Nat and Sandy Pay the Rent - Part 1

By Jaymal

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Feb 2010

Attractive room-mates must supply entertainment at a wild sex party.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/hardcore/nat-and-sandy-pay-the-rent-part-1.aspx

Natasha leaned back in the chair and ran her fingertips from her forehead through her hair's tightly permed, black tresses, trying to outstare the screen of her laptop. One hour's exhaustive attempts to balance the spreadsheet's figures and the situation was looking no brighter. Her reverie lasted some minutes, until it was finally broken by Sandy's carefree singing, emanating from somewhere upstairs. Didn't that just say it all? It wasn't as though her room-mate's finances were in a healthier condition than her own, but at least Natasha strove to keep it all in check; Sandy meanwhile took refuge in Sandy's World - an undoubtedly happy place where she could write her pretty songs and think her cosy thoughts unimpeded by anything as disturbing as a practicality. Time for a reality check.

'Sandy!' she called, an edge to her voice. 'I need you down here now!'

'Coming!' sounded the bright, bell-like response, and a moment later Sandy breezed cheerily into the living-room. 'What's up?'

Natasha's irritation melted at the sight of her young companion, kid-sister of her old school-friend. God, since Catherine had gone off to work abroad, Sandy - eight years her junior - had become like her own younger sister. How could she not feel protective towards the strikingly pretty, hopelessly naive twenty-year-old? She sighed inwardly and patted the seat next to her. 'Sit down Sandy. I'm afraid we need to talk money.'

Sandy's smile vanished as she joined Natasha at the table, her great, brown eyes registering sudden concern. 'Sunday's rent day!' she exclaimed softly.

'Yes,' said Natasha grimly. 'Sunday's rent day. Sandy, we've had this conversation before.' She rested her hand on the girl's and pinned her meaningfully with her eyes. 'Now look - How much of yours can you come up with? Have you worked it out?'

'Well I start my new waitressing job next week, but I won't get paid till the Thursday...'

'How much?'

'About half,' Sandy admitted lamely.

'Half!' Natasha held both hands to the bridge of her nose for a moment, as she absorbed this news. 'That's half of LAST MONTH'S payment... Oh my God.' She felt her impatience rising again. 'How did it take you so long to find a cafe job? You've been out of work two months!'

'I was trying to focus on my song-writing,' said Sandy, her voice fading to an embarrassed whisper. 'I don't want to be singing other people's stuff forever. I'm sorry, I didn't mean this to happen...'

Sandy and her song-writing, Sandy and her musical career. So she sang lead vocals with a cheesy covers band down Morrison's bar every Thursday... Alanis Morisette she was not. 'Sandy, I can't bail us out this time. You know the type of month I've had. I've lost days of work - I've been up all hours of the night trying to meet essay deadlines... The insurance for the car accident will take God knows how long to show up... I needed you to come through for me this time!'

Her young friend looked crushed. 'But Alan'll be okay about it, he'll give us more time, won't he? I mean I explained to him about our situation...'

'You did what?' Natasha was horrified. 'When was this?'

'When he phoned earlier in the week. I told him we were both struggling, but we'd get it sorted out.'

'Sandy, what were you thinking of?' It was all Natasha could do not to shout. 'He's our landlord, for Christ's sake! Never tell him anything more than he needs to know!'

Sandy's lip quivered, her standard, involuntary defence mechanism. 'But he's really nice. And he gave us more time when we got into trouble last year... I was just trying to help.' Her eyes began to well.

Natasha relented with a weary sigh and gave her friend a reassuring hug, before any sobs began. 'You don't know Alan as well as I do, you'll just have to trust me when I tell you that.' Typical Sandy. Any guy who was halfway polite in his attempts to get inside her knickers was 'really nice'. There were times the girl's naivety defied belief. Last year's holiday in Faliraki had caused Natasha to shake her head in wonder. She had watched Sandy skip about the beach - her rich, usually flowing chestnut hair tied up safely to keep it dry, 5'7" of gorgeously soft curves, her remarkably high, natural D-cup breasts filling out her bikini top superbly. Waving to Natasha and beaming over fake Gucci sun-glasses, as she returned glistening from the sea - a sunny smile capping off a sunny disposition. Manifestly unaware that the male population of the beach was collectively salivating over her,

regardless of wives and girlfriends. The girl was a marvel. Just the type to be taken in by Alan's easy charm. Some day Natasha would have to bite the bullet and let Sandy know what their landlord was really like.

The older girl felt a wave of resignation rippling over her. 'Leave it with me,' she said, patting Sandy's arm and drawing from her a grateful, dewy-eyed smile. 'I'll deal with Alan on Monday. I'm sure he'll be willing to come to some arrangement.'

And she could imagine what sort.

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Sandy had just showered and changed when Alan made his Monday evening rent call. She bounded to the front door in a clinging, pink wool sweater with a plunging V-neck that showed off her impressive cleavage to transfixing effect. Yes, she had noticed the effect on men if she showed off a little, more than Natasha gave her credit for; so if wearing a slinky sweater and tight jeans made their landlord better disposed to cutting them some slack over the rent, where was the harm in that? It certainly seemed to have the desired result when she swung open the door.

'Smile!' Alan was cheerily raising a camera to his eye. Sandy laughed in surprise, so that the snap caught her sunniest expression. 'New camera,' explained her landlord, walking inside. 'Bought it on the way over. Just thought I'd christen it with a pretty girl.' Sandy giggled and blushed, unable to disguise the pleasure she took in his flattery. Alan could always make her react like that. 'How's the new job?' he asked, his eyes flicking discreetly over her and resting on her face.

'First day tomorrow,' she beamed hopefully, 'so I'll be able to sort you out with... you know, really soon.' She averted her eyes and changed the subject from their glaring backlog of rent. 'Natasha's upstairs, she'll be down in a few minutes. Cup of tea?'

He perched on a kitchen stool, while she clanked crockery about and fussed over him. At thirty-seven, Alan was ten years older than any guy Sandy had ever dated, indeed she never considered herself interested in substantially older men. But he had a confident charm about him and a playfully wicked streak of humour that she found disarming; the fact that he was tall, trimly built and rather Italian-looking did nothing to detract from the effect. Natasha could make whatever veiled comments she wanted about his character - Alan was always sweet to her, so if he ever asked her on a date, she would just have to allow him the benefit of the doubt.

'I was thinking,' her landlord mused. 'We don't know each other well enough, you and me. I should invite you and Natasha over some evening.'

'I'd love that!' exclaimed Sandy happily, and she had a flash of her recurring fantasy, the one where Alan romantically seduced her over dinner served on a moonlit Tuscany veranda. 'It'd make things - well -'

'Less professional, exactly,' Alan grinned warmly. 'Actually I'm thinking of having some people round end of next week. Maybe you could both join us. Don't say anything to Natasha yet, she's a bit prickly with me at the moment. I'll sort things out with her when she gets down.'

