Party for Gentlemen at Patriarch Palace

Chapter 1 The Naked Reception

Mark sauntered down the long corridor weighed down by his heavy golf bag.

He read the notices on all the oak panelled doors. Then he came to a

sudden halt as he read on one of them: “Secretary’s Office”. He knocked.

“Come in!” responded a cheerful voice.

Mark put his head around the door and smiled at his Uncle Max who was

seated at his desk with an enormous array of papers in front of him.

Seeing his nephew, he rose to his feet and walked briskly towards him with

outstretched hand. “Mark, my dear boy, good to see you. I’m glad you were

able to make it.”

“Wild horses wouldn’t have stopped me,” smiled Mark as the two shook

hands. “It’s not every day that I get the chance to play a round of golf

at the famous Patriarch Palace.”

“That’s true,” replied his uncle with a smile. “As you’re a newcomer to

the golfing world you can learn a lot here. Some of the best players in

the country are members and, with any luck, you might see a few of them

from time to time.”

He led Mark over to a luxurious armchair near his desk. “Have a seat,

Mark. Coffee?”

“Yes please.”

Max picked up his phone. “Oh, Marion, will you bring in two coffees and

some biscuits please.” He smiled at his newphew. “So, you’ve just finished

your first year in university. How are you finding the art course?”

“So far I love it,” replied Mark. “It’s quite concentrated at the moment

but I think that’s because they want us to have a wide experience before

deciding on our main area of work.”

“Good thinking,” replied his uncle. “And what do you think of our palace,

Mark?”

“I’m most impressed. I’ve seen the outside from a distance on a good many

occasions, of course, but this is my first visit inside.”

“Yes, well you have to be either a member or the guest of a member to get

inside.”

“I liked the idea of using the names of so many of the great patriarchs to

identify the rooms.”

“Yes, it’s a bit more imaginative than giving them a number, and of

course, some of the names help you to identify what the rooms are used

for. The Shakespeare room for instance is the library, the Elgar room is

the concert hall, the Constable gallery is the art gallery and so on.”

“Mmmm. All names to remember. Men who helped to make Britain great. So

many of them are well known all over the world.”

“Indeed they are Mark.”

“I suppose the facilities here are of a very high standard.”

“Oh yes. We are so well endowed, right from the time when Sir Edward died

and left us the house and 150 acre estate in his will. One place which

will be of interest to you is the Russell Flint room. That’s a studio

where some of our members paint. I’m sure I can arrange for you to use it

if you want to. It’s well stocked with easels, canvases and all sorts of

paints.” He paused and looked over to the door as his secretary knocked

and brought in the coffee and biscuits.

Mark looked her over as she poured the coffee and served them both. She

was a slim blonde in a mini-skirt and high heels. She looked in her early

twenties. Mark found her very attractive. When she’d gone he spoke

confidentially to his uncle.

“I like your secretary Uncle Max. Gorgeous legs! She’s an all feminine

girl.”

“Yes, she dresses like a young woman should. No trousers or trainers for

her. That’s why everyone finds her so attractive, including you by the

looks of things.” They both laughed.

“Yep! I think I take after my Uncle Max.”

“And talking about attractive women, I have a bit of a hold up at the

moment.” He indicated the piles of papers on his desk. “Do you mind

waiting a bit for our round of golf?”

“Not a bit, Uncle.”

“Come to think of it, you might be able to help me out.”

Mark was interested. “Certainly! But how can I do that?”

“Well, I’m going through the long list of applicants who want to attend

next month’s gentlemen’s party.”

“What’s that exactly?”

“Er . . . well . . . I suppose you don’t know about it, though it’s much

of an open secret hereabouts. You’d find out soon enough so I might as

well tell you.”

Mark found himself incredibly interested. He leaned forward.

“The gentlemen’s party is a special event we run each month for our

members and their guests who are nearly all influential, wealthy and in

positions of power - the sort I’d call real men - but who like to let

their hair down from time to time and relax while being entertained by

specially selected ladies who are chosen because of their looks, figures,

femininity, politeness and a wish to serve men and entertain them in a

wide variety of ways. You will often hear them discussing politics and

business, but they have no objection to discussing such things while a

naked girl is pouring them a drink.”

Mark was completely fascinated. “Sounds a marvellous idea!” he enthused.

“Yes, the only trouble is I have to choose the short list - which is

certainly not short - from all the women who want to attend.” He waved at

the array of papers on his desk. “Look at them; hundreds, and I’ve got the

job of choosing which ones will be allowed to come.”

“Wow! said Mark looking at the piles of papers. I suppose it’s only to be

expected. Women love dressing up to go to . . .”

“Oh no,” broke in his uncle. “That’s the one thing they don’t do. All the

females who attend have to remain naked for the entire party whether they

are waitresses or guests. The waitresses are required to wear high heeled

shoes and a white band around their heads to keep their hair back. We pay

the waitresses for their services.”

Mark’s eyes opened wider with every word. “You mean this place is going to

be flooded with totally naked women for the whole party?”

“Correct my boy! It’s known as a cmnf party, that is clothed males naked

females. And all the females must cater for every whim of the gentlemen

present complying with their every wish. The pleasure and satisfaction of

all the gentlemen present are paramount and all the waitresses and guests

have to agree to this stipulation before they are invited. Overt

domination of women is not really the issue. It’s the acknowledgement of

the natural superiority of men which empowers them to make the rules.”

“Sounds a bit like an orgy,” said Mark.

“Oh no,” corrected his uncle. “It’s not a sex party in that way, though

the men may tease the women as much as they wish by word or deed. They can

fondle them or finger them and get them completely sexually aroused. A

smart, expensive suit or a young guy in a tight T-shirt generally do it

for women. Dress for the men is entirely at their discretion - formal,

informal, casual - but there must not be any removal of clothes such as

shirts. Definitely no male nudity of any sort. We leave all that to the

ladies.”

“How long have parties like this been going?” asked Mark.

“For many years, Mark. You are probably far too young to remember the

Profumo affair which happened in the early nineteen sixties . . .”

“I saw the film,” chimed in Mark. “I remember the two girls involved were

Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies. They swam naked before a grouop of

men including some politicians.”

“That’s right. The parties started in a small way that long ago. Then they

tended to be in large houses and only lasted a few hours. Our party is

spread over many acres and lasts all day.”

“I’ve heard there are some cfnm parties in America. Are they the

opposite?”

“Well . . . I’ve heard a few rumours about them but I believe they are

quite small affairs. I think they are mainly a gaggle of feminists who

manage to persuade some lap-dog type men to wait on them in the nude. I

don’t think you can compare them with what we do here.”

“So the men at Patriarch Palace Party dominate all the women all the

time.”

“Absolutely.”

“Sounds a great idea! You must have a wonderful capacity for organization

uncle Max.”

