Amateur Night at the Blue Nile

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Welcome to the Blue Nile. Anything could happen.

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“Are we nearly there yet? This doesn’t look anywhere classy.” Clarissa tried to keep the petulance out of her voice. She knew she should be flattered by the stretch-limo and the Dom Perignon, glass number three of which was fizzing its way down her throat, but why the hell were they driving about dingy back-streets?

“Relax,” her companion said. “Shoreditch is the new Soho. Home to all manner of delights. Where we’re going is a different type of exclusive.” The way he said it made her shiver like a thousand bursting champagne bubbles.

She tugged her white mini-dress, the one he had insisted she wear, down her bare thighs as a sop to demureness. Pearl earrings and necklace complimented; hair was swirled into a chignon. The picture of youth and beauty, sweet and languid as on the day of her debutante ball. The man beside her should be proud to have her grace his arm though admittedly he looked fine in that tuxedo, carrying his upper body-mass with such suaveness and composure. Maddeningly he refused to fawn on her. Well she’d pander to his ego a while longer. Snare him the indirect route.

“We’re here.”

She looked about and saw nothing but a warehouse district. The limousine was wheeling towards one massive entrance sealed off by an iron partition.

“Gavin, we’re not anywhere.” She weighted the use of his name with condescension. Her father having introduced him as ‘Mister McClain’, it satisfied her to do so. She mightn’t be the world’s greatest secretary and employing her might have been a favour, but she’d got higher attributes and he’d damn well learn to acknowledge them.

“We’re somewhere very particular,” he responded, hand resting on hers, engulfing it. Despite her willowy height she felt little beside him. “Do you really think I’d take out a girl like you and not give her a night to remember?” She looked into his dark eyes and shivered anew. They drank champagne and

her womanly pretentions dissolved in girlish excitement. Clarissa had no idea what was going on, but suddenly it felt like adventure.

The car paused, then a metallic rumble announced the partition's rising and they rolled into a huge floodlit space. A warehouse, swept clean but abandoned by all industrial pursuit.

"Where the hell is this?"

Gavin smiled wordlessly as the grey-uniformed chauffeur opened her door. She climbed out, her date joining her as she stared around the vast empty space. Nothing remarkable, aside from subterranean rhythms vibrating through the soles of her stilettos.

"Come with me." She took the proffered arm and the click of her heels echoed through the concrete hall as they walked to a downward-stairway at the rear. Music soaked though the walls as they descended around corners and Clarissa's heart pounded in time. She was about to be made privy to some delicious secret. One final corner and they confronted a miked-up and dinner-jacketed flunky guarding an iron door.

"Gavin McClain and companion. We're on the guest list."

The stone-faced guardian cracked a smile. "That's quite all right, Mr McClain. Have a good night sir."

"Thank you. I intend to. Birthday boy arrived yet?"

"He has, sir. He's being looked after."

"Very good."

Clarissa would have voiced her puzzlement, but her partner was guiding her through the now opened door into a covert reception area, till she could recognise the tune playing . " *Inside and Out.* I like this song. Gavin, where *are* we?" Gavin exchanged words with receptionist, as Clarissa tried to peer further. Then his arm was at her back and he was steering her down a curving passageway.

"Welcome, my dear, to the Blue Nile."

The corridor widened into a shimmering river of aqua-marine light. It bathed Clarissa and sucked her like a powerful current inside the high-ceilinged venue. Blue-white enveloped her like she was drowning in liquid crystal. Shimmering sexiness, enhancing the tide of beautiful patrons, male and female. Clarissa spun three-sixty, drinking it all in the sparkling granite-topped furnishings and

smooth undulation of the interior walls. “This place is amazing! Why don’t I know about it?”

“It has a way of keeping its secrets. Drink?”

“Yes. Blue Lagoon.” She giggled at succumbing to the power of suggestion.

The broad avenue split and curved around a circular central bar, to which Gavin proceeded, leaving Clarissa to wander. Male patrons were dressed to the same level of refinement as her boss, their partners in some cases numbering more than one all high-class slink and poise. She gazed to points around the bar where the walls appeared to curve into chambers discreet from the rest of the room. Each one was flanked by security, a distinctly-coloured glow at odds with the blue of the main bar radiating from withinochre, maroon or emerald. A young couple paused at the maroon entrance, the male partner flicking a card from his breast pocket for the security guy could check it. Granted a cursory nod, the couple passed through to be swallowed by the room’s mysteries.

“What’s with the all those crafty spaces around the sides?” Clarissa inquired, as Gavin returned with drinks.

“A Nile special feature.” He pressed the Blue Lagoon into her hand and sipped his Scotch. “Themed lounges for guests who require, shall we say, some down-time. There’s the Arabian Room, Egyptian naturally, a bit of sequined ooh-la-la in the Moulin Rouge ... And others more daring elsewhere. Staffed on request.”

Clarissa was not sure whether to be entertained or appalled. “Is this place a …”

“It’s what you want it to be. Somewhere to drink, dance, socialize … or to indulge in fantasy. The lounges are an option, as is the erotic cabaret. The Nile is only as exotic as any patron desires.”

She stared at him, music thrumming through her body. His expectations eluded her, as did the precise nature of what she wanted herself. He was the only boss she’d ever had and her job hung by a thread, but she did not want to be out-manoeuvred in some sexual fantasy of his. “How exotic an evening were *you* banking on, Gavin?” She added an imperious tilt to her chin. “Are you expecting to show me around a lounge?”

“I wouldn’t be so presumptuous,” he said. “You’re here as my guest, Clarissa, not my employee. And a girl like you must be so used to West End nightclubs and Michelin star restaurants. So at the risk of offending, I thought I’d surprise you with somewhere different. Purely to enjoy the ambiance and a frisson of danger. You’re a girl who embraces danger now and then, right?”

Clarissa's lower belly warmed, not only due to her cocktail. She didn't like to admit how much this man fascinated her. "Maybe." She smirked, clinking his glass with hers. "And I'm not offended. It's nice to be brought somewhere so … exclusive. Is it really such a big secret?"

"Put it this way …" His mouth at her ear made her shudder. "You were lucky not to be blindfolded en route."

"Blindfolded?"

"Silk of course, in keeping with the establishment. Permanent members are concerned about anonymity. Cameras and recording equipment get confiscated and result in immediate expulsion. So, most guests are kept in the dark, literally, regarding location. I had to make a special arrangement on your behalf. Didn't want you to be *too* disconcerted on the way here."

"I'm flattered." The thought of a silk blindfold had Clarissa's heart speeding once more. "So why do you get preferential treatment?"

"The Nile's owner is a friend. And I assured him of your discretion."

"You know me that well? Sure I won't blab?"

His look was appraising. "You won't breathe a word, my dear. I'd bet my company on it."

Clarissa grinned her excitement. It all seemed improbably illicit and sexy. She tipped back her drink and the liquid trickled cool down her tongue as she contemplated her guide. A smile teased on her lips. One throwaway reference lingered.

"So Gavin, tell me about this erotic cabaret."

He returned her smile and downed his whiskey at a gulp. "My dear, I'll do better than tell you."

* * * *

The amphitheatre was huge and dark, lit by the stars which speckled its high ceiling. Clarissa and Gavin had a prime spot, their table only one tiered row above the semi-circular dais which served as a stage. She tippled on a third cocktail and glanced about for signs of a performance, the anticipatory buzz infecting her.

"You've seen the show before?" she inquired over the sound-sealed auditorium's modern jazz.

“Several. There’s a rapid turn-over. The artistic director likes to keep things fresh and creative. And fun.”

Clarissa nestled closer, more aware than ever of a massive athletic frame beneath designer trappings. “What kind of fun? You’ve got me all intrigued.”

