ring again.

'And perhaps, my assistant here, Dr Gordon,' I touched Stan on the elbow, 'could slowly remove her lower garments?'

I knew Stan would like that.

Jon and Chris were kissing her ears and tickling her neck, Pete had a handful of breast, while Jim had his fingers squeezing her left nipple.

Stan was really taking his time. Her shoes had been slipped off and her skirt unzipped. He was slowly pulling it down and she was trying half-heartedly to lift her bottom to help. I let him take his time. None of us were in a rush. She was soon laying out, naked above the waist but with a black see-through bikini bottom, black stockings and a black lacy suspender belt. As her skirt came off we all paused in what we were doing in order to appreciate the sight set before us.

'I think my dear, that however attractive your lingerie is, it is unsuitable for a visit to the doctor. Perhaps you forgot you were coming here, huh? Dr Gordon perhaps you could remove the rest of these garments as well please.'

Her panties were, naturally, over the suspenders, so he started to ease these down her legs first. Good choice, I thought, let's get that pussy out in the open. Once it was exposed he resisted the temptation to run his fingers over it but started undoing the straps that held the stockings.

'Gordon, and you Gordon,' I started nudging Jim and Pete. 'Perhaps you could raise her legs up around her ears so that Dr Gordon here could undo the clip on the suspender belt. I am sure Gordon and Gordon will happily take over the breast management job you have been doing so ably.'

They lifted her legs straight up and back, widening them to show the world Elise's gaping pussy.

'Smile for hubby Elise.' I winked at the camera.

I assumed he would be watching the one angled straight between her legs. If not and he was too slow, I knew he would get it on catch-up.

'Right Gentlemen, if you would now remove her stockings, we can get on with the task of checking her internally.'

No point about beating around the bush.

'First, my fine trainees, the rubber gloves. Oh no, we haven't got any, have we? No that's right. In that case we should just lubricate our hands here with this water-based antiseptic lubricant which will make it a lot more slippery for us all.'

'Gordon, Gordon,' Elise cried. 'Stop Gordon please.'

Good girl I thought. It brought back to mind the way that Susan had told me that Gordon's cock was bigger than mine so that he would fuck her up the arse. Elise was definitely looking forward to what she thought we were about to do.

'That's right,' I said. 'Strange isn't it. They are all called Gordon.'

I heard my phone ringing again. Even from here I could hear Gordon shouting, 'Alex, she said Gordon.'

I winked at the camera again.

By now the boys had lubricated their hands and I directed the operation as if I were the conductor of the orchestra.

Dr. Gordon, you start with her pussy while I concentrate on her arsehole. Gordons, go to work where you will, she loves to eat cock and after a few moments my assistant and I will move to the top and you can all move down a place.

'Widen her up so when we fuck her it will not be too tight, I whispered to Stan. We both started with one, then two and then three fingers, in both her lower orifices.

'When the music stops,' I called and Stan and I moved to her head and he pushed his cock into her mouth while I played with her tits. While appearing to kiss her cheek and ear I whispered, 'I am about to undo your handcuffs. If you want to get fucked, shout Gordon, if you want to get fucked in the arse shout Gordon twice. And don't forget Architect is your safe word, when we will stop.'

I heard a whispered 'Don't you dare,' before she shouted 'Gordon, Gordon oh stop please. Please not my arse. Gordon, Gordon. Take your fingers from my arse and pussy. Gordon Gordon. No please not six Gordons.'

I got the message. At least at this stage she was telling me that all six of us could fuck her. I wondered whether that meant all six in the cunt and again in the arse. I guessed I would find out soon.

I had undone the handcuffs.

By now all the Gordons had played with her pussy and rosebud so I had them lift her over to the bed.

'Legs this end boys.' I really didn't need to tell them to lay her directly under this other camera.

Again, I started directing the boys between her mouth and her pussy. I had a supply of condom's available that the boys knew they had to use. I was already going to be in trouble with Gordon so I had to prove that at least I had hygiene and Elise's health in mind.

'Dr Gordon, you are first with her arse, get yourself ready.' I suspected that Stan would not last long. He probably hadn't fucked anyone since Susan, when he came to one of our parties. He complained that his wife never wanted him.