Natasha found them chatting animatedly at the kitchen coffee bar over tea and éclairs and cleared her throat to attract attention. She was at her most formidably beautiful, Sandy thought - permed hair raven-black, classical features made up to intimidatingly icy perfection, her green eyes staring fixedly at Alan. Her athletic figure was clad in black jeans and a cut-off black T-shirt exposing several inches of slim midriff, while her high-heeled boots pushed her to an imperious six feet. Sandy always admired the sexy confidence with which her friend met a challenge. 'My other favourite lodger,' Alan said with a grin. 'Looking good, Nat.'

'Sorry to break up the party,' Natasha responded, without cracking a smile. 'Sandy, could you pop upstairs? Alan and I need to talk.'

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Alone with Natasha the landlord adopted a brisker tone. 'You're effectively two months behind. Contract's broken and I've got to borrow money from elsewhere to cover the mortgage repayment on the property. Again.'

'Look, I've told you,' Natasha insisted calmly, 'it's been a bad couple of months, that's all. Sandy and I are getting things back on track.'

'Sorry, that's not good enough,' Alan said with an off-hand shrug. 'Too little, too late. Natasha, I'm a businessman.'

'Oh I know you are,' she said bitterly. 'So what are you saying, we're being kicked out?'

'Well...' Alan appeared to be weighing something up. 'We could always revert to last year's solution.'

Natasha sighed inwardly. She had been expecting as much. 'Okay Alan. You've obviously been leading up to this. Stop bullshitting me and cut to the chase. Where and when?'

Alan provided the salient details - time, location, dress code, number of guests expected, fee to be provided.

Natasha's face did not even flicker. 'Twice as many guys as last time,' she observed.

'Twice as lucrative for you. I've got a number of other interested parties. So will you do it? You're so good.'

She eyed him with measured contempt, but said, 'Yes, I'll be there.'

'One more thing,' Alan said quickly, fixing her with a level stare. 'I want Sandy as well.'

Natasha gazed back at him. 'Fuck off, Alan.'

'Oh now, don't be hasty...'

'Don't even fucking think it,' Natasha snapped. 'I'll do whatever you want, but Sandy's a sweetheart, she's not getting caught up in any of your sordid games.'

'But it's because she's so sweet that I want her there,' smiled Alan.

'Get out.' Natasha's green eyes blazed. 'Get out of here, you cunt.'

'Ah, but it's my house,' said Alan, unperturbed, 'and not your home for much longer. I'd've thought you'd be more practical. According to young Sandy your various debts are putting your Degree course in jeopardy. Two years' studying and you're forced to give up all you've worked for and go find some dead-end shop job instead, because your credit bills are tripping you up. Sandy poured it all out to me on the phone last week. She's really worried about you. Says you'd be crushed if that happened and she'd feel responsible.'

Bastard, thought Natasha, but for once she was unable to meet his eye. And trust Sandy to spill all the details. It was true - getting that qualification in Marketing would be her best chance to finally make something of herself, to undo her mistakes in work and relationships of the previous ten years. Then she could easily forge a career that would make her current debts look paltry - she did not doubt her own ability. All she had to do was regain a little breathing space, and Alan's offer would more than help her to do that. But to involve Sandy...

A treacherous thought strayed across her mind. Wasn't it she who had bailed out Sandy last year, when she could ill afford to? Wasn't that how she had got caught up with Alan's little side business in

the first place? And then she had done it all again, just to fund that holiday for them both, because she felt Sandy needed it. The girl bloody well owed her. But the thought was a guilty one and she dismissed it as soon as she had thought it.

'It's ridiculous at any rate,' she said matter-of-factly. 'She'd never do it.'

'Oh but you could talk her into it,' said Alan. 'It's so obvious how much she looks up to you... The girl practically worships you. You could bring her round and you know it. Especially when you tell her she'll earn as much as you.'

'Fucker,' said Natasha bitterly, staring at the floor. 'You're fucking unbelievable.'

'I'll take that as a maybe.' Alan got up to leave. 'Let me know when you've decided, Nat. Say goodbye to Sandy from me.' And he was gone, leaving Natasha feeling vaguely ill.

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'So that's it?' exclaimed Sandy in alarm. 'He's just going to chuck us out? It doesn't make sense! He was so nice to me when he arrived! How can he do this?' She slumped disconsolately into an armchair and stared into space. 'He didn't try to sort anything out?'

'Nothing that deserves our attention,' Natasha said darkly.

'What do you mean?' Sandy stared at her friend inquiringly. 'What did he say? Tell me!'

'There's a lot about Alan you don't know,' replied Natasha. 'He's not just a property developer. There's another line of business he's aspiring to. He holds... parties.'

'Parties?' Sandy stared blankly.

'Small intimate gatherings involving his close male friends. In fact he's holding one a week from Friday.'

'Yes, he said we were invited!'

'Invited! He told you that?' The gall of the man, thought Natasha. 'Sandy, he wants us to WORK at the party. To - entertain his bachelor pals.'

'Entertain? What do you mean?'

'Well I don't mean pass round the canapés.'

Sandy looked slightly dazed. 'You mean - he wants us to be...be...what... strippers?'

'And the rest,' said Natasha heavily.

Sandy was aghast. 'He wants us to... He said that? I don't believe it! I... I... He always seemed so nice! How could he even suggest such a thing? How could he think that either of us would do that?'

There was a dreadful, extending silence, as the two friends stared at each other. Natasha broke it with her confession. 'Because I've already done it.'

This time Sandy's head swam. 'When?' she asked softly, after another protracted pause.

'Last summer,' Natasha replied. 'The last time we hit a sticky patch.'

The twenty-year-old still reeled with shock. She had always known she and Natasha lived very different lives and over the past eighteen months of flat-sharing had discovered how much so; but this had only ever inspired her admiration. She loved the older girl's brash confidence and the ballsy determination with which she pursued her goals. And Natasha's varied sexual past was something she marvelled at. On girls' nights in she would laugh in wide-eyed amazement, as her more worldly friend regaled her with colourful anecdotes of the raunchy ten years since her eighteenth birthday or with bizarre insights culled from her current job as a phone sex operator. But this new revelation was more than she could deal with.

'Nat, how could you?' she gasped incredulously. 'You made yourself a... a...'

'A whore,' said Natasha quietly, but her cat-like eyes were glittering dangerously. 'Say what you mean, Sandy. And think what you like. But don't ever judge me.' The force of her words shut Sandy up completely. 'We needed money and I did what I had to, to bail us both out. And you didn't push to know where the cash came from then. Nor did you worry too much about how I funded our holiday in Faliraki.' Sandy's eyes widened. 'Yes, that's right - I went back to Alan and did another of his parties. Because I wanted to take you away somewhere when you were so upset after Tommy dumped you. Look Sandy, I could have gone on turning tricks to fund myself through university and beyond. It'd be easy for me. I do it very, very well, believe me - I could make a shitload of money that way. But I made a conscious decision not to go down that road. Now you can question my choices, but they were just that. Mine. So don't ever speak to me like that again.'