“Thank you Mark. So will you help me?”

Mark was enthusiastic. “Definitely. But how can I help?”

“Well, this pile on my right I’ve already sorted. They are the women who

have been before and have perfomed well, so I’m going to allow them to

attend the next party.” He then picked up the pile of papers on his left.

“But this lot are new and there are far too many applicants so I have to

find a reason for refusing most of them.”

Mark joined his uncle on the other side of the desk and looked at the

papers. “Are those photographs of the applicants?”

“That’s right. We insist on seeing their photographs. Some send in

several. I have a small committee who then help me to interview all the

successful applicants and they are asked why they want to attend. The

rules and conditions are fully explained to them so that they know they

must be subservient to our male guests and must accede to their slightest

demand without question. I have to make sure they measure up to our

requirements. Failure to comply in even the slightest degree means

immediate dismissal from the place, and, if they are waitresses, they go

without payment. We want naturally feminine and compliant women. We don’t

want any with boob jobs, dyed hair or hair pieces. We want women without

any augmentation. If they do suit us I photograph them nude and they are

put on the list to be invited. Only about one in ten is selected. I then

write to all the others to tell them that they’ve been rejected.”

“Wow! Uncle Max. So you have a sort of private strip show?”

“I suppose I do,” he returned with a laugh. “But what I’d like you to do

is have a look at the photographs and say which of them you like the look

of. In return for your help I’ll give you an invitation to the party.”

“Count me in ! This will be a pleasure.” He pulled up a chair close to his

uncle as he selected the papers and photograph of the first applicant.

Slowly, one by one they went through the pile sorting them into a “yes”

pile and a “no” pile. Mark thoroghly enjoyed the process, especially as

some women had sent in nude photographs.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright with a cry, “What?” He grabbed the photograph

from his uncle’s hand. “Yes! Yes, it’s her. I know her.”

“Oh, who is she?”

“She’s a third year student in my art section, Alison Beck.”

“Oh. What’s she like?”

“She’s a right pain in the butt.”

“Right! I’ll put her in the ‘no’ pile then.”

“Good idea,” said Mark with enthusiasm. “She’s always throwing her weight

about with those of us in the first year. She wanders around in a variety

of tacky outfits looking for someone to be unpleasnt to - generally men.

Being in the third year gives her a false sense of power. She’s one of

those feminist women who, in years to come, will describe herself as a

‘forceful personality’.”

Uncle Max was looking at the application form. “Yes, she says she’s a

student. She’s applying to be a waitress and says she needs the money to

help her to get through college . . .”

Mark suddenly laid a hand on his uncle’s arm. “Just a moment, Uncle Max.

Could you invite her to come?”

“Well, I could do but if you say she’s . . .”

“But if she attends, she’ll have to remain naked for the entire party.”

“That’s right.”

“So I’d get to see dear Alison in her birthday suit - completely naked.

When she sees me her face will be a study. Oh, I’d love that! Could you do

that Uncle?”

“Of course, my boy,” he chuckled. “It’ll be good to see her taught a

lesson.” Then he looked straight at his young nephew. “I’ve got an even

better idea. Would you like me to invite a couple of student friends along

to the party with you? I’ll arrange for you to have your own table and

I’ll make sure that Alison is allocated to wait on your table. How does

that strike you?”

They both roared with laughter at this delicious scheme.

“Oh Uncle Max, that would be really cool. I know two other guys that

Alison has been really nasty to. I’ll invite them. I won’t tell them about

her so when we all meet up there will be surprises and embarrassment all

round.”

“And especially for Alison,” laughed uncle Max. “And, by the way our

gentlemen guests are encouraged to take any photographs they wish so . .

.”

“Oh ace!” blurted out Mark. “I’ll make sure the other two bring their

mobiles. We’ll have Alison by the clit!”

The two quickly went through the rest of the applications and then

departed for their round of golf.

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Mark had always enjoyed teasing girls, but now he was looking forward to

seeing women of all ages nude, fully exposed and vulnerable while no

similar entitlement was afforded to the women. He thought it was a great

idea.

After Mark explained all about the party for gentlemen to Bob and Andy,

their excitement knew no bounds. They’d been to see the odd strip show and

had seen a few girlfriends in the nude, but the prospect of having dozens

of naked women entertaining them and obeying their every wish seemed

absolutely incredible. All three counted the days until their invitations

arrived and, only with difficulty, curbed their impatience till the party

day arrived.

As Mark drove his ancient Morris car into the car park at Patriarch Palace

they passed an array of gleaming Rolls Royces, Mercedes, Ferraris and

Lamborghinis all shining in the bright morning sun. They also noticed

several chauffeurs idly chatting in groups near an Aston Martin DB5 and a

Porche 911.

The three lads trailed behind two men in their forties dressed in

expensive suits as they made their way towards the magnificent palace. The

men met up with several friends and stopped to chat so Mark, Bob and Andy

made their way to the impressive doorway set above a short but wide flight

of steps.

The three young men had been looking forward to a display of naked female

flesh but when the glass door suddenly opened and out stepped a nude young

woman, they were taken completely by surprise. She was slim with a shaved

pussy, completely exposing her femininity, well made up, and looked in her

early thirties. Mark noted how she kept her legs slightly parted at all

times so as to give a good view of her slightly parted labia. She came

right outside the door, smiled at the trio and said, “Welcome to our party

gentlemen. Please come inside.”

The initial reaction of the three friends was one of amazement. They

stopped dead in their tracks taken completely by surprise that a totally

naked woman could act in such a polite but casual way. She held the door

open for them as they mounted the steps and entered,

Mark breathed a sigh of relief as he saw his smiling uncle Max striding

towards them. Mark introduced his two friends, then his uncle turned to

the young woman. “This is Esther, our chief hostess. This is Mark, Esther,

my young nephew I was telling you about. I want you to see that he and his

two friends have a wonderful time at our party today.”

“It will be my pleasure sir,” she replied with a smile. “Would you like a

drink, gentlemen?”

“That would be fine,” replied Mark.

Esther signalled to one of three young girls standing in the hallway who

was holding a sliver tray by her side. She hurried forward and stood in

front of the boys. She looked about nineteen or twenty and was completely

naked except for a pair of high heeled shoes and a white band around her

hair.

“What can I get you, gentlemen?” she asked

As they ordered their drinks the lads noted her perfectly smooth skin and

her firm upturned breasts with hard nipples protruding. Her shaved vagina

also caught their eye, and when she turned to get their drinks they

giggled together at the way her gorgeous rounded buttocks swayed from side

to side.

“I see you like the look of our female staff,” laughed uncle Max.

“They’re so polite and helpful,” commented Bob.

“And so very naked,” added Andy. “Having shaved pussies does give them

that ‘little girl’ look doesn’t it? Do they all have shaved pussies?”

