**Rachel and Me**

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**Rachel and Me Pt. 01**

Rachel was a slim brunette. I'd met her when she'd delivered pizza while I was playing sex games with Sue, a previous partner, and when Sue'd gone off to get married, Rachel wanted to play more games. She was sort of an exhibitionist, in that she liked being seen, but she didn't like the idea of being naked in public or anything like that.  
  
We'd agreed that she'd come over to my place, as she had nosy roommates, and have a little fun.  
  
I invited a couple of the pizza delivery guys, without telling Rachel. They'd been in some of the games with Sue, so they knew what to expect. Sort of. They had no idea who we were going to be playing with, but I'd asked them to hide their cars elsewhere so she didn't recognise them. Sean, Rob and Jimmy arrived before Rachel, and I had them sit on the sofa, and take off their shoes.  
  
"I'm going to blindfold her, so she won't know you're there. Be quiet, and I'll point to you when I want you to do something," I said.  
  
They all nodded in agreement. They'd seen a couple of my games in the past, and knew that they'd have fun if they followed my lead.  
  
We were just chatting when there was a knock on the door. She was right on time. I looked at the guys as I got up, and Sean did the "zipping my lips closed" mime. Rob gave me a thumbs up, and I went to the door.  
  
I opened the door, and Rachel was there. She was dressed in plain clothes, as she tended to do. I was going to work on that, but probably not today. She came in and kissed me, then let me close the door. I took the blindfold out of my pocket, and went to put it on her.  
  
"Ooh," she said, "kinky."  
  
"You have no idea."  
  
Once she had her eyes covered, I took her hand and led her through to the living room, where the guys were sitting. I watched the shock on their faces, as they knew her - she worked with them, but of course they'd never expected to see her here. They were going to be seeing a lot more of her tonight.  
  
I put her in the centre of the room, then stepped away. She stood there, nervously.  
  
"I'm going to ask you questions, and you'll answer. Honestly," I said.  
  
She nodded.  
  
"After you answer, you may ask me to take off an item of clothing if you'd like."  
  
She nodded again.  
  
"We can stop any time you want. Just take off the blindfold, and go home. OK?"  
  
She nodded again.  
  
"First question, why are you here?"  
  
She shuffled nervously. "I was hoping to play some sexy games, and probably get laid."  
  
I waited a few seconds.  
  
"Will you take off an item of my clothing, please?"  
  
"I think we'll remove a shoe," I said, and pointed to Sean.  
  
He crept forward and loosened the laces on her left sneaker, lifted her foot and pulled it off and let go of her foot. She put her foot back down, and Sean put the sneaker at the side of the room out of the way. Just as quietly, he moved back.  
  
"Second question, what's the sexiest game you've played?"  
  
She swallowed. "That time in the bar with you and Sue. Please take off an item of my clothing."  
  
"What did that game entail?"  
  
I was watching the guys to see their reactions.  
  
"I'd delivered a pizza to Sue's, and she dumped cum in my panties, then I met you two at the bar, and she told me to take off my panties in the men's room. I did, then dared her to send us a picture of her topless from in there. She did, then dared me to do the same. I did, then dared her to strip naked, send us a picture, then bring her panties back. She did that, then I had to get somebody else to take a picture of me naked. I did that, and she had to go and strip for him and let him suck her tits. She did that and I had to suck him off. Now will you please take off an item of clothing?"  
  
The guys were really enjoying this, I could tell. They'd found the description of her behaviour, even as flatly as she told it, exciting.  
  
"You didn't cum when we were at the bar, did you?"  
  
"No."  
  
"How sexy can it have been then?"  
  
"I went home and masturbated like mad. I came several times. Please take off an item of my clothing."  
  
"OK," I said, "how about the other shoe?"  
  
I pointed to Rob, and he took her other shoe off, putting it with the first one.  
  
"Did telling me that turn you on?"  
  
"Yes," she said. "Very much so. Please take off an item of clothing?"  
  
"I think we'll take your jeans off now," I said, pointing at Jimmy.  
  
Jimmy moved in front of her, and undid the button on her jeans, then unzipped them. He wiggled them down a bit, then pulled her panties back up where they'd come down slightly. He then went from leg to leg, bringing them down to the ground, where she held his shoulder and stepped out of them, one leg at a time. He put them with her shoes.  
  
She was wearing dull white panties, but looked sweet and innocent in them.  
  
"What item of clothing are you hoping I'll take off next?"  
  
"Um, my panties? Please will you take off my panties?"  
  
The guys were all nodding at this.  
  
"Why do you want me to take off your panties?"  
  
"I really want to be naked now. Please take off my panties," she said.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I'm really getting turned on, and want to get on with the sex stuff. Please take off my panties."  
  
"No," I said, "I think we'll take off your sweater."  
  
I pointed at Sean, and he started pulling her sweater up. She put her arms up, to make it easier, and he was careful to not disturb her blindfold as he pulled it over her head. He put the sweatshirt in the pile. She had a yellow T-shirt on underneath it, and you could see she was wearing a bra.  
  
"Back to the story. Do you like sucking guys off?"  
  
"I guess," she said. "Please will you take off an item of clothing?"  
  
"Not yet. What do you prefer to sucking guys off?"  
  
"I like sucking you off, but not all guys. Some aren't clean, I guess, and don't taste nice. I like going down on some girls, and I really like fucking."  
  
"What's your favourite position?"  
  
"Cowgirl, so I can be somewhat in control. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"I think we'll take off your shirt now," I said, and pointed at Rob.  
  
He pulled her shirt up, and she lifted her arms again. This time she held her blindfold on as he took the shirt over her head. She stood there in her white panties, bra and socks. I could see her nipples through her bra, as she was obviously turned on.  
  
"What's the slapping your tits about?"  
  
The guys were, if anything, even more attentive hearing this.  
  
"My first boyfriend did it, and I guess I find it humiliating, but that turned me on. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
I ignored her request. "So it's not about pain?"  
  
"No. I don't think I even really like the pain, unless I'm already really turned on. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"But you've asked me to slap you harder before."  
  
"Yes, I don't really feel the humiliation unless it hurts. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"So if you were humiliated some other way, it would turn you on as much as having your tits slapped?"  
  
"Probably, I guess. Please take off an item of clothing now?"  
  
She was starting to look a little uncomfortable, rubbing her legs together like she needed to pee. She was flushed, and she really wanted to cum. I pointed to Jimmy.  
  
"How about a sock."  
  
She seemed a little disappointed, but he crept forward, and gently picked up her foot, rolling the sock off. He let her put her foot down, and put the sock on the clothing pile.  
  
"Move your feet about a foot apart," I said, wanting to keep her on edge so she couldn't get herself off. She did, and I could see a damp spot forming on her panties.  
  
"What's your biggest fantasy?"  
  
"I don't really know," she said. "I've listened to some of the stuff Sue's told me, and the pictures you've showed me, and that's way more than I'd ever dreamed about, so I guess I'm living it right now. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"Which specific games have you liked?"  
  
"Um, she told me about sucking off four strangers in a men's room stall, that was pretty wild. Oh, and going out in just a coat and trying on clothes. I liked the idea of a wet T-shirt competition, but I don't think I could do that. I'd like to have seen her do it though. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"I find it interesting that the two you could see yourself doing were when I was telling her what to do. Do you want me to tell you what to do to get you there?"  
  
"Maybe. You know what, probably. Please can you take of an item of clothing?"  
  
"The other sock," I said, pointing at Sean.  
  
He came and took her other sock off, leaving her in just her underwear. I noticed that she put her foot back down keeping her feet apart.  
  
"You don't dress sexily, why is that?"  
  
"I don't really like drawing attention to myself," she said. "Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"But I like sexy things. You saw how Sue wears short dresses and sexy underwear, like thongs and stockings. I'm going to want you to dress sexily, are you OK with that?"  
  
"I'm sure I'll probably get used to it, it's just not something I do now. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"Do you have any sexy clothing?"  
  
"Some, not as much as Sue though. Please take off an item of clothing?"  
  
"What about sexy toys?"  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Dildoes, vibrators?"  
  
"No. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
"Hmm, OK."  
  
I moved forward and reached behind her to unhook her bra. She pulled it down her arms, and held it out to me. Her tits weren't huge, so there's not much sag, they're nice and perky. Her nipples were pink, and currently as hard as bullets.  
  
I took her bra and stepped back, dropping it on the pile.  
  
"Turn all the way around, slowly," I said.  
  
She turned slowly, so the guys, who were seated behind her, could see her tits.  
  
"You have nice tits," I said. "I'd thought you were really into having them hurt, so I got you something. Do you want it anyway?"  
  
She seemed nervous, but she nodded. "Yes. Please take off an item of clothing."  
  
I ignored her and went and got the nipple clamps.  
  
"We'll need to get your nipples really good and stiff," I said, and pointed at Rob. I pointed to my mouth, then her left nipple. He nodded, and came and sucked on her nipple. I didn't think it could get any harder, so after a minute or two, I tapped him on the shoulder and he let go. I put the clamp on her nipple, leaving the chain connecting them hanging down, and she gasped.  
  
"You can take the blindfold off and leave at any time," I reminded her. She shook her head.  
  
I pointed to Jimmy, and her right nipple. He came over, and Rob went back and sat down. Jimmy sucked on her nipple for a couple of minutes, then I tapped him and he backed off and watched me put the other clamp on her right nipple. She gasped again, and put her knees together, reaching for her pussy.  
  
"Put your hands on your head," I said, not letting her get herself off.  
  
"Please take off my panties," she said.  
  
I reached over and ran my thumbnail around the waistband, watching her stomach muscles twitch, then pulled the waistband higher, pulling the back into her butt crack, and giving her a camel toe at the front. I rolled the waistband down, so they were smaller and covering less.  
  
"Not yet," I said.  
  
She shuddered, like she was going to cum right there.  
  
"That's better," I said, "don't you think?"  
  
"Yes," she said. "Please take off my panties?"  
  
"Turn around, slowly," I told her. She did, so they could all see her wedgie'd panties. They had a large damp spot.  
  
"Are you turned on now?"  
  
"Yes! Please take off my panties! Please!"  
  
"Do you want me to make you cum?"  
  
"Yes! Please take off my panties!"  
  
I reached over and slowly pulled her panties down. She held my shoulder to step out of them. I went and dropped them with her other clothing, and she put her hands back on her head. Her feet were apart. I could see her wet inner labia, so she was very, very turned on.  
  
"Turn around," I said.  
  
She turned around, slowly, showing her neatly trimed pussy to the guys behind her.  
  
"Bend over and touch your toes," I said.  
  
She did, with her feet apart so the guys could see her butt and pussy, and I could see her tits hanging down in front of her.  
  
"OK, stand up straight again."  
  
She did, keeping her feet apart, and put her hands back on top of her head.  
  
