**Jordan**

**by Vanessa Evans**

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when any sexual activity took place.*

**Part 3 – My second year at university**

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**Second year starting early**

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John told his wife that he had to be back at the university on the third week of August to get all his preparation work done. That was great for me as I’d have him to fuck me every day for nearly 3 weeks.

The first few days were spent with lots of fucking and talking. He asked me about how my time back at home had gone and we both laughed about us seeing each other at the carnival and how his wife had been shocked that girls were flaunting their naked pussies as they dances along the street.

When John asked me how I’d got such a deep all-over tan I told him that I’d spent a lot of time on the roof sunbathing. For some strange reason which I couldn’t pinpoint, I didn’t want to tell him about my 2 weeks in Ibiza.

After 4 days John told me that he’d got a surprise for me; he was taking me on a one week holiday to Spain - Ibiza. I was shocked and thought that maybe I should confess that I’d just got back from Ibiza but I decided that it might spoil his fun if he knew. Thankfully, it was a quieter part of the island and I was relieved to realise that there wouldn’t be lots of male eye candy for me to get distracted with.

John took me shopping and bought me some more skimpy clothes, but the skirts did cover all of my butt and my pussy – when I was just standing there.

**My second holiday that summer**

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When we landed and walked out of the airport I just hoped that the male reps wouldn’t be there and that I’d have to explain how I knew them. It turned out okay, probably because it was a different holiday company and different flight times.

The hotel was much, much quieter; and had families in it so I was going to have to keep some clothes on.

By comparison, my second holiday in Ibiza was dull and boring, although, to be fair, we seemed to be doing similar things to all the other young couples there.

One thing that the girls in the other couples weren’t doing was wearing a bikini like mine. John had offered to buy me a new one before we left England but I’d told him that I was perfectly happy with my own, homemade one, and that I doubted that we could find another one like it. I’d told John about it before but he was quite surprised when he first saw it. I really had to be careful where I opened my legs when I was wearing it.

There were quite a few topless women around, and I went sans top by the pool and on the beaches all the time; and I didn’t worry about my bikini top being see-through either.

There were a few places where I could open my legs and let the sun see my pussy; one was at the waterpark; plenty of opportunities to flash the young men that were working there, or on holiday.

I was quite happy (so was John), when he took me to a ‘clothing optional’ beach. We both spent most of the day without clothes, even going to a café; that was on that part of the beach, without any clothes on.

**University accommodation cock-up**

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My booking for a room in the halls of residence got lost and after a few strong words I was offered a room in a house not far away. The house is actually owned by one of the students (his daddy bought it for him) and he wanted some other students to share it with him.

I went to visit my old flatmates to see if there had been another cock-up and if my old room was free, but it wasn’t; another girl was there. Lucas wasn’t there either; his room having been taken by another guy.

I couldn’t, and didn’t want to move in with John because his wife occasionally comes to visit for the weekend so that wouldn’t have gone down well. I didn’t have a lot of choice.

When I arrived at the house I was greeted by a cute looking guy who told me his name was Mason. He looked a bit surprised when I told him that I was Jordan and that I was there for the room.

“Oh sorry,” Mason said, “I was expecting a young man. We’ve only got male students staying here. We’ll have to have a house meeting to see if anyone objects to sharing with a girl. But come in, I’ll round up the guys and you can meet them all.”

As I walked in I thought that Mason’s reaction had been a little surprising, after all, why wouldn’t 4 guys want a girl staying with them; especially one that loves to get naked. Then I remembered that they didn’t know that last bit; well not yet. My microskirt and tank top with no bra might have given them a clue but hey, they are men after all.

Anyway, 3 other guys trooped in and were introduced as Harry, Aiden and Logan; each one of them looking me up and down as we shook hands.

Mason explained the error and asked if any of them had any objection. None had, but I had a reservation;

“Okay,” I said; “thank you for that, but if I’m coming into a house full of men I need to know that you don’t all live like animals and that you won’t expect me to do all the cooking and cleaning. Everything has to be split 5 equal ways.”