The fading away of music and dying of lights to a luminescent glow promised to answer her question before Gavin could. There was a breathless hush in which she could only hear the bang of blood in her ear. Then in surround-sound a male voice boomed: “Ladies and Gentlemen, prepare yourselves … for Kong, Eighth Wonder of the World!”

Grandiose organ music erupted from the speakers and resounded as in a cathedral. Seamlessly the stage-machinery rolled into action. The dais proved half of a vast disc which rotated counter-clockwise along with the black wall that split it in two. In the dim light Clarissa made out a figure framed in a dark rectangle upon a shallow platform, being carried by the circular motion from backstage. She leaned forward in her seat, eyes peering wide to distinguish more through the gloom. Then the dais halted with the frame directly below her and spotlights lit from opposing sides of the dome, bathing the scene in twin pools of white light.

Clarissa’s jaw dropped, hand stifling her shocked laughter. ‘Kong’ was a tall and brawny young man stretched out in a naked X within the ebony frame, dark hair draping behind him to his waist. He was swarthy but waxed clean of hair, the definition of his body enhanced by oil and sweat. The upper part of his face was obscured by a black ape-mask, firm-set mouth and jaw still apparent. Even more transfixing was the majestic erection that speared from his groin. The sophisticated girl from Chelsea gaped at the sight so boldly displayed in public. Applause and laughter was breaking out from around the amphitheatre.

Beside her Gavin chuckled and she turned, wondering what amused him. Then the speaker-voice boomed again and sealed her attention to the on-stage action. “King in his far-distant country, he now stands helpless in chains of adamantine.” Kong writhed against his bondshe appeared to be manacled hand and footpelvis thrusting like he was fucking thin air. “Helpless and forced to endure the whims of his young female captors.”

The captors in question materialized from obscurity, either side of the stage, and stepped onto it in perilous heels, advancing on their prisoner. Both were petite but closing in with poise and confidence, dressed identically and minimally. They wore one-piece costumes of buckled-together leather patches, barely covering their more intimate fleshly regions. The outfits were strapped with chain behind necks and around waists, diving vertiginously between their thighs to band clean-waxed

crotches. Jauntily balanced top hats, along with the flails they carried, provided a twisted ring-mistress effect, which they augmented by circling their captive, flicking him derisively with their multi-stranded whips.

Clarissa watched it allKong's body twitching each time leather thongs licked his torso, the girls' naked asses gobbling up their g-strings, the taunts on their pretty faces contrasting with his partially obscured grimace, as fingers began to tease. The flails they slotted into brackets either side of the frame, so that their palms could slither about Kong's chest, then his stomach and groin. Clarissa liked both girls, admired their teasing and control. That was how to keep a man: figuratively if not literally in chains. Rock-hard and at the mercy of your feminine wiles. The brunette with the bobbed hair was goodaustere and cruelbut Clarissa preferred the blonde, hair tamed into a side-ponytail, eyes alive with mischief as she writhed her body and provoked her captured prey. He tore against his bonds and thrust his cock in vain as they massaged his body, licked his neck and applied flicking tongues to his nipples.

Organ music had turned to pumping dance and the rhythm drove the scene as they grabbed their flails, teasing the thongs about his quivering phallus, then lashing his chest and thighs with force. Clarissa was salivating, her pussy moistening in union with her mouth to see it all so close, the white light of the spots etching every erotic detail. She stared enthralled as the brunette girl embraced Kong from behind, clutching hands to his chest as her blonde companion dropped to her knees and perched before his groin, tongue wriggling against the tip of his cock. Actual contact between tongue-tip and pulsing organClarissa could scarcely believe it. The captive's body a mass of erotic torment as he strained against his bonds. God, she almost wanted him to succeed in his struggle for freedom …

And then of course he did. The music had dropped to a hypnotic synthesized swell and was building back to a crescendo. Blonde had risen to kiss his perspiring face, brunette strutting back around the front to nibble his ear. Then the manacles snapped open. Kong had broken his bonds and hell broke loose with him. Rhythmic drum and bass exploded as he grabbed both fleeing captors by the hair, top-hats tumbling from their heads, hands letting go the flails. He thrust them to the floor before his mighty cock, venting a long roar.

Gavin laughed and applauded. "Good boy." Clarissa looked on, scared and enthralled, as Kong dragged the girls to him so that their heads masked his erection from the audience. He took the blonde firstwas she really being made to suck on him or was it only simulated for the show? Her hair had come loose and was thrashing along with her whole body as though her mouth was working vigorously to placate his wrath. Her brunette companion followed suit, head bobbing frantically, while he roared in triumph to be fellated with such subservience and industry.

Kong appeared to alternate between his captors-turned-slaves until the service of their mouths was

not enough. Up he arose, dragging them with him, his unsated cock thrusting tall. Then he cast them down theatrically one at a time so that they fell on hand and knees, faces to the audience. Both asses he pulled into the air, unfastening the costumes at the back so that g-strings fell away to allow clear access. Then having loosed another roar and smacked the proffered bottoms hard, he knelt to claim his prizes. Once again it was cunningly disguised as to whether or not he penetrated; Clarissa suspected not, but it still held astonishing power when he thrust behind the blonde and she jolted, mouth wide like that kingly appendage was slamming inside her.

He sham-fucked some moments, the object of his lust screaming ecstasy as he gripped her shoulder and unleashed primitive thrusts. Then with disdain he cast her sprawling and took the brunette from behind with equal drama, driving in rhythm to the music, sweat trickling the length of his upper body. The second girl writhed and moaned under his brutal influence, then she too was dispatched onto her face. The dominant primate beat his chest and raged, cock standing proud.

Good god, what a show. What a fucking crazy show.

Then the finale. Kong hauled the brunette to her feet and flung her to kneeling once more, this time within the ebony rectangle. He seized the blonde and stood her within the frame with her heels on her fellow-slave's back; then he manacled her wrists so that she stood splayed as he had done. The costume he unclipped and tore from her body, rendering her naked; her breasts undulated, large and firm on her slight frame. He shafted from behind and her body jarred in response, as though impaled repeatedly. They sustained the erotic tableau, the blonde thrashing within her shackles to the drumming dance-rhythm as her victorious captor pumped her.

Then the circular stage rolled into motion. All three actors rotated gradually out of view, Kong roaring wildly, his body rigid in feigned or real coitus. The lights snapped to blackness and the music died.

Cheers from the audience. Near-manic applause. Clarissa gawped into darkness. When the starry house lights came up bright enough to see, she turned awestruck to her partner. Gavin was impassive. Her sense of the primal lurking beneath his Armani was magnified by what she had witnessed on stage. He reminded her now of Kong. So much the gentleman, yet with that undercurrent of authority. Of ruthlessness. She thought of the thrashing blonde and was scaredin a way that made her nipples harder than they'd already been.

"Well?" her boss asked with nonchalance. "What did you think?"

Clarissa's mouth was open several moments before sound came out. "What did I think? I … thought it was amazing." She laughed, giddy with embarrassment and arousal. In the periphery of her vision couples were rising from their tables, pawing each other indecently, filtering off no doubt to make use

of the lounges.

“I had a sense you’d enjoy it,” Gavin said. “The only question remaining is, would you like to meet the performers?”

“What?”

“With me, now. Backstage. Don’t worry, I’ll protect you from the ape.” He reached out a hand. “Come on, Clarissa … it’s stage magic, that’s all. Don’t you want a little of that danger?”

She paused before placing her hand in his, heart beating like the drum and base. “Yes. Yes, of course I do.”