"I notice you trim your pussy. Have you ever shaved it?"  
  
"No, I haven't," she said. "I thought you were going to let me cum."  
  
"All in good time," I said. "Remember you can take your blindfold off and leave any time you want."  
  
She shook her head. "I don't want to leave."  
  
"How many people do you think are looking at you right now?"  
  
She gasped "I thought it was just you!"  
  
She reached for her blindfold, but didn't take it off. She put her hands back on her head.  
  
"How many people are there?" she asked.  
  
"How many do you think there are?"  
  
"Two? You and Sue?"  
  
"I don't imagine Sue'll be around much now she's married," I said.  
  
"So who's here?"  
  
"Somebody else."  
  
"More than two?"  
  
"Maybe," I said. "Do you want us to shave your pussy so we can all see what it looks like?"  
  
"Um, OK, I guess."  
  
"I'm going to take the nipple clamps off, so they don't damage your nipples, OK? They're going to hurt a bit."  
  
She nodded, and I carefully unclipped them both at the same time. That did it, as the blood started flowing back into them, she started to shake and moan, just standing there, cumming.  
  
"Are you OK?" I asked when she was done.  
  
"Yes," she said weakly.  
  
"Maybe we should get your nipples pierced," I said, only half way joking.  
  
"Not today," she said, "let's talk about it first."  
  
"Stay there," I said, and went and got a towel and some shaving supplies. When I got back, I had her lie down on the towel, and parted her legs, wide. I had Sean hold her right leg, and Rob hold her left leg by her knees.  
  
"Stay still now," I said, "I don't want you to get cut."  
  
I sprayed some shaving foam and rubbed it over her, then took the razor and shaved her vulva, cleaning the blade frequently. I had Jimmy hold her labia so I could get all the hair down between her legs, then used tweezers to get the few hairs I'd missed. I could see her juices running out of her - she was still really turned on.  
  
I wiped her dry, then said "there, good enough to eat."  
  
I bent down and slowly ran my tongue over her, all the way along her pussy to her clit. When I got to her clit, she came again. I waited for her to recover.  
  
"Now," I said, helping her kneel up, "I'd like you to reward all these people for helping you."  
  
She just opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out. I pointed to Jimmy, and he stood in front of her. He pulled her hand forward, and she felt the front of his jeans, then unzipped him and pulled his jeans down a little. She licked the head of a few seconds, then sucked his dick into her mouth. With all he'd just seen, he didn't last long. Once he'd cum in her mouth and she'd swallowed, he stepped back and Sean took his place. She unzipped him, and started sucking him off too. She put her hand between her legs and started playing with her pussy.  
  
"You don't cum until I say you can, OK?"  
  
Still sucking Sean's dick, she nodded. She kept bobbing her head on his dick until he came, getting a lot of it in her mouth. As she swallowed, he stepped back, zipping up, and Rob stepped forward. She stopped playing with her pussy long enough to undo his jeans and get his dick in her mouth, then went back to it while she sucked greedily. Her hand was a blur by now.  
  
"Don't cum," I said, and she groaned, slowing down.  
  
She was massaging his balls with her other hand, and Rob came in her mouth, and she swallowed his load. She was reaching around to see who was next.  
  
"You may cum now," I said, and she started pulling on her nipples with her free hand, until she shudered and came again.  
  
She sat on the floor, sweating and looking tired.  
  
"Do you want to take your blindfold off and leave, or should I see our guests out?"  
  
"I'd like to stay," she said, so I herded the guys to the front door. I kept my finger to my lips to keep them quiet.  
  
"Don't do or say anything to let her know you were here, and we'll play with her again," I said quietly.  
  
They all nodded, and Sean gave me a thumbs up. I shook their hands and closed the door as they started down the stairs.  
  
I came back to the living room, and she was still sitting on the floor.  
  
"Do you want to suck me, fuck me, or take your blindfold off and leave?" I asked her.  
  
"I could do with a fuck," she said.  
  
"OK," I said, and started to undress. I laid down on the floor next to her, and pulled her to me. She reached over and sucked my dick for just a minute, getting it all wet, then climbed on top of me, pushing herself down on it. She started cumming almost immediately, and it didn't take long before I was cumming inside her.  
  
I gave her a washcloth as she got off me, and grabbed one to wipe myself clean, too.  
  
"Can I take my blindfold off now?" she asked.  
  
"Sure," I said, as I started dressing again.  
  
"Do I have to leave?"  
  
"No," I said, "you can stay if you want."  
  
She pulled the blindfold off and blinked in the light. She checked her nipples, for damage, I guess, then her hands went to her freshly shaved pussy, and she looked down at it. She ended up going to the bathroom and marvelling at it in the mirror.  
  
"It looks weird. This is going to take some getting used to. Can I have a shower?" she called to me.  
  
"Absolutely," I said, and went and got a towel for her, and got a new toothbrush out. "I'll just sit here and watch."  
  
She grinned at me, and turned on the water. It took her quite a while to finish washing her pussy, and she said she couldn't believe how different it felt.  
  
"Do you think you'll keep it like that?"  
  
"We'll see, it comes down to how much upkeep there is," she said.  
  
"I'm sure I can find people to help with the upkeep."  
  
She got out of the shower and towelled herself off, and I left her to clean her teeth and went back to the living room. She came out of the bathroom wearing the towel around her, and I motioned her towards me and pulled it off and threw it to the floor as I pulled her onto my lap.  
  
"Thank you," she said, "that was incredible. Are you going to tell me who those three guys were?"  
  
"Not now, but you'll probably find out sooner or later. Want to order a pizza?"

**Rachel and Me Pt. 02**

Rachel had texted me wanting to play, but I'd been working, so I missed it. Now I had time to play, though, so I texted her back.  
  
"Sorry, been busy, what's up?"  
  
"I'd wanted to play a sexy game, but I'm delivering pizza now"  
  
"We can still play"  
  
"Not really, don't want to get fired"  
  
"You won't. What are you wearing?"  
  
"Dungarees"  
  
"Picsoritdidnthappen"  
  
She sent me a picture. She was wearing denim bib overall things, but they were shorts. She had on a white T-shirt underneath it. Excellent.  
  
"Who are you delivering to next?"  
  
"Regulars, a family"  
  
"Lose the shirt, have them take a picture of you"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Tell them it's a game you're playing at the pizza shop."  
  
"Fine, this better not end badly"  
  
About ten minutes later I got a picture of her and an older couple. She'd taken her T-shirt off, so you could see her bra straps, but the bib part covered her tits.  
  
"Text me when you know who's next"  
  
"Big tip, the dad was really happy to see me!"  
  
Well duh.  
  
I was wondering if any of the guys were delivering pizza tonight, so maybe I could get them involved. I also realised that she'd probably put her T-shirt back on.  
  
"I've got a delivery to a place I haven't been before"  
  
"OK, lose the shirt again, and if you feel comfortable, ask them to remove your bra, take picture, bib down."  
  
"Again, what?"  
  
"Tell them you were playing truth or dare, which is why you need a picture"  
  
After fifteen or so minutes, I got a picture of her in her overalls next to some guy with a big grin on his face. She had her bib down, so was topless, outside their front door, looking towards the house. Then the phone rang. It was her, and she was driving back to pick up the next order.  
  
"That was amazing! There were two cute guys, and I pretended to be all shy and stuff, and said I'd been dared to let them take my bra off. They didn't know what to do, so I unhooked my bib, and let them do the bra. I covered myself up, but the one guy said that probably wouldn't work for the picture, so I stood on their doorstep, topless, while he took the picture. They wanted me to stay and party with them, but I said I had to get back to work. They gave me a huge tip - more than their pizza cost!"  
  
"I'm happy you're happy," I said. "Don't put your bra back on."  
  
"I can't drive around nearly topless!"  
  
"Take your shirt and bra off and send me a picture."  
  
"Hang on a minute," she said.  
  
I got a picture, and it did look like something she'd get into trouble for.  
  
"OK," I said, "you can wear your T-shirt, but leave the bra off."  
  
"Fine," she said, "gotta go."  
  
"Text me when you get your next delivery."  
  
About ten minutes later, I got a text from her.  
  
"Another family"  
  
That wasn't what I was looking for, I didn't want to get her in trouble.  
  
"Text me the next delivery"  
  
I went back to surfing the web, and about forty minutes later, I got another text from her.  
  
"Regular, old guy"  
  
"Lose the shirt, ask him to take panties off"  
  
"WHAT?"  
  
"Tell him you're on a dare. Come on, it'll make his night"  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
I didn't dignify that with a reply.  
  
About fifteen minutes later, I started getting pictures. First was her, with the bib up, but topless otherwise. She was outside the guy's front door, but it looked like you walked up the side of the garage to get there, meaning she could only be seen by people directly in front of his house. Then there was one with one side of the bib unhooked, and the top of her tit just peeking out - no nipple. The next one was her with the bib down, and her tits on show. The next one was her pulling the overalls down over her hips. The next one was her in her sneakers and panties, covering her tits. The next one was of him pulling her panties down. I could see she'd kept up the shaving. The next one was of her standing there naked, feet apart and hands on her head. All while wearing her company baseball cap.  
  
I waited a few minutes, then the phone rang. She was driving again.  
  
"I'm so turned on right now! OK, show I show up, right, and he can see I'm topless under the bib, right? And he mentions it. I told him I'm playing this truth or dare game with a friend, and I've ended up topless. And actually, I'd like his help with the next dare. I tell him I need him to take off my panties, and I've never seen him so excited. So I said about taking pictures as proof, and gave him my phone, so he was taking pictures. I have so many pictures to show you. Anyway, he undid my bib, then let me take my dungarees off, then he pulled off my panties. All in front of his house! It was so humiliating, but I loved it."  
  
"So what are you wearing now?" I asked.  
  
"I have my dungarees on, but not my panties, as I can't get them on without stripping off again. I have my shirt on."  
  
"Stay like that for now - you're not to put your panties back on for the rest of the day, OK?"  
  
"That should be easy - this was probably my last delivery today, as we'll be shutting soon."  
  
"Fine," I said  
  
"Can I come over when I'm done at work? I'm sooooo horny right now."  
  
"Sure," I said, "maybe I'll set something up that we can play."  
  
"Ooh," she said, "now you're teasing me."  
  
We said our goodbyes, and she hung up. I started to think about what we could do this evening, as she's a lot of fun when she's horny.  
  
About five minutes later, I got a text from her.  
  
"The old guy's called in an order for garlic bread he forgot, and asked for me to deliver it. I'll be late."  
  
"You should suck his dick"  
  
"No way, he's like 60"  
  
"It's up to you"  
  
I sat and waited and she didn't reply.  
  