It was then that Aiden realised where he’d seen me before.

“Hey, aren’t you the girl that always gets naked at parties?”

I actually blushed; it was the last think that I expected to hear.

“Well err… it’s not just me,” I replied; “there’s usually a lot of girls that take their clothes off. You guys usually manage to talk us into it.”

That last sentence sold it for the guys and after a few nods, Mason said that the room was mine if I still wanted it.

“Does that mean that you’ll get naked for us here?” Logan asked.

I didn’t answer that one. Instead I asked to be shown the room. Mason led the way followed by me, then the others. As we went up the stairs I smiled knowing where the guys behind me were looking.

The room was quite nice actually, bigger than my dorm room with a view over the back garden. The only disadvantage was that I’d have to share a bathroom with 4 guys.

As Mason pointed out the features of the room I looked at the guys and thought,

“I’ll soon get these suckers knocked into shape.”

I accepted the room and left to get my belongings. Aiden offered to come and help me and we walked the half mile or so chatting about my new flatmates.

Aiden followed me up the stairs to John’s flat (John was at the uni getting organised for the start of the new year), and I made sure that Aiden got a good look at what I hoped he was going to see a lot more of. I even lingered as I bent over to pick up some of my belonging. I didn’t tell Aiden that the flat I had been temporarily living in was my tutor’s; I just said that it belonged to a friend.

Back in my new room I quickly took my skirt and top off and put a thong and a see-through top on; then got myself organised. When I got to my laptop I had to go and ask what the WiFi password was and the guys all stared at me as I stood there waiting for them to come down to earth.

“You don’t mind me wandering around in my underwear do you? I’m guessing that you all do the same at times don’t you?”

Mason offered to come and help me set it up but I said that I could manage.

After I’d got organised I went downstairs to talk with my new flatmates. As I walked in still wearing just the see-through top and see-through thong the conversation just stopped and the 4 of them just stared at me - again.

I sat on one of the sofas and got offered coffee and beers in abundance; I think that they just wanted to look at me from different angles. We all gave a brief summary of who we were and what course we were on; and a lot of trivia.

After about an hour Harry said,

“I remember where I’ve seen you before; you work at the club don’t you?”

“Which club?” Aiden added.

“The strip club down by wots it called; you know.”

“Oh yes…. That’s where I remember those tits from.”

“Okay guys, you’ve got me. So I’m a stripper on a Friday and Saturday nights, so what? A student’s got to earn some money where she can. I hope that it isn’t going to affect our living arrangement; after all, we did shake on it.” I replied.

“Well, I don’t know; maybe we’ll have to change the agreement slightly.” Mason said.

“Hey, that’s not fair; would you say the same if one of you worked as a stripogram getting your rocks off on getting naked in front of loads of screaming women?”

“That’s not the same.” Aiden said.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Because…”

“Because nothing; it IS the same thing, so why should things be different for me?”

“Maybe we could give you some sort of incentive.” Mason said.

“Incentive for what. One minute you’re saying that the rules should be different for me because I’m a girl, then the next second you’re trying to bribe me to do something. What’s going on? What is that you want of me? What would it cost me and what would I get out of it?”

I could easily guess what they wanted, and I wanted it too; but I wasn’t going to get naked for them unless it was costing them something.

“Team meeting; err, a boys team meeting; in the kitchen lads.” Mason announced.

The 4 of them got up and disappeared into the kitchen. Five minutes later they came back, sat down and Mason said,

“Right Jordon, we’ve all agreed that it isn’t fair that you should suffer just because you are a girl; but…. We’ve come up with a proposition that we hope you’ll go along with.”

“I’m listening.”

“Well, how about you getting naked whenever you come down to the lounge.”

“So what do I get in return?”

“How about you get out of bathroom cleaning duties?”