Sandy stared at her silently for a moment, then she moved across the room and flung her arms around her friend, starting to sob penitently. 'I'm sorry Nat, forgive me - I'd no idea!' She held her adoptive big sister in her embrace for a while, enjoying the sense of Natasha's forgiveness washing over her as the hug was returned. Then she curled up next to her on the sofa and asked, her voice tentative and serious, 'So - so what did you have to do? At the parties.'

'Use your imagination,' said Natasha, smiling wryly. 'There was me and a roomful of immensely horny, sexually demanding guys. Let's just say they'd all fully satisfied themselves by the end of the evening.'

'Poor you!' Sandy exclaimed, her face a picture of concern. 'It must have been awful!'

'Oh I'm alright,' Natasha shrugged. 'It was two nights out of my life and here I am. No harm done.'

Then Sandy remembered. 'And he really said he wanted both of us to do it this time round?'

'Yes, he said both or neither. Of course I told him to go fuck himself. Told him there was no way you'd ever do it, whatever decisions I'd made in the past, so he could stop promising his wretched sums of money.'

'Why, how much did he offer?' Sandy asked, set to be unimpressed.

'Fifteen hundred pounds,' was Natasha's casual response.

Sandy's jaw dropped. 'Fif - He offered fifteen hundred pounds?'

'Each.'

'What? He's crazy! And he would really pay that much?'

'I've no doubt. Alan's good to his word where money's concerned. Payment in cash on the night. Not that it makes any difference this time round. Guess we'd better start looking for a different place. Smaller place. Rethink our situation.'

'Yes,' said Sandy, her voice faltering a little. 'God, Alan and his friends must really want us at that party. I suppose I just don't understand men...'

Natasha gazed down at her beautiful, dramatically curved young friend. 'Oh there's not so much to understand,' she said dryly.

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Sandy tried to work on a song lyric in her room that night, but her focus had been shattered. How could Alan - charming, handsome Alan - be so wicked? Fifteen hundred pounds each - three grand - that was a huge amount of money to pay out in one night. Enough to pay off the rental debt three times over! And to sort out some of Natasha's other cash problems. She'd be free to prepare for her exams without having to work the phone line so much. She wouldn't have to worry about dropping from her course any more! Sandy felt herself welling up every time she remembered Natasha's secret acts of generosity the previous summer. If only there were some way she could repay her friend...

Her sleep was restless that night; she awoke several times, her whole body slick with sweat, unable to remember what precisely had caused her sense of panicked stickiness. She was distracted the whole of her first day at the cafe, dropping a tray in the kitchen and bringing on herself a reprimand. She found herself visualising what it might be like to surrender to a group of men the way poor Natasha had done, but as soon as she realised what she was doing, she swatted the thought away. Then she recalled a remarkable DVD her rock guitarist ex-boyfriend Tommy had shown her - Cumfest Initiates 7 - in which a series of porn starlets attempted individually to prove their abilities amongst a group of very excited males. Sandy reckoned she was able to keep a boyfriend happy, within reason; she had acquiesced to many of Tommy's suggestions and he had certainly seemed to like what she did. But she didn't think she could cope with some of the things those porn actresses were put through, with one man let alone a crowd of them! Okay, okay, that was just porno, guys acting up for the camera. It surely wouldn't be like that in real life. But whatever way you looked at it, the guy on girl ratio was still outrageous!

If I'm going to help Nat though... She was taking the bus home when the thought occurred to her and there was a shock of electricity to her system the moment she realised what she was actually considering. But the idea did not go away and after another night and day of mental turmoil, her good-natured instincts slowly forged themselves into resolve.

Natasha was washing up after Tuesday evening's dinner, when Sandy made her announcement. 'I'm going to do it,' she stated simply and firmly.

'Do what?' Natasha turned to look at her.

'Alan's party,' she said, a tremor in her voice. 'I know you'd do it on your own if he'd let you, so I'm going to do it with you.'

Natasha's face seemed to drain a little. 'Sandy, you know there's no way I'd ever ask you to do this.

That's not why I brought it up.'

'I know that,' Sandy replied quickly. 'But I've thought it over and it's the only way for us to keep this place - and - and sort out all our other problems as well. It's - It's like you said - One night out of our lives and everything's fixed.' Her words came in a rush. 'And before you say anything, I'm an adult as well and I can make my own decisions. And this one's made. I know you say I'm naive - well maybe I am - but you've done the parties before, so you can tell me what to do. You can help me prepare. Well?'

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Natasha should have argued. Talked Sandy out of it. Told her exactly what she could expect at an Alan Travers sex party. She knew the degree of excitement Sandy would inspire in him and his buddies. The games they would play with her, the erotic assault course over which she would be made to run. But Natasha had known what she was doing from the moment she passed on Alan's message; she knew how bare-facedly she had just lied to her friend. It had been obvious how Sandy would ultimately respond, motivated by a shrewdly-instilled sense of guilt. And now the girl was committed, without Natasha ever having prompted her.

Sandy was upstairs listening to music, when Natasha made the call. 'Hello?' Alan's voice on the other end of the line made her flinch, but she went ahead.

'She'll do it.'

'Natasha.' There was smug delight in Alan's voice. 'I knew you wouldn't let me down.'

'But I stay with her at all times and you keep away from her ass.' Conscience dictated she make the token effort to establish certain terms.

'Now Natasha,' said Alan smoothly, 'you know for this money you can't make the rules. Sandy will come to no physical harm, as such. Other than that I promise nothing. Get her to my apartment Friday week, perfumed and pretty, and my friends and I will take it from there. Now can I count on you?'

'Bastard,' muttered Natasha, her teeth gritted.

'Can I count on you?'

Natasha closed her eyes, despising herself. 'Yes, you can count on me.' She clicked off her mobile,

swallowed down the self-loathing that rose from her stomach, and went to tell Sandy the news.

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Alan switched off his phone and allowed himself a satisfied grin. The conversation boded well for his forthcoming entertainment. After a moment's sweet, Sandy-related contemplation, he moved to his work table and briskly set about preparing the event. He sent a circulaire email to the main group of guests:

Game on - Fri. 25th, 8.00pm, my place. Natasha & Sandy both expected.

Then he phoned his friend Max, owner of a local, up-market escort agency, to ensure that back-up was on hand should the plan fall through. He very much hoped it would not. Finally he referred to a list of names he wanted for the party's closing phase. Yes, they'd provide a fitting conclusion - a final surprise for young Sandy, he thought, picking up the receiver.

It all dated from five years previously and involved a group of old university friends and their associates. Most had richly succeeded in their chosen professions and as their pay checks swelled, poorer members of the circle had dropped away, unable to cope with the upmarket restaurants and exclusive lap dancing clubs the group had come to frequent. Fuck those losers. Left remaining was a core of well-heeled hedonists, who combined resources to seek out and take their pleasures with unfettered amorality. It had begun with the twice-yearly hiring of some upmarket escort duo, paid to service all the guys at a private party. Yes, this remained an option, but it had proved better sport to seek out non-professionals to act as hostesses. A series of girlfriends, fuck-buddies and employees had been cajoled, bribed or blackmailed into running the gauntlet of the friends' functions.