* * * *

Alcohol and adrenalin took her past the stage area’s side door, through covert passageways to one of the Blue Nile’s most secret rooms, Gavin’s hand on her back once more. He’d known the location of the lounge’s secret entrance; how well-acquainted *was* he with this place? The room was a perfect circular curve, discreet ceiling lights radiating an amber glow. Satin cushions were cast about and one third of the space was taken up with a thick mattress swathed in black satin. A cocktail bar stood unattended.

Clarissa tried to read Gavin’s attentions as he strolled to the bar. For all his earlier protestations he’d lured her into this private lounge with promises of meeting Blue Nile celebrities and she didn’t mind. In fact it excited her. A week ago she’d been convinced her firing from his company was imminent, with all the questions from her dad that would ensue; instead she was the object of this man’s seduction. A vastly preferable outcome. Her subtle flirtation had worked its magic.

“Drink?” He poured himself a shot of Glenfiddich.

She smiled her most demure and opted for another Blue Lagoon, which he set about preparing. “You’re so adept at this. I hope you haven’t brought too many girls back here.”

“My dear, you’re going to enjoy very special treatment tonight.” Their fingers touched as he pressed the glass into her hand and her pussy bloomed wet. “Now as I promised …”

He indicated and she turned to see tall double-doors opening outwards in one section of the curved wall. The Blue Nile’s stage mechanics worked their magic, as the whole Kong tableau wheeled itself noiselessly into the lounge, doors shutting behind. Clarissa gasped and almost spilled her drink to

see the stage trio in such proximity. Kong was in manacles, trapped once more in the frame, face masked and cock resolutely hard. The girls were at his feet, wrapped around one leg apiece; the brunette still wore her scant circus costume, while the blonde was as bare as at the end of the performance. A treat from Gavin? Clarissa's own private show?

She made to remark, when the brunette rose from the platform to which the frame was slotted, adjusted her costume and stepped down. She trotted her way to the exit through which Gavin had brought Clarissa, throwing the society girl a look of pure contempt. "Enjoy yourself." With a contemptuous flick of her bob she departed the room, sashaying her naked ass.

Clarissa was baffled. The blonde arose instantly and walked to her in high heels and nothing else, all sweet reassurance. "You mustn't mind Giselle." She laid a hand on Clarissa's arm. "She doesn't like meeting the public. Between ourselves she's a bit of a diva. And I'm sure she's jealous because you're so pretty." She laughed like quicksilver, eyes lighting up. It seemed weirdly magical to look on this slender naked girl all wide eyes and gently bouncing breasts. "I'm Clementine," the performer announced, fingers lingering. "And you're …"

"Clarissa. Clarissa Beaumont."

"And your handsome partner is …?"

"Call me Gavin." He squeezed the girl's proffered hand gently.

"I'll call you delicious." Clementine's eyes rested on Clarissa. "Both of you. So lucky to have each other. And I know you *will* be having each other."

Oh lord, that she might be accommodating Gavin before the night was through … Not what Clarissa had intended, but fucking hell, how could she refuse? Clementine was giggling at her own remark and Clarissa joined in, blushing. There was something irresistible about this self-assured little harlot. "Of course I can't be jealous," the girl said, turning about and swaying gracefully back to the platform, giving good view of her pert bottom. "I've got Kong here."

As though Clarissa could have forgotten the strapping and erectile young man in the frame. Clementine flicked her bunched hair so that it whipped her captive, then she clutched him, rubbing a hand all over his chest and stomach. "He's beautiful, isn't he? I'd say your man is built very much like him. Only he doesn't have his big gorgeous cock trapped by a nasty cruel cock-ring." There was indeed a silicon ring at the base of Kong's cockClarissa wondered she hadn't noticed it during the showand Clementine took exquisite care in prizing it off the thick-veined pole. "There, all nice and free, but still as huge and hard," she cooed, running a hand all over the twitching cock. "And now I

can do all the things to it I don't do on stage."

Clementine descended to her knees and Clarissa was transfixed anew as the sweet whore took Kong in her mouth and began to suck. He groaned and strained lightly against his bonds. Clarissa felt Gavin's hand on her waist, his body pressing into hers. The fellatrix was pawing her young captive's groin and massaging his balls as she feasted on hardness. She drew her slick tongue down his shaft, then peered around. "Would you help me, Clarissa? Would you tease as I suck? Only I don't have Giselle anymore."

Clarissa started at the request and looked to Gavin. His hand caressed her stomach through the clinging fabric of her mini-dress and his lips brushed her face. Arousal burned in those eyes. "It's okay, darling." He laughed and it turned her cunt to warm slick honey. "I know you want to. And I want to watch it. Discover how wicked a girl Clarissa really is."

She trembled under his touch and at the thought of his cock swelling huge like Kong's inside his perfectly-tailored trousers. This was the most insanely sexy moment of her life. She smiled back, inner vixen asserting itself. "Well since you asked so nicely …" She let her fingers trip about the waistband of his trousers and tug on the straining zipper. Godwhat lay beneath? The route to the answer appeared to be via another excited cock, an undeniably delicious specimen. She shot a grin at Clementine, who stood with her hot captive. "If that's what you want … You watch me get wicked, *Mister* McClain."

Thrilling to the danger, Clarissa strode to the platform, and inserted herself into the lewd tableau. There she paused, fingers troubling her lip before she decided on a move and grasped the waiting flail. Beneath her Clementine was attending to Kong's much-teased erection, gobbling him up and sucking with extravagance. His body was jerking tight, sweat popping from his pores. His scent was a concoction of pheromones, sweat and oil. How delightful to flick the thongs of the flail against his chest; how intoxicating to see that beautiful upper-body flex. She whipped again harder to make him jolt. *Take that, you gorgeous brute.*

"God, he's not going to break free again, is he?" She laughed with a shock of fear.

Clarissa emptied her mouth long enough to respond, her spit dangling from that towering crane of a cock. "It's okay, sweetie. This time he's not going anywhere." She opened wide around his wet glans and engulfed once more.

Emboldened, Clarissa reached out and ran a hand down his slippery muscled back, taking care not to touch her dress against his oily body. She whipped again, letting the thongs lick his worked-out chest and sting his nipples so that he flinched. He was still tense when she slapped a hand to one of his

marble-hard buttocks, slithering her way down and clutching at the base, before drawing her fingers up, the middle one teasing between his cleft. Her hand met that of Clementine; the slender sex-artiste was gripping the other butt cheek as she took that cock deep into her mouth. Clarissa glanced up and saw his jaw set hard under the torments of this private performance. Then she looked to the only man she was sure could draw her attention from the delicious Kong. Gavin stared back. His face was inscrutable, but one hand betrayed all she needed to know, for it reached down and massaged the bulged crotch of his trousers. She responded by scattering the flail across Kong's pectorals. Then she stretched forth her tongue to flicker an abused nipple, peering at her date in between bouts of licking. *Wicked enough for you, Mr Boss-man?*

"Suck his cock."

The words answered her foolish thought. She turned back to him, mouth searching vainly for response.

"You heard me, Clarissa. Get on your knees. I want to watch you suck his cock." She made to respond, but his eyes drilled her into silence. "Don't think about it. Do it. Now."

Soft, low, compelling. She was on her knees before she knew it. He hadn't made her, he'd permitted herlooked right into her soul and seen what she wanted. A sophisticated girl had needs too. To get wild and exhibitionist. To kneel before this gorilla of a man and marvel at his superb erectionpulsing and purple. Clementine's mouth surrendered him to another's possession, the bulbous head glistening with her relish. Clarissa stretched out her tongue and, gripping his heavy balls, laid a slick trail from base to quivering tip. She eyed Gavin as she did it, let her gaze smoulder on the man whose cock she desired even more than this one.