“How about I get out of bathroom AND kitchen cleaning duties? Oh, and you guys have to keep both rooms clean all the time.”

The 4 guys looked at each other and all nodded.

“Okay Jordan,” Mason said, “you’ve got a deal. So get those clothes off.”

“Err, not so quick guys, I’ve just been in the kitchen and the bathroom and I wouldn’t call either of them clean.”

I didn’t have to say anything else; all 4 of the guys got up and disappeared. Five minutes later they were back saying that both rooms were clean.

I smiled, stood up and peeled my top up and over my head. As I looked round at all 8 male eyes that were locked on my tiny tits, I pulled on my nipples and rolled them between finger and thumb.

Turning round, I slowly slid the thong down my legs then turned back round to face them. Eight eyes moved down to my pussy.

“Nice one Jordan.” Harry said.

“But if I find a filthy bathroom or kitchen then these clothes go back on.”

“Yes, okay Jordan that’s fair….. Now that we’ve established that you’re open to negotiations, what will it cost us for you to take your clothes off before you come in the front door and stay naked all the time until you leave the house?”

“Wow; that’s a tough one.” I lied, “I’ll have to think about that one. Can we talk about it tomorrow night?”

The guys seemed a bit disappointed but hey, a girl’s got to get everything that she can. I can’t let the guys get the upper hand.

I stayed naked for the rest of the evening, making some more coffees just to give them the chance to see me walking around.

The following evening when I got home I went straight up to my room and didn’t really see the others. It was the same the day after but on the third evening when I got in Mason called me in to the lounge. I dropped my bag and walked into the lounge.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” Logan said.

“What?” I replied, knowing exactly what he meant.

“Lounge… clothes…”

“Oh yes; I forgot.” I lied again and dropped my skirt and peeled my top off, tweaking my nipples when it was off.

“Better?” I asked.

By then the others had appeared and Mason said,

“Jordan, do you me remember me asking you what we would have to do to get you to be naked all the time that you’re in the house?”

“Yeah, you did say something about that didn’t you?”

“Yes Jordan I did; so what would it cost us?”

“Hmmmm; how about you guys cook for me as well as cleaning the bathroom and kitchen? And you have to keep the heating turned up high in winter.”

The 4 of them looked at each other then Mason said,

“Deal.”

We shook hands then he continued,

“You have to strip off and get dressed outside, remember?”

“Oh yes, you did mention that part didn’t you. Okay, no problem.”

Aiden then told me that I might regret getting them to cook for me, telling me that they were lousy cooks and Mason can’t even cook toast.

Since that day I’ve never worn any clothes in the house, but I’m not really looking forward to having to strip and get dressed outside in winter.

After a few weeks there was another flatmates meeting; Mason said that there was something that he wanted to talk about.

“Err Jordan,” Mason said, “this you being naked all the time deal seems to be working well; we were wondering if you’d be prepared to extend the deal a bit?”

“Maybe guys, it depends on what you are thinking about and what you’re prepared to pay for it?”

“Well,” Mason continued, “some of us have seen your finale at the strip club and we were wondering if you’d be prepared to put on a similar show for us here?”

“Hang on a minute;” I replied, “that’s one hell of a big leap; what the hell makes you think that I might go along with that?”

“Jordan” Harry interjected into the conversation; “After having seen your performance at the club it’s obvious that you get off by masturbating in front of guys so we’d actually be helping you.”

“Guys, I get paid for what I do at the strip club, and I always get good tips. So why on earth would I give you guys a freebie? No, if I do it for you it’s going to cost you.”

“How much?” Aiden asked.

“A lot; well, if I add what the club pays me to the tips that I get, I usually average somewhere between £250 and £300 per night. You guys would at least have to match that.”

“Bloody hell Jordan,” Logan sad, “no wonder you work at that club; it almost makes me wish that I was a girl.”

“Yeah, there are some good things about being a girl.” I replied.

“Team meeting.” Mason announced, and the guys disappeared into the kitchen.