Pete had had his cock sucked and then moved down to her pussy where he came fairly quickly. Stan moved on to her arse, again coming quickly so I directed Jon into her pussy. I thought I would save Elise from having Jon in her arse as he had such a large dick.

'Right Gordon rollover and let Elise play cowgirl.'

She did. I could tell she was getting into this in a big way.

'Lay down Elise, legs either side of his hips. Here I come.'

With Jon in her puss I eased my way into her backside.

'Oh God I am so full. Oh no, Gordon, Gordon.'

There were no more calls on the phone. Gordon had realised that I was taking no notice.

Over the next hour we took turns with her various orifices. When they could no longer get an erection the boys left. Stan first and the others thirty to forty minutes later. Elise whispered goodbye to them and thank you. The boys had left without speaking or identifying themselves. I helped Elise into the shower and fifteen minutes later closed the front door on her. She was going down the road to see the girls where they would call her a taxi. I knew they would all have been watching.

As I closed the door I looked round at the camera, winked and said 'Good night Gordon. Sleep well.'

**Chapter 09**

Barbara was a whirlwind when she started working. A lot of her tenants wanted out, but were quickly replaced. It was amazing how many people felt that they were some sort of sex-gods, particularly when the cameras were on them.

Her own flat was the first to be converted and Darren persuaded us to allow a little experimentation, better and more cameras, many of which were around knee level, enabling almost up-skirt style views. Definitely a different angle to be enjoyed. As soon as she was comfortable, we were all invited up for a 'flat-warming party'. She invited a few of us from London, a few old friends and all of the tenants that were about to enter 'the lifestyle'.

Art, Darren, John the electrician, Susan and I, Emily and Graham and Janet and Dave, were the ones who attended the party. I was a little surprised that Janet and Dave had joined us but found out that he had originally grown up in Manchester and that-he still had family there.

Most of us stayed at the Midland Hotel. I was delighted to be met by the manager almost like a long-lost friend and have my room upgraded to 'Superior' which came with a Juliet balcony and a hot-tub. We agreed to meet the others in the bar at eight-thirty which gave Susan and I plenty of time for a dip in the hot-tub. It was good to have a relaxed half hour with no pressure to perform for any cameras. I gave Susan's clit a little tickle just to keep her primed and when she went off to the bathroom to get ready for the evening, I poured myself a gin and tonic and sat in front of the Juliet balcony. She came out of the bathroom in half an hour or so and asked for a white wine. I poured it out and showed her the view. 'Look you can see the trams from here. That is apparently how we get to Barbara's. She is just half a dozen stops on the number 18 tram. And by the way that's a pretty dress. Is it a new one?'

It was multicoloured, low cut with a ruched bust which showed the top of her bust, then falling straight down to mid-thigh. It was loose enough for dancing, not really figure-hugging at all. I knew she would feel that she was in competition with Barbara

'Yes,' she said, 'I am glad you like it. I went shopping with Joanne last week when you went to see Darren. I forgot to tell you because we spent all evening talking about the new flats in Manchester.'

'That's okay. It is quite short so I will give you the choice whether to wear panties or not.'

'Oh, as you hadn't laid anything out for me, I have already chosen a pair, but as you have given me the choice that's good.'

Funnily enough she looked a little relieved.

'That's fine, show me. Which ones are you wearing?'

'This is a nice white wine. What is it? Can I have another one please.'

'Of course. It is a New Zealand Sauvignon. Don't change the subject. You were about to show me your panties.'

'I wasn't changing the subject. But look at the time. Shouldn't we be going?'

I laughed. 'Okay game over. We have plenty of time for you to show me your knickers. Why are you embarrassed about them. If they are ugly, or granny pants, you are going without any.'

She slowly raised her skirt for me to see, firstly the tops of her hold-up stockings and then the loose legs of a pair of French cut, sheer net panties. I was surprised as I had never seen them before.

'Okay, they are fine but, I have never seen them before. Don't tell me you bought them with Joanne because I will not believe it. Neither of you would have chosen those.'

'They were a .. a... a... present.'

'A present, who from?'

Now she really looked embarrassed.

'Gordon.'