Let me show you what I can do. You'll never want me out of your employment once you've seen how damned hot I am. I'll own you before the night's out, Mr Big-shot.

She licked all around Kong's salty head, then stretched wide to suck him in, filling her mouth with hot hard cock. Mmmm … *King Cock*. She'd have laughed aloud had her lips not been wrapped around so much throbbing dick-meat. Her tongue stroked him as she vacuumed, that hard-worked body tightening under her slurp. He was swollen near to bursting and she wondered with a flash of concern whether she was expected to finish the job. Not something she was used toa girl of class had to have standards. But if that was what Gavin wanted? She might have to prove her mouth's talent before she could use it as a trap to snare him. So down she surged, taking him dangerously into the back of her mouth. *Look, Gavin. This is how a Chelsea girl can please her man when he's been good. Hear how I make him groan?*

“That’s it, Clarissa, you bad girl. Suck him deep. Shut your eyes and get into it.”

His voice was closer than before. *I am into it. Can’t you see? I’ll show you what a naughty bitch I can be.* To prove it she reached behind to seize both ass cheeks, pulling herself further down Kong’s shaft, closing her eyes and luxuriating in the sense of all that cock in her throat. Clementine stroking her hair to encourage like a sexy little-sister, observing her cock-sucking progress. Gavin’s voice growling its arousal as she pleasured a stranger. Kong groaning, all his thick veiny inches throbbing against the caress of her mouth. Throbbing towards climax.

Crazy nightso crazy it absorbed Clarissa’s thoughts and made her cunt drip. Moments passed before her dizzied brain registered the click-zip click-zip click-zip in her ear. *Camera … Pictures … Hey, what the fuck?*

She emptied her mouth of cock with a glutinous gasp and turned to see Gavin, peering through a lens several feet away and homing closer. He continued to click his silver wafer of a camera as Kong fired off his first cum-shot, the warm fluid splattering against her cheek. Wincing she backed off, but stumbled in heels and fell onto her ass on the platform, the skirt of her dress riding up her thighs. Clementine swooped to capture the jolting rod in her mouth and suck up the rest of its gushing orgasm.

“What are you doing?” Clarissa railed at Gavin. “Put that down! You said no cameras allowed!”

“They’re not. I’ve been granted a special dispensation by the management.”

“What? Why? Gavin, what are you playing at?” She clattered to her feet, gripping the frame. A single instant had flipped her circumstances from erotic to shit-scary. Beside her Kong’s body was sagging with sexual release, Clementine carrying out painstaking clean-up operations.

Gavin slipped the camera nonchalantly into an inside pocket. “Insurance.”

“Insurance? For what?”

“For when I threaten to fire your undeniably well-formed ass and you consider crying to daddy with some phoney claim of harassment.”

“Fire me? Why? My work has …”

“Your work has been shit, Clarissa,” he said with dispassion. “For six weeks you’ve been arranging spa treatments or Twittering when you should have been following up queries from key clients, one of

which your negligence nearly lost. I took you on as a favour to the father who was tired of paying interest on his daughter's credit cards and in despair of her ever getting a job. He told me that if you fucked up this shot at employmentand make no mistake, you've fucked up royallythere'd be no running back to him so he can recommence funding your Bond Street lifestyle."

Clarissa's face scorched. Everything he'd said was maddeningly true. Her lacklustre performance had been muttered about at the water-cooler for weeks. She'd known time was running out. It had been at least one motive in fluttering eyelashes at her handsome boss.

"Of course," Gavin continued, calm and relentless, "I don't underestimate the wiles of a daddy's princess. So these photographsand I don't think I've misread you herewill provide the additional leverage required."

"Leverage to … to … So you *are* sacking me?"

"God, no. You need to learn an honest day's work. You're going to graft that ass of yours clean off starting Monday and if there's a hint of you slacking, I'll start sending out untraceable photos of Sebastian Beaumont's little girl sucking cock in a high-class sex club. Understood?"

All too clearly. Clarissa's head swam with panic at the notion. It would be her social ruin. Clementine was staring up at her placidly, observing her reaction. Behind his mask she was sure Kong held similar fascination. "God, you bastard. I thought you liked me!"

"I didn't quite catch that, Clarissa …"

Pretentions all crumbled, she mumbled a bitter and defeated "Yes".

"Good. Then wash. There's spunk all over your face and you need to look pristine. To start with at any rate. Clementine, will that dress do?"

"Absolutely. It clings to her figure so beautifully. God, she'll be perfect."

Panic returned to Clarissa triple-fold. "Perfect? Perfect for what? Gavin, what the hell's going on?"

Gavin's hard face resolved into a smile. He radiated such wicked delight that her knees buckled and she had to grip the frame. Never had evil been so immaculately groomed and debonair. So intent on getting its way.

"Clarissa, my dear, you don't think I went to all this trouble just so I could get you to work on time?

There'll be another full house very shortly and you're going to give them a performance to remember. Didn't I tell you? It's amateur night."

* * * *

Clarissa stood in shadow, clutching at her dress's tight fabric, bare feet scrunched against the hard-wood floor. From the other side of the dividing wall she could hear music and the babble of an assembling audience.

Two hours prior she'd been seated out there herself, anticipating a voyeuristic treat. Now voyeur would become object of erotic scrutiny. She clutched the rim of the Perspex bath, making soapy water slosh about within. The container resembled a giant dessert bowl, and guess who'd be served up … Harry the stage manager had looked her over as he ran the tub, no doubt imagining the beauty soon to occupy it.

She tried to slow her breathing, quell the fluttering in her stomach. Clarissa was no stranger to stage nerves. As Hippolyta in her sixth-form college's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, she'd ended up wringing her hands in the wings. Only then she hadn't been expected to strip butt-naked in front of the ranks of parents and fellow-students.

"But anyone could be out there," she'd remonstrated to Gavin.

"That's a gamble you'll have to take." He'd eyed her, quietly smug, as her fists clenched. Every time she made for the door her limbs had locked in dread of his threat.

In the auditorium music died and lights dropped; she saw the snap-fade through the crack either side of the stage's dividing wall. *God ... Fuck ...* This was it. Her big unrehearsed performance. She couldn't do it. She'd freeze in the lights, be shamed and incur Gavin's terrible penalty. He'd start sneaking out the pornographic snaps, use all her painstakingly networked connections against her. Whispers would multiply and her place in London society would be compromised utterly.

God help me …

"All set for a stunning debut?" A whisper, devilish not divine, made her body start. So the mini-receiver in her ear was working perfectly. She had an image of Gavin serene with his discreet radio mike awaiting her grand entrance. "It's a full house, Clarissa," his voice said, "but I'll guide you through the whole thing. Follow every instruction to the letter and you'll be a sensation. And don't worryyou won't be alone out there for long."

God, she knew it. Before she could ruminate more on her fate, its cogs and those of the stage mechanics meshed into operation. The great disc began its smooth one-eighty rotation, Clarissa's heart hammering as she and the set glided about. Smoky jazz and darkness met her arrivalthe swan-like maiden, fair hair wrapped in a chignon, about to disrobe at bath-time.

"Stand tall, girl. Don't flinch." Gavin's disembodied voice galvanized her before stage-level lights blinked on, blinding her in their bluish glare. Her vision adjusted, but there was nothing to see beyond the stage more than vague shapes. Her audience was shrouded in darkness, but they could sure as hell see her.

One of them continued muttering instructions. "Reach down and test the water." The words possessed her before fear could do so. She bent to the tub and scooped beneath a surface of extravagant bubbles. Warm and inviting like a real bath-night. "All alone and secret in your room. You can't wait for that water to envelope your naked body. So strip. Slowly."

Clarissa's hands crept up her bosom and crossed to pluck the straps of her dress away from her shoulders.