“Oh yes, we insist that all body hair must be removed, except that on the

head. All the women who attend are required to expose their bodies

completely for the satisfaction of our gentlemen guests. These serving the

drinks are mostly young sixth form girls who’ve just turned eighteen. We

insist on that to make their employment legal. After all, if women go to

strip clubs to watch young guys of this age, why shouldn’t we do the same

with young girls?”

“You have some wonderful ideas, uncle,” said Mark. “No wonder you are such

a popular Secretary.”

His uncle chuckled. “This is an all male club Mark, run entirely by men

and for men. And today in particular we expect all the women present to be

subservient and accommodating in every way. So have a good time and help

yourselves. And remember, you don’t just have to look at the staff and

guests. You can handle them as much as you like. And you don’t have to

ask, of course, you just do it.”

The girl returned with the drinks and served the three friends with a

broad smile.

“This is Melanie,” said uncle Max. “I noticed you looking at her lovely

firm breasts and nipples. So firm aren’t they. Just feel them Mark.”

Mark stepped forward and ran his hand under one of the girl’s breasts and

plucked her nipple with his fingers. She stood smiling but slightly

embarrassed.

“So firm and smooth to the touch,” exclaimed Mark. He looked at his two

friends. “Wouldn’t she make a great nude life model for us in the college

studio?”

They laughed their agreement, then stepped forward and each ran a hand

over her breasts. “Definitely!” said Andy.

(End of chapter one)

Homewomens.locker.room

“Well, I must leave you for the moment,” said uncle Max as he looked

towards the door and saw Esther greeting several men dressed in dinner

jackets and bow ties. “Have a look round at all the activities. I’ll catch

up with you shortly.”

“Thanks uncle. We’ll enjoy doing that.”

“Have you noticed,” said Bob, “that the men present are of all ages from

our age to about 60 or more. They’re all shapes and sizes.”

“Probably captains of industry, men ‘on the board’ of big companies and so

on,” chimed in Andy.

“Probably,” added Mark. “But the women have to conform to a certain

standard of good looks and shape, uncle Max said, so that all the

gentlemen have something pleasing and sexy to look at, and handle, if they

wish. Look at that chap over there for instance.”

The three watched as a middle-aged man walked up behing one of the wine

waitresses, leaned around her and cupped her breast before helping himself

to a glass of wine. She turned and smiled appreciatively at him. Such

politeness was a requirement of the females.

Having been shown around the house during his previous visit, Mark had a

rough idea of where the various rooms were, so he led the way as the trio

wandered about enjoying the sight of so many naked females. “Lots of these

babes look like students to me,” said Bob.

“They are ,” replied Mark with a secret smile. He was thinking of Alison

Beck who was somewhere around and in for a great big surprise. For that

matter, so were his two friends.

Mark looked to his right where he could hear the strains of classical

music coming from a partly open door. He looked at the sign. “The Rudolf

Nureyev Room”, he read. “This could be interesting. Let’s have a look

inside.” He took a peep around the door. He looked back at his two friends

with a broad smile. “Just come and have a look at this.” The three went

in.

The room was large with a raised stage at the one end with about forty

chairs placed facing it. There was a scattering of men sitting down and

several nude waitresses standing near the wall. The boys’ eyes opened wide

as they saw on the stage eight ballerinas dancing. The only things they

were wearing were ballet shoes. The young lads sat down entranced as they

saw the young ballet students raising their legs high in the air showing

in detail everything between them. Mark and his friends sat in the back

row giggling and whispering together.

“This should be called ‘The Pussy Ballet’” smiled Bob.

“Well, it leaves nothing to the imagination,” replied Andy. “Ballet

dancers don’t usually wear a lot but this is the first time I’ve seen them

wearing nothing.”

They found the dancing so interesting as the dancers opened their legs and

wiggled their pert bottoms that they stayed for over half an hour. Mark

leaned over and whispered to the others, “If you two gents have seen

enough, I suggest we hunt down a cup of coffee.”

“I think we’ve seen everything,” said Bob giggling. “And I mean

everything.” They had broad smiles on their faces as they left the ballet

studio.

As they went out into the corridor they almost collided with a fast moving

Uncle Max.. “Hello again lads,” he greeted them cheerily. “Ballet eh? Was

it the dancing you were interested in or the naked girls?” They all

laughed at his quip.

“Really, Uncle Max!” retorted Mark. “It was the dancing that interested

us. You should know that we are culture vultures.” He turned to his two

friends. “Did you two notice that the dancers were nude?” he asked with an

air of innocence.

They shook their heads. “No. Can’t say we noticed.”

“You seem in a hurry Uncle,” said Mark.

“Yes, I have to see Esther about some special guests coming over from

France. One of the waitresses said she had just gone down to the ladies’

locker room. Come with me and I’ll organise some coffee for you.”

Around the next corner they approached two wide double doors marked

“Ladies’ Locker Room”. The boys paused as Uncle Max walked straight

through the doors. Their eyes opened wide as they looked at each other.

Seconds later Uncle Max came out. “Don’t stand out there. Come on in

lads.”

“B . . .b . . but it says ‘Ladies’ Lock . . .” stammered Mark.

His uncle waved his hand dismissively. “Oh, take no notice of that. The

women’s locker room is open to any gentleman who wants to visit it. At our

parties females enjoy no privacy whatsoever.

The boys walked in and gasped at the sight. There were several other men

in there and everywhere they looked there were naked females, some taking

a shower and some drying themselves. There was a large notice on the wall:

“Women’s locker room. Gentlemen are welcome at all times.”

Uncle Max looked all around but could not see Esther anywhere. “She must

be around here,” he said making for the corner. “Come on!” He signalled

for the three lads to follow him.

As they went around the corner they noticed a row of toilet cubicles, all

without doors. They saw the nude rear of Esther just about to go into the

first one. “Ah, Esther!” said Uncle Max.

She turned around quickly. “Oh hello!’” she greeted them all. “Excuse me

sir, but I’m bursting to have a pee.” And without more ado she sat down on

the toilet seat and started peeing. All four men could hear the loud

splashing that females make when they pee on the toilet.

Without batting an eyelid, Uncle Max started chatting to Esther about the

French guests as he stood just inside the cubicle. She looked up at him

and answered his queries. When she’d finished she stood up and did a

wiggle to shake off the last drops. The three friends couldn’t help

laughing at this. Uncle Max casually ripped off several sheets of toilet

paper and handed them to her. She wiped her pussy and flushed the toilet.

The three friends were totally amazed at what they saw. They were in the

women’s locker room and watching a naked female peeing as though it was an

everyday occurence. “The lads in university will never believe us when we

tell them,” said Bob.