'Gordon,' I repeated. 'That figures. They are expensive and completely irrelevant. See through and loose. He would be able to see your pussy and then put his hands up the leg to fondle you. Yes, definitely Gordon's style. Has he seen them on?'

'No. He came over one evening when you had popped over to the girl's flat. He didn't even come in. Even when I told him you were not in.'

That surprised me but it would have been an interesting conversation to hear. Did she want him to come in?

'He gave them to me to apologise for any misunderstandings about the night he came over while you were in Manchester and the night you got your own back on him with Elise.'

'Okay, anyway he is obviously still sniffing round you, and he has great taste in underwear. Are they comfortable? Show me right up to the top.'

She did. They were low cut onto the hip with a half-a-dozen tiny red roses around the top.

'They are really nice. I know Gordon will enjoy seeing them when we see them next time. I wonder whether Elise knows he sent them? That will be fun, making you show them both and thank him.'

'Oh no,' groaned Susan. 'You wouldn't. Oh yes, I know you would.'

'Anyway. I like them so you can wear them tonight. Let's go.'

We met up with the others, took the tram and arrived in good time at Barbara's apartment.

We hadn't seen it since they put all the cameras in and they had done a good job. Far better than most of our apartments. A lot of them were almost hidden, amid books on bookshelves, tucked in around the television and hi-fi speakers and in many cases put lower than a lot of the other cameras. Darren felt that they would give much more of a POV type image, rather than peering down from on high.

We were introduced to all the new tenants, three couples and a pair of girls. She still had one apartment where she was waiting for the existing tenants to vacate. There were also three couples who were old friends, although she was probably just about the oldest.

It showed all the signs of being a fun party. It was quite noisy and people were mingling well. I noticed that Dave was sitting with three other guys, one of the old friends and a couple of the new tenants. They had a football programme in front of them that they were looking at. I assumed they were all Mancunians and Dave was feeling at home. I couldn't see him becoming David in their company tonight.

I was chatting to Janet, Barbara, Emily, Art and one of the new couples of tenants, Cherie & Colin.

Interestingly we had got in touch with them because we still had a phone number, given when they applied for one of the London flats. They decided they didn't want to move down to London, not even for a free apartment. They were delighted to get a second crack at it and stay in Manchester.

After we had been there about an hour, I noticed that Barbara had undone a couple more blouse buttons. She was wearing a midnight blue silk blouse and a matching ankle length skirt. You could now see that she had a matching midnight blue bra, beautifully presenting her amazing cleavage. I began to hope that maybe we could get the evening progressing towards the slutty. I pointed out her actions to Art and then suggested that he, as Chairman, made a short speech thanking Barbara for the invitations, explained a little about VSX to Barbara's friends and tenants and maybe put a bit of a sexier spin on the evening.

He nodded, so I tapped my glass a few times for quiet and he started.

'Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen, I thought I might just say a few words, mainly to thanks Barbara for her invitation and welcome her, and all you new tenants into the VSX lifestyle, or family maybe.'

I looked around to see where everyone was, and just check no-one was missing, perhaps in the toilet. I noticed Susan was standing between two men, both seated, Dave and one of Barbara's older friends. The two new single girl tenants were interspersed between the other guys so that effectively each man had a girl standing either side of him. They all appeared to be getting friendly with Susan having Dave's hand on her bottom and the older friend's hand fiddling with her hem on the other side. I went back to watching Art, having checked that Susan was okay. He was rambling along about VSX so I was able to whisper to Janet and point out that her husband was clutching Susan's bottom.

'You know he is not always a weakling,' she whispered. 'And he does like to, how would you put it, get his own back, on the guys who go with me and cuck him. He won't harm her, but he will be enjoying it.'

'I am not worried about him, or her,' I whispered back. 'Susan will be enjoying it too, and she can look after herself.'

I managed to concentrate on Art again, just in time, as he was saying, 'So, in finishing, I would like to thank Barbara again and now ask Alex to say a few words. He has, as many of you know, a bit of a reputation in front of the cameras, and of course here they are, thanks to John and Pete.'

I didn't panic, just smiled and said that I had noticed that our gorgeous and sexy hostess was already loosening a couple of buttons on her blouse and that I suspected that she was obviously showing the way she wanted the evening to go.