Natasha had been the most memorable to date; she may have been compelled by financial necessity to hostess on those two evenings, but she had obviously deemed it most practicable to enter into the spirit of the occasions and had taken everything meted out to her with foul-mouthed sexual fervour. Her friend Sandy, however - now there was a different proposition entirely.

Alan had brought Sandy to his friends' attention several weeks previously. He had not mentioned his landlord/tenant relationship with the girl, simply inviting them for a drink at Morrison's one evening, when the twenty-year-old was singing with her covers band, Partnerz in Crime. All the usual suspects had been there. Gavin, senior executive at a thriving computer software company, who seduced junior female members of staff with promises of professional advancement, before corn-holing them unmercifully in his office after hours. Brothers Darren and Steve, who in fifteen years had scarcely had a girlfriend they didn't share. Kyle, Steve's Australian friend; successful owner of a chain of cafes and successful boner of most of the young women he employed to waitress there. And Ben - who

with his wife now ran a lucrative swingers and singles club, which had served to supply a number of willing girls for Alan's functions. This group of six sexually voracious and moneyed guys had sat quietly round a corner table, watching Sandy cavort her way through Jamelia and Shania Twain numbers, delectable in jeans, bosom-hugging, black T-shirt and corduroy jacket.

It was inevitable that someone make the comment, and as it happened, it was Kyle. 'She would make one hell of a party girl.'

Sweet, young Sandy - innocently sexy, as clueless as she was lusciously fuckable. It was the challenge Alan had relished. 'Well mate,' he had responded, the thrill of the hunt sparking within him, 'I may just be able to deliver her.' It had been his mission ever since.

Now, it appeared, the bird was snared. All that was needed was to plan a perfect evening. 'Hello?' a male voice answered his call.

'Ben? The party I mentioned for Saturday week, it's a goer. I've got Sandy.'

'Holy shit - good job,' his old College pal enthused. 'Got a photo?'

'Took it myself a couple of days ago - I'll email it to you now and you can forward it to your guys.'

'Oh yes.' Ben was obviously grinning on the other end. 'My specialists. Trust me Alan, when they see young Sandy, they'll be booking their places.'

'Glad to hear it,' said Alan with a smile. 'Tell them to start saving. I don't mean cash...'

'Oh they'll be well-supplied,' Ben assured him. 'I've seen these guys in action. It'll be quite something...'

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Sandy got on with her day job, sang her regular gig at Morrison's and tried not to dwell on the imminent party booking. When she found herself thinking about it, she quickly diverted her thoughts to the day after, when she would be fifteen hundred pounds better off - her debts paid, with money to spare. It was only at night that her vague imaginings took over, causing her to wake with a thumping heart, her cotton night-shirt glued sweatily to her curves and a tingling sensation between her legs.

Natasha left the subject alone, quietly brooding on what she was letting Sandy walk into. A deer into a lions' den, she thought, with yet another guilty pang. But she needed that money, they both did; so

how could she paint a true picture of what her friend could expect, without having her back out?

Sandy finally brought the subject up as they sat watching television, three nights before the party. 'So you going to prepare me for Friday night?' By the brittle tone of her voice it seemed she was steeling herself for what Natasha might have to say on the subject.

Much as she dreaded mention of the forthcoming boys' night, Natasha knew she owed Sandy what sisterly solidarity she could provide. 'Okay,' she said, switching off the television. 'For starters we can make a visit to Ann Summers tomorrow - use it as an excuse to pamper ourselves with a few sexy bits and pieces. Think of yourself as a lingerie model.'

Sandy gave a visible gulp, as the evening's likely details began to crowd in on her. 'So...how do we...start things off?' There was an audible tremor in her voice.

'We arrive at eight dressed to impress - then we chat to the guys for a while, let them get to know you - us - and then...'

'Yes?'

'Well you've done a sexy striptease for boyfriends in the past, haven't you?'

'Yes, for Tommy, he used to really like that.' Sandy grew pale. 'But in front of all those guys...'

'It's not an evening where modesty has much place,' said Natasha archly. 'Don't worry - a little Dutch courage'll set the evening in motion. And after the striptease, trust me - things will take care of themselves.' Sandy looked like a scared rabbit. 'You're sure you're still up for this?' she asked it with the merest hint of condescension.

Her young friend bridled a little and found her courage again. 'I said I'd do it and I'm going to.'

Natasha's fresh treachery burned within her, but she smiled at her friend warmly and laid a reassuring hand on her arm. 'Then we're in this together, aren't we? Two Musketeers. And don't forget, my room's been next to yours all these years. I know what you're capable of when you're all fired up with a boy. You're not the angel everyone thinks...' Sandy giggled a little in response. 'Don't worry, you'll be fine.' She embraced the younger girl reassuringly.

Christ, she thought, Alan and his mates will have her for a late breakfast...

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Friday 25th, 7.55pm. Alan's friends were gathered in the living space of his immaculately prepared apartment. The regulars were there, along with a selection of carefully selected guests. And Ben's 'specialists' were primed to arrive late in the evening, to provide that entertaining finale. There was a heightened sense of anticipation in the room; everyone was waiting for Sandy, the bubbly, beautiful pub singer, so delightfully different from the usual party hostesses. Alan himself was outwardly calm, but felt a deep-seated thrill of expectation. Natasha had called an hour earlier to confirm that they were on their way. Over the next few hours Alan would realise every Sandy-fantasy he had nurtured, since the day she and Natasha had signed the tenancy agreement, in finely tuned detail. Whatever the girl was imagining, she could have no idea what sexual roller coaster she was about to board. Alan idly stroked the stiff cock beneath his trousers and waited for the knock on the door.

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Natasha's crisis of conscience came as she and Sandy made their way through the maze of corridors in Alan's apartment block, counting the numbers up to twenty-seven. They made a striking contrast. Natasha was all femme fatale in her contour-clinging, black cocktail dress, hold-up stockings and high heels, the effect made complete with aggressive eye-liner and mascara. Sandy's natural prettiness was enhanced by just a few touches of make-up, a gauzy, red blouse and matching skirt, that brushed her bare thighs, and red, strappy sandals. Both girls were fuelled by several vodkas and tonic and Sandy had adopted a quietly fierce determination, as if willing herself inside the apartment before she could think about the possibilities enough to chicken out. It was just as they were rounding the final corner that Natasha grabbed her friend's shoulder and pulled her back.

'Look Sandy, we don't have to do this. We can always find some other way.'

Sandy looked discomfited by this sudden turn-around. 'But you know we need the money. Why are you saying this now?'

'Because once we're inside, that's it. Alan and his friends will do whatever they want with us and we'll have no say in the matter. We don't get out until they're finished. You get me? You ready for that?'