"That's right, tease them. Hold the moment. Now, pull it right down." She tugged the clinging fabric to her waist, cleavage displayed within her delicate white-lace bra. Gavin's instructions compelled her onward; the skirt of the dress she gripped by its hem, drawing it upwards into a band around her middle, revealing her thong-clad loins. Then she peeled it down over thighs and legs in a smooth glide and stepped out, drawing it aside daintily with her toe.

Long and lissom in her tiniest under-garments. Gazes burning on her milky skin. And no respite from his commands.

"Now the brassiere. Simple, innocent. No fuss."

She unsnapped at the back, shrugged the straps off her shoulders. Mortification paused her, that and the realisation of how wet she was. Of how some kinked part of her was getting off on stripping in public. Laying herself bare for all those staring eyes. The brassiere tumbled from her breasts. Pretty peaches all on show. Nipples upturned and hard in the blazing light. Cheers vying with the music as her fingers twitched at her panty-thong.

"Take them off. Ass out and knickers off, girl. Nice and slow." She bent, tugged and drew the thong downwards. "That's it. Thrust. Peel that thong from your bum-crack. Show us all you've got."

Gavin, speaking for every ogling spectator as she exposed her ass completely, and her puffy cunt-lips

too. The sophisticated Blue Nile audience gave vent to pure lust, wolf-whistling and calling out male and female alike, as she thrust her bared bottom and wriggled free of all clothing.

“Clarissa Beaumont buck-naked on stage. Quite a fucking sight. Now get in the bath and soap that up-market ass.”

Bloody, *bloody* bastard! Making it worse with every word he spokedeepening her shame, making her wetter and more swollen, evil fuck!

Warm water enveloped and caressed her thighs as she stepped into the bowl. She wanted to lie down, provide what degree of obscurity the suds allowed in the transparent tub. Her instructor did not allow it.

“Kneel in the water. Use the wash-rose. Give everyone a good view.” The rose was floating in the suds and she picked it up, dabbing at herself. “Use it properly,” the smooth voice urged. “Luxuriate.” She succumbed to her body’s sluttier urgingsit was easier that waythrusting out her tits and spreading bubbles over them, squeezing the rose to her chest so that soapy water rivered to her stomach. Laving shoulders and the nape of her neck till water rolled down her breasts and back, turning her slippery all over. Eyes closed, giving herself up to sensuality.

Then the inevitable instruction: “Lie back. Wash everywhere.”

The audience’s view into the bowl was too direct for the water to afford her any modesty, so she lay across the tub, stretching out her beautiful body and drawing the wash-rose down to her exposed crotch. That much she could cover herself. The gauzy folds pressed to her wet labia and she writhed under the touch. So sweet, so wrong. She was crushing the rose to her clitoris, massaging in circles before she realised how much it excited her.

“Look at you, Clarissa, starting to enjoy.” Goddamn, the bastard was right. She couldn’t help herself.

She was almost relaxing into her public masturbation when an intruder entered stage right. A diminutive figure shining a torch crept stealthily past the tub, then reared up, suited in black to her stockinged head. A sexy cat-burglar stealing in to surprise a girl in the middle of her ablutions. Clementine ripped off the stocking-mask with a flourish and whipped her hair three-sixty like a blond propeller-blade. The crowd cheered her sexy entrance and she responded with sinuous dance moves that brought her leering over the bath, gripping the rim. She smiled as she leaned low, before her mouth took possession of Clarissa’s, tongue slithering inside. The staged scenario possessed the upper-class girl too and she gave herself up to seduction, kissing in return, intoxicated by the rhythm of the blonde’s tender mouth on hers, that silky stroking tongue.

Clementine pressed the torch into her hand as she kissed and whispered into the ear unoccupied by Gavin's voice. "Shine it on me."

She pushed away from the bath. Clarissa held the torch where it had been placed, thrusting from her loins like a great rubber phallus. Its beam stayed on Clementine, who had recommenced her lusty hip-swaying. She tore a Velcro-ed panel from her bodice revealing her firm, full tits, her striptease as brazen as Clarissa's had been tentative. The remainder of the top she peeled fluidly from her upper body, before swivelling around and pushing her rear over the bath's edge. Her skin-tight leggings had fastenings down both sides; Clarissa's torch lit it all up as she unzipped down each leg, waist to heel, black spandex dropping away from taut thighs and firm round bottom.

"Use the torch. Go on, be creative." *Filthy bastard…* He was adoring this. What could she do but comply? Besides, since he had her in this bind, was she going to look a total amateur? She splashed back onto her knees, gripping her rubber cock-substitute. Clementine's back was arched and her legs spread, enough space between her crotch and the tub's rim to facilitate insertion. Clarissa plunged the smooth shaft through the gap and worked it back and forth. There was a lewd fascination in the way Clementine's cunt-folds slithered against it. She pistoned harder, the blonde leaning into the action to ride the stick, as in some bizarre contest between bathing belle and home-invader. It was fixating, the motion of thrusting ass-cheeks and squish of lips against the improvised dildo. Clarissa had not banked on exploring her bi-curiosity in quite this way.

Her reverie was interrupted by a tug on the torch by Clementine, one which pulled her fist hard to the dancer's cheeks. The blonde's other hand shot in reverse and seized the back of Clarissa's head. The newbie performer gasped as torch was wrenched from her grasp and Clementine's spread crotch pressed into her face.

"Go on. Give the pretty burglar what she wants."

Clarissa balked an instant, then her tongue protruded and she sampled the tang of Clementine's glistening folds. Weird and exoticlike sweet pulpy fruit. Her first taste of another girl.

"Don't be shy, Clarissa. Get acquainted."

Damn him! Clementine clutched hard, made the bath-girl her cunt-licking bitch. Clarissa, along with her stage character, was clean out of options, so she took the only one availablesquirm her tongue through Clementine's slit and plunge into that hot hole. Girl-musk in her nose and on her taste-buds. Saxophone blare and audience yellsas she pressed her face into that slithering gash and tongue-fucked hard. The bucking of Clementine's body surged through her as the blonde rode her face.

“Now we’ve got a show. And the crowd fucking love it.”

Clementine released her grip and Clarissa fell back into the water, reeling from intimacy with the other girl’s pussy. The professional performer turned around wielding the torch and for a scary moment Clarissa thought she was going to get fucked with the hard-rubber tube. Clementine set it aside, however, and advanced over the bowl’s rim, mischief on her face. Clarissa gasped to have the blonde’s naked form climb onto hers, big-nippled orbs skating over her slick thighs and stomach. Her breath was stolen completely as Clementine tongued her nipples in turn, their eyes locking as she stroked the areolae. The buxom vixen had her gripped in some erotic enchantment, for she found herself locked mouth and limbs with the girl in a soapy embrace. Before hundreds of gazes they were curling tongues together, Clementine’s breasts squishing against hers. And when that hand scurried between her thighs, when the finger thrust, she ceased to care who the hell was watching.

“Christ, my work here is done.” The voice laughed softly in her ear as sensation rippled outward through her flesh from her finger-fucked erotic centre. No more words were received or required, for the experience consumed her. Two nude girls, squirming and thrashing in a tub of warm bubbles, curvy youngster leading the novice in a filthy lesbian improvisation.

It would come to Clarissa in flashes, memories to make her shudder and cream. That initial interludeher hands full with Clementine’s slippery tits, getting her show-partner’s body as shiny with soap as hers, as the blonde’s finger persisted in its frigging. Then the wriggling manoeuvre by which Clementine’s legs ended up wrapped around her upper thigh, both girls thrusting rhythmically together so that one’s clitoris mashed that of the other. Gripping the rim of the bath with both hands, grinding steadily where their bodies forked, building up sweet friction. Clementine’s gaze locked into hers, their connection in that moment everything in the world.