“Oh yes they will,” said Mark as he produced his small digital camera. He

took several pictures of Esther in the cubicle and some more of the other

women who were showering as they went out into the corridor with Uncle

Max. The other two used their mobiles to take a few shots also.

As soon as they were in the corridor, Uncle Max set off at his usual brisk

walk with the three boys trailing behind. “Now that little matter is

sorted I’ll organise some coffee for you three.”

He led them into a large dining room which was almost full. Those sitting

at the tables were mostly men but some had female guests sitting with

them, all in the nude as was required of all females present. Some looked

as though they might have been with their wives. The trio enjoyed looking

at the young waitresses with their bobbing boobs as they hurried from

table to table carrying their trays.

“Here we are lads,” said Uncle Max stopping at a table almost in the

centre of the room. He looked at the table top. “Table 12. Right . . .

I’ll organise a witress to come and serve us. He started to walk away but

suddenly turned around. “Oh, Mark, could I have a word with you please?”

Mark stood up and walked towards his uncle who spoke to him in a quiet

voice. “Just a quick check Mark. This girl’s name is Alison Beck, right?”

Mark nodded. “Good. I remember what she looks like from her photograph and

the interview. You haven’t told your friends yet?”

“No, Uncle.”

“Good. Table twelve.I’ll have a word with the head waitress. This should

be fun.” He turned around and left.

A few minutes later he was back. He noted that Bob and Andy were sitting

with their backs to the kitchen area and Mark was facing it. “I’ve decided

to join you gentlemen. I could do with a coffee.” It wasn’t that he

particularly wanted a coffee but he didn’t want to miss a moment of what

was about to follow - a young girl embarrassed and humiliated in front of

three of her fellow male students. He imagined the graphic descriptions

they would give of the event to the other young men at their university.

The four chatted for a while and then Mark noticed Alison walking in their

direction. He tapped his uncle’s foot under the table and nodded. Then he

put his elbows on the table and covered the lower part of his face with

his hands.

The unsuspecting and naked Alison saw Uncle Max and recognised him as the

man who had interviewed her. She gave him a lovely smile as she drew near

the table. She thought it would be a good thing to be pleasant to the man

who had arranged the whole party. She stood at the table, took a pencil

from the band on her head and held up a small pad. Then she looked around

and said, “What can I get you gent . . .” Suddenly Alison recognised her

three fellow students. She let out a loud scream, droppped her pad and

pencil and tried to cover her boobs and pussy with her hands.

“Good grief! Alison Beck!” yelled Bob.

“And stark naked!” joined in Andy.

Mark was secretly delighted with this response but pretended he was also

surprised. “Wow Alison! I’ve often wondered what your boobs and pussy

looked like. Now I know. Well . . . what a surprise!”

All three lads started to laugh hilariously as they saw the horrified

expression on Alison’s beetroot-red face. Her piercing scream had drawn

the attention of every eye in the room and everyone was now looking in

their direction. Those at the nearby tables joined in the laughter at

Alison’s obvious discomfiture. Some of the ladies were clearly embarrassed

at the girl’s humiliation.

Uncle Max intervened. “Er . . . Alison! What do you think you are doing

trying to cover yourself with your hands. May I remind you of the terms of

your employment here. You are to be naked and on display for the pleasure

and enjoyment of all our guests. These three young gentlemen are guests so

place your hands by your sides and await their order.”

“Yes sir,” Alison answered as she meekly obeyed. She just stood there as

the boys made great play of looking up and down her naked body taking in

every detail of her exposed womanhood. They were beginning to enjoy their

notoriety as the people around listened to all they were saying.

Bob was sitting next to Alison. He bent down and took a close look between

her legs. “You’ve made a good job of shaving your pussy, Al. Don’t you

think so guys?”

Mark, who was seated on her other side drew closer to ogle her, then

reached forward and stroked her vagina lips with his hand. “Mmmm Yes, Bob,

you are absolutely right. That feels soooo smooth. Quite silky to the

touch.”

Alison just had to stand there and listen to the hilarious comments of the

boys which drew ever louder laughter from the nearby tables.

“And with those small tits of yours you have that little girl look,. No

one would ever think you were a third year student” observed Andy.

Everyone, including Uncle Max just roared at this. He was delighted at the

success of his nephew’s little ploy.

“Do you always keep your twat shaved, darling?” asked Mark innocently.

“Er . . . well . . . I had to shave it for this job,” she stammered.

Bob leaned back casually and continued to run his eyes over Alison. “I

must say, with every detail on show to us, you look much better than you

do in those awful outfits you wear around the uni. I often used to look at

you in your scruffy jeans and trainers - hardly clothes a real woman would

wear - and wonder whether, underneath it all, there was a genuine female

lurking. Well . . . now I can see you are all woman. Turn around so that

we can see your butt, Al.”

She meekly obeyed. “Oh, yes, so nicely rounded,” continued Bob. He

stretched out his hand and cupped one of her buttocks. “Mmmm. Fairly firm

but yielding to the touch.”

Mark squeezed her other buttock. “I absolutely concur, Bob,” he said. “We

three are getting to be quite experts on the subject of Alison’s body,

aren’t we?”

“When totally devoid of clothing she looks quite presentable,” joined in

Andy.

“And so much more feminine,” continued Bob. “It’s amazing what those awful

jeans and trainers hide.”

“I’d even go so far as to say that you look quite attractive naked,” said

Andy.

Poor, red-faced Alison could do nothing but just stand there filled with a

mixture of embarrassment, humiliation and fury as her fellow students paid

her these back-handed compliments while examining and commenting on every

detail of her exposed body.

Uncle Max had enjoyed Alison’s awkward predicament just as much as the

lads, and he was delighted that it had, quite appropriately, provided

entertainment for the gentlemen in the dining room; but he thought it was

time to order their coffee. “So, gentlemen . . . would you like to give

your orders now to your young friend Alison.” They did this.

“May I go now please?” she asked.

“You may,” replied Mark. “But we’ll see you again when you serve us with

coffee.”

“Oh yes, we’ll see all of you,” laughed Bob.

Alison turned and started to walk away. “Wiggle your bum more darling!”

called out Andy. Everyone nearby just collapsed with laughter.

(End of chapter two)

Homestrawberriesand blonde

When they had simmered down after their taunting of Alison, Bob remarked

that they had put her in her place after her behaviour to them at

university.

“What did she do?” asked Uncle Max.

“She was generally overbearing,” replied Bob.

“And she likes embarrassing people, especially the lads,” added Andy.

“Yeah. She once told us that it was the custom in the art department for

guys in the first year to pose nude for the third year girls’ life class.”

“Yes, I remember that,” said Bob. “But we told her in no uncertain terms

that as from that moment the custom was being abandoned and we had no

intention of doing so. She and her mates didn’t like it but we told them

to get stuffed.”