About forty minutes later, I got a picture of her standing naked inside what was most likely the old guy's house. Shortly after that, I got a picture of an old hand squeezing one of her tits. Then I got a picture of her kneeling down in front of him and holding his dick, taken from above her. The old guy was still wearing his shirt. Then a picture of her with his dick in her mouth, with his bare belly mostly in the way. Then one of her kneeling on the floor with his cum all over her tits. Then one of her standing with his cum all over her tits, showing her bare pussy.  
  
I waited for the phone call. The phone rang less than a minute after the last picture showed up.  
  
"I'm on my way over now, and I'll tell you all about it. I don't want to play any games, I just want to fuck you, OK?"  
  
"OK," I said, "now concentrate on your driving."  
  
Well, that saved me organising anything. I was watching out the window, and she pulled up in the parking lot downstairs about twenty minutes later, and came running up the stairs. She was wearing her dungarees, and carrying a handful of clothes. I opened the front door as she came in, breathless from running up the stairs.  
  
She hugged me, and said "I want to tell you all about it, then have a shower, then have you fuck me senseless."  
  
"I'm OK with that," I said, as she led the way to the living room.  
  
She stood there, in front of the sofa, and started talking excitedly.  
  
"So I was all ready to go home when I got back to the shop, and they told me the old guy had forgotten to order garlic bread, right? And he'd asked that I deliver it to him, right? So I said I didn't want to deliver it as it was the end of the night, I wanted to come over here and play, but the boss said he'd really appreciate it if I could deliver it on my way home - he'd paid by credit card so there was no need to go back to settle up, or even clock out or anything, he'd just give me an hour, so I said I'd do it. Anyway, on my way over there I took my T-shirt back off, and already didn't have panties on, so I rocked up to his front door wearing just my dungarees. I rang the bell, and he came to the door, took the bread, and said he hoped I didn't mind, but he'd wanted to see what the next round of truth or dare brought. I asked if I could come in, and he said I could, so we were inside his house where nobody was going to see me. I told him I'd been dared to suck his dick, but that I was thinking I'd default and take truth, as that seemed too far. I told him he was sweet and everything, but I didn't want to put him through that. He was really, really excited, and said he'd been hoping for something like that, and said he'd like to help out with my dare so I didn't have to take the forfeit. I acted all nervous, because I was! He came up to me and unhooked my bib, and I let him. It flopped down, and he rubbed my tits for a bit and asked me to take my dungarees off, so I did. I remembered I needed proof, so I gave him my phone, and he started taking pictures. He felt me up for a bit. I knelt down in front of him, and undid his pants and pulled them down a bit, so I could get his dick out. I sucked it into my mouth, and ran my tongue all over the head, and he stopped me and took his shirt off, then said to carry on. I sucked him for a while longer, but then I started to taste his pre-cum, and wasn't sure I wanted him to cum in my mouth, so I said he could cum on my tits instead. I knelt up, and stroked his dick, occasionally rubbing it on my tits. He loved this, and came soon afterwards, and dear god there was a lot of it, it went all over my chest. Oh, but you know that, I sent you some of the pictures. Anyway, he went and got me some napkins from his pizza to clean up, and was really sweet about the whole thing. I got dressed, and kissed him on the cheek and thanked him for helping me out, then left and came over here. I feel really gross, and I can still smell his cum, so let me have a shower, OK?"  
  
She stopped babbling, unlocked her phone and gave it to me so I could look at the pictures, then went and turned the shower on. I got her a towel, and watched her washing herself while flicking though her pictures of this evening's adventure.  
  
When she was done, she asked if we could go to the bedroom, rather than fuck in the living room, and I led the way. She dropped her towel on the floor and sat on the bed, and started unbuttoning my jeans as I took my shirt off over my head. She pulled my jeans and underwear down, and I pulled my feet out of them as she started licking my dick. She swirled her tongue around the head, and I stepped on my socks to get them off, then she sucked most of it into her mouth a couple of times.  
  
"Right," she said, "that's enough foreplay, get on the bed."  
  
I did as I was told, lying on my back. She climbed on top of me, and easily slipped my dick inside her - she was still turned on from her adventures, even though that was a while ago. She sat there for a while, grinding on me back and forth until she came, at which point she slumped forward on me. About a minute later, she was feeling better, and climbed off me.  
  
"Stay there," she said, and headed off for the living room.  
  
She came back with the nipple clamps I'd got her.  
  
"Can you put these on me?" she asked.  
  
"Sure," I said, sitting up.  
  
"No, stay there and do it," she said, straddling me again and putting my dick back inside her. She leaned forward so I could put one, then the other, nipple clamp on her. She sat back up again, and started grinding again, while holding the chain between the clamps taut away from her so it pulled her nipples away from her body.  
  
"Oh god yes," she said, as she started to cum again.  
  
Now she started to lift herself up and down on my dick, and I could feel her pussy still clenching and relaxing on my dick, as she was having one long orgasm. She let go of the chain, and reached behind her to stroke my balls, squeezing them gently until I came inside her.  
  
She sat there impaled on me for a minute or so, then lifted off me, leaving a dollop of cum on my stomach. She looked at me with a grin, then leaned down and licked it up, before sucking and licking my dick clean of our combined juices. I reached over and unclipped her nipple clamps, one at a time, and she groaned as the blood rushed back into them.  
  
"Can I spend the night?" she said, "I'm too tired to drive home."

**Rachel and Me Pt. 03**

Rachel texted me in the middle of the day. It had been quiet at work, so I noticed the message arrive.  
  
"Are you busy?"  
  
"Not so much, what's up?"  
  
"Can I come over?"  
  
"Sure"  
  
She arrived about twenty minutes later. She was dressed in her usual plain clothes, just jeans and a T-shirt.  
  
"You see," I said, "this is what I'm talking about. You dress plainly, so I feel I have to fix that."  
  
"Actually," she said, "that's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about."  
  
"OK, but first how about you get more comfortable."  
  
We walked through to the living room, and sat down.  
  
"Oh, did I not make myself understood? I'd like you to undress."  
  
She liked being told what to do, so stepped out of her sneakers and socks, then unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down and off.  
  
"It would be better if those were a lot tighter," I said.  
  
She pulled her T-shirt off over her head, leaving her in her white underwear. I kept looking at her, and she unhooked her bra.  
  
"Can I keep my panties on for the moment? It'll make sense soon, I promise."  
  
I nodded, intrigued. She sat down.  
  
"So you know you complain about my dull panties?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"I wear them because they're cheap."  
  
"I'm happy to buy you some sexy ones, so you can look sexier while we're playing our games."  
  
"That's not what I mean. Well, really. See, I want cheap panties because I only wear them once."  
  
I obviously looked a little confused at this.  
  
"See," she carried on, "the thing is, I make money on the side by selling them."  
  
"What?"  
  
"I sell my used panties. I have a little side business on a web site. It's how I'm paying my way through school."  
  
"How long has this been going on for?"  
  
"I dunno, maybe a year?"  
  
"Um, OK. How much do you sell them for?"  
  
"That's the thing - I auction them. There are a big bunch of guys who bid against each other, and ones I've worn to work or whatever usually go for like $10 or so."  
  
"How do they know that?" I asked.  
  
"I do a little journal entry, right, of each pair, often with a picture of me in then - just the panties, no face or anything, and then people know what they're getting."  
  
"Show me."  
  
She pulled up the web site on her phone. It was pretty basic, and the pictures of her looked like something from a department store catalogue.  
  
"Interesting. I always thought that was a fringe Japanese thing."  
  
"Oh no, there are a load of guys registered on my site. None in Japan yet, that I'm aware of."  
  
"I can make the site better if you want."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Better pictures, video, subscription, that sort of thing."  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"OK, so..."  
  
"Well, what I've found out is that guys really like the stories I've been telling about what I did in the panties, and I'm finding that panties I've been really turned on in, with a story, sell for a lot more. Like $100 to $150 more. And the stories they seem to like are the ones you've pushed me through."  
  
"OK, so..."  
  
"I just wanted to check that you're OK with this. I mean, I can cut you in if you want..."  
  
"That's not necessary."  
  
"The thing is, there are some requests coming in. I usually do better on those. In the past, they've been for panties I've exercised in, or that I've worn for a week or something."  
  
"But now?"  
  
"Now they're for panties I've worn while blowing somebody, or I put on after getting fucked. They're getting really specific, but they're offering me a bunch of money. I don't think I'll do all of them, or even focus on them, it'll just be one a week or something, I guess. I just wanted you to know. And be OK with me wearing panties, like all the time. I know you've talked about me not wearing them and stuff."  
  
"If you bring me the request list, I'm sure we can get some of them knocked off in our games."  
  
"That's the thing, I've noticed that every time I put up one of your stories, I get more requests to do something similar again. It's like you're giving them ideas or something."  
  
"Can we at least get you something sexier?"  
  
"I don't know. Part of me thinks they like the innocent panties doing sexy stuff thing. We can see, I guess."  
  
"I'd like to try," I said.  
  
"How about I try on some sexy panties, and buy them, then see how they sell?"  
  
"Well, we could do that today, but you're hardly dressed for trying on clothes."  
  
"I like to wear jeans, as it pushes my panties against me, so they... I guess, smell? better than dresses. It'll be fine, it'll just take me longer to change is all."  
  
"We'll see," I said. "Come on then, get dressed, we're going shopping."  
  
She picked up her bra.  
  
"You don't need that, unless you sell those, too?"  
  
She dropped it on the sofa, and pulled the rest of her clothes on. She took my hand, and we headed out.  
  
"We do this my way, OK?" I asked her. "No questions, just do as you're told."  
  
She nodded, and we went in to the clothing department of the store. She looked nervous. I asked her what size she was, then we wandered around the lingerie section while picking up a variety of different styles and colours of panties and bras.  
  
We went over to the changing rooms. There were six changing rooms, three on each side, and they faced a sitting area that was in the main store. At the other end of the tunnel, there was a large mirror.  
  
"I'll sit here," I said, in the seating area, "and I'll give you what I want to see you in next. I want to see you in only what I give you, OK?"  
  
She nodded, looking nervous. I gave her a white cotton thong, and she headed in to the changing room. There was nobody else about, and I sat and looked through the underwear we'd chosen until she came out in just the thong. I took a picture of her, then had her turn around and took one from the back. It looked pretty sexy - a lot sexier than what she normally wore. I had her come over to me, where anybody could have seen her if they'd been looking. She put her and over her tits, but I let that go. I pulled the straps up her hips, pushing the crotch up against her pussy. She stepped back into the tunnel and I took another picture, then she hurriedly went back into the changing room, then came back dressed and gave me the thong. I knew we were buying all of these, so I started a new pile, and gave her a lacy red thong to try next.  
  
She headed off and shortly afterwards, popped out wearing just that. I took pictures and she went to get dressed again. I could tell she was really turned on, as her nipples were hard.  
  