Barbara blushed deeply, before admitting that, while she had loosened a couple of buttons it was merely because she was feeling warm. 'And I will get even with you later Alex.'

'Promises, promises,' I said. 'Anyway, accepting Art's hint that the cameras would probably like a little more action, I would like to suggest that Barbara opens the remaining buttons on her blouse while I introduce you all to the three ladies that we brought with us up from London. Here to my right is Janet, whose husband Dave, originally a Mancunian before moving to London is now caressing my Fiancee's bum. Step forward a pace Janet.'

'As she moved in front of me, I leaned forward, moved my hands under her dress and pulled her panties down.

'You were right Barbara, it was warm in here wasn't it.'

Janet had a half amused look on her face as I gave her panties back to her.

'I don't suppose I will be needing these again,' she said as she handed them on to the nearest guy, one of Barbara's older friends.

While she had been speaking I had moved over to Emily who was already looking at me with a look somewhere between fear and a smile. I had been caught before by the fact that Graham often does not let her wear undies so I was in a quandary. By the time I reached her I really had no brilliant new ideas so was left with the old 'And ladies and Gentlemen, this is Emily, whose boyfriend is over there. Wave Graham. I happen to know that Emily rarely wears panties so with a bit of luck tonight guys we will be in for a treat. I turned her to face me, took her arms, took one step back so she had to lean forward and flipped her loose skirt up over her back. As expected, a lovely white, tight little bum winked at us all.

'What can I say,' I said. 'Truly beautiful.'

She got a deserved round of applause as she laid her crimson cheek against mine for air-kiss.

'And finally, Susan, my fiancée.'

'Alex, if I may introduce her I would be grateful?' said Dave getting to his feet.

I had little choice. He had the stage effectively. He stood with Susan facing him, close, her back to the rest of us.

''This is Susan, Ladies and Gentlemen. Or technically this is Susan's back.'

He slipped his hands under her fairly loose dress and up over her buttocks. You could see the impression of his hands through the material as he grasped her buttocks. His wrists and forearms were dragging the hem up just under her cheeks.

'And this, of course is her bottom.' His forearms raised the hem up over her cheeks to reveal her tight little butt through the sheer net of her panties.

'Unlike Emily however, she is wearing panties, although I now see, like you do that they are almost completely invisible. And very loose as you see. I can run my hands up inside her panties. No, keep back please gentlemen. No touching. Well not yet. Later maybe. But now surely, you would like to see her face. Shall we turn you round Susan.'

Not that Susan had any say in it. Like all the girls had been so far, she was blushing mightily, although, I knew she would realise later how much she had enjoyed it. I noticed that nobody was actually looking at her face despite the introduction as her dress hem was now up around her waist, still with Dave's hands underneath it.

'At this stage,' said Dave, perhaps I should say a word about Alex as well. Some of you know him and you know that, yes, while he does have a penchant for taking your lady and enjoying himself with her, he is generous to a fault with his own lady. And what a lady she is, as you can see by where my hands are now, her breasts are possibly only second to her buttocks, and of course her lovely face. That you are now looking at of course.'

Of course they were!

It is of course only fair that you can judge for yourself.'

As he spoke he raised her dress over her breasts and somehow Susan reacted automatically and raised her arms up above her head. It was what I had often done in the past, even if not often in public. Dave, although obviously surprised, did not hesitate to take it completely off and drop it way back on the table, out of reach.

'And so Ladies and Gentlemen, I think I have completely introduced Susan, Alex's fiancée. She is of course still innocently covered by her undies here, but as she passes amongst you for the rest of the evening, I am sure you will remember how easily I can bring my hands up inside them, either front, oops, or back. Susan maybe innocent is not exactly the word. This finger is very, how shall I say, moist, as no doubt some of you will experience.'

He had effectively offered everyone the opportunity to grope Susan for the rest of the evening. I had a couple of choices. I could get upset, take Susan off to the bathroom and embarrass everyone, or make Susan bear the brunt of Dave's revenge on me and grin and bear it. It had to be the latter. I was very tempted to call him David and embarrass him even more but felt that was nasty and a downright cowardly thing to do. I did think of doing it and I would apologise to Susan later by asking her whether I should have done so.