Mark sat bolt upright. “Hey! That gives me a great idea. Uncle, didn’t you

say that you had an art studio here with all sorts of canvases and

paints?”

“That’s right. It’s all kept in the Russell Flint Room. Why do you ask?”

“Could we have some painting equipment to use today?”

“Of course. What do you have in mind?”

Mark looked smilingly at his two friends. “What do you guys think about

having a life drawing session here with dear Alison as our nude model?”

The other two laughed at this wonderful idea. “Great idea!” enthused Bob.

“Marvellous!” added Andy.

“Sounds like a brilliant idea to me,” laughed Uncle Max. He approved of

his young nephew’s imagination and initiative which was absolutely in line

with the spirit of the day. “I’d like to watch. I’ve never been to a life

class. I’ll let the head waitress know that Alison will be having some

time off for other duties. And who is going to break the good news to

Alison?”

Mark jumped in quickly. “I’d be delighted to do that.”

When Alison returned with the coffees, Mark waited for her to serve them

then, quite casually, he said, “Oh, by the way Alison, I’ve had a word

with my Uncle and he has agreed that you should have some time off from

your waitressing duties in order to perform a different task.”

“Oh . . . D. . . doing what other task?” she asked nervously.

“Well, you are interested in art aren’t you?”

“Oh yes,” she replied brightly.

“And as you know, Bob, Andy and I are all art students.”

“Yes,” she looked from one to the others.

“Well, it’s the custom at Patriarch Palace for the waitresses to pose nude

for any life class the gentlemen may require, and we want you to pose for

us.”

Alison’s eyes scanned the ceiling. “Ooooh no! Please! You don’t mean

that.”

“I assure you I do,” returned Mark. “We’re going to have a look at some of

the other events, then we’ll be returning for lunch. After lunch we’ll

take you with us for our life drawing session.”

“B. . .b. . but,” stammered Alison.

“No buts dear!” said Uncle Max firmly. “It will be all in line with your

terms of employment here so it will be quite appropriate for you to do it.

These gentlemen guests have made a request and it is your duty to comply.”

Mark stood up and took hold of the back of his chair. “I think we could

work out our main pose now gentlemen.” He placed the chair facing the

table.

“Sit down Al,” he instructed. Alison sat and feared the worst. She was

right.

“I don’t like her hands in her lap like that,” said Bob.

“Me neither,” agreed Mark. “Put your hands behind your back. That’s much

better.” He took his chin in his hand and looked at her. “Mmmmm . . .put

your legs out to the sides of the chair. Yeees. . .a bit staid I think.

Spread them wider. Ah! Much better.”

“Wouldn’t it be better if she sat on the front edge of the chair and

leaned back a bit?” asked Andy.

“Good thinking!” said Mark. “Oh yes, that’s much better. You’re really

getting into the spirit of the pose now Alison. But. . . your legs. . .”

He crouched down in front of her, put one hand on the inside of each of

her knees and pushed her legs wide open. “Does that look better?” he asked

his two friends.

“Much better,” said Andy. “But I think she should point her toes down to

give her legs a better shape.”

Alison felt more humiliated by the second, but Mark continued. “Yes, you

look all woman now Alison with nothing hidden from the observer. Now let’s

create a little sexiness in the pose.” He stood behind her and slid both

hands over her shoulders until they rested on her breasts. “You have quite

attractive breasts Ally; a bitsmall perhaps but I always think an erect

pair of nipples is an improvement.” He took her nipples between his

fingers and squeezed them in little circles. “Voila!” he exclaimed taking

away his hands. His two friends applauded.

“That looks really sexy,” exclaimed Bob. “She really does have responsive

nipples.” Alison had her eyes shut and was breathing deeply trying hard to

control the arousal rising inside her.

Mark looked at his two fellow students. “And now, gentlemen, for the icing

on the cake. As you can see, with her legs spread wide, Alison’s pussy is

slightly open, but we can improve on that.” He bent over her shoulders and

put both hands between her legs pulling her vagina lips further apart.

Then he used his fingers in small circles on her clitoris and vagina lips.

This made Alison bite her lip and close her eyes tighter as she started to

get aroused even further. The attention of all the gentlemen on

surrounding tables was absolute as they looked at the shining lips of

Alison’s vagina, wet with juice.

Mark stood back to admire his handiwork. “Yes, that’s it. What I’d call an

erotic pose. Now remember the pose Alison for later on.”

“Y. . .y. . .yesss. Alright. Can I go now?”

“Not just yet. There’s one thing I want to do first.” He took his camera

out of his pocket and took several photographs of her. Just in case you

forget, we’ll have the photographs to refer to. Thanks for the coffee. See

you after lunch.”

Her work as the boys’ plaything completed, Alison departed quickly leaving

all at the table giggling and laughing. A gentleman at the next table

leaned forward. “That was great lads. You dealt with her so well. I always

say it’s a good thing for women to know their place.”

When they had finished their coffees the three friends said cheerio to

Uncle Max and walked out into the corridor and further into the building.

They were still laughing and joking, all at Alison’s expense. Suddenly

their interest was aroused at the sight of a nude waitress holding a tray

just outside an open door. As they got near to her she held out the tray.

“Would you gentlemen like to sample some of our fresh strawberries off our

special dining tables?” The three looked at the tray. On it were several

small baskets of strawberries and two cannisters of spray cream.

Andy smiled at the nude waitress. “Oh, yes please. I’d love a few

strawberries.” The girl handed him a basket and a cannister. “I eat them

off a table in the room do I?” he queried.

“That’s right sir.”

“Come and join me,” he invited the other two. They strolled into the room.

Instantly they stopped in their tracks. The special tables were three

naked young women spreadeagled on tables with their hands above their

heads and their legs spread wide open. At the farthest table they could

see two middle-aged men in smart suits spraying cream onto a pair of hard

nipples and a vagina, placing strawberries on the cream and then eating

them off the spread nude body. There was a lot of laughter and giggling

going on as they did so.

Mark suddenly noticed that the girl lying on the table nearest them was

Marion, his Uncle Max’s gorgeous blonde secretary. He thought she had

looked sexy and attractive when she was dressed, but now, lying on her

back naked with pert breasts surmounted by erect nipples and with her

shaved open pussy in view, he was even more impressed. She looked even

younger than her early twenties. He took the cream and strawberries

offered by Andy.

“Well, hello again Marion. I must say you make a most attractive table. I

know we’re going to enjoy eating our strawberries off you.” He squirted

liberal amounts of cream on both her nipples and her thrusting vagina. The

lads then carefully placed several strawberries on the cream and, using

their lips and tongues, persuaded the strawberries into their mouths,

licking off any surplus cream that remained. Mark made sure that he licked

every bit of cream remaining on her clitoris.