Sandy's eyes registered brief terror and with a surge of relief Natasha thought she was going to turn away. Then her girlish features hardened again. 'No, Nat... A promise is a promise. You've already done this to keep us going and now it's my turn. One night and we'll never be in debt again. Two Musketeers, right?' And before Natasha could respond, the younger woman rounded the corner, strode up to the door of the apartment and knocked loudly.

Sandy's heart thudded in her chest, as she asked herself just what she had done. Natasha, she

realised, had remained disconcertingly vague about her own experience of the parties. What precisely lay in store the other side of that door? All the erotic images that had crowded her mind a week ago, when she considered the nature of such an occasion, had been replaced by a numbed blankness.

The door opened and Alan stood there in a casual cream jacket and matching polo shirt, smiling in broad welcome. 'Sandy, Natasha - so glad you could both make it. Do come in.' He ushered them inside with polite enthusiasm. This time Sandy could not meet his eye.

Two years before she and her then boyfriend, a DJ called Phil, had locked themselves away for a weekend. They had licked whipped cream off each other, taken turns being strapped to the bed and teased, and had then laughed their way through a array of Karma Sutra-inspired acrobatics. She had even agreed, after persuasion, to swallow, when he came in her mouth. That evening was the wildest of her young life to date and had established an outer reference point for all her subsequent sexual experiences.

She walked into Alan's apartment and right off the map.

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Alan's open-plan living area was brightly lit and sparsely furnished, offering no relief from the gang of males, who studied Natasha and Sandy with little disguise as to their intent. They sat round the chrome and glass dining table, lounged on the plush, black leather suite or sat on the polished wood floor, all swigging on bottled lagers. Sandy could count at least twelve men, in their twenties or thirties; they were undeniably better-looking, overall, than she had imagined. She was still aware of her racing heart, when Alan swept her and Natasha up in introductions, guiding the more experienced girl to the younger group round the table, while setting Sandy unnervingly down on the sofa, in the midst of his thirty-something friends.

For once in her unassuming life she was pointedly aware of herself as the focus of male sexual attention. Not that Alan's buddies were openly crude; they engaged her in good-humoured conversation, that in any other circumstance would have put her totally at ease. The glass of white wine provided by Alan combined with her earlier drinks to calm her, so that she could smalltalk convincingly, and gradually she found herself relaxing into flirtatious chat with a number of the group. There were Darren and Steve, two stockily muscular, dark-haired brothers, whose verbal sparring made her giggle in spite of herself. Then there was Kyle, a tall, rugged Australian with fair hair, whose cheery, laid-back manner almost caused her to forget her reason for being there. Two other men completed the group. Ben was trimly built with close-cropped, receding hair; he sat back with an amused and confident air for the most part, chipping into the conversation only occasionally. But it

was Gavin alone who truly unnerved her. Slightly older-looking than the others, his dark hair flecked with grey, he had nonetheless a swarthy, powerfully built appearance and a quality of brooding danger. He spoke scarcely a word, just sat back and eyed Sandy with controlled, predatory interest.

She was distracted from Gavin's disturbing attention by Alan, who broke into the group to make a further introduction. 'This is Ryan, my nephew,' he said of the rather diffident-looking young man accompanying him. As Sandy rose to shake hands with the newcomer, she felt a mortified flush across her whole body. Tall, blond, stubbled and leanly muscular, yet with a shy manner that undercut his good looks, she wished to God she was meeting him in some other circumstance. 'It was his birthday just last week,' Alan explained cheerfully, 'so I thought you and Natasha could pay him some special attention this evening. But look, I'll let you two get acquainted.'

Left standing alone with Ryan, Sandy shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, aware of Alan's friends' proximity. Aware of her discomfort the young man drew her away from the group, searching for an opening line as he did so. 'So you and your friend are here to...'

'Entertain,' replied Sandy, unable to meet his eye as she supplied the word.

But he seemed almost as embarrassed as she did. 'You - do this sort of thing a lot?'

'Oh no, no!' she said, startled. 'This is just a one-off. I'm a singer, normally. This is just a sort of - favour...' She cringed inwardly at how pathetic it sounded.

'It's okay,' said Ryan quickly. 'I feel a bit out of my depth as well.' She met his eyes and there seemed to be a spark of understanding between them. 'So what sort of stuff do you sing?'

For some minutes it seemed like a regular meeting at a regular party. They chatted about music and films and work, and Ryan went so far as to suggest they meet for a drink the following week under more normal conditions. Sandy flushed. 'I don't know. I don't know what you'll think of me by then...'

She was interrupted by Natasha at her shoulder. 'Hi there babes, it's time.' It suddenly struck Sandy that the lights in the room had been subtly dimmed, and that seductive R 'n' B music was playing over the stereo system. She felt her heart jolt once more. 'And Alan says the birthday boy has to come with us.' Natasha had adopted a playful tone; she took Ryan by the hand, then she prompted Sandy to accompany them to the centre of the room, where a single chair had been placed. There she guided Ryan into the seat and drew Sandy close, whispering, 'Okay sweetheart, let's do what we planned. Give the boys what they're here for.' She planted a brief, sisterly kiss on the girl's cheek and eased her into a close-up slow dance.

Alan and his guests watched with predictable fascination, as the two girls' bodies undulated slowly together, hands on each others' hips, pelvises grinding in unison. Ryan, seated before them, was looking on with a dazed expression. His cock erected obviously and rapidly within his trousers, as he watched Natasha writhe her body sinuously up and down Sandy's, squashing their breasts together as she did so. The girls' tongues wrapped tantalisingly for a moment, then Natasha took her friend by the hand and led her towards Ryan, so that they were both swaying rhythmically either side of him. The cheering from the gathered males had already begun.

Natasha began to strip first, sliding the straps of her cocktail dress smoothly down her shoulders, then crossing her arms and drawing the top teasingly downwards, exposing her pale, beautiful, C-cup breasts. There were further whoops of appreciation from her audience. She brushed her hard, raspberry nipples fleetingly in Ryan's face, then turned about, reached down and drew the dress's skirt up over her gently curved ass, gathering the material round her trim waist. With a flourish she pulled the dress up over her head, shook her hair free and flung the garment across to the group with whom she had been socialising round the table, producing further ribald cheers. She continued to move to the music, clad only in heels, lacy, black stockings that gripped the curves of her long, graceful legs and a tiny, black thong.

She passed a significant look to Sandy, and the younger girl took her cue. Moving close in to Ryan, she commenced unbuttoning her blouse, with as provocative an air as she could summon. He stared amazed, as she gradually revealed her substantial, brassiere-enclosed bosom and allowed the blouse to slide gently from her slender arms. Then she unclasped and unzipped her skirt, letting it slither over her smoothly waxed legs to the floor. Stepping aside from it, she turned to dance for the rest of the guys, shaking out her rich, chestnut locks and twining her hands snake-like above her head, a sexual pout not quite masking her nervousness. Her close-cropped, lilac French knickers showed off the curves of her firmly plump ass, while the matching half-cup bra pushed her full breasts upwards and together, creating a fabulous cleavage. All those who had witnessed her in Morrison's bar shared a single thought: the pretty, young singer who had pranced innocently on stage that night, her body packaged discreetly away to be merely imagined at, was about to expose herself completely for the stimulation of their cocks. They would then get to do whatever the hell they liked with her.