A few minutes later they returned and Mason said,

“Jordan, we’ve decided that we are prepared to pay your rent for you if you’ll do your strip club performance for us once per week. Do we have a deal?”

“No,” I replied, “that would mean me stripping for you for about half the amount that I’d get at the club. I’m not doing it for you for less than what I’d get at the club; it’s not financially viable for me. Now if you were talking about rent free and I’ll get myself off for you once every fortnight then we MAY have a deal.”

“Team meeting.” Mason again announced.

Two minutes later they were back,

“Okay,” Mason said, “every other week at a day and time that is suitable for all of us, and you must cum for us; none of this faking crap that a lot of you women do. We want the real McCoy.”

As soon as they’d asked that I do what I do at the club; but just for the 4 of them, I knew that I’d do it but I wasn’t going to agree without me getting more than my rocks off for them. Even talking about it and negotiating with them was making me quite horny. I would have made myself cum right there and then but Mason wanted to talk more about when.

“So when’s my first performance guys?” I asked.

“How about right now?” Mason replied.

I deliberately said nothing for about 30 seconds during which my I felt my pussy get wet with anticipation; then said,

“Okay, but you’ll have to put some decent music on, and you do realise that with me not being able to put any clothes on I’m going to have to go straight to the frigging part. Where do you want me to do it?”

“Hadn’t thought about that;” Mason said, “how about on the table?”

I looked at it, to remind myself that it wasn’t one of those cheap, flimsy things; then said,

“Okay, get some decent music on.”

They did, and I did. All 4 of them staring at my pussy as I rubbed and finger fucked myself to a glorious orgasm. I just love it when I do that with men watching me.

I performed like that every couple of weeks for them; and sometimes one or two of their friends who ‘just happened to be there’. I didn’t mind; after all, I was living there rent free and I didn’t have to do any cooking or cleaning.

**Sunbathing in the back garden**

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October was unusually warm (not hot); the weather some days was better than it had been all summer. As a result, if I was at home and had little to do or just reading, I’d get a towel and go and sunbathe in the back garden.

I know that I only had to be naked in the house but I figured that they guys wouldn’t mind if I extended that to the back garden.

Anyway, one nice day I’d been sunbathing and reading and had started thinking back to my holiday in Ibiza (the first one). My course book got discarded and my hand drifted to my pussy while my legs spread wide.

I was just getting ‘happy’ when I heard a buzzing noise above me. It wasn’t too loud and I figured it must be a helicopter way up in the sky. I couldn’t be bothered to open my eyes and look; and just kept dreaming about the fun I’d had while my fingers kept rubbing.

Something startled me and I opened my eyes and saw this drone thing hovering about 20 feet above me. At first I was confused but my brain sorted itself out and I realised that the bloody thing had a camera underneath it. Some perv was videoing me masturbating.

After about a second I thought,

“Fuck him; have good look and see what you won’t be getting your hands on.”

I carried on and had a wonderful orgasm while looking straight at the camera.

After the waves had receded I lay there letting the sun warm my still exposed pussy when I heard the noise from the drone get louder. I squinted at it and saw it come down and land between my legs at my feet. I suppose that I could have thrown my book at it and smashed it but I didn’t want to spoil someone’s fun so I just let them stare at my pussy. I couldn’t see any movement from the camera but it could have been zooming in.

I tensed then relaxed my pussy muscles a couple of times just for the fun of it then the noise got louder and it took off and disappeared over the house roof. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

I woke-up to the sound of Mason asking me if I wanted a beer. Opening my eyes I saw all 4 of them looking down on me. Being convinced that they all would have had a good look at my pussy before Mason had spoken, I didn’t bother closing my legs when I got up onto my elbows to take the bottle.

We all sat out there talking for about another hour before it started to cool down. I told them about the drone hovering over me but I didn’t mention what I was doing at the time.