She craved orgasm and for the blonde to come with her, but Clementine slid back and flipped like a dolphin; in an instant she had Clarissa’s legs stretched to the ceiling in an elegant scissors, and was going down on her. Christ, another girl’s mouth on her clitthis would push her to insanity. That pointy feminine tongue flicked exquisitely on her nub, naughty fingers delving, her theatrical lover licking and frigging till her head rolled back and she moaned like a whore. Shit, this was as wonderful in its way as taking cock.

Climax was denied again as her partner worked another fleet turnabout, ending reversed and on top, spread thighs gripping Clarissa’s head, cunt thrust in her face. This time Clarissa was equal to the task; as Clementine braced against the rim and thrust back to hump her face, the society girl tongued her partner lustily, reaching beneath Clementine’s wet body to fondle and squeeze her suspended tits. She wanted to make the hot devious slut come in her faceto prove herself worthy of this

outrageously sexy trial. Together they rocked the bowl till water slopped over the edge.

Clementine got the better of her. Climbing crab-like about the tub she crouched above Clarissa, kissing and stroking her into submission, eyes alight with passion, hair trailing in the water. “You on top.” They reversed positions and Clarissa made for her mouth, but Clementine pulled her close to speak in her ear. “Stand outside the bowl and kiss me.” Clarissa climbed out, meek and dripping. She only realised when stretched over the edge, lain across Clementine and mouth-to-mouth, what was going on. She was backed onto the audience, thighs split in a wide V, as her partner reached under and teased her clit. Their mouths remained locked, Clementine’s arm embracing her neck as those fingers went strumming.

Clarissa’s sense of exhibitionism magnified. She was bent over as her lover rubbed her to frenzyass, vulva, interior folds all on display. The realisation only heightened her excitement. She peaked in the knowledge that her clenching rump was watched by all. Including the shitheel whose voice oozed in her ear as she came.

“Clarissa, you filthy bitch. This is fucking outstanding.”

The words stayed in her head as her body spasmed, cunt squirting hard all over the exterior of the bowl. He had put her here and it felt so good she couldn’t even hate him.

The stage went to black, music blaring, audience rowdy with appreciation. As the stage-motion wheeled them backstage, Clementine continued to kiss. Limp in the aftermath of orgasm, Clarissa let her. She liked that it was more than a show for the horny blonde.

“God, that was amazing.” Clementine’s words in her ear sounded heartfelt. “So hot. Giselle’s good, butwellit’s a job for her. I thought it mightn’t work, but you were so spontaneous, so much fun. Come on, get back in the bowl with me.”

Clarissa climbed in giddily, accepting the pretty blonde’s embrace like a teenager with a crush. They huddled in lukewarm water, as another mechanism operated, carrying the shallow platform on which the bath was based in a new direction.

“Where are we going? To dry off?”

Clementine giggled. “Not yet, babe. Didn’t your date tell you? He expects a post-performance booty-call.”

Damn him to hell. S till it gratified Clarissa, as the lounge doors parted and they slid inside, that the

bastard wanted to fuck her. Her stage-performance would have him bursting out of his trousers. For all her anger she had a craving for cock greater than she could remember in her life. The doors closed behind them and she looked to the other entrance, the one where she and Gavin had originally entered. No sign yet. The room, aside from the replacement of Kong's frame with the bowl, was as she had left it. Ambient light and casually scattered soft-furnishings.

"He'll be here in a moment." Clementine nuzzled close. "Come on, babe, let's give him something nice to look at." Their mouths sealed and they kissed deep, tongues stroking lazily. It occurred to Clarissa that she'd have to share the bastard Gavin with her new female lover and jealousy stabbed even as her palm closed around the Clementine's full breast.

"Angels in a bath-tub. Now there's a sight for a sore cock."

Clarissa looked, glowering and needy, to the source of the hated voice. Her jaw fell. Gavin had not entered alone; his words had been to the young guy accompanying him.

"Fuck, you're not joking!" The newcomer was grinning broadly at the soaped-up duo. He was statuesque within his tux, almost Gavin's height. His dark hair was cropped short, hard-hewn jawline somehow familiar. He looked over Clarissa's sudsy body, excited yet restrained, however urgent the bulge in his trousers. "God, you look even hotter than in the society magazines. That was one hell of a performance. I'm so stiff I can hardly walk."

Clementine laughed, hands roaming over Clarissa's trembling flesh. "Well what are you waiting for, silly? Get that big stiffy in here and put it to use on your fantasy girl."

"You heard her, Josh," Gavin said. "She's your birthday present, so enjoy."

Birthday present? Clarissa stared at Gavin, anger surging. She'd been brought in here as a sex-gift for some randomalbeit undeniably hotboy? He was already ripping off his bow-tie, she saw, unfastening his shirt, a young man on a mission. She made to speak, but Gavin's cool expression stopped her. Tonight she was whatever he wanted her to be. Including a birthday whore for 'Josh'.

"Show him a good time," her boss instructed.

She swallowed every pissed-off instinct and looked to where the younger guy was shedding clothes. His torso and thighs, sculpted and waxed, sparked her recognition. Then when he pulled down his shorts and his erection sprung handsomely into view, she knew for sure.

"He looks different with short hair, doesn't he?" Clementine's voice was gleeful. "I provided the wig

and waxed him all down for his big performance. I'm a beauty therapist by day. And Josh here so wanted to play the big bad ape."

"She ripped every hair from my body. It hurt like fuck. But it was worth it for the rush. Got me so fucking pumped." He stepped from the last of his clothes and brought his forged-iron self to the tub. His cock swayed thick and ridged. Clarissa felt a wash of relief; this was a dick she had already sucked of her own volition and it made things better. Made them all hot again, however infuriating.

Clementine reached for him as he arrived at the edge of the bath, wrapping her hand around the base of his cock. "Come on, Joshy, bring that beautiful boy here." She caressed the back of Clarissa's head, urging her to him. The society girl let herself be guided, opening wide as her tub-companion helped dock the vessel in its port. For the second time that evening her lips closed around Kong.

Such a big mouthful, only this time his hands were unbound and he put them to use. His fingers curled into a fist in her hair and drew her down onto his shaft, making her gobble up inches for the sucking. "Oh yeah. Fuck …" She loved the rawness in his voicethat of a guy still new to sampling life's pleasures. Clasping his buttocks she took him deeper, slurped harder, not minding the fastness of his grip, the sense of him using her mouth for his gratification.

Beside her Clementine was scooping sudsy water from the tub, splashing it over his thighs and ass. She stood up and stepped out of the bowl so she could wrap herself around him side-on and massage his ribs with foam-thick tits. "You wash his cock and I'll see to the rest of him," she said, grinding her cunt into his thigh. "Give the birthday boy a good, good night."

Clarissa lathered his shaft with her tongue and he reacted by pulling her further down, stretching her wider. "Look at me." She stared up to witness his groaning pleasure. "Fuck," he said, "I love to watch a posh girl suck my cock. That's it, darling, keep it up." God, the horny bastard sounded like Gavin. She gripped him tight and lavished him with mouth and tongue, gazing at the rigid set of his face.

"She's sucking you nice, isn't she?" Clementine said, pressing her treasures close to him. His eyes blazed an affirmative. "And you're going to pay her pussy back. You're going to fuck it hard, aren't you, Joshy?"

"Oh yes." He grinned, both hands urging her as she sucked. "I need to pay her back for flogging me."

"You hear that, babe? He's going to give it to your sweet pussy so good."