'Anything you need to add Alex?'

'No thank you Dave. I think you have said just about everything I would have done. And probably quite a lot more.'

At least everyone laughed at that.

'I guess all I will say, is that if Susan is prepared to 'pass amongst you' as Dave suggested, I would ask that you be kind enough to remember the golden rule we have at all our London parties, that No means No, and that some of you other Ladies, who by now must know you are hugely overdressed, will make her feel better by revealing , how should I put it delicately, some of your inner feelings. Or revealing something anyway. Thanks for the party Barbara. I think we may be in the process of upgrading your viewing figures.'

Both those little comments raised a laugh so I just raised a glass in the general direction of the throng and turned to chat to Janet.

'Well you were right Janet, he does like to get his own back and wow I never expected the worm to turn into a snake.'

'Yes,' she said. 'That's pretty rare and frankly I have never seen him go that far before. I suspect in your case it is a bit of jealousy as well. You get all these girls, we can see it on VSX and yet you still have a gorgeous young fiancée who lets you get away with it. He was rather magnificent wasn't he.'

'I will have to watch it again on catch-up to see exactly how magnificent he was. In the meantime, I must go and see if I can rescue Susan from the scrum in the corner.'

I tried but it was difficult even to get alongside her. When I got there she was chatting but distractedly. I could see hands taking every advantage of her nakedness and the looseness of her panties.

I got her eye and mouthed 'Are you OK,' and pointed towards the bathroom.

She nodded and smiled, held her hand up and waved a finger as if to say 'I'm okay, toilet later.'

I backed away but kept in sight in case she decided she needed me. Who should I naturally bump into but Barbara, who I was pleased to see, in reciprocation had taken off her blouse and skirt and was in delightful matching blue bra, panties and suspenders with light blue stockings.

'Wow,' I said. 'Look at you. That brings back some wonderful memories.' I didn't think, as I was keeping an eye on Susan, that at this stage I could suggest that we sneak off to a bedroom.

'Thank you,' she said. 'That girl of yours knows how to upstage a hostess doesn't she?'

'Trust me, neither she nor I knew anything about that. Do you remember David, the cuckolded one on VSX. That was him getting his own back on me for tying him up and fucking Janet in front of him. He likes it, well he gets off on it, but as I found out tonight, he does like to get his own back.'

Barbara now started laughing. So much that I was hoping that a boobie would fall out.

'That is amazing,' she said. 'In that case I will forgive Susan and when I can get her on her own congratulate her on her sang-froid.'

'If you would do that,' I said. 'could you do it fairly quickly. You could take her off to the toilet without embarrassing her, whereas if I try to do it people may think we are going to have a row or something. Just check that she is okay please. I don't think she will, but if she wants to leave, or get dressed, or anything really, just let me know.'

'I will,' she said. 'She is a brave girl. I will do that and then encourage all the rest of the guests to start getting their clothes off for some sort of orgy.'

I gave her a kiss and said 'Thank you. I can't wait for it.' And winked.

Within a couple of minutes I saw Barbara drag Susan off to a bathroom. I really did not expect to see them for a while, but no. Within ten minutes they were out, Susan was smiling and still wearing just her see-through panties and Barbara had lost her bra. I watched them 'do' the room together, a word here, a grope there. Their bonhomie was catching and people were smiling and gradually losing their clothes. Emily and Janet had both supported her by losing all their clothes above the waist. Knowing that neither had panties on I could understand why they still wore skirts. It did not stop them being fondled however. This was the new trend, possibly started by me at one of our parties, and everyone was getting in on it. Any of the men who still wore their trousers, which were not many, all had their zips undone and their cocks poking out. Most of us were wearing boxers or slips and our cocks were variously poking through their flies or out of the waistband. All the girls and female halves of Barbara's friends were down to a maximum of bras and panties, with the odd set of suspenders and stockings thrown in.

I eventually managed to get a word with Susan. I thought that low-key humour would hit the spot.

'Well, look what you started.'

She laughed, 'Yes I guess I did.

'Are you really okay though. I got Barbara to pull you out so that you could change or even leave if you wanted to.'