**The Gentleman’s Club**

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One Sunday morning just after John and I had fucked, John said,

“Jordan, you’re interested in earning lots of easy money aren’t you?”

“Of course I am; you’re not about to tell me to go into politics or something stupid like that are you?”

“No, hell no, not politics, you’re way too honest for that. What I was thinking was that I’ve heard that the Gentlemen’s Club in town is looking for a new hostess.”

“What; a waitressing job, no thanks. Besides, waitress’ don’t even get minimum wage.”

“No, slow down, this is nothing like a normal waitressing job. Okay, you have to get drinks for the customers but the girls usually get asked to stay and keep the customers company. And they tip VERY well.”

“What do you call ‘very well’ John?”

“I’m taking hundreds, and it could go up to thousands if you provide ‘extra’ services.

I smiled, knowing what John meant by ‘extra’ services. John continued,

“I’ve heard that a girl can get tens of thousands if she’s prepared to go away with a customer for a few days.”

“Just who are these ‘Gentlemen’?”

“Judges, top policemen, politicians, top business men; basically any man who can afford the ten grand a quarter membership fee.”

I gulped the coffee that John had made and brought back to bed.

“Forty grand a year just to be a member!” I said rather loudly.

“It is really nice in there, and they do have really nice rooms for the private entertaining. Some of them are themed as well.”

“What sort of themes are we talking about?”

“I didn’t see all of them but I did see a dungeon, a school room and a nursery.”

“Okay, I get the idea John.”

“And the girls wear a cute little uniform that I’m 100% sure you’ll like. And what’s more, the uniform cleaning cost is tax deductible as well.”

“So what’s this uniform like? Is it some sort of French Maids?”

“Well… Yes and no. You know that a French Maid’s uniform sometimes has a lacy garter. Well imaging a lacy garter round your wrists and ankles; and nothing else.”

“Do you mean that the uniform consists of a lacy cuff round each wrist and ankle and nothing else?”

“No; the girls wear high heels as well. Oh, and they carry a little towel over their arm to wipe the tables and clean-up after any little accidents. They also drape them over the gentlemen’s lap if they get asked to sit on it. They can’t have the girl’s pussy leaking all over their five thousand pound suits can they?”

“Heaven forbid that!” I sarcastically said.

“So where is this place and how do I apply?”

“I’ll phone the Dean tomorrow and find out for you.”

“Anyway, how do you know about all this? I didn’t think that professors got paid that much.”

“They don’t, the Dean invited me there last week and when I saw the waitress’, and found out about the perks, I immediately thought of you Jordan.”

John did, and he phoned me on the Monday evening. Straight away, I was back on the phone to the ‘Gentlemen’s Club’. I went for an interview on the Wednesday evening.

Wow; talk about money. I’d never seen a place like that before. I had a flash-back to the pub that my mother and father drink in; a totally different world. As I walked in I saw a girl wearing just the ankle and wrist cuffs and got a little worried. The girl was carrying what looked like ‘DD’ tits. On the one hand I was jealous because it might be a requirement to have big tits to get the job; and on the other hand I wouldn’t like to have to carry those around every day.

I needn’t have worried; when I walked into the office and saw the 2 men that were doing the interview I got yet another surprise, one was my boss at the strip club. Talk about both ends of the spectrum.

Of course they wanted to see me naked and as I stripped I couldn’t quite hear what my boss was saying to the other guy. Whatever it was it worked; the other guy wanted to see my body close-up so I went and stood next to him and slowly did a 360.

He then told me that I’d have to have a medical examination, and if I passed that I’d got the job.

I was told to go to a doctor’s house in town and that I would be expected.

I got dressed and went straight over there. On the way I wondered if it was going to be another fake doctor and just an excuse to use and abuse my body (I hoped); but it was far from that. It was private practise and by the looks of it, an expensive one.

The examination was very thorough and not at all sexual. Okay, the old man gave me a gyno exam but he never once tried to make me cum. In a way I was a little disappointed.