"Why don't you just change here?" I asked. "It'll save you some time, and there's nobody about."  
  
She'd been posing in the little tunnel between the changing rooms, where only coming to me meant the possibility of being seen by more of the store.  
  
I held out a yellow thong to her, and she looked around before coming and taking it, then stepped back between the changing rooms. She stripped off the red thong, and put on the yellow one, then posed for me to take my pictures.  
  
She came back fully dressed and gave me the yellow thong, and I dropped it on the pile with the others.  
  
"How are you doing?" I asked her.  
  
"Incredibly turned on," she answered, grinning.  
  
A married couple came up, with the wife having a couple of blouses to try on. I gave Rachel a black panty and bra set, and she headed off to get changed, and the husband sat down next to me.  
  
His wife came out in one of the blouses, and he nodded at her. She went back into the changing room. Rachel came out in the black underwear set, and I had her pose for a couple of pictures, blushing furiously. The husband really enjoyed seeing her, and seemed excited to see what happened next.  
  
His wife came out in the next blouse as Rachel came out to give me back the underwear set. He nodded at his wife, and she went back into the changing room while I took the set from Rachel, and gave her a red set. She headed off to get changed.  
  
His wife came out in another blouse, and he nodded again. Before she pulled the curtain back, Rachel opened her curtain, and came out. We watched her, approvingly, and I took pictures, while the wife looked at her husband angrily, and Rachel disapprovingly. Rachel headed back to get changed, and we heard the wife give a loud tut. I know, young people today.  
  
The wife came out, dressed in her own clothes, and stood in front of her husband. Rachel came out, dressed, and gave me the red set. I gave her a pair of red boy shorts. She took them and headed off, and the wife dragged the husband away before he got to see Rachel's next pose.  
  
She came out, and I took a couple of pictures. There was nobody about, so I held out a red lacy bra, and she came and took it.  
  
She went to put it on, and I said "One item at a time".  
  
She went to step back between the changing rooms to take off the panties, and I said "uh uh, here."  
  
Quickly, without looking around, she took off the shorts and put on the bra. I took a couple of pictures, then said "why don't you go and get dressed again?" I held my hand out.  
  
She took off the bra and gave it to me, then headed for the changing rooms. I called to her, and took a couple of pictures of her there naked before she went back in and got dressed.  
  
We took the underwear we'd already chosen, and headed off to find a dress.  
  
After browsing around for a few minutes, I found a small black dress she could try on. I handed it to her, and she started off towards the changing room, but I grabbed her hand.  
  
"There's nobody about, you can try it on here."  
  
She looked around, quickly, then pulled her shirt off, giving it to me, and pulled the dress on. She then undid her jeans and pulled them down, taking them off and handing them to me. She twirled around.  
  
"What do you think?"  
  
"I like it. Because it's a little bit looser, you can't see your panty line. I think we'll take it. Let me find a summer dresses, OK?"  
  
She stood there, looking at herself in the mirror at the end cap, when I came over with a summer dress. I handed it to her, but before she could do anything, a store clerk was coming our way. She was older than us, and a little tubby. She had an amused look on her face, rather than being angry.  
  
"Excuse me," she said, "but we have changing rooms over here - you shouldn't undress on the floor here where anybody can see you. Let me show you."  
  
Rachel blushed, and I had to try really hard not to burst out laughing. I let the clerk lead us over to the changing rooms, and sat down when she went in to the changing rooms with Rachel.  
  
They were gone an awful long time, and eventually Rachel came out with the summer dress on. She looked flushed, and posed for me, then scuttled back in to the changing room.  
  
I sat there for a while, waiting, sitting there with Rachel's clothes, until she came out in just her panties and took them from me before heading back. A minute or so later, she came back out, dressed, carrying the dresses on hangars. She looked really embarrassed.  
  
We went and paid for the underwear and dresses, then went and to a coffee shop to get a drink and let her calm down a little.  
  
"That was unreal," she said, babbling excitedly. "When she took me in to the changing room, she told me somebody had complained about me trying on underwear, and she'd watched me change into the dress, and she thought I looked really sexy, standing there topless for a few seconds. So she started to come over, and then you gave me the other dress, and she thought she'd like to see me strip off again, but just for her. So she stood there and I took the dress off, and stood there in just my panties waiting for her to give me the summer dress. She reached out and felt my tits, and I leant in and kissed her. So we made out for a little bit, and I remembered that I was supposed to be trying on the dress. I took it from her, and put it on, then came out and posed for you."  
  
"Ah," I said, "that's why you were gone so long."  
  
"Yeah," she said, "so I went back, and she took the dress from me and hung it up with the other one behind her. She pulled me to her, and kissed me again. She stood in front of the dresses, so I came out and got my clothes from you in just my panties, then got dressed - the rest you know."  
  
"How are you doing?"  
  
"God, I am so turned on. My panties are soaking."  
  
"You going to auction them?"  
  
"Oh yes," she said, "I want to go home and swap panties before work."  
  
"I have a better idea. We have panties here," I said, motioning at the bag, "take a pair to the restroom and get changed, then we'll go back to the store."  
  
I gave her the white thong, and she stood up.  
  
"Men's restroom," I said. "And not in a stall."  
  
She grinned and headed off. A minute later I got a picture from her on my phone, of her in just the thong. It was a selfie, taken in the mirror over the sink in the restroom.  
  
When she came back, we headed back to the store.  
  
"OK, you're going to find that assistant, and ask her to help you try on a bikini. That way she can really have you strip for her."  
  
"Where are you going to be?"  
  
"Walking around. I'll leave you to it, I know where you'll be."  
  
She headed off and found the assistant, and I watched as they went and picked out a bikini. Then they went not to the changing rooms, but to an "Employees Only" area at the back of the store. Interesting.  
  
I was pottering around the store looking at storage bins when I got a picture of Rachel in a white string bikini. She looked like she was in a little employee rest area, and I could see her clothes lying on a chair behind her. It wasn't a selfie, it was taken by somebody else.  
  
Then I received a picture of her with the string on the top undone, holding the little fabric triangles over her tits.  
  
Then I received a picture of her topless, but holding one of the strings for the bottoms out to the side, undoing the bow.  
  
Then I received a picture of her with one side of the bikini undone, undoing the bow on the other side.  
  
Then I received a picture of her with both sides of the bottoms undone, and the front flap of fabric down, showing her pussy.  
  
Then I received a picture of her fully naked.  
  
I waited to get another picture. It took a few minutes, then there was a picture of her kneeling down naked, with her head under the front of a skirt.  
  
I figured she was too busy to send anything else, so I carried on looking at some of the other displays while I waited for her to come back. I was looking at TVs when she came bounding up to me.  
  
"Let's go back to your place," she said, and grabbed my hand and dragged me out of there.  
  
She didn't want to talk about it until we gone home, where she stripped off, put her now wet thong with her other soiled panties, and put on a different thong.  
  
"So I went and found the assistant, Anne, and said I'd like her help with a bikini. She just looked at me and smiled, and said she knew just the one for me. She went and grabbed it, andsaid of course I'd want to try it on, and took me to the employee's coffee area, not the changing rooms. I asked if she could lock the door, and she said no, it doesn't have a lock. So, I quickly undressed, and she took her damn time giving me the suit. I pulled the bottoms on first, then the top, and she had me pose for the pictures - I sent you a few of them, but there are more on my phone. Well, she had me strip off, then we started making out. I'm standing there in their staff room, naked, with her all over me, and she pulled her skirt up and her panties down, and I went down on her. She has a hairy pussy, but pretty nice legs. She must have been really turned on, as it didn't take her long to cum. She used my thong to wipe herself, then my face, then told me to put them back on. I got dressed, and she gave me the bikini. She said to come back any time, as she really enjoyed herself. And now I want you to go down on me and make me cum before I have to go and get ready for work."  
  
She came over to me, wearing just the yellow thong, and I reached around to hold her butt, and licked her clit through her thong until she came.  
  
She took the thong off, and put another one on, then finished getting dressed.  
  
"Right," she said, "I've got to go."  
  
She grabbed the bag of clothes, and I saw her out.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 04**

I'd been planning to play another game with Rachel while she was working, so I texted her.  
  
"Where are you?  
  
"Getting ready for work, why?"  
  
"Do you have time to call in here on your way?"  
  
"Sure"  
  
She showed up about twenty minutes later, dressed as a cheerleader in a short skirt and a sweater.  
  
"What's this?" I asked.  
  
"We're doing a special for the football season, and the guys are wearing football uniforms. This is what I got."  
  
"That's just perfect," I told her.  
  
I gave her a Sharpie.  
  
"I was thinking you could get somebody to slap your tits red, then sign one. Send me a picture."  
  
She seemed a little nervous, but said she'd probably play along.  
  
I settled down to watch some TV while waiting to hear from her.  
  
About an hour later, I got a picture of her tits - she was completely topless, and they were covered in red hand prints, and the left one had a thick, black scrawl across it.  
  
I waited for the phone call. It didn't take long.  
  
"So, what happened?" I said.  
  
"There was this cute guy, and he asked me about my costume, and I said we were playing a game, then I asked him if he'd help me with it. He said sure, and I told him I wanted him to slap my tits, then sign one. He wasn't sure, so I pulled up my sweater and bra, and slapped one of my tits to start him off. He seemed unsure, but I managed to coax him into it by taking my top off, on his doorstep where anybody could have seen me. He really got into it, and now my panties are wet just thinking about it. I got him to take the picture."  
  
"Great," I said. "Lose the bra, and get your right tit signed too."  
  
"We'll see," she said, and hung up to concentrate on driving back to the shop.  
  
About another hour later, I got a picture of her with her sweater pulled up, red hand prints all over her tits and both of them signed - the right one twice. Interestingly, I didn't get a call this time, just a text.  
  
"Busy, old guy wants pizza"  
  
I assumed this was her regular old guy - she'd already sucked his dick.  
  
"Spanked butt, signed"  
  
I didn't get a response to that, but about forty minutes later, I got two pictures, one of each butt cheek, red with hand prints, and both with different signatures.  
  
The phone rang.  
  
"So I just a have a few minutes on my way back. I was on the phone earlier, so I couldn't tell you what happened. Anyway, I roll up to this house and there are two guys there. They like the costume a lot, so I ask them to slap my tits and sign them. They seem happy to do it, and I didn't even have to take my sweater off, just pull it up. They loved that I'd already got one signed, and slapped my tits until I stopped them, taking turns, then they both signed the right one and took a picture. The boss called while I was sending it to you, so I just picked up the pizza and went to the old guy. He really liked the costume, and asked me if I was playing a game again. I said yes, and showed him my tits. I asked him if he'd do my butt, and he said yes, he'd love to. So I ended up over his lap with my panties down, and he spanked me like the bad little girl that I am. Then he signed my butt and I got him to take a picture. He said it's getting late, and did I need to get the other cheek signed, and I said I didn't know yet, but probably, so he said he could get his neighbour over to help. I said sure, so he called her on the phone and the neighbour came over and I bent over her lap too. After she spanked my butt red, she signed it and I put my panties on and told him I owed him one, gave him a little kiss, then headed out. I'll be back at the shop in a few minutes, then I'm done for the evening. I was going to come over so you can see the signatures."  
  