As Sandy continued to dance, Natasha moved up close behind her and ran her hands from the girl's thighs upwards over the magnificent curves of her torso, appearing to whisper in her ear as she did so. Natasha's palms briefly circled Sandy's breasts, before seizing on the tiny clasp between the cups of her bra. She unfastened it nimbly, but held the garment in place, eyeing the audience wickedly until they were all howling for her to continue. Then she tore the sections of the bra apart, causing Sandy's tits to spring forth pneumatically and bobble in front of everyone for their viewing delight. 'Fucking awesome!' Darren yelled, and the others howled their lusty agreement. Sandy, apparently spurred on by the response, jiggled her naked boobs in front of them, until Natasha whispered to her again and

they both assumed a standing position in front of the transfixed Ryan.

Bending over, bottoms thrust into his face, they both grasped their panties and began to remove them tantalizingly slowly. The other men were both shouting encouragement and laughing at the look of boyish surprise on Ryan's face. The twenty-three-year-old gazed on, face and prick rigid, as a pair of stunning women peeled their underwear away from their firm, round asses and naked, waxed cunts inches from his nose. They both shimmied their thighs so that their lacy knickers dropped to the floor, then kicking their feet free, they turned and lifted Ryan from his seat, his stout erection straining against the front of his trousers. Natasha in her stockings and high heels, Sandy only in her strappy, black shoes and a fine, gold waistlet that was slung round her hips - they were an awe- and bone-inspiring picture of female nudity.

'Alan says the birthday boy gets some private time before anyone else!' shouted Natasha smilingly to the rowdy males, who roared their approval. They would have all night to play with the girls; let the younger guy have his moment. They continued to cheer, as Ryan was led away like an obedient dog to one of the other rooms, between the two lusciously bare females.

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Sandy was consumed with relief, as she and Natasha led Ryan into Alan's guest bedroom, her friend shutting the door behind them and closing out the noise; the striptease had demanded ten times' the nerve of any singing performance she had ever delivered. There was a tinge of triumph that it had been, from the cheers, such a resounding success, but she was deeply glad to be away, if only temporarily, from those leering eyes. Ryan here was a very different prospect - a boy not much older than she was, both shy and very obviously aroused. There was an undeniable pleasure in conducting a near-private seduction. Only Natasha's virtually nude presence made it feel weird, but following their joint strip-show in front of a crowd, this was the easy part. Sandy wrapped her naked limbs around the young man, allowing the private, minx-like part of her nature to surface. She kissed him long and tenderly, stroking his face, while her friend embraced him from behind, delving her tongue into his ear.

'Come on birthday boy, you just relax and enjoy,' Natasha was saying, as she started to tug his shirt out of his trousers. Sandy responded by unbuttoning the shirt, her pussy moistening slightly at the sight of his well-developed, lightly-haired chest. She flickered her tongue over his nipples, drawing from him a sharp intake of breath. As her experienced roommate slid the shirt from his broad shoulders, she smiled at him sweetly, before sinking to her knees and setting about the fastenings of his trousers. She could feel his thick rigidity as she undid his flies and tugged the trousers away from his hips with sudden anticipation. The bulge in his cotton shorts was impressive and she ran her fingertips lightly over it, her breath catching in her throat. If only they'd been dating several weeks and

she'd had this moment alone with him...had time and privacy to tease his cock the way she'd have liked to... But no place for that sort of thinking. She peeled the shorts down and his sturdy, seven-inch member sprang forward, batting her softly on the lips.

'Oh sweetheart,' she cooed in a sort of sad ecstasy, 'you're beautiful.' Then she enclosed the head of his cock between her full lips and began to suck.

Natasha was standing behind Ryan, skimming her hands over his chest and stomach, then back, round the curve of his buttocks, occasionally sliding delicate fingers to the tender area between his ass cleft and his balls. Her sharp nipples pressed against his shoulder blades and she began to mouth soft obscenities in his ear. 'Your cock feel good right now in her mouth? Yeah? Wait till later when it's shoved up my ass. That's right - your dick, my tight asshole, later tonight - that a date?' Ryan's whole body was taut with excitement; he moaned in the affirmative. But Natasha was simply commencing her campaign to draw fire away from her friend. Her voice in Ryan's ear suddenly hardened. 'Just be nice to Sandy, okay? She's a sweet girl and she shouldn't be here, so if you've got any kinky fucking to do, you can take it out on my rear entry, okay?' Caught between bliss and surprise, he grunted another agreement. Natasha tugged on his earlobe teasingly, then slid her contours down his till she joined Sandy on her knees. Moving around, she eased the younger girl's face away from the hard, saliva-moistened shaft and said, 'Good start, babes, let me take over.'

Sandy felt an unexpected flicker of jealousy, as she passed cock-sucking duties over to her friend, even though she knew Natasha would take proceedings to a place she tended not to go. To compensate, she pulled Ryan down on to the bed, so her friend had to shuffle forward to continue applying suction on his rod. She gave him a long, searching French kiss, then thrust her plump tits in his face, saying, 'Come on baby, want to suck on my boobs?' He complied as if he were starving, attaching himself to her erect left nipple and drawing it hard into his mouth, as Natasha went to work seriously on his shaft, swallowing up most of his length and kneading his tight bollocks. He moved to Sandy's other breast, grabbing as much of its fullness as he could and ravenously sucking in the large nipple, causing her to gasp in sudden excitement.

The excess of female attention quickly overwhelmed him and his body began to spasm, his features twisting into a look of aching pleasure. 'Oh God, Sandy, I'm going to come,' he groaned, passing beyond all control.

'It's okay baby, just come in her mouth, she likes that,' said Sandy, with just a touch of malice. Then she guided his face tenderly back to the abundance of her bosom, as he writhed and peaked. He clung desperately to Sandy and her breasts muffled his scream, as he pumped his semen extravagantly into Natasha's accepting mouth, feeling her lips and tongue wrapping tight around him until the final drops of his load were squeezed out. Sandy cradled him serenely as his body went limp,

then Natasha climbed up beside them, swallowing the last of his cum with apparent enjoyment.

'Lip-smackin' good,' she quipped, and Sandy scowled at her.

'Can we have a moment?' the youngster mouthed to her friend.

Good God, thought Natasha, turning away slightly. She wants to have a tender interlude on an evening like this. Only Sandy... Why did I ever bring her here?

Sandy was brushing the hair back from Ryan's now peaceful face, gazing at him sappily. 'So is that date still on?'

He was about to answer, when there was a cough from the doorway. Alan had eased open the door to listen, it seemed, and as they all looked up he was already gliding smoothly and fully clothed into the room. 'Well it sounded like that birthday present went down very well,' he grinned. 'I think you'll be out of the running for a while, Ryan, which means it's time for the ladies to accompany me.'