"And that's a thoroughbred piece of ass, don't you know? So make sure you ride it well." Clarissa bristled at the mockery in the words and emptied her mouth of cock to glower at their speaker. Gavin

was at Clementine's side, stripped to his swarthy skin. The society babe gasped to see him naked at last. Massive in more sense than one, yet not a spare ounce of flesh on his dark-haired body. A physique similar in brawn to that of Josh, yet like seasoned wood, as though his added years had only served to harden him. And a cock of erect magnificence surpassing even Kong's. It thrust before him, tribute to his arrogance.

God, the fucker loved himself, and in purely physical terms there was a whole lot to love.

"Oh god, come here beautiful …" Clementine fell to her knees in cooing wonder. She cupped Gavin's balls and stroked his length, peppering the whole organic structure with sweet kisses and licks. It made Clarissa bridle with jealousy.

"This one knows how to worship a cock," Gavin told her. "What about you?"

Jesus! Fucker! She seized Josh's shaft and wanked him hard, guzzling on the head but eyeing Gavin as she did so.

"Keep your eyes on him," he instructed, as he drew Clementine's mouth to his cock. "Don't take any bullshit from her, Josh. Show her who's boss."

Josh seemed determined to take charge, no matter what distracted his girl. Exhibiting Kong-like prowess he hoisted her to her feet and whacked her on the flank.

"Ouch! Shit!"

He was amused by her glare. "Twenty-one today," he said, "and you're going to behave for me." Briskly he stepped into the tub and pulled her to him, his slab of a cock wedged between them as he kissed her hard on the mouth. The move left her panting and wildly horny. So this boy, three years her junior, had balls to go with his big dick. He grabbed her arm as she stumbled in the suds and without warning shoved two fingers deep into her cunt. As he pumped vigorously in and out of her, she could hear her own squelch. Her knees buckled, so overpowering was the sensation. "God, you're fucking juicy. All good to go." He caught her body as she swayed, extracting his fingers and lowering her. "Hold onto the side of the bath. Get yourself ready." She obeyed, heart pounding and ass thrusting.

"Come on, Kong, fuck the princess well," Gavin said as he enjoyed Clementine's attentions. Her mouth was stretched tight about his imposing girth and she was sucking hard. His filthy voice rang in Clarissa's ears as the younger man manoeuvred behind her and fitted himself between her dripping labia. At least Josh knew a classy girl when he saw one. He knew what a privilege it was to mould his

hands gently to her slim waist and …

“Fuck!” Clarissa’s body shook as King Kong drove his cock inside her to the last inch. Her pussy had scarcely absorbed the filling before he withdrew and slammed again, shuddering her to the tits. He embarked on a hearty barrage, gripping her ass-flesh to maximize the impact on each thrust of cock into cunt.

“That’s it, Kong. Fill her up.” Gavin was grinning his approval, mussing Clementine’s hair as she bobbed. “Told you you’d be screwing her before the week was out. Is she worth the wait?”

“Fuck yes.” Josh sustained his manful rhythm as they talked, his voice raw with excitement. “This is quality pussy. Doing her’s even better than doing the damn show.”

“Anything can be arranged at the Blue Nile. If you know the right people. And that includes ramming your cock up a society bitch.”

“Thanks for arranging. She’s one fucking sweet birthday gift.”

“Good. She’s damn-all use in the office, so I’m glad she makes a decent fuck-slut.”

“That she does. God, I love it when a posh girl moans like a whore.”

Clarissa’s attempted protests were knocked out of her by his forceful cock-thrusts. She wanted to rail against the indignities being heaped on her, but there were considerations more urgent; like Josh’s great ridged column sliding tight against her inner walls, the smack of his balls on her ass each time he buried himself, the pulse of her sex around him as excitement swelled. She wanted to hate the fucker on whose dick Clementine was slobbering, to say nothing of the way his bastardy infected Josh. But it all aroused her insanely. She was every ounce the slut they’d labelled her.

“There’s no whore like a high-class whore,” Gavin said, like he’d read her addled mind. “The nasty bitch loves every second. Go on, make her slum it.”

Josh responded to the encouragement by landing a trio of hard smacks on Clarissa’s still-wet ass. She yelped and glared back at him, but he only laughed, elated at his own daring. “Did it sting?” He whacked again on the same spot. “What about that one?” She wanted both to slap his face and frig herself silly. Only the latter option was available, so she took it, as he launched a further volley of strokes inside her.

“That’s it, Josh. Give it to her hard enough, maybe you’ll fuck that silver spoon out of her mouth.”

Clementine drew back from Gavin, her chin and his cock a mess of dangling spit. “God, you’re mean!” She was smiling, though, as she said it.

“Want me to be mean to you?”

Her smile broadened. “Mm-hmm. Bring it on.”

He reached down under her arms and lifted her up like a puppet before Clarissa’s astonished gaze, kissing her as she wrapped all her limbs about him. His hands he transferred to her ass, supporting and guiding her till the head of his cock nestled underneath her slit. The slight blonde looked to Clarissa, face alive with terrified ‘what-have-I-got-myself-into’ delight. She hung a moment longer, suspended above the great shaft; then Clarissa stared, full with cock herself, as Clementine’s labia parted and her cunt swallowed up Gavin’s pole inch by inch on a slow inexorable descent.

The performer’s moan was of fearful ecstasy as she sank to his balls. He waited till she was cushioned there, then visibly bracing his thighs and back, he commenced to propel her up and down his shaft, her tits undulating bounteously before his gaze.

“Oh god! Oh fuck! Oh!” She was clinging tenaciously, crying out with manic fairground exhilaration. Inches of his cock were appearing and vanishing over and over at the base, as he bounced her on his column.

The sight seemed to reinvigorate Josh’s efforts, for he claimed Clarissa by the shoulder and pulled her nearly upright, cock surging deeper. He reached around and grabbed her breast, squeezing and stretching, tugging insistently on her nipple, as he ploughed her to the intimate centre. A stream of muttered fuck-talk was issuing from his throat“Fuck that pussy, shit yes, fuck that tight pussy”while Gavin persisted in impaling his doll-like fuck toy in front of her. The whole effect was swelling her sex to what could only be a shattering orgasm.

“Clementine, I’m starting to like you,” Gavin was saying.

“Oh god, I *really* fucking like you,” the blonde panted as he rocked her on his great fulcrum.

“I’ve got a wedding to attend. Want to be my ‘plus-one’?”

“What? Oh yes! I love weddings …”

“I’d have taken Clarissa, but I need someone with *real* class.”

Even in the heat of imminent climax the words got to Clarissa. “You complete, utter bastard …” She seethed it through clenched teeth as she frigged herself.

“Maybe.” His voice grated with sexual exertion. “But you still want me to fuck you.”

“No I don’t. King Kong’s fucking me just fine.”

“You want me reaming your cunt like I’m reaming Clem’s right now.”

“Screw you.”

“You’d like that, but once Josh is done, maybe we’ll dump your ass in the bath and make you watch us take turns with your bath-buddy.”

“No. No I …”

“Then tell me what you want.”

“You asshole, I want you to fuck me!” *Oh Jesus, I’m such a fucking slut!*

She came, hard on Josh’s cock. It was a protracted flesh-quivering climax; he gripped her shoulder and breast all through her wails, every thought in her head obliterated by whorish ecstasy. When it subsided she dangled limp in Josh’s grasp, his weapon still plundering. Her eyelids were sagging shut and all she knew was that the evening’s hot indignities were not yet done.

“Swap?” Gavin’s voice cut through her haze.

“Yes. Sure”

Josh made a massive sucking retraction from her cunt, then Gavin was upon her, lifting her from the tub, hauling her dripping body across the room as she struggled to gain her footing. His upright cock slapped against her as they went and his sense of intent alarmed her.