"Well," I said, "that's all very well, but don't you owe the old guy? You should stop there on the way here and settle with him, don't you think?"  
  
"Jeez, do I have to?"  
  
"I'm sure you'll be fine, and it'll be nice to be out of his debt," I said.  
  
"OK," she said, "I don't know what I'm going to do, so I don't know how long I'll be."  
  
I settled in to wait.  
  
About an hour later, there was a knock at the door. I let her in, and she went through to the living room and dropped her bra on the sofa.  
  
"First of all, let me show you the signatures," she said, and took off her sweater, so I could see her tits with three big black scrawls on them, then took off her skirt and panties, turning around to show the scrawls on her butt.  
  
"Very nice," I said.  
  
"Let me clean my teeth," she said, and went into the bathroom and used her toothbrush.  
  
"Now I want you inside me while I tell you about my day," she said as she came out.  
  
"OK," I said, and started to get undressed.  
  
"In bed," she said.  
  
We went through to the bedroom and she took off her shoes and socks. I got undressed, and laid down, and she came and straddled me. She was running her pussy along my dick as she started talking.  
  
"So I got my tits slapped twice, and was really turned on, then went and got my butt spanked twice and was even more turned on. Then you told me to go and see the old guy, and I was getting even more turned on, so I probably wasn't thinking straight."  
  
She put my dick inside her, and continued grinding herself on me.  
  
"I went and knocked on his door, and he wasn't expecting to see me again so soon. He invited me in, and asked me what I needed, so he assumed I was still playing a game. I told him that no, I didn't need anything, I just didn't like owing him for helping me out earlier, so I was there to make it up to him. He asked me what I meant, and I said well, what did he want? I said I didn't want him to cum on my tits again, because I hadn't shown you the signatures yet, so I didn't want them getting smudged or washed off."  
  
"Oh," I interrupted, "they won't - that's a permanent marker. They'll be there for days."  
  
"You butthead!"  
  
"I thought you knew," I said. "It says so right on the pen."  
  
"Damn, I'm going to have to be careful to make sure nobody sees them."  
  
"If they do, you should show them all of the signatures, and tell them the story of how you got them."  
  
"Oh god," she said, and sped up her grinding on me.  
  
"Anyway, I said I'd give him a hand job if he'd like, and he said that would be marvellous. I remember that, marvellous - nobody ever says that any more. So we went through to his bedroom, and he got undressed and sat on the bed, then he undressed me, even my shoes and socks. He laid down, and I stood next to the bed and started playing with his dick, and it was already hard. He's lying there with his eyes closed, and he's feeling my butt with one hand. Well, I sucked his dick a little, to get it as hard as it'll go, and get it wet, then I started jacking him off. I'm stroking his balls with my other hand, and jacking away, but my wrist started to ache a little, and it doesn't seem to be doing it for him. I end up bending over and sucking his dick for a bit, and he starts stroking my tits and tweaking my nipples with his other hand. I was originally aiming to just get him further along, but I liked what he was doing so I kept sucking until he cums in my mouth..."  
  
At this point she started cumming herself, and went quiet while she rode it out.  
  
"So he cums in my mouth, and I just swallowed it down, without really thinking. He thanked me a lot, and we got dressed. He offered to give me money, and I told him it wasn't like that, but I didn't want this to get out of hand or anything, he's just helping me with the occasional game I play, then I left and came over here."  
  
I stroked her tits while she lifted herself up and down, and then all of a sudden she said "oh, I have more pictures on my phone, let me get it."  
  
She pulled off me and went and got her phone. She found the first picture of her this evening, and handed the phone to me, then settled down to suck me off as I looked through them.  
  
After I'd cum, she swallowed and asked me to sign her pussy.  
  
"I'd have to slap it red," I said.  
  
She nodded.  
  
"And take a picture."  
  
She nodded again and went and got the pen.  
  
She laid down with her legs wide apart, and told me to slap her. I did. She seemed to enjoy it, so I did it again. And again. She was really getting in to it, so I kept going until she came again.  
  
I picked up the pen and signed her pussy, then took pictures with her phone.  
  
"Now if anybody asks about the signatures, you'll show them your pussy, and tell them this story, too," I said.  
  
She bit her lip and nodded.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 05**

Rachel had video called me. She was at work, but it was quiet and getting late, so she was talking about us maybe going away for a weekend or something. I saw Sean, one of the guys who'd been involved in my games before, in the background, so I said to her "just a second," and fired off a text message to him. I knew she thought he was cute, so I didn't think she'd put up much of a fight.  
  
"Hey Sean, ask Rachel about the mark on her right breast, act like you don't know me"  
  
I went back to the video call, and we carried on chatting. I watched as Sean came over to her and asked what the mark on her right breast was, and was it a tattoo or something. He probably couldn't have seen anything through her sweater, but she didn't know that.  
  
She looked down, then looked at me in the video chat.  
  
"You know what you have to do," I told her.  
  
"Really?" she said, "this is work."  
  
"Rules are rules," I said.  
  
Sean looked confused, she looked worried.  
  
"Can we go somewhere private?" she asked me.  
  
"Sure," I said, "keep me on though, I'll watch."  
  
She took his hand and led him through to what looked like a supplies closet. She shut the door behind them, and told him to lean up against it so nobody could come in. She propped the phone on a shelf.  
  
"Can you see OK?" she asked me.  
  
"Stand where you're going to stand," I said. "Yes, I can see you fine."  
  
I started recording the video stream.  
  
"OK," she told Sean. "You can't tell anybody about this, or I'll deny all knowledge and just stop the games."  
  
I couldn't see Sean, and I didn't hear anything, so I'm assuming he nodded. She pulled her sweater off over her head. You could only just see part of one of the fading signatures on her right tit.  
  
She unhooked her bra and took it off, showing him her tits, and the signatures on them. I'm guessing he was standing there staring at them. At the sudden exposure, her nipples started to harden.  
  
"I was playing a game with my friend, and he got me to get guys to slap my tits until they were red and then sign them. The first guy I went to did my left tit, but the next place I went, there were two guys, so they took it in turns to slap my tits, then both signed my right tit."  
  
"That's awesome," said Sean, from out of view.  
  
She looked at me on her phone. I just looked back at her.  
  
"There's more," she said, and started unbuttoning her jeans. I could see her hands were shaking a little. She pulled her jeans down, turning around to put her back to him as she did. You could see the signatures through her panties. She pulled her panties down, and carried on.  
  
"I then had to get my butt spanked, and have the guy sign it. That's the signature on my left cheek. He thought I'd probably need to get my other cheek signed, so he suggested he call his neighbour, and she came over and spanked me again, and signed it. I lay over their laps with my skirt up and my panties pulled down while they spanked me."  
  
"That's so cool," said Sean.  
  
"There's more," she said with a sigh, and turned around to face him. He could now see her shaved pussy, with my signature above it.  
  
"When I got back to Dan's, we had sex while I told him about my... adventures... and I asked him to spank my pussy. When he'd finished, he signed it."  
  
"Unreal," said Sean.  
  
"What happened between getting your butt spanked and fucking me?" I asked.  
  
She turned and looked at the phone.  
  
"Um, I went back to repay the guy for helping me out, and stripped off and was going to give him a hand job. It was taking longer than I thought, so I ended up sucking him off," she said sheepishly.  
  
"I don't understand. Why do you mean go back?" Sean asked.  
  
"It was while I was delivering," she said.  
  
"These were customers?" he asked incredulously.  
  
She nodded.  
  
"That's why your tips are so high!" he said, jokingly.  
  
She nodded.  
  
"I think he deserves something to keep your secret," I said.  
  
She looked at me through the phone.  
  
"Have him hold the phone," I said, "and you can suck his dick."  
  
Again, I thought, but she didn't know she'd done it before.  
  
She picked up the phone and gave it to Sean, and I watched her kneel down in front of him from his point of view. She unbuttoned his jeans, then pulled the zip down. She pulled his jeans and underwear down a little until his dick fell out, almost hitting her in the face. She ran her hands up and down it, then ran her tongue around the head before putting it in her mouth. I watched as she bobbed her head backwards and forwards, looking up at Sean, and me through the video call. It didn't take long for Sean to cum in her mouth, and she held her mouth open for a few seconds, so we could see the cum before she swallowed it.  
  
She pulled his underwear and jeans up, tucking his dick away carefully as she did, then buttoned them and zipped him up.  
  
"Please don't tell anybody," she pleaded.  
  
Sean's a nice guy, I trust him to not ruin this for us.  
  
She pulled her panties and jeans back up, then put on her bra and sweater. Sean stepped closer to her, and she gave him a hug, then took the the phone as they went back to work.  
  
"Asshole," she said to me, "I'll see you later."

**Rachel and Me Pt. 06**

Rachel had said she wanted to go for a bicycle ride, so I rode over to her place. As usual, I was in cargo shorts and a T-shirt, but I wanted to see what she was going to wear. She had on a sports top and cycling shorts that went almost to her knees. While that was all skin tight to the point of looking sprayed on, I thought we could do better. I suggested her new bikini, so she went back inside.  
  
She came back out, wearing the little white stringy thing.  
  
"Can't I wear shorts?" she asked.  
  
"That'll do," I said, and she tied her sneakers on.  
  
"Can I at least bring a dress?" she asked.  
  
"Shouldn't need it," I said.  
  
We headed down to the bicycles. She's usually a hard rider, but as she was almost naked, we took off at a sedate pace. A lot of guys were very happy to see her on her bicycle, and I deliberately chose slightly rougher trails so I could watch her jiggly bits jiggle as she rode over them. After a couple of miles, I stopped and waited for her, and when she got to me, I tightened the string on her top a little, so there was boob being squeezed out underneath, and on show.  
  
We went back to riding, and I could see that she was perilously close to exposing her nipples at times, so she'd fix her top. When we were in the middle of nowhere, I stopped again, and when she stopped next to me, I pulled her top up over her tits.  
  
"Hand it over," I said.  
  
"I'd rather keep it on," she said.  
  
"Just for a little bit," I said. "I'd like to see you riding topless."  
  
She pulled her top over her head and handed it to me. I put it in a side pocket and we went on our way. Obviously she was jiggling a fair bit more now.  
  
I stopped again when we got to a wooded, more secluded part of the trail.  
  
"Can I have your bottoms, too?"  
  