'Yes, she told me. By that stage all I wanted was a quick shower so that I could clean the evidence of my enjoyment from trickling down my thighs. What a cruel bastard that Dave was. Who knew eh? But boy did he hit all my buttons. Having to strip and be molested in front of all these people I did not know, and seeing you helpless to do anything about it. Wow.'

'I have to admit it,' I said. 'He had us kippered. There was nothing untrue about what he said, so without resorting to calling him David and embarrassing him in front of all his new Mancunian friends, there was little I could do. Would you have wanted me to do that?'

'Oh no, not even in my worst moments, and there were a few. I would never have wanted you to resort to that. I just couldn't believe it when he became so masterful and cool.'

'I know, that is what Janet said when I remonstrated with her. She sympathised with you and then said she thought he was magnificent. He's going to get laid tonight.'

'He sure will,' she said. 'By me if I get the first chance and probably by most of the other women here. It is not often that a real man makes his presence felt so strongly. I have to say you and Art tonight have paled by comparison despite the advertising that he and Art before him said about you.

At that moment I heard Dave asking Barbara if she would show him the toilet.

'Yes,' she said, 'come with me.' and this time we did not see either of them for twenty minutes. After five or so minutes of their absence Susan and I caught Janet's eye as she was looking round the room, possibly for Dave.

''Well,' she said. 'What a change in him. I wonder whether I will ever see David again. I can see that we are going to have to change our little game from time to time. Fancy bagging the hostess, and one as glamorous as she is. How would you too like to come round for dinner Wednesday next week and we will find out whether these changes are permanent. By the way Susan. Alex, I hope there are no hard feelings about his actions.'

'Oh yes. Oh no. I hope so,' Susan said.

I laughed. 'Oh yes. Oh no. I hope so.' In what order were you answering Janet's questions.'

They both laughed now.

'I think I know,' said Janet. 'Yes to the dinner, no to the hard feelings and the hope is that he has changed long enough for dinner on Wednesday even if it isn't permanent. Is that right?'

'Three for three Janet. We will be there at seven thirty to allow time for a relaxed dinner. Okay?'

'Perfect, and now if you will excuse me, in Dave's absence I have my eye on one of those new tenants. The young lad over there who looks like a rugby player. While Dave is busy ...'

The party was indeed separating out, even Art, who I had never seen before pair up with someone at one of our parties, was sitting on the sofa having his cock sucked by one of Barbara's friends wives.

I suddenly felt tired.

'Shall we slip away while no-one is missing us, or are you still feeling horny. Do you want to circulate some more?'

'I am feeling horny, so it would be perfect to slip away. Grab an Uber while I am locating our clothes.'

'Okay but don't put them on in here. Wait until we are by the front door so we don't break up the party.'

True to her word she was really horny. The Uber driver practically had to separate us when we arrived at The Midland. The night was still young.

**Chapter 10 - Epilog**

Looking back, it was amazing how quickly Barbara and Art managed to get an agreement done. In the end Barbara agreed a worse deal than Art originally offered but with a clause to put her on the Board of Directors with an increased percentage after two years if everything went well. Forward thinking, and yes things did go well and now, six months after the clause was triggered, there are the five of us on the board and John, the electrician has been promoted to Associate Director with two assistants. One of them, his long-term tenant, Pete, has moved up to Manchester and runs the northern group and Yasmin, a young girl who was at Uni with Cindy, Luther, Jon and Chris has taken his place down here. She finished her masters in Electronics and Computing and was bored silly working for an electronics firm making kitchen equipment. It did not take much to persuade her to move and she now lives with Darren in his new apartment and mentally wired in to the project. She and Darren now regularly partake of the lifestyle without actually having their flat plugged in. She is also giving him a run for his money in Computing abilities. Her more recent degree and updated knowledge has led to all sorts of state-of-the-art innovations, with wireless, moving cameras and mobility triggers to the fore. Tracy who had been shagging Darren from time to time was not too upset as she was the ultimate party-girl and Darren was very much a one-girl guy.