I got a phone call on the Thursday evening telling me that I’d got the job if I still wanted it. The only bad thing was that they wanted me to work Friday and Saturday evening; the same as the strip club.

I phoned the strip club and told them that I was quitting. Then I told my flatmates that I wouldn’t be at the strip club the next time that they went.

Aiden’s first reaction was to ask me if still be doing my fortnightly masturbation sessions for them. I leant forwards and kissed him on the cheek and told him that I would.

Mason said that he was pleased that they wouldn’t have to re-negotiate my rent.

Harry looked relieved.

I spent a little longer getting ready on the Friday evening but I needn’t have bothered; when I got to the Gentlemen’s Club I was taken to my own personal undressing room, complete with en-suite shower room.

When I emerged wearing a new pair of heels and my little 4 piece uniform I was met by another man who was more like the butler’s that I’d seen on television. A really nice guy actually.

He, Charles, took me round the place showing me where everything was and telling me what I had to do.

It wasn’t long before a middle-aged man waved me over and asked me to get him a scotch. When I took it to him he asked me to sit down and talk to him. We chatted about a few topical things for a few minutes then he asked me if I would like to join him in the dungeon.

Okay, I’d seen the dungeon and it had got me excited, but to be taken there by a man who was expecting me to submit to who knows what, was a bit terrifying; and exciting.

When I told him that I’d never done anything like that before, he squeezed my bare thigh and told me not to be scared. He explained what a ‘safe’ word is and asked me to pick one. He then told me that he’d take it easy with me and that he’d stop just as soon as I used my safe word.

As he led me into the dungeon and I again saw all the ropes and whips and contraptions that looked like girls got tied them, I really did wonder why I was there; but my pussy was telling me that I wanted to be there; it was oozing.

“Okay Jordan,” the man (Henry) said, “Get undressed and just stand there with your legs slightly apart for a few minutes.”

‘Undressed’ I only had some shoes and 4 little lace cuffs on but I did as I was told as Henry went out of my sight. When he came back I nearly burst out laughing; he was stark naked and wearing a black leather hood. A slightly over-weight, middle-aged man wearing a leather hood is not a pretty sight.

“Right slave; elbows right back and stay like that.”

I felt a thin wooden pole slide between the inside of my elbows and my back then Henry came round to my front and tied my wrists together with some soft rope.

Next it was my ankles that were tied together. I felt really helpless but aroused and scared. Looking back I now realise that I liked being like that.

I was half expecting Henry to stop there but no, he got another rope and tied it round my chest. He wrapped it round so many times that all I could see of my little traffic cones was my nipples and areolas.

“That’s got to be it.” I thought, but no; the end of another length of rope was attached to the ropes between my tits and it was then fed between my legs.

I gasped as Henry went behind me and pulled on the rope. I went between my lips and pressed on my clit. The end was looped through the ropes going round my back and fastened leaving me feeling that I was getting cut in half.

Henry still wasn’t finished, he went and got a ball-gag and put it on me then lowered me down to the floor. He finished off by lowering a rope from the ceiling, attaching it between my ankles and hauling me up, upside down; leaving me hanging there, with my head about 3 feet off the ground.

“What the \*\*\*\* have I got myself into?” I thought as my blood rushed to my head.

I lost sight of Henry for a while then out of my mouth came a muffled scream. Something had hit my butt; then again and again and again. I must have been hit a dozen times with what I later found out was a riding crop. After about half way through, my butt started to go a bit numb; and I realised that my pussy was throbbing. Could I really be starting to enjoy it?

I didn’t get the chance to find out because Henry stopped hitting me and came round to the front of me. My face was about level with his hard-on. It wasn’t that big but in the state that I was in I wanted that cock in my pussy.

I had to settle for it in my mouth. Henry bent down and released my ball gag then pushed his cock into my mouth. He must have been really excited because he came in next to no time then he held his cock in my mouth until I’d sucked him dry. Thankfully he wasn’t pressing against me and I managed to breathe.