She got off her bike, took her bottoms off and handed them to me. We went on our way again, with me riding along either behind, alongside and slightly in front of her to get the best view of her riding naked. Well, other than her sneakers, but I didn't want to deprive her of those.  
  
A bunch of guys were coming up behind us on the trail, fast, so I led her to the side, off the trail, and they hammered past without seeing us.  
  
"OK, that's enough," she said, "let me get dressed again."  
  
I gave her her bikini back, and let her put it on. We set off. As we got close to a little town, I suggested we could stop and get a drink.  
  
We headed into town, and got off our bikes and walked them to a little cafe. I left Rachel sitting outside where she could keep an eye on the bikes, and went in and got a couple of sodas and some pastries.  
  
When I got back outside, the guys who'd blasted past us on the trail were standing around, some of them trying to chat her up, others just eyeing her up. I put her drink and a pastry down in front of her and brightly said "hi", like everybody rides around with a girl in a skimpy bikini.  
  
The guys obviously took their cycling a lot more seriously than we did, and were suggesting that we, well, Rachel, go off with them for the rest of their ride. She said she wasn't really interested, as we were just having a nice day out rather than trying to get anywhere in particular. They eventually got the message and headed off, and we finished our break in peace.  
  
We decided to head back, and when we got out of town, I asked her to give me her top again. We weren't really prepared for the guys coming up behind us when they did, and she ended up almost riding off the side of the trail.  
  
The guys saw us standing by her bike and stopped to see if she was OK, and I assured them that she was. She had her arm across her tits, and one of them grinned and asked if she'd lost something.  
  
"Oh no," I said, "it's not lost. It's right here."  
  
I handed her her top. Now she had to decide whether to try and put her top on and show them her tits, or whether to stand there covering them. They seemed to have figured this out, too, as they all stood with their bikes, watching her.  
  
Eventually she said "fuck it," and put her arms in the air and jiggled her tits around, not putting her top back on at all. She handed it back to me.  
  
There were general remarks of appreciation that she seemed to really enjoy, and she got back on her bike and we all cycled along with her until we got to the wooded section, when she stopped again. We all stopped - they wanted to see what she was going to do next, and I had a pretty good idea.  
  
She had me hold her bike, then took her bottoms off and handed them to me. There was a lot of hooting and hollering, and she got on her bike and rode off, with a bunch of guys behind her.  
  
As we got towards the end of the wooded section, she stopped again, and said she was going to get dressed. I passed her her bottoms, and she put them on, then stood next to me as I gave her her top, and she put that on too.  
  
She picked her bike up, and they watched her get on it. I got on my bike, and we slowly started away. The guys rode really slowly with us for a while, until she said goodbye - we slowed down, and they rode off into the distance.  
  
She came and kissed me and said she was tired, excited and wanted to go home to shower before she had to go to work. Off we went.  
  
When we got back to her place, I carried her bike back upstairs, then left her to it.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 07**

I was playing poker online against a couple of friends. We were playing for real money, and were down to just me and Steve, as Jason had gone bust. We were teleconferencing so we could trash talk each other while we played, so when there was a knock at the door, I told them I'd just be a minute.  
  
I opened the door, and it was Rachel. She was wearing a baseball cap, a short denim skirt and a bikini top, and looked cute.  
  
"Come in," I said, "I'm playing poker on the computer."  
  
She dropped her bag and took her shoes off. As she came through into the living room, she said "oh, we could turn it in to like strip poker, and I'll undress if you win."  
  
"I'm up for that," said Steve over the computer speakers. "Video time!"  
  
Rachel jumped.  
  
"I didn't realise you were playing real people," she said.  
  
"But you're still going to strip off?" asked Jason.  
  
"Um, sure."  
  
"Hang on a minute," I said, "I need to set up the camera so you guys can see this."  
  
I got my webcam, and plugged it into my laptop, and pointed it towards the front of the room.  
  
"Can you guys see that?"  
  
"Yes," said Steve.  
  
"OK, guys, meet Rachel."  
  
She went and stood in front of the camera, and I had her step back until she was framed nicely. She looked nervous. I started recording, and went back to the game. Rachel stood there waiting to see what was going to happen. I put on some music on the laptop, quietly, and she started swaying to it.  
  
Steve's really hard to play against, as he's unpredictable. He'll bluff a lot, but he has a tendency to call often, so you can't often bluff him back, which is annoying.  
  
For my first hand, I was dealt trash, but I wanted to get the party started so I bet big. Steve folded.  
  
"You win," he said, and Rachel unbuttonned her skirt. She didn't take it off yet, but swayed and turned around with her fingers in the waistband, just showing us the top of her white panties.  
  
I started the next hand with a pair of tens, so I bet on it, and Steve called. I threw out three cards, as did he, so it would come down to who had the higher pair of cards. We both checked, and he had a pair of tens as well, but with a king, so he won. Rachel carried on dancing, still wearing her skirt.  
  
For the next hand I had nothing, and Steve opened with a bet, so I folded.  
  
I got a couple of picture cards, and we both checked. When we'd swapped cards, he won with a king high.  
  
I was one card short of a straight, then ended up with a pair of eights. I bet on that, and Steve folded.  
  
"You win," he said, and Rachel pulled her skirt down to mid thigh. We could see her panties fully now, but she hadn't dropped the skirt yet.  
  
I got a pair of tens and bet. Steve called, and we swapped cards. I still had a pair of tens, but he bet big. I thought he was bluffing, but he had more money in his pot than me, so I folded.  
  
I pulled a pair of kings, and bet, but Steve folded.  
  
"You win," he said, and Rachel dropped her skirt so she was in her bikini top and panties. And her hat. I thought she'd forgotten that, but I wasn't going to mention it. She kicked the skirt out of the way and kept on swaying to the music.  
  
I ended up with a pair of threes and bet, Steve called and had a pair of nines.  
  
"Chris, if you go on like this, we'll never see Rachel's charms," Jason taunted me.  
  
Rachel looked like she'd be fine with that, but carried on swaying to the music.  
  
I got a pair of fours and bet, and Steve folded.  
  
"You win."  
  
Rachel let the bikini straps fall down her shoulders.  
  
We had a couple of hands where I got nothing and Steve bet, so I was folding, and then I got a pair of kings. I bet, Steve folded.  
  
"You win."  
  
"You're not giving me a chance to get any money out of you," I joked.  
  
"I'm determined to stay in long enough to see her naked," he said.  
  
Rachel took off her bikini top, so now she was topless. Her nipples were hard, so she was already pretty turned on.  
  
I got a pair of fives and a pair of fours, and bet. Steve, again, folded.  
  
"You win."  
  
Rachel pulled her panties down a little, and swayed around with her thumbs in the waist band. She'd pulled them down far enough that you could see she was shaved, and her butt crack.  
  
We had a couple more hands where Steve just bought the pot by betting when I had nothing, and then I bet on a pair of sixes and he called. He had a pair of fours, but I think he was just checking to see if I'd started bluffing.  
  
"You win."  
  
Rachel pulled her panties down to her knees, but stayed sideways on to the camera so they couldn't actually see anything.  
  
I bet on a pair of eights, Steve raised and I called. He took my money with his three queens.  
  
I bet on a pair of kings and a pair of fives, and Steve raised big. I went all in, and I heard Steve's intake of breath - he hadn't expected that. He had a pair of eights and a pair of threes, so I won a bunch and was back in the lead.  
  
"You win, you lucky bastard. I haven't enjoyed losing this much before though," he said.  
  
Rachel stepped out of her panties, then took the hat off and put it over her pussy before turning to face the camera with a big grin on her face.  
  
I heard Jason laugh, and a muttered curse from Steve. Another hand. I got a pair of threes and bet, and he called. When we swapped cards, I got another three, and bet big. He folded.  
  
"You win."  
  
Rachel dropped the hat, and stood there on show. She put her arms out, and gave us a twirl. Steve and Jason hooted and hollered their encouragement.  
  
"Gentlemen," I said, "I think we'll have to cash out now, as I think the lady wants to play, and who am I to say no?"  
  
"I can be there in thirty minutes," said Steve.  
  
"With or without your wife?" I asked. We both knew he wasn't coming over.  
  
We said our goodbyes and I signed off and shut everything down.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 08**

"So," I asked the naked girl, "what did you want to do?"  
  
"I was hoping we could do something before I have to go and get ready for work," she said, coming over to snuggle up against me. "It'll have to be quick now though."  
  
"Anything in particular?"  
  
"I've been thinking about the hand cuff thing - that really turned me on when we were doing it with Sue."  
  
"OK," I said, "get dressed."  
  
"Are we going out?"  
  
"No," I said, "tell you what, top and panties."  
  
She put on the bikini top, and her panties, and I went and found my hand cuffs. I wasn't convinced she could reach my door knob with her hands behind her, so we went and tried. No dice.  
  
"How about in front of you?" I asked.  
  
"It's not as cool," she said, "but it'll gave to do, I guess."  
  
"Or I could leave the door on the latch, and you could have them push it open."  
  
"Let's do that," she said.  
  
I called a smoothie place that delivered. I told the girl on the phone that it was a surprise for my girlfriend, so to send the sexiest guy they had. She laughed and told me it would be about twenty minutes.  
  
I did the video call thing with our phones, left money on the kitchen counter, locked her hands behind her back.  
  
I went and sat down, and she came and knelt down in front of me, trying to undo my jeans with her teeth. I undid them for her, and pulled them down a bit so she could suck my dick for a few minutes.  
  
When it was approaching time, I went and put the door on the latch, just as the delivery guy started up the stairs. I went in the bedroom and shut the door, picked up my phone and pressed record. He knocked on the door, and Rachel called out that it was open, and in he came. He found her standing in the kitchen.  
  
"Are you OK?" he asked. He was tall, tanned and good looking.  
  
"Yes," she said, "my boyfriend just likes to set me up then go out, to see what I'll do."  
  
He put the smoothie on the counter.  
  
"The money's there," she said, nodding at it.  
  
He took the money.  
  
"Keep the change," she said.  
  
"He's an asshole," said the guy.  
  
"Yeah," she said. "I did think maybe I'd dump him."  
  
She smiled nervously.  
  
"Hey, you want to help me prank him?"  
  
"OK, what do you want to do?"  
  
"Pull my top up, that'll piss him off."  
  
He looked at her.  
  
"For real?"  
  
"Yeah, he's the jealous type, and he'll be upset that somebody saw my tits."  
  
He undid her top, and pulled it up.  
  
"You have a nice rack," he said.  
  
The top fell down. He pulled it up again, but it didn't want to stay up.  
  
"Hook it over my head," she suggested.  
  
He did this, so now she was uncovered. He stood back, looking at her.  
  
"Do you want to rub my tits?" she said, nervously.  
  
"For real?" he asked.  
  
She bit her lip, and nodded.  
  