We have grown to a total of fourteen apartments here in the south and another nine around Manchester and Bury. The fact that there are now twenty-three apartments to choose from does mean that there is rarely any moment in a twenty-four hour day when one cannot idly watch sexual antics of one form or another. Plus of course, now, the two regular VSX parties, one still at the King's Arms run by Ed, in combination with his other fortnightly party, and the other, organised by Susan, with Pete's help, at the Coach and Horses in Bury. Susan and I, and usually quite a few more of the London tenants, still go up in a mini-bus there monthly for the parties. One of these days I will write the story of some of the mini-bus trips, a party in themselves. Running the Manchester parties from London has been no bother, as they are closed-door, for tenants only. Saul at the Coach and Horses, after over a year, now knows what we want and it almost runs itself. All the tenants and employees are welcome at both parties which means that the London party normally has about forty to fifty people there and the Bury party, thirty or so. Both parties are very popular on VSX, attracting a good regular number of viewers.

Susan, while still a VSX director, now runs independently four 'Party Nights', all around South London, all monthly, on different nights in different pubs. She has been able to use them for both recruiting tenants and advertising the project. We have found that a lot of the regular attendees are now VSX members. She is looking for a couple of venues in Manchester and the surrounding towns, to start a couple up there as well.

Barbara, well, what a girl. Barbara had claimed to be able to lead from the front when it came to sexual antics in an apartment, and boy, she did. She had a succession of sexy dinner parties, massage evenings, lingerie parties, hen nights and on one occasion a guy with a snake came round for a 'quiet' evening. Don't ask, but it turned out to be required viewing. She had to give notice to most of her tenants but had little problem replacing them with people happy to try the lifestyle. It was no longer necessary to use the sort of tactics that Mark had used for Susan and I. Nowadays we give the prospective tenant a one-month membership of VSX and tell them what we expect. She has a nice mix of both the sexes, all under twenty-five, and all party-animals. She is now looking to tenant the next flat using Janet and Dave as her model. She is looking for something a little bit kinky, all in the name of diversity. She herself stayed in her flat for two years before replacing it with a cheaper one and staying, alone, in the original flat, now without the cameras. She has distributed her rota of activities amongst her tenants and is still a regular visitor to them.

'Just keeping her hand in,' she will tell you.

She and Susan are firm friends now, possibly because they are really kindred souls, but more likely because Barbara has shown no appetite for getting me on my own. We have been known to do a little groping at some of the parties, but Susan can hardly hold that against either of us, when everybody is doing the same. In fact, it would look quite odd if we had to try to avoid each other.

Susan and I are still in our original flat and regularly see a lot of the girls in the new block nearby, Joanne and Pete, and Tracy and her dad. We also have a regular dinner and games party with Emily, Graham, Greta and Tom and of course Joanne and Pete. Even their friends Helen and Ian occasionally join us. They are still not quite into the lifestyle. You can see that they are never first to get undressed or to be outrageous. They always need a bit of persuading, but tend to get there in the end. They also enjoy it enough that after missing a meeting they are almost keen to come to the next one. Greta and Tom on the other hand are just waiting for the next apartment that we fit out.

Gordon now. There was another story. He had come back from his trip apparently hot for my blood. Elise had told him the truth of the evening that 'Gordon' had not been her safe word, that it had in fact been 'architect' and that she had always felt, if not comfortable, never in pain or in danger. While that mollified him a little he was still after my blood for winding him up so successfully. After visiting Susan and giving her the lingerie as a present, he came round again one night just after nine. I can only believe that he thought I was going to be out. I had told Susan that I had expected to be late after meeting with a couple of new tenants, but it turned out that they had decided that they were not right for the lifestyle so it was very quick. A 'thanks but no thanks' drink. The girls downstairs had invited Susan and Elise in for a few drinks but Susan, in Elise's company had said that she would come later, as with me out until late she would be able to have a long phone call with her mum. Elise had somehow relayed this to Gordon. As I said, I had arrived home and was changing in the bedroom when the doorbell rang. Susan, wearing just a pair of bikini panties, answered the door, after presumably, looking through the spy hole.

As I listened to hear who was at the door, really expecting it to be one of the girls downstairs, 'I heard her say 'Oh Gordon, hello, come in won't you.'