The lads changed eating places on their special table and consumed another

lot of strawberries and then several more. The ministrations of the

tongues and lips of three young men on the most sensitive parts of

Marion’s naked body soon had an effect on her and she began murmuring in a

low groan as she arched her back. Soon she was fully sexually aroused. Her

red nipples were hard and her wide open vagina lips were bright pink with

her inner lips protruding. The waitress outside the door, hearing her

groans, came in to see what was causing them and looked enviously on at

the erotic sight.

The trio had had their fill of strawberries but were still very interested

in Marion. Very kindly they took some tissues from a box on the table and

started to wipe off the shiny patches left by the cream and their tongues.

They took their time about this, particularly Bob who was concentrating on

her vagina and her turgid clitoris.

Marion had that dreamy open-mouthed look that women get when they really

need a man, but the boys wanted to investigate other aspects of the party.

“Thanks Marion,” said Mark. “You are the best table I’ve ever eaten off.”

He noticed that Bob was still busy wiping her vagina. “Come on Bob. Surely

you’ve finished cleaning up her pussy by now.”

“Well, I thought I had but I rather fancy that the shiny bits are not

cream. It looks like pre-cum to me.” The other two laughed and Marion

giggled and looked embarrassed.

“It’s the fault of you three,” she laughed. “But I must confess that I

enjoyed being turned on.”

“I expect you’ll have a lot more of that before the party ends,” commented

Andy.

They turned to leave and gave her a brief wave. “Bye Marion. We thoroughly

enjoyed that. You were very tasty.”

She returned their wave. “Glad you enjoyed it. That’s what I’m here for.”

The three lads giggled as they went out into the corridor and thought

about their unmerciful teasing of the young woman.

“She was really strung up sexually,” said Mark.

“She was!” returned Bob. “And having to lie stretched out on that table in

full view, she won’t be able to finger herself off to get some relief.”

“I expect she’ll dash home to get her hands on her vibrator,” said Mark.

“I do hope her batteries aren’t flat.”

All three roared with laughter.

(End of chapter three)

Homemasturbation competition

The three young students, having become intimately acquainted with so much

naked female flesh, were in high spirits and game for anything. As they

continued down the dark corridor they could see a bright patch of light at

the far end. As they neared it they could see that a pair of large, open

double doors which led out onto a paddock.

A tiered platform to their right overlooked an oval track where six young

men dressed in jeans and t-shirts were chatting to six naked women. Behind

them were light buggies with large wheels. As the lads watched, the men

led the women to the buggies where they took up their positions between

the shafts and started running on the spot.

“Looks like they’re going to have a ponygirl race,” said Bob rubbing his

hands together in gleeful anticipation of the event.

“I like the way the poygirls’ boobies are bouncing up and down as they

warm up,” added Mark. “Let’s take a closer look.”

They walked over to the nearest buggy and leaned on the rail. Just the

other side of it the young owner of the ponygirl was taking something out

of a wooden box. It was a grooming brush. He made the girl stand upright

with her hands on her head and then briskly brushed her down all over. As

he swept the brush from side to side across his ponygirl’s nipples they

became larger and stood out pink and proud, much to the delight of the

three onlookers.

They were absolutely entranced when he reached the pony’s crotch and

briskly moved the brush up and down between her legs. She made all sorts

of funny faces and squirmed as this was done to her so that her owner had

to reprimand her and order her to stay still. He then gave his pony a

final brush all over.

Next he took a spray gun out of the box and sprayed his pony all over with

a light oil, after which he rubbed it into her skin with his hands.

“I wonder if he needs any help to do that?” queried Andy smiling at his

two companions.

“I’m sure we’d make three good stable lads,” added Mark as he looked at

the ponygirl standing there naked, aroused and gleaming in the bright

sunshine.

The next item out of the box was a pair of blinkers which the owner of the

pony fastened on her head with two straps. Then he took out some reins and

a bit. He put the bit in the girl’s mouth and threw the reins onto the

buggy.

It was the next item out of the box which caught the imagination of the

young trio. It was a horse’s tail with two protruding ridged attachments.

“How’s he going to fix that tail on?” asked Andy innocently.

“Well . . . you see those two ridged bits fixed to the tail?” asked Bob.

“Yes.”

“Well, there are only two places he’s going to fix that tail to a naked

girl. This should be very interesting.”

The owner made his pony bend over and open her legs. Then he inserted one

of the ridged attachments inside her vagina and twisted it to make a tight

fit. The second one he similarly fitted inside the pony’s anus. As she

stood gradually upright she had a pained face.

“Ooooh! I bet that hurt a bit,” said Mark.

“Probably brought tears to her eyes,” replied Bob.

The young man then ordered his pony to trot on the spot while he flicked

the tail up and down. “Yep!” he said.

“Seems a good tight fit,” ventured Bob.

“Imagine what it’ll do to her when she’s running around,” added Mark.

“She’s going to be one really wet ponygirl.”

Andy covered his face with his hands. “Oooooh! Doesn’t bear thinking

about. Poor pony!”

As the ponygirl owners took them over to the starting gate, the three

friends walked about the paddock where they saw several gentlemen walking

their naked doggies. These were some of the invited female guests being

led along by a dog lead walking on their hands and knees.

“D’you notice that the dogs have tails fixed in them as well,” said Andy.

Mark gave a mock sigh. “I think there’s going to be an awful lot of wet

grass on this paddock by the end of the day,” he said.

Suddenly there was a loud shout: “They’re off!”

The lads spun round to see the six ponygirls starting the race pulling

their masters along in their buggies. As they drew near, Mark and his

friends could clearly see their breasts bobbing up and down and when

they’d passed they noticed that their bobbing tails were still in place.

After the first circuit the ponygirls were breathing heavily and their

naked oiled bodies were really gleaming in the hot sun. But the owners,

who wanted to win the race, used their whips to urge on their steeds for

the second circuit.

The three students walked nearer the finishing line so that they could see

who would win the race. As the ponies neared the line a slim-looking

blonde with gorgeous gleaming legs and firm breasts looked to be in the

lead. She crossed the line ahead of the others to great cheers from the

onlookers. Then the ponygirls collapsed onto their backs on the grass,

spread out and gasping for breath with their chests heaving. They were

totally spent and exhausted.The three friends enjoyed this sight and

exchanged several quiet comments about it accompanied by many a giggle.

There followed a short prize presentation where the pony owner winner was

awarded a set of golf clubs. Then, very sportingly, he took a handful of

sugar cubes out of his pocket and gave one to each of the ponies as their

reward.

As the three friends turned to leave the paddock, Mark’s mobile phone rang

again. It was his uncle wanting to make arrangements to meet them for

lunch. He said he’d see them in the dining hall in five minutes.

“I must say your uncle is a real man of action,” commented Bob.

