

# Identity - Part 2

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*Mystery woman used and abused*

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(C) 2006 Rachel Gumm. Thank you to everyone who provided feedback on the first part! The doorbell rang over the sound of the hi-fi. Not having much of a party music collection, Kevin had stuck a Fatboy Slim album on, hoping it would create the right atmosphere. He dutifully headed towards the front door. "So, have you worked out who she is yet?" he asked Dave, the only guest so far who had the nerve to get his dick out in front of anyone. "Who cares?" replied Dave, pushing the captive woman's rubber-clad face rhythmically over his member. "I just wish she'd make this a regular event. Guilt-free sex, man." Kevin left the room, then came back in with the new guest, a young woman who was dressed much the same as the other guests, in jeans and a t-shirt. The woman chained to the wall looked completely out of place, a shimmer of spandex and rubber amongst all the casually dressed people. It seemed appropriate enough, though: she wasn't a guest, she was the entertainment. "Whoa!" protested Dave, prematurely withdrawing himself. "What the hell is she doing here? I thought this was guys only!" "Guys only?" asked Kevin in mock surprise. "So who exactly did you think was sucking you off?" "You know what I mean!" snapped Dave, zipping his fly back up. "Besides her." "Relax," said Kevin. "The only reason I invited more guys than girls is because I didn't want our little slut's identity revealed through deduction. Seeing as everybody here knows Tam is into women, it's not exactly a big surprise that she's not the one going down on everyone." "Aww," said Tam in mock sympathy, "did I put you off? You can go back to what you were doing if you like, I don't care." "No thanks," said Dave. "I've lost the mood." "Well then," said Tam, "let's see what else she can do." She walked up to the tethered woman and managed to get her to stand up. She glanced back to see who was watching - almost everyone - and pulled up her t-shirt. She'd worn a front-fastening bra for the occasion, and managed to wave one of her breasts in front of her anonymous friend's mouth without revealing herself to anyone watching her from behind. The spandex-covered woman didn't do anything. As a little incentive, Tam slid her hand across the woman's waist, letting it slide over the smooth fabric up to her breast, feeling how satisfyingly firm it was. She pinched her nipple, gently at first but with gradually increasing pressure, and after a few seconds, she'd worked out she was supposed to poke her tongue out. Tam pressed her areola against her tongue, and she obediently started licking it. She seemed reluctant at first, but soon warmed to the idea. Tam couldn't help but let out an everso quiet moan in satisfaction once her

captive had got into full swing. She slid her hands up and down her breasts, encased in perfectly tight clothing, encouraging her to continue. Tam carried on like that for several minutes, alternating her nipples. Whoever her mystery friend was, she was good at what she did. She knew exactly when to make small, quick flicking motions with her tongue and when to circle her nipple with it. It was only when Tam withdrew and put her clothes back on properly that she remembered the other guests in the room, all of whom were now watching her intently. Most had even crept around to her side for a better view. When she glanced back, they pretended to look elsewhere, but they were pitifully obvious. "Hey," she said to Kevin, "if you give me thirty minutes with her, forty tops, I bet I can tell you who she is." "Knock yourself out," said Kevin, "as long as you don't mind a room full of horny guys watching." "Hey," interrupted Dave, "how can you possibly tell who she is?" "Simple," replied Tam, "I'll make her climax. Everyone has their own nuances when it comes to sex." "But her pussy's locked away in that damn catsuit," said Dave. "You can't fuck her or anything." "Watch and learn," said Tam as she walked back up to her helpless captive. She stood behind her, her hands on the wonderfully curved sides her waist, then let her arms slide up her body. She knew from past experience how to make women orgasm without removing their clothes. With a lot of breast play and a little stimulation of her clit, she'd be whipped up into a frenzy. Tam gently squeezed her captive's spandex-clad breasts before playfully pushing them up from underneath and letting them fall back down again. She continued with one hand while the other slid down her captive's body, finally stopping between her legs. The smooth barrier of fabric protecting her had already developed a damp patch. A smile crept across Tam's face. She was going to give her friend, whichever one she was, the time of her life.