As his cock started to go soft, Henry started sliding his hands all over me. It felt nice and I wanted him to play with my pussy but my legs were tight together and that damn rope was still pressing on my clit.

I don’t know if Henry got an attack of guilt or what, but he said “Thank you,” and disappeared.

I was left hanging there for something like 15 minutes before Charles came and released me, asking me if I was okay and saying that there was no permanent damage.

I went and had a shower in my personal en-suite then got dressed into my uniform again. I spent the rest of the evening talking to a couple of elderly gentlemen whist standing up. They were quite amused by my red butt and kept asking,

“Who’s been a naughty girl then?”

When those 2 left, Charles told me that I could go, and that he would transfer £1,500 into my bank account first thing in the morning.

That was my first night at the Gentlemen’s Club. Since then I’ve: -

Had my butt spanked on 3 different occasions by a high court judge.

Been tied down by the chief constable and fucked by a machine. That was fun; I want one of those machines.

Taken to dinner by a business men on 3 different occasions and spent the night in his hotel room.

Taken to a posh dinner and dance by a councillor who introduced me as his ‘escort’. He’d arranged to meet me in the afternoon and bought me this beautiful long gown that I wore with nothing underneath.

Been tied onto a sybian machine twice by the same business man. Each time he left me on the machine for over an hour. Each time I lost count of the number of orgasms I had, and each time I needed another hour to find the energy to go home.

I got paid between £1000 and £2000 on each occasion and my bank balance is looking very healthy these days.

**John (my tutor)**

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With me being ‘busy’ more on a weekend, my sleeping at John’s flat has become more infrequent. To compensate, John’s been getting me to go to his office before lessons, or after lessons. If I’ve visited him before lessons I’ve let him watch his cum slowly trickle out of me during the lessons as I’ve sat there perched on the front of the chair with my legs open wide enough for him to see it all happen.

**The strip club**

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I miss my Friday and Saturday stints at the club so a few weeks ago I went there on a Thursday evening and had a word with the manager. I’m now going and getting my rocks-off on a Thursday evening. There aren’t as many men there so the tips aren’t as good but the pleasure that I get is still amazing.

**The university party scene**

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This is thriving again with a quite a few parties every weekend. I haven’t been to as many so far this year and they don’t seem to be as much fun as last year. Maybe this is because more and more girls are getting naked at them and blowjobs and fucking is getting more common.

**Video selfies**

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Meanwhile, university life goes on and I still want to get a good degree. Hopefully my brain will still be in a better state than my body will be in 20 to 25 years.

Tom, one of the 3 guys who made me a star of a couple of porno movies and has now moved on, phoned me one evening to ask me if I would do him a favour. The 3 of them were going setup some websites and wanted me to put up some adverts to get them some material for those sites.

One site is for university girl’s selfies of them masturbating. Their plan is that for every video that they put on there they will donate £50 to the university’s student’s union.

Another is a site that will only have 2 pages; one with only photos of breasts and the other with only photos of girl’s butts. They aren’t going to pay anything for the photos but it’s an opportunity for girls to get their tits and butts on the internet anonymously.

Tom had hacked the university’s admin computer and got a list of all female student’s email address’ and he was about to send them an email telling them all about it. With girls being so much more liberated and comfortable with their bodies these days they are expecting to get this site up and running quite soon.

What Tom wanted me to do was to print out a load of posters that he’d send me, and for me to pin them on as many noticeboards that I can. These posters will explain all to the girls, tell them to read their email and that it isn’t a scam, and that it is an opportunity for them to raise money for the union’s charitable causes.

Tom also asked me if I’d make a video and take some photos and submit them.

The next time that I masturbated for my house mates I asked Mason to make the video and take the photos. Tom hadn’t told me what angle the photos should be taken from, nor if the girls legs had to be closed or open. The photo that I sent Tom was of me bending over with my legs wide open. My wet pussy filled the middle of the photo.