“He must be to arrange a day like this where we are so thoroughly

entertained by women showing us everything they’ve got,” laughed Andy.

“Yes, Uncle Max has always had a huge talent for entertainment and a keen

eye for the ladies. He told me that there are huge numbers wanting to

attend these parties and he always picks the best. That means that any of

them who don’t perform well will be easily replaced by another.”

As they entered the dining hall they saw Uncle Max standing near an empty

table and waving them to come over. They joined him.

“Have you been enjoying yourselves?” asked Uncle Max as they sat down.

“Very much so!” enthused Mark.

“Great!”

“Fantastic!”

“I really enjoyed eating strawberries off your secretary, Marion. Her

figure looks even better when she’d stripped. I loved her soft smooth skin

. . .”

“And she responded so well to being touched and fondled,” added Bob.

“She’s one sexy girl is Marion.”

“By the time we’d finished our strawberries her nipples and clitoris were

all very hard and erect, and the pre-cum juice was really running out of

her pussy,” stated Mark.

“I suppose it’s not fair really,” added Andy. A man can only have one

erection but a woman can have three.” They all laughed at this.

But despite that,” giggled Bob, “some of them take an awfully long time to

reach an orgasm.”

“Quite true,” said Uncle Max. “I think Marion is something of an

exception. She gets aroused very quickly, but with some women you can play

a game of chess while you’re waiting. They suffer from what is known as

tardy orgasm.”

“Why don’t they finger themselves a bit or use a vibrator or something

before they have sex?” asked Andy.

“Some of the more considerate women do,” said Uncle Max,”but some leave

everything to the man.”

“No imagination!” quippped Mark.

“Of course, if a man really gets to work on a woman’s clitoris with some

hard rubbing it can speed matters up considerably. Let me show you what I

mean.” He signalled two of the young waitresses over to their table. He

introduced them to the lads: “This is Mandy and Beth, gentlemen. Now, put

your trays and pads on the table and stand side by side with your legs

parted to show us your nice pussies. Put your hands by your sides.” The

boys giggled and the waitresses looked embarrassed; but they had to do as

they were told.

“Mark, will you stand by Mandy, and Bob, by Beth please. That’s right. Now

open the lips of their vaginas with your fingers.” The boys did this with

smiles and considerable relish.

“Wow! We’ve exposed their wrinkly bits,” commented Bob.

Uncle Max was pleased at being able to give the lads an opportunity to

play with the vaginas of the two girls. “That’s their vaginas’ inner

lips,” he said. “Now, Bob just move your finger up a bit until you feel a

little protrusion about the size of a pea. That’s Beth’s clitoris. Use

your finger to rub it in little circles.” Bob knew exactly what it was,

but he went along with Uncle Max’s directions.

“Now Andy, I want you to put your fingers inside Beth’s vagina and stroke

her. Mark, you do the same for Mandy. That’s right. Now keep going. And

Bob, you keep rubbing Beth’s clirtoris at the same time.”

The three friends entered into the spirit of this exercise with great

gusto and soon the waitresses” pussies were enlarging, turning ever more

pink and began to shine with pre-cum. But it was noticeable that Beth was

getting aroused far more quickly with Bob working on her erect clitoris.

Soon she was biting her lip and looking up at the ceiling. She started to

groan and clench her hands. Several men on the nearby tables were taking

much more than a casual interest in this activity and were commenting and

joking amongst themselves. Occasionally there were great guffaws of

laughter.

Mandy’s knees started to buckle as she tried in vain to control herself.

It was obvious that she was fully aroused. “Oh, pleeese stop. I’m getting

really wet inside with all this.”

“Yes. . . so we see,” said Bob as he watched the juice running down her

open red pussy lips. But he continued doggedly with his teasing.

“OK lads. Just stop there and have a good look at both vaginas. Notice the

difference. Both the girls are getting aroused and their pussies are

swollen, open and red, but Beth’s is much wider, redder and is running

with juice. It’s the stimulation of her clitoris that’s done that.” He

casually handed the two girls some tissues from the table. “Thanky you

girls. Just clean yourselves up a bit and then you can come back and get

on with your waitressing.”

After they’d washed their sticky hands the lads returned to their table.

Uncle Max looked at the three friends. “I have an idea, gentlemen,” he

announced. “We’ll have a competition amongst some of our female guests and

some of the waitresses to see who can cum first. We’ll let them use their

fingers or a vibrator and you can study their techniques. You’ll see that

quite a few of them rub their clitoris as they masturbate. While we are

waiting for our lunch to be served I’ll go and choose some competitors.”

He stood up and walked around the tables.

The trio sat and watched. They were amused at the reception Uncle Max got

as he chose the competitors.

“Oh no! I can’t finger off in front of a crowd of men.”

“Oooooh, pleeeease. Not with you watching me.”

“I’ve never masturbated with anyone looking on before” . . . and so on.

But Uncle Max was firm and reminded them of their duty to entertain his

male guests.

He returned to the table. “That’s all organised then. We’ll have the

competition in the large lounge next door so that a good crowd can watch.

I’ll get it announced over the tannoy.”

The three students had watched with admiration as Uncle Max meandered

around the table picking an assortment of women of varying age to

participate in the public masturbation competition.

“You really are a wonder worker Uncle Max,” grinned Mark.

“And you really know how to pick women for your parties,” added Andy. “You

seem to have a wide selection of characters and ages.”

“Yes, you’d be surprised who some of our female visitors are,” nodded

Uncle Max. “In today’s selection we have two well known actresses, an

authoresss who has just had a book in the best-seller list and the

editress of a popular women’s magazine. At our last party we had the

manageress of a large bank and a directress of a large industrial

company.”

“Why would that sort of woman want to attend?” asked Bob.

“I think it’s because they are so busy with their careers that they don’t

get much in the way of carefree contact with men, especially of a sexual

nature. Being naked amongst clothed men gives them a sort of buzz.”

While they were having their lunch they heard the annoucement of the

competition over the loud speakers, so they didn’t delay matters before

making their way towards the lounge. Uncle Max darted off ahead of them.

“See you at the competition gentlemen,” he said. “Don’t hang about or you

might not get a good seat. And there are a selection of nude paintings

hanging in there that are worth a look.”

When the three friends entered the lounge there were already a good number

of men occupying the front seats facing a large sofa which was empty and

ready to accommodate the contestants. But the lads were able to find seats

which gave them a good view.

There were also several naked female guests and waitresses. Some were

friends of the competitors and had come to give support in what was about

to be a very embarrassing and humiliating ordeal. They looked distinctly

agitated about what was about to take place.

Mark looked to his right and noticed that his Uncle Max was standing there

holding a microphone and sitting next to him on a small table was his

secretary, Marion. She had one foot up on the edge of the table so that

her shaved pussy was well in evidence.