Sandy was painfully aware of her nakedness once more. Gone was the temptress of moments before; she was her naïve, reluctant self again and she wanted instinctively to try and cover her breasts and pussy. Instead she let Alan take her by the hand and raise her from the bed. A tight-lipped Natasha allowed herself to be led in the same way, and flanking their host, the two nude girls left the guest room, leaving the post-coital Ryan recovering on the bed.

The living-room had emptied somewhat, Alan's friends having vanished. This left only the younger group round the table, the one with which Natasha had earlier been conversing. The boys broke away from their conversation to focus intently on their beautiful companions for the evening. Sandy felt six pairs of eyes patrolling her curves and felt taken advantage of before a finger had even touched her.

'Okay,' said Alan at his most businesslike. 'Natasha, I want you to get things moving in here. Sandy, you come with me.'

Sandy broke away with a start, aware of her exposed breasts bouncing before her landlord-turned-pimp. 'Natasha?' she called out imploringly.

Natasha turned her back and ass to the table of onlookers and hissed angrily in Alan's ear. 'Sandy was to stay with me at all times. That's what I told you on the phone.'

'And I promised nothing, as you well know,' he replied swiftly and coolly. 'Now if you girls don't want a sharp drop in salary, let's just follow my rules and get on with the evening.'

Natasha glowered at him, as Sandy stood squirming self-consciously under the lecherous scrutiny of the tableful of males. The older girl knew there was no way right now of helping her friend, not if she wanted to secure that cash. 'Sandy,' she said, walking over and taking the girl by the shoulders, 'I need you to go with Alan. Think of what we're earning and it'll all be over soon, okay? I won't be far away and I'll see you shortly. Go on now, there's a sweetheart.'

Sandy stood despondently for a moment, then bit her lip and nodded dutifully. 'Okay.'

'Right then Sandy, let's go party with the other guys,' Alan said with a wide grin. 'Natasha, do what you do best.' He whisked his stunning young conquest away and the mob observed her quivering, round ass as she retreated from the room. Then they turned their attention to the remaining girl.

Natasha swallowed both her anger at Alan and her guilt at having abandoned her friend to she knew exactly what fate. Poor Sandy would just have to deal with it for now. She gathered herself and swivelled about on her heels, wearing a knowing smile for her randy audience. 'Okay boys,' she said, moving with feline grace towards the table. 'You going to show me those cocks or what?'

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Sandy was guided from the living area down a short, dimly-lit passage, until Alan motioned her to stop outside a door. She looked to him for further instruction. He responded by shoving her up against the door and kissing her hard. The painted surface felt cold against her compressed ass cheeks, but Alan's hands and mouth on her were warm, his after-shave sharp in her nose, while his tongue wrestled its way insistently into her mouth. She gave way on pure instinct, having fantasized about him for months, her mouth and tongue responding to his. His body was crushing her, she could feel the arrogant hardness of his prick through the layers of his clothes. Then he broke away as quickly as he had set on her and his eyes nailed her with a look that demanded she pay attention. His hands slid from her waist and grabbed her rear, so that her naked sex pressed wetly up against the swell of his dick, surely staining his trousers.

'Okay Sandy.' His voice was slightly breathy, but controlled. 'You're earning a lot of money tonight, enough to make things very comfortable for you and Natasha. You keep that thought in your head, right?' She nodded dumbly. His right hands slid round her front and his fingers parted her labia, the middle one deftly seeking out her clitoris. She gave a breathy squeak, as he gently stimulated her fleshy little button, causing her whole pussy to moisten. 'Getting nice and wet,' he said approvingly, continuing his inspection. 'You'll be needing that. Now, if you want all that money, no deductions, just remember one thing. You're here to please me and my guests. So you do what I say and you do what they say. No questions, no hesitations. You just...' - he slipped his finger inside her, making her gasp -

'...do it. Clear on that?' Another mute nod. He wiped off the finger on her left buttock and reached into the pocket of his jacket, producing a hip flask. 'Take a shot of this.' She hesitated and he thrust it into her grip. 'Take it, sweetheart. Trust me, you'll need it.' She swigged compliantly and winced at the whiskey's sourness in her throat. 'That's enough, I want you fully aware of everything that's happening to you.' He took it back and replaced it in his jacket.

'Now let's get you ready.' From another pocket he drew a black silk scarf, which he drew up to her eyes.

She took on a trapped look. 'What... What are you doing?'

He put an admonishing finger to her lips. 'Now that's just what I don't want. You make any more objections, you start losing money. Put on the blindfold, go into the room with me and take everything you're given like a good girl. Understand?'

'Yes,' Sandy responded meekly, before silently allowing Alan to fasten the scarf around her eyes. She heard him push open the door, then he backed her into the room, shutting the door behind him. He guided her further in reverse and let her go, abandoning her in darkness. An oppressive silence closed in on her as she stood, stripped and temporarily blinded. She could only guess at who else was in the room with them and sensed herself being scrutinized by numerous pairs of eyes. Her whole body started to tremble and her fingers fluttered protectively around her crotch.

'Alan?' she called out shakily. 'What's happening?' She was sure she heard the faintest breath of male laughter from somewhere in the room. 'Tell me what's going on!'

'Rub your tits. Push them together.' It was Alan's voice softly commanding her from the dark. She froze momentarily before the command was repeated with an edge. 'Rub your tits. Let's see it.' She began to massage her breasts in slow circles, knowing beyond all doubt that she was performing before a fascinated audience. 'That's right, squeeze them, push them together. Keep it going.' His voice was quietly insistent, almost hypnotic. 'Now, wet your nipples. Wet your nipples. Do it.' She licked the fingers of both hands and rotated them round her large araeola, coating them with spit. 'Good, pinch them now, get them hard.' Obediently she tugged on herself, waggling her breasts a little to appease the disembodied voice. 'That's good, improvise... That's nice. Let's see you lick your nipples. Come on, you can do it, with those big, juicy tits of yours. Lick them.' His enjoyment was more obvious now. She pushed up each breast in turn and writhed her tongue downwards, so that she could tease her nipples to full hardness. Hardness - somewhere beneath the fear and confusion, what - was she actually aroused? And how were her unseen watchers responding to her display? She thought she knew.

'Okay, let's get this on camera.' Sandy felt a new rush horror as she heard the click and buzz of a photograph being taken, but scarcely missed a beat. So her shame was to be captured in snapshots. What could she do? What had she ever expected?

'Right now, finger your pussy.' This time she balked at the intimacy of the command. 'You heard me. Stick your fingers in your snatch. Do it.' The words brooked no refusal. She grabbed between her legs and began to touch herself. She was startled by the degree of wetness she found there. 'Good, you know what to do. Frig your clit. Work it the way you like. Spit on your fingers if you need to. Let's see what you do when you're alone in your room at night.' Click. She could hear the camera catch the moment once again.