He felt her up for a few minutes, getting her nipples really good and stiff. She seemed to be having fun.  
  
"You can suck them if you want to," she said.  
  
Apparently he did want to. A lot. She was really getting in to this.  
  
She swallowed and said "Do you want to take my panties off?"  
  
"Are you sure this is what you want?" he asked.  
  
"Yes," she said, "I think I am going to dump him, so let's make it worthwhile."  
  
He pulled her panties down, slowly, helping her step out of them.  
  
He stood up again in front of her, and said "now what?"  
  
"Give me a sec," she said, and awkwardly knelt down in front of him. "I'd like to suck your dick for a bit, if that's OK."  
  
He smiled, and pulled his shorts down. She reached forward and sucked his dick into her mouth, and started bobbing forward and backward on it.  
  
When he got close to cumming, he told her, and she let his dick drop out of her mouth and said "do it on my tits."  
  
He jacked away for almost a minute, then unloaded over her.  
  
"Do you think your boyfriend will be angry now?" he asked, looking down at her almost naked and covered in his cum.  
  
"Oh yes, but he'll learn a lesson from this," she said.  
  
"Do you want me to stay?"  
  
"No," she said, "I don't know when he'll be back, and I've already taken up so much of your time."  
  
He helped her to her feet, and gave her a kiss.  
  
"I'm Tim," he said, dropping a business card on the counter, "call if you want me."  
  
He walked down the hallway, and out the door.  
  
"Oh my god," she called out to me, "did you see all that? That was incredible!"  
  
"Yup," I said, walking past her to lock the door, "that was fucking hot."  
  
I came back and looked at her.  
  
"You need a shower," I said, unlocking her hand cuffs, "and there's a new toothbrush for you in the top drawer."  
  
She cleaned her teeth while the water warned up. I watched her shower with the curtain open. When she was done, she turned the water off and took the towel from me.  
  
"Fuck!" she said, "I'm going to be late for work!"  
  
She started getting dressed, in the few clothes she had. I watched as she went and got a new pair of panties out of her bag.  
  
"I can't go dressed like this! Can I borrow a sweatshirt of something?"  
  
"Sure," I said, and went and got a red sweatshirt from the bedroom. She pulled it on over her bikini top.  
  
"I'll see you later?" she asked. "I need to cum."  
  
"Sure," I said. "Do you have your nipple clamps?"  
  
"Yes," she said.  
  
"Put them on before you come over, but remember to take them off whatever happens after 15 minutes. We don't want you damaging those perfect nipples."  
  
"OK," she said, kissed me and left.  
  
I sat down to catch up on some web surfing. It's amazing how much time you can waste just reading the news. A couple of hours later, Rachel called me... she was driving, so in her way to a delivery.  
  
"It's the old guy again. The pervert calls every night, it sounds like, and asks if I'm working." She was laughing. "He's ordered a pizza, and I'm just in my way to deliver it."  
  
"How long have you got to get there?"  
  
"Oh, like thirty minutes. I'll be there in ten though."  
  
"How about you lose your bikini top and put your clamps on. Remember, fifteen minutes tops."  
  
"OK, I'll have to stop and set this up. I'll call you later."  
  
She hung up.  
  
I sat and waited. After about twenty minutes, she called back.  
  
"I'm so going to come over later. So, I stopped and took my bikini top off, and or the clamps on, then drove over there. The inside of your sweatshirt was rough on my nipples, and that was driving me mad. I get there, and he's by the door, ready for me, and invites me in. He's wearing a bath robe. 'Hello my dear,' he says, 'what game are you playing tonight?'. So I pulled it top up and showed him. 'Oh my, does that hurt?' he says, and I say not until I take them off, speaking of which, it's about time I take them off. So I let him unclip them. The first one was incredible, and the second one, well, I came right there and almost collapsed on the floor. When I got my breath back, I told him I had to go, and here we are. I just have to settle up and clock out, and I'll be over to suck your dick."  
  
About twenty minutes later, she was banging on the door. I opened it, and she was topless.  
  
"Here's your shirt," she said, giving it to me, "thanks."  
  
She came in and closed the door behind her, leading me to the living room. She dropped her bag, bikini top and shoes, before taking off her panties and getting a clean pair.  
  
"How many of those do you carry?" I asked.  
  
"When I'm coming here, a whole pack, so six."  
  
"And that's your third pair?"  
  
"Yes," she said. "I predict I'll need the fourth pair shortly."  
  
She came and pushed me down on the chair and straddled me, pulling her skirt up.  
  
I reached around and unbuttoned it and started sucking on one nipple. I pulled her in to me as she started working on my jeans. She gave up and got off me, dropping her skirt. She could now get my jeans unbuttoned, and pulled them and my underwear down my legs. I kicked them off, and she straddled me again, grinding herself against my dick and kissing me. I kneaded her butt through her panties, and we stayed like this for several minutes.  
  
She stood up again, and pulled her panties off, then straddled me again. She lifted my dick, and impaled herself on it. She ground away on me until she came, then, after a short breather, carried on until I came too. We just sat and hugged for a while, then she got off me and got another pair of panties. They were immediately wet with my cum running out of her.  
  
"I promised to suck your dick," she said, and came over and cleaned me up thoroughly with her mouth.  
  
The stood up again, took off her panties and put on another clean pair. She picked up her skirt and put that on, then put her bikini top back on.  
  
"Right," she said, "I gotta go, things to do and panties to sell. Thanks for your help, I've loved this."  
  
I got up and collected my underwear and put them on, and walked her to the door, kissing her goodnight.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 09**

We'd agreed to meet up for some fun, and Rachel arrived at my door. She was wearing the summer dress I'd bought her, and sneakers. I let her in, and we went through to the living room.  
  
"I meant to ask you," I asked, "what happened with the sexier panties?"  
  
"Well," she said, "they seem to like them, but not enough to justify the extra cost. It's still mostly the story that drives the price. It's no biggie, though, as I'm well ahead at the moment - I still have like three pairs ready to sell."  
  
"So does that mean you don't need to wear them?"  
  
"I still want to," she said, "as I have some special requests I can do. I get more for those, and I can send them out straight away. I like to only have one normal pair for sale at a time."  
  
"Special requests like what?"  
  
"I have one for going down on a woman that I figured we could do?"  
  
"Fine," I said, "I'm starting to get an idea. Let's go."  
  
I grabbed my stuff, and we headed out.  
  
"Where are we going?" she asked.  
  
"Shopping."  
  
We headed to the department store, and went in. Like most stores, you seem to have to walk through the women's underwear section to get in, and Rachel stopped me.  
  
"While we're here, I might as well get another pack of panties."  
  
We wandered over to that section, and she grabbed a couple of bags.  
  
"Look," I said, "they have multi-packs of thongs."  
  
They were just cotton, but the cut was sexier than the bikinis she usually wore.  
  
"Fine," she said, "they're the same price."  
  
She put one of the bikini packs back, and grabbed two packs of thongs. We went and paid, and I now had a bag with 18 pairs of women's underwear in it.  
  
"Let's see if we can find Anne," I said, and we scouted around until we did.  
  
Obviously she recognised Rachel, and was happy to see her.  
  
"Hello baby, what can I help you with?" she asked.  
  
"We wanted to look at some lingerie," I said.  
  
"Anything in particular?"  
  
"I was thinking a get up with stockings."  
  
"OK," she said, and led us over to the lingerie section. She asked Rachel her sizes, and quickly gathered three sets, in white, black and red, and led us towards the back of the store. Rachel seemed nervous, but excited.  
  
I followed them in to the employee rest area, and sat down. I figured I was just going to watch the show.  
  
"Can I take pictures?" I asked, waving my phone.  
  
"As long as my face isn't in them," said Anne. She was looking at Rachel.  
  
"OK," she said, "let's try the white set first. Get undressed, baby."  
  
Rachel took off her dress, and stood there in her panties and sneakers. I started taking pictures from time to time with my phone.  
  
"Baby, we're going to need all of it," Anne said.  
  
Rachel looked nervous, but took off her shoes and panties. I noticed that she'd grown a little landing strip. I could see that she was into it, I think she just didn't want to seem too eager.  
  
She stood there naked, with her hands clasped together in front of her, and Anne brought her clothes over and dropped them next to me, and collected the lacy lingerie. She brought over a stool, and lifted Rachel's left foot and put it on her lap. She put a stocking on it and rolled it up her leg. I noticed her brush her hand over Rachel's pussy as she finished. She put her foot down, then did the same with the other leg. When she got to the top, she ran her thumb through Rachel's pussy, then stood up and presented it to her to suck clean. Rachel did.  
  
She got the garter belt, and reached around her and hooked it together behind her back, then clipped each of the suspenders to the top of the stockings. She stepped back to admire her work for a few seconds.  
  
Next was the bra. Anne massaged Rachel's tits for a few seconds, then pulled the bra up her arms and fastened it.  
  
Last were the panties. She picked Rachel's feet up, one at a time, and put them in the leg holes of the panties, then pulled them up to her waist. She pulled the straps high over her hips.  
  
She told Rachel to turn around, and she did.  
  
"What do you think?" Anne asked me.  
  
"I like it - it works well with her tan," I said.  
  
"Let's see her in red," said Anne, turning back to Rachel.  
  
She pulled the panties down, and Rachel stepped out of them. Next she unhooked the bra and took that off, followed by unclipping the garter belt and rolling the stockings off her legs. She unhooked the garter belt last, leaving Rachel naked again.  
  
Anne went and put the white lingerie down, and picked up the red set. She sat down on the stool again, and this time went to put the garter belt on first. She she leaned towards Rachel to do up the hooks behind her back, she kissed her on the stomach. She'd already hooked the garter belt, but carried on kissing Rachel, from her stomach down to just above her slit, with her hands on Rachel's butt. She stuck her tongue out and licked Rachel's clit, eliciting a shudder, then turned back to the pile of lingerie. She lifted Rachel's foot into her lap again, and pulled the stocking on slowly. When she let Rachel put her foot down, she adjusted her skirt a little, and when she picked up Rachel's other foot, she put it down between her thighs - she'd pulled her skirt up, I guess. She sat there for half a minute, feeling Rachel's foot against her thighs, before picking it up again and putting the stocking on it. Again, she rolled it up, and she stopped and stroked Rachel's pussy when she got to the top. This time she sucked her own fingers clean, then worked at clipping the suspenders to the stockings.  
  
She put the panties on next, and they were a thong type. She adjusted the waist so it was up by Rachel's hip bones, and pulled her butt cheeks apart so it went deep between them.  
  
Last came a bustier. She had Rachel turn around and hold the front while she did the clasps at the back. She turned Rachel back towards her, then rearranged her tits so they were pushed up. She looked great.  
  
"Turn around, baby," she said, and Rachel did, slowly, with her arms out from her sides.  
  