Mark nudged Bob. “Look who’s over there,” he said.

Both his friends followed his gaze. “Wow it’s Marion!”

“And letting it all hang out! Do you suppose she’s hanging it out to dry?”

“We’re well acquainted with every detail,” giggled Mark. He was cut short

as Uncle Max’s voice came over the loud speakers.

“Welcome folks to yet another Patriarch Palace party. I hope you are all

enjoying yourselves with our nude waitress service, the pony-girls races,

nude swimming and eating your strawberries off those delicious tables. Now

we’re going to have something new and a little different. I’m sure that a

number of you gentlemen have had trouble with females who suffer from

tardy orgasms. Well, today we are organising a competition using some of

our guests and waitresses to see who can cum first.” There was a round of

applause at this and various humorous comments. “And remember, gentlemen,

that this is a unique opportunbity to record this event, so please make

free use of your cameras. You should get some really good shots,

especially with your telephoto lenses.” There were guffaws all around.

“First of all, will you please give a rousing welcome to our six

competitors. Come on in girls!” At this the six females were ushered in in

a line by a young man standing by the doorway. Some wore high heels and

some were totally naked. They all looked down at the floor as they entered

and were obviously embarrassed about what they had to do in front of this

crowd of men and a few of their friends. Uncle Max continued his

commentary: “As you know, women masturbate regularly using a variety of

techniques, although they are usually too embarrassed to admit to doing

it. Today that hoary old myth will disappear right in front of your eyes.

Some use their fingers, and others use an assortment of tools such as

vibrators and inserts, some preferring various items from the vegetable

rack.” This last comment drew more laughter from the guests.

“Today each one has a tray of assorted items to choose from. Of course,

they normally do this in private where their technique is seen only by

them and they can make as much noise as they like. Now they are going to

perform in public right before your eyes so you will be able to see their

every move in great detail. OK girls, you can take up your favourite

positions, standing, sitting, lying down, but you must all start from the

same position to make it fair. So put your hands on your heads and stand

upright.” They all obeyed.

“Oh, and just in case anyone is thinking of faking it - don’t! I’ve

appointed a judge for each competitor and, as you get near to cumming,

they will get close to you and will be looking out for the right jerking

of those special little muscles to decide the winner. And I can assure you

they are very experienced gentlemen.” This caused more laughter and some

shouts of advice to the competitors.

“Right, gentlemen, let’s do a count-down for them to begin. Ten . . nine.

. .” All the onlookers joined in with enthusiasm and on “one!” there was a

rousing cheer as the women took up their positions. Uncle Max gave a very

detailed running commentary on their performances which was hilarious and

kept everyone rocking with laughter.

“They’re off! Some are a bit hesitant. Come on girls! Get in there. Spread

‘em wide. Oh yes, I can see Helga, our Swedish waitress making a good

start with her vibrator and fingering her clit at the same time. Good

technique that. Obviously very practised!” Helga was a tall blonde who

seemed quite unabashed at having to masturbate in front of a crowd of men.

After several minutes all the competitors had penetrated their pussies

with a tool or their fingers and were making progresss, their faces and

pussies matching with a high pink colour. Some were smiling while others

looked deadly serious. One young girl in the audience was so embarrassed

that she couldn’t bear to watch and covered her face with her hands. Uncle

Max continued.

“One thought, gentlemen, if men ‘jack-off’ do women who masturbate

‘jill-off’? This question kept the laughter rolling around the viewers.

“Notice how all those pussies are getting bigger, wider and redder. Oh

yes, and some are helping matters along by squeezing their nipples and

moulding their boobies. Good technique girls. Helps the arousal. Keep it

up.”

By now it was obvious that even the more hesitant competitors were getting

aroused. “Oh yes, gentlemen, we have some really good effort being put in

now. Yes, I can see some pre-cum making for some shiny pussy lips. Helps

with the sliding in and out. Faster girls! Faster!”

It was soon obvious that all the women were in a high state of arousal

with their inner lips protruding from between their legs and shining with

juice. Mark and his two friends were astounded at this performance. They

had never before seen six women masturbating right in front of them. What

a story they’d be able to tell the lads in university tomorrow. And they

made sure that they had some great photographs of the event.

“Right, gentlemen, as you can see, all our competitors are now well on the

way. Could you please remain quiet for a few moments and listen”. Everyone

was puzzled at this request but when they complied they could clearly hear

the squelching sound of fingers and vibrators plunging in and out of the

six wet pussies. It was quite distinctive and was accompanied by low

groans and panting. “There! Does that noise remind you of anything? Yes, I

know! I know! But this time it’s a solo effort.” Everyone laughed. “If

there are any musicians present you might like to write a concerto for six

wet pussies and orchestra.” Everyone collapsed with laughter at this quip

by Uncle Max. He really did know how to entertain his guests.

After several more minutes of his humorous commentary one of the judges

moved forward and knelt in front of the standing Helga looking closely

between her legs. She had her head back with an open mouth and was making

loud gasping noises. There was an eventual “Aaaaaaagh!” as she flopped

back on the sofa. The judge stood and put up his hand triumphantly. “The

winner! Helga has cum first!”

There was huge applause and laughter at this and all eyes were riveteed

between the shapely legs of the blonde to look at the stream of cum

running down her thighs. All the other competitors were obviously highly

aroused sexually and well past being in control. They kept stroking their

pussies and fondling themselves, now competing to see who would be second,

until, one by one, they subsided into a panting group of fully spent

females with legs splayed, wet and wide. But there were two who, despite

all their rubbing and fondling just couldn’t cum so they sat despondently

with elbows on their knees looking at the floor.

“Thank you girls. Most of you did well. That was really entertaining. I

expect you all feel a sense of relief now after being touched up and

teased during the morning and feeling frustrated. The sexual relief that

most of you are now feeling is your reward for taking part.”

The three lads gathered around Uncle Max with great enthusiasm. “That was

utterly fantastic, Uncle,” said Mark. “I’ve never seen anything like it

before. That was really entertaining.”

Bob sniffed the air. “I can still smell that female pussy smell. I shall

always remember that . . . that and the squelching noise. Great!”

“This has certainly been a day to remember,” enthused Andy. “What other

entertainment is there in store for us?”

Uncle Max smiled at the lads. “Well, I think there’s somehing you want to

arrange yourselves isn’t there?”

The three looked puzzled. “How d’you mean?” asked Mark.

“Didn’t you want to do some life painting with Alison as your model?”

“Oh yes! Of course! Let’s do it now.”

“I’ll take you to the Russell Flint room and you can select your equipment

while I go to get Alison.”

Bob punched the air with his fist in triumph. “Yes! Now we can really

teach Alison a lesson she won’t forget.”

End of chapter 4