The sensation of her own fingers, combined with the sense of blindfolded disorientation, was too much for Sandy. Her knees buckled and she stumbled forward. Stumbled into someone. A hard-muscled, apparently naked male body blocked her fall. Then a pair of strong hands seized her by the arms and pushed her back. She struggled for balance and as she did so, her hands swept against more bare male chests on either side of her. And there was someone behind as well. She gasped sharply as she sensed the circle of men closing in. Were they all completely nude? The question was answered as soon as her mind had uttered it, by the feeling of what could only be erect cocks brushing against her ass and thighs. She started, but there was nowhere left to back away to. The full measure of what was to happen finally dawned on her.

Then the hands started to explore. Large, male hands stroked her hair and brushed her arms and stomach. She felt someone trace the curve of her spine with the flat of his hand. Another man was kneeling down in front of her and sliding his hands up her legs, his breath hot and close on her pussy. Her breasts were cupped and played with from either side, her nipples gently pinched, then the guy behind her began to slide his hands over the contours of her ass.

The molesters of her body became more adventurous now. Her clitoris was teased by someone's rotating finger reaching downwards, while from below another explorer was pushing two digits upwards to probe into her vagina. Her breathing became ragged and she could feel the blood pulsing fast in her temples. She was astonished to feel the hands on her bum prise her cheeks apart, so that a finger could make its way into her anus. She emitted a shocked little yelp in response. Two mouths locked on her breasts and tongued her nipples back to erection. Another tongue thrust between her legs and began to lick her pussy frantically, producing from her a series of involuntary moans and gasps. Her mind had not even begun to adjust to the heat radiating from her loins, when a fourth tongue replaced the finger in her ass, creating a bizarre, unbearably intimate feeling, unique in her experience, as it burrowed fleshily into the shallows of her rectum. She gave a short squeal, then felt her body succumb to the men's combined assault on her most intimate regions. But for the support of all those hands she would have given way and slumped to the floor. The rush came on her suddenly,

commencing between her legs and spreading throughout her in a full-body orgasmic scream. Her darkness erupted into a blaze of light; she could feel herself shuddering crazily out of control and hear her own plaintive, climactic wail filling the room.

Then the wave subsided and she lay in the arms of her seducers like a rag doll, her head lolling. The licking, sucking mouths relented and whoever had been tonguing her asshole rose and caught her limp form under the arms. She had a brief sense of some muscular male frame easily accepting her weight and, more alarmingly, of a remarkably thick, hard pole slapping up against her bum cheeks. Then she was lowered to her knees, aftershocks still rippling through her body.

Alan's voice returned, distant as before, as if he were on the outside, monitoring proceedings. There was a note of amusement in his instruction this time round. 'Okay Sandy, you're going to play Find the Cocks. All you have to do is reach out in front of you.' Her mind fighting its way back to a degree of clarity, she groped blindly before her and was dubiously rewarded, as her hands discovered the ends of two rigid, male sexes. 'Go on, take them in your hands, you know what to do.' Sandy's instinct was to draw back, but instead she ran her hands the length of the two shafts to see what she was dealing with. Both men had enough to be proud of. Her former boyfriend Tommy had taught her how to manipulate his erect dick, so she commenced rotating her palms around the bulging heads, alternating this with occasional pumping motions rights down the solid shafts to the balls and back. 'That's a good girl, wank those cocks, make the guys feel good. That's what you're here for.' She became aware of shallow panting from both subjects of her masturbatory efforts and, assured that she was working effectively, began to speed up the rhythm.

Then a third cock head bumped against her slightly parted lips. 'Come on angel, you know what to do.' An Australian accent this time - Kyle, the once amiable, now openly horny owner of the cock. She took the warm head inside her mouth and started sucking, once more trying to focus on the technique her ex-boyfriend had taught her. She curled her tongue caressingly around the head and flicked the underside of the glans lightly and rapidly. Kyle responded by applying a gentle thrusting motion, sliding several inches of hard dick back and forth over her flicking tongue.

'That's real nice, sweetheart, keep that going,' he drawled in pleasure.

Sandy tried hard to concentrate on working the men with mouth and fists - she knew what was expected - but her head swam with astonishment at the reality of her situation. Her sexual experience to date seemed truly tame; monogamous, not so much as a threesome, a bit of mildly naughty experimentation in the bedroom and the shower. Now she was naked and blindfold, connected to a trio of excited cocks with more in supply, the focus of a roomful of male lust. And yes, the camera sound was repeating at intervals in the background. She couldn't even call out to Natasha in the other room, her mouth stuffed as it was with the Australian's steadily pumping meat. Her choice had been

made and now she would deal with the consequences. All of them.

The guys suddenly withdrew from her and seemed to exchange places. Her hands were taken and wrapped around two shafts - the same or different she could hardly tell - while another cock was shoved into her mouth. This time was rougher; she felt her hair grabbed from the back and her head was jolted repeatedly forward, forcing the thick pole deep into her mouth, so that its end impacted with the back of her throat. She started to choke and gurgle, and her user withdrew for a moment, causing gouts of saliva to spill down her chin; she could feel thick strings of spit dangling between the end of his cock and her lips. Then as soon as she recovered, he re-entered and harshly fucked her mouth once more.

She was losing her grip on the other two dicks, when she heard Alan's voice from across the room once more. 'Concentrate, Sandy. Keep wanking those cocks. Relax your throat and learn how to deal with it. There's going to be a lot more of this, so you'd better get used to it now.' He made no idle promise. The assault on her throat continued and she gagged and drooled her way through it, retaining her hold on the other erections as she did so, till she was able to better co-ordinate her movements. There were more changes - a range of male organs, differing slightly in texture, shape and taste, all hard and leaking salty pre-cum. Sometimes they were gentle, allowing her to use her tongue; more often they took her roughly, spearing down her throat. Three men or four, she was not entirely sure, using her in her vulnerability until her jaw and arms ached.

It was over suddenly, without the climaxes she had been expecting. The cocks withdrew and the burly male, who had eased her to the floor earlier, hoisted her up like a puppet, swung her about and deposited her in sitting position on what felt to be a bed. Then he slid his hand under the blindfold at the back and tore it from her eyes.

Gavin stood before her naked, the same steely arrogance in his face as earlier. In early middle-age he was still flat-stomached and powerfully muscular, the impressive iron of his torso and upper arms capable of manipulating her soft, girlish body any way he liked. But it was his groin that transfixed her - the colossal nine-inch phallus rearing up like a tree-trunk from his massive, red balls. His formidable, angry prick swayed before her eye-line as if homing in on her. Behind him, Alan's other close friends - Kyle, Ben and brothers Darren and Steve - stood equally naked, looking down at her and massaging their own erections, the ones that had so recently supplied her mouth. Alan himself stood off to one side - she could see him in the periphery of her vision - nude as well now and operating the same camera that had snapped her smiling face the previous week, to capture every step of her exploitation.

But with all that Gavin's cock still had the most of her attention. 'Touch it,' he ordered her, taking charge of proceedings, and he thrust it within inches of her face. 'It's going to be fucking your cunt

very soon, so get acquainted.' Sandy quailed visibly for an instant, then she tentatively reached out her hand to touch the almighty pillar of hard flesh.