It went a little quiet and as I completed dressing, throwing on just a pair of old shorts, I heard a thump. Going into the lounge I had seen that Gordon appeared to have thrown Susan to the sofa and was in the act of dropping his trousers. I had no idea at this stage whether Susan was in agreement, or even had been consulted.

In retrospect it was very funny. 'Good evening Gordon,' I said. 'How are you? I haven't seen you for weeks.'

He practically jumped in the air, and this act, with his trousers round his ankles caused him to fall over Susan onto the sofa, winding himself a little on the hard arm.

He was obviously completely discomfited so I thought I would take the opportunity of making him feel even more awkward.

'Is this your normal greeting for my fiancée, and possibly any other young girls that are silly enough to open the door to you?' I asked. 'If I had not been here would Susan have been dialling 999 and crying rape? Even if that is a little over the top bearing in mind yours and Susan's,... errr ...'past relationships' this hardly seems the act of what I had always assumed to be a gentleman.'

He stood awkwardly, pulling his trousers up. 'Sorry Alex. I did not know that you were in.'

'Well I think that makes it worse really. I thought we were friends, I am actually, genuinely a bit upset and I am sure Susan is too.'

He finished dressing and spoke more formally. 'Susan, what can I say. I have acted like a stupid misogynist fool and I can understand how this must look. The truth is that your fiancée here bullied my wife into being gang-banged by a group of his friends and I have been unable to get that out of my mind ever since. He, and five others abused, tormented, tied, raped and generally threatened Elise in a dreadful way. I have thought about calling the police but Elise has begged me in the name of friendship not to do so. I had originally been going to come over and tell you how bad it had really been. While travelling here I realised that you had been somewhat involved as you rang me just before it started, and had to be aware of the resulting actions. You are right Alex, it nearly resulted in rape. Susan, I am so sorry, but I am still livid with Alex here.'

'Gordon, I am sorry that you feel that way. I have never hurt Elise and, while you may not believe it, I regularly asked her whether she was okay, reminded her of her real safe word, and asked if she wanted to stop. I was not and would never either hurt or distress a lady for whom I only have the finest love and admiration. You know what I was doing. I was winding you up, the way you wound me up, by taking Susan here, physically and very roughly while I was up in Manchester. Like you I was very upset at the time. Later talking to Susan, she admitted that it was one of the greatest set of orgasms she had ever had. She had experienced with you something that she had never experienced before and frankly is never likely to experience again. Turning to Elise again, we found out that the scenario I 'imposed' upon her, was actually a long-held fantasy of hers. The physical inspection by a bunch of medical students., Yes it did go a little further than I necessarily expected, as I believe did you with Susan, but every stage of it was with the co-operation of Elise. Please ask her to confirm it. I hope she will.

Gordon slumped to a chair, 'Susan, Alex I am sorry. Elise had told me all that. Not exactly in those terms and not about her fantasy. Although now you have mentioned it, I remember that that was one of her fantasies. I guess that was all about me and my ego. That you had given Elise what was obviously such a wonderful time. Can you ever both forgive me?'

'For my part,' said Susan, there is nothing to forgive. I was a little shocked but if I had really wanted to stop you, I think I could have kicked you in the balls earlier. Like Elise, you gave me a wonderful run of orgasms that night and I know that Alex felt a little the same as you have done.'

I stretched out my hand. 'Gordon, let us both admit to being a pair of bloody fools, and not let these two nights blight our friendship. I have always admired you for your gentlemanly ways and particularly wonderful sense of humour. I am not going to put into words what Susan sees in you. Can we have dinner soon, Dutch, at a decent restaurant and put all this behind us. You can grope Susan, I can grope Elise and we can start all over again. These two nights, while they can never be forgotten entirely, by any of the four of us, can surely only act as reminders to us of how we should not act.'

We shook hands and the three of us went to join the girls and Elise. Elise was a little surprised to see us. It was probably fortunate that the girls had decided to watch a film and not our lounge on VSX. We didn't talk about what had happened but I know from a conversation Susan had with Elise that Gordon had shamefacedly told her about the evening. We had that dinner and yes, we happily groped each other's partner and acted like civilised human beings. That is how civilised human beings act isn't it?

The End