“Careful what you wish for, princess.” She was thrown flailing onto the satin-swathed mattress and figured instantly to what purpose it was so well-sprung. Her boss towered over her in nude magnificence and she wondered whether all his business acumen was centred in that huge phallic edificethe one he was massaging as he looked down on her. “Spread.” She hesitated and he took action. Reaching low he grabbed her ankles and wrenched her legs up and backwards. “Let’s put all

those yoga classes to good use.”

“Oh my god! What are you doing?” She was astounded to find herself bent like a pretzel, her knees pressed far apart and level with her head on the mattress. Her swollen cunt was stretched wide, an upward-gaping invitation to the Herculean man above her.

“Call it a demonstration of who’s boss,” Gavin said, planting one foot on the mattress so he could pin back her leg with his knee. He steered his cock with his hand, till it aimed into her ready-fucked depths. “Watching this, Clarissa?”

“Uh-huh …” How could she take her eyes from the mighty shaft about to plunder her?

Gavin’s thrust was slow. She saw and felt the vertical plungethat great steel pole diving inch by inch, all the fucking way, stretching her wide and filling her up with more cock than she had ever known. Burying itself right to the base. Kong had been a testing warm-up, but oh sweet Christ ...

She watched the slippery shaft emerge from her body as he extracted himself almost entirely; then he slammed down again and she yelled out in full-throated response at the repeated cramming. It was the first in a long sequence of depth-charges, each retreat heralding a fearful surge back inside her. Her thighs cushioned his on each descent and the impacts jarred every inch of flesh in her body. Somewhere else in the room Clementine and Josh were bopping each other with loud enthusiasm, but the sound only filtered vaguely through her senses. Gavin McClain’s dick had all her attention.

“Now, Clarissa, who’s your employer?”

“Oh god …” She could hear the pity in her own response as the downward-driving organ proceeded in its relentless work.

“Who employs you, Clarissa?”

“You do. You do.”

“And who owns you, cunt and ass?”

“God, *you* do!” The bastardhis thick-veined monster ravished her over and over, all the power of his robust frame bearing down on her as he drilled to her core.

“Well you remember that on Monday. And every damn day you work for me.”

“I will! Oh fuck, I will …”

He pulled out even as she wailed, climbing up and dragging her by the hair onto her knees in one brutish movement. His cock swayed before her face, glistening with her juice. “Suck.” She opened wide to accommodate the soaked head. Gavin grabbed and thrust. He was in her mouth and down her throat so fast she scarcely knew what was happening.

“That’s it, girl, take it all.” He held her gurgling on his shaft, lips pressed tight to his ball-sac. “And you remember something else,” he told her. “You can go hunt out a job somewhere else as you like. But every day you work for me, your pretty ass is on call twenty-four seven. I’ll fuck you when I feel the urge and I’ll fuck you hard. And if your work’s not up to scratch, I’ll wreck your asshole as well as your cunt. Are we clear on this?”

Throat still clogged with cock, she stared at him and nodded. He withdrew swiftly from her mouth and, before she’d finished spitting slobber, flung her onto hands and knees. “Good. You see how quickly you learn when you focus?” He inserted himself from behind, this time, dragging her up by her unravelling chignon and ramming all he had back inside. “There we are,” he said in a fury of renewed shafting. “This, Josh, is how to fuck an entitled little daddy’s princess. Get yourself over here and take the other end. Clementine, help out.”

Blonde had been riding Kong in a tit-bouncing cowgirl, but the couple disengaged and came scrambling over, eager to join in the fun. “Suck him,” Gavin ordered, as Josh’s cock swayed into her blurry vision. She stretched her lips wide and soon was full of cock front and rear. Her boss held her fast, making great smacking connections of ass and groin as he pumped. Josh gripped a handful of hair as well, steadying himself as she sucked the head of his cock, while Clementine reached down to jack his shaft in full rapid strokes. Clarissa was the abused centre of mayhem and it scared her that she loved it.

“This is how to celebrate your coming-of-age,” Gavin growled, hammering his way towards orgasm, his words escalating with his lust. “A little bonding over a hot conceited bitch.”

“Best fucking birthday ever. Thanks Uncle Gav.”

“It’s what a fine lad like you deserves, so don’t mention it. Especially to your dad. This way we celebrate and I discipline a slacking worker into the deal. To paraphrase a TV show of my youth, I fucking *love* it when a plan comes together. Here’s wishing you manyhappyreturns.”

Gavin’s balls clenched tight against Clarissa’s ass cheeks as he fired a long hard load. She could feel the hot spew pumping out deep inside her. Josh followed his uncle swiftly, most likely due to a

stealthy movement of Clementine’s hand at the base of his ass. His cock jerked and off-loaded, delivering generous wads till Clarissa’s mouth overflowed with his cream. The familial duo unhanded her once they had both spent themselves, and she slumped forward on the mattress, drooling spunk behind and before. It was some Nile employee’s job, no doubt, to launder the silk cover.

She lay there touching herself sorrowfully, her cunt swollen and needy again. Clementine stroked her hair and kissed her cum-slimed lips. She was vaguely aware of the men getting dressed, chatting briskly.

“Birthday drink?”

“That’d be great. In the main bar?”

“No, let’s get out of here. Go somewhere a bit quieter. You and I need to catch up.”

“Yeah, I’d really like that.”

Clarissa struggled out of her cum-drowned haze. “Wait. What … You’re leaving me here? How do I get home?”

“She’ll get taken by the limo service, won’t she?” Clementine inquired, stroking her cheek. “Same as me.”

“Good idea,” Gavin said. “You can explain tomorrow night to her.”

Clarissa stared. “What’s tomorrow night?”

“Oh, your employment at the Blue Nile isn’t quite over,” Gavin explained. “I’ve booked you for one more event. Giselle will be getting your payonly fair since she’s been imposed on professionallybut call it work experience.” Josh laughed aloud, clearly delighted by his uncle’s style. Clarissa continued to gape with incomprehension.

“It’s okay, babe.” Clementine’s voice was soothing. “We’re doing a private show, that’s all. Bachelor partyno more than five or six. And since tonight went so well, we can do the burglar-in-the-bathtub again. They’ll love it.”

“Girls,” Josh said before she could react, “it’s been amazing. Clem, thanks for letting me be Kong for a night.”

She ran to him naked and kissed him on the lips. “You can be my Kong anytime, gorgeous.”

“Clarissa,” he said, still gripping Clementine, “those bachelors are in for a treat. Give them some of that cut-crystal accent. They’ll want to fuck you all the harder.”

“Yes they will,” Gavin confirmed. “Early twenties I believe. *Lots* of energy. Look, it’d be great to stay and chat, but we’re off so I can buy the birthday boy a drink. Clem, I’ll be in touch regarding our date. Clarissa, I’ll see *you* nine o’clock sharp on Monday morning. Enjoy the rest of your weekend.”

She stared after him as he left with his nephew, a bedraggled cum-smeared heap of humiliation. Which was more bruised, her cunt or her pride, she wasn’t sure. Clementine took her in her arms where she sat and she gave herself up to the cuddle of a sexy treacherous hussy.

“God, what a total, *total* bastard,” she said, gazing at the spot where Gavin had made his exit.

“I know.” There was a dreamy quality in Clementine’s voice. “But he’s still magnificent. Don’t you think?”

“I think,” Clarissa replied darkly, “that I’ll stick with ‘bastard’.” She considered the indecencies perpetrated upon her by Gavin since descending with him into the Blue Nilethe exhibitionism, the insults and the hard, ruthless fucking. Of what else she might endure from his hands and his cock as long as he had those photos.

It made her tremble with a powerless rage. And it made her soaking wet.