"I know what this needs, shoes! What size are you, baby?"  
  
Rachel told her, and she headed out, leaving her standing there.  
  
"Are you OK?" I asked.  
  
"I am sooooo turned on right now," she answered.  
  
Just then the door opened and an old guy came in carrying a black garbage bag. Rachel tried to cover herself.  
  
"Oh, excuse me," he said, staring at Rachel, "I didn't know anybody was in here. Are you with Anne?"  
  
"Yes," I said. "Why, does she do this often?"  
  
"From time to time," he said. "I'll just empty the bin and be out of your way."  
  
He went and emptied the bin into his bag, and was leaving when Anne got back.  
  
"Hi Joseph," she said brightly. "Stand up straight, baby."  
  
Rachel moved her hands down to her sides, and stood up straighter.  
  
"What do you think of my model?"  
  
"She's gorgeous," he said.  
  
"Wait until she tries the shoes."  
  
She had a couple of pairs, and brought over a red pair of high heels. They must have been 5" high. She put them on the ground by Rachel's feet and had her step into then one at a time. She tottered around in a little circle, the shoes making her butt stick out.  
  
"What do you think now?" Anne asked Joseph.  
  
"Very nice," he said. "Thank you. I should be getting back to it."  
  
He left, closing the door behind him.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked me.  
  
"I agree, she does look very nice."  
  
"Baby," she said to Rachel, "I think you look really sexy. Do you know what I think would look even sexier?"  
  
Rachel shook her head.  
  
"I'd like to see you go over there and suck his dick. I think you'd look really sexy with his dick in your mouth."  
  
Rachel bit her bottom lip and nodded, then started towards me.  
  
"Sway those hips, baby, be sexy."  
  
Rachel swayed her hips as she walked towards me, and she did look sexy.  
  
She bent at the waist to undo my jeans, and fished out my already stiff dick. Anne had come over for a better view, and took my phone from me to take more pictures. Rachel licked her lips, then stuck her tongue out and licked the tip of my dick. She squeezed it with her hand, getting a drop of pre-cum, and licked that off before putting her mouth around the whole head. Slowly she pushed down as far as she could, then slowly came back up. She swirled her tongue around the head, then went back down.  
  
"That's enough," said Anne after several minutes. "We don't want him cumming in your pretty little mouth."  
  
She handed me back my phone, then guided Rachel back to the centre of the room.  
  
"Let's try the black set," she said.  
  
She sat down and ushered Rachel to her. She reached around behind her and worked on the clasps for the bustier. As she took the bustier off, she kissed Rachel's nipples. She then put her thumbs in the waist band of the thong, and pulled it down, letting Rachel step out of them. She let Rachel step out of the shoes, then unhooked the suspenders from the stockings. She picked up her left foot and put it on her lap, then rolled the stocking off. She did the same with the right leg. Then she leant forwards and unhooked the garter belt, again kissing her on the stomach. She got up and went and got the black set.  
  
She hiked her skirt up a little and sat down again, and hooked the garter belt on. She didn't kiss her stomach this time, and picked Rachel's foot up, putting the black fishnet stocking on her foot before putting it between her thighs. She moved it towards her, so Rachel's foot was up against her pussy. She slowly rolled the stocking up Rachel's leg, taking her time getting it sitting just right before hooking it to the suspenders. She put Rachel's foot down, then picked up the other one and repeated the process. When she put the foot back down, she got up and went and got the black pair of stilletto heels. She picked up Rachel's foot and slipped the 6" heel on. It had a platform at the front, and Rachel wobbled as she put the foot down again. Anne put the other shoe on, and Rachel now towered above her in just garter belt and stockings.  
  
"I love the way the suspenders frame your pussy, baby," she said to Rachel.  
  
She picked up the G-string for this set, and had Rachel lift her feet one at a time to put it on, then pulled it up her legs. She snugged the tiny scrap of black lace in place, and you could see a little of Rachel's landing strip above it.  
  
"That's not good," she said. She tried pulling the G-string right into Rachel's pussy lips, making them splay around it obscenely, but you could still see the hair.  
  
"Stay there," she said, and headed off again.  
  
"Oh my god, this is amazing," said Rachel as soon as the door closed. "I swear I've been on the edge for ages. Joseph seeing me in that getup freaked me out though."  
  
"You're doing great, and I'm getting lots of really sexy pictures of you."  
  
"I'm glad you're here - I don't think I could have done this by myself. The bikini was scary when I was alone with her."  
  
The door opened, and Anne came in with a disposable razor and its packaging. She dropped the plastic in the bin and walked over to Rachel and sat down. She pulled the G-string down to her thighs, and said "oh, I didn't get any shaving cream".  
  
She leant forward and licked her across the top inch of her pubic hair, then swiped across with the razor. The hair wasn't long, so it came straight off. She put the razor down and felt the new bald patch. It obviously met with her approval, as she pulled the G-string back up.  
  
"That's better," she said.  
  
She got the tiny little black lace bra, and put it over Rachel's arms, then hooked it behind her back. She massaged her tits so they were sitting high, and got up. She stood back to admire her handiwork.  
  
"I almost forgot."  
  
She went into her pocket and brought out a black ribbon choker necklace, and put it on Rachel's neck.  
  
"Not bad, baby, not bad. What do you think?" she asked me.  
  
"I'm not sure. I like the fishnets and the choker, but I think I might have preferred the red setup."  
  
"I know what would make this sexier," Anne said. "Go and lick his balls."  
  
Rachel started to walk over to me, and Anne stopped her.  
  
"Crawl, on your hands and knees."  
  
I was taking pictures of Rachel crawling towards me, and Anne came over and took my phone from me, pointing it back at Rachel.  
  
When she got to me, Rachel stayed on her knees, and pulled my jeans and underwear down further, then held my dick up with her hand and started licking my balls. Anne came in really close to take pictures.  
  
"I want you to sit on his dick, baby, facing me."  
  
Rachel got up and turned around, facing away from me. She went to pull the G-string down, but Anne stopped her.  
  
"Let me," she said, and she reached under and moved the thin crotch to the side. She ran her fingers back and forth through Rachel's lips, then stood back. Rachel backed up to me, and reached under to guide my dick into her pussy. Anne moved in and took more close-up pictures as Rachel lifted herself up and down on my dick. Rachel started shuddering as she came, and slowed down.  
  
"Stop now," Anne said. "We don't want him cumming in your pretty little pussy."  
  
Rachel stood up, unsteadily.  
  
"Suck him off, baby," she said.  
  
Rachel knelt down between my knees, and sucked my dick back into her mouth. Anne was taking pictures as she bobbed up and down.  
  
With all the foreplay, it didn't take long before I was cumming.  
  
"Don't swallow," said Anne, and had Rachel open her mouth so she could get a picture of my cum.  
  
"Now you can swallow," she said, and Rachel did.  
  
Anne reached under Rachel and rearranged the G-string. She stood back and looked at her.  
  
"Hmm. I think we need a second opinion. I'll be right back."  
  
She headed out the door, and Rachel looked at me nervously.  
  
"God, who's going to see me now?" she said.  
  
I smiled back at her, and the door opened. It was Anne with Joseph.  
  
"Here she is," she said. "So which do you prefer?"  
  
"Oh, I really like this getup," he said staring at her openly.  
  
"Turn around baby."  
  
Rachel turned around. From the back, it was like she wasn't wearing panties at all.  
  
"Of course," said Anne, "you didn't see the white set. Baby, get undressed while I sort that out for you again."  
  
Rachel looked shocked, and started to try and undress. She was trying to unhook the stockings, and her hands were shaking too much for her to do them.  
  
"Joseph," said Anne, "why don't you help her out?"  
  
Joseph grinned, and took his gloves off. He went over to Rachel and quickly had the stockings and her bra unhooked. Rachel stepped out of the shoes, and Joseph went to town undressing her. He took the bra from her, then pulled her G-string down. She stepped out of it, and he slid the stockings down her legs. He quickly unhooked her garter belt, leaving her naked. Anne was standing behind him with the white lingerie, watching him work.  
  
"Doesn't she have lovely breasts?" she asked him.  
  
"Yes, she does," he said.  
  
"Feel them, they're real."  
  
I saw Rachel trying to control her first instinct to recoil from the old man as he reached out and started kneading her tits.  
  
"I don't think she likes you like that, Joseph," said Anne. "Maybe you should just sit and watch."  
  
Joseph came and sat next to me, while Anne put the white bra and garter belt on Rachel. She rolled the stockings up her legs and attached them to the garters, then put the white panties on her. She rolled the stool back out of the way.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked Joseph.  
  
"I prefer the black," he said.  
  
"Noted," said Anne. She rolled her stool back and put Rachel's feet in the black stilettos, and had her turn around for us.  
  
"Come here baby," Anne said to Rachel.  
  
Rachel walked over to her unsteadily. Anne put her thumbs in the waistband of Rachel's panties and pulled them down her legs. Rachel put her hands on Anne's shoulders as she stepped out of them, one foot at a time. Anne leant forward and ran her tongue slowly along Rachel's slit, and when she got to her clit, Rachel came, moaning and shuddering. I thought she was going to fall over, but she held on to Anne's shoulders for support.  
  
"There we go," said Anne, smiling and wiping her face with the white panties. "You may as well keep all the panties, as they're wet through."  
  
Anne unhooked the stockings from the garter belt, and unhooked the garter belt. She stood up and removed the bra, then sat back down and rolled the stockings down Rachel's legs. She picked her left foot up, removed the shoe, then took off the stocking. She did the same with the right foot, then stood up and removed the choker, leaving Rachel naked again.  
  
Rachel came over to me, and asked for her panties back. I handed them to her, and she put them on. Joseph got up and headed back to the door.  
  
"I should go back to work," he said, and left us to it.  
  
"I'd like to do you," Rachel said to Anne.  
  
"Sorry?"  
  
"Is like to go down on you again," she repeated.  
  
"He'll need to wait outside," Anne said.  
  
I got up.  
  
"No problem," I said.  
  
"Take all your stuff with you," she said, so I collected our shopping, and the wet through panties, putting them in the bag.  
  
"And her clothes."  
  
I picked up Rachel's dress and sneakers, and left the room. I leaned up against the wall to wait, looking at the pictures I'd just taken on my phone.  
  
After about ten minutes, Rachel came out. Her hair was a mess, and she grabbed her dress from me, putting it on. She was putting her sneakers on when Anne came out, looking perfectly normal. She kissed Rachel full on the mouth and told her to come back any time she wanted to play. She smiled at me, then left for the shop floor.  
  
Rachel took my hand and led me towards her place. I could tell she was tired, and sure told me that Anne had taken so long because she'd had several orgasms. She seemed happy enough, but just wanted to go home and rest before work. I saw her to her door, gave her her shopping bag, and headed home.