

The straight girl, the bi girl and the manipulative boyfriend – Chapter 1

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Sometimes you have to make compromises, even if it means agreeing to playing other peoples games

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I first met Lauren on one of my rare trips to the office. I work as a consultant for a small but fast growing business transfer agents. Lauren works in the telesales department, one of a team of eight young women who make appointments for me and the other consultants with company owners wishing to sell their business. I'm on the road virtually every day, Monday to Friday, and visit the office once or twice a month, in the run up to Christmas I had a few extra visits to the office as it's a slow time of the year for us and also it makes sense to take advantage of the opportunity to replenish all my forms, contracts, valuation letters and business cards, rather than have them sent by post.

It hasn't happened to me many times but when I'm in the presence of a person I'm highly attracted to I can become quite nervous. It's hard to explain except to say that they seem to be emitting a sexual aura which affects me in a way I have no control over.

I had no choice in the matter of noticing Lauren on my visits to the office. It isn't purely an aesthetic attraction, I mean she's a slim and beautiful young women but I wouldn't describe her as being hot and sexy. A woman can look hot and sexy but be a bitch, beauty has a pleasant and endearing personality as well. When I've been close to her she naturally oozes this sexual aura by the bucket load and is probably unaware of it. She's a brunette, a few inches taller than me, has an attractive face and lovely skin but her looks wouldn't make her stand out in a crowd.

At our Christmas Dinner in December we weren't allowed to invite partners but Lauren arrived with her fiancé Toby for the pre dinner drink in the bar. I didn't like Toby at first, or should I say Tobias, he was an over confident posh boy with an English public school accent. He made matters worse by very unsubtly having regular glances at my legs where they met the short hem of my dress. It made me feel very uncomfortable and I hoped Lauren either didn't notice or wasn't upset by it. I suppose it was ironic that I was also taking furtive glances at his fiancé but I couldn't stop myself.

After a few drinks everyone was a little more relaxed and although I kept my knees together so as not to give Toby any more to look at he did grow on me, he was actually quite charming, humorous and chatty.

I didn't expect to hear from him or see him again after that night so as I got out of my chair for the last time before going through into the restaurant I decided to tease him by just opening my legs enough to give him a flash of my panties. I made it look accidental of course and didn't make any eye contact to suggest I had done it on purpose. I also wanted him to think that he had just got lucky and I was totally unaware he had seen what he had been hoping to see. Unless he hoped I had no panties on, in which case he was disappointed.

I don't know how he got hold of my work phone number but he started calling me about three weeks after I had first met him.

His first call I picked up as a voice mail: "Hi Kim, its Toby, please call me back". I assumed that his intentions were related to the way he had looked at me in the bar and I was now beginning to regret teasing him but needless to say I didn't call him back. Two hours later he sent me a text "Hi Kim, its Toby, please give me a call". I didn't respond

Over the next two days I received a barrage of calls and texts from him but refrained from calling him back until on the third day I relented. I decided to be polite but I had to get him off my case because in chasing after me he was being unfair to Lauren and if he was going to cheat on her it wasn't going to be with me. Anyway it was her I was attracted to and not him but I had made no move on her and probably never would. The whole situation was beginning to stress me out so I needed to confront him and tell him to back off.

So I after taking a few deep breaths and having my speech clear in my mind I called him.

"Hi Toby"

"Hi Kim, thanks for returning my call, I just wanted to ask a favour of you"

Oh, okay, and what might that be I thought.

"Well you can ask but until I know what the favour is I can't give you an answer"

"Oh I see, well it's probably not what you think it is"

Toby explained that he wanted to buy Lauren some sexy underwear for St. Valentine's Day but was too embarrassed to go into a lingerie shop and buy it himself. He wanted me to make the purchase for him.

Why didn't he just order it online?

Why was he asking me?

He had only met me the once, surely he had other female friends he could ask to help?

He explained to me that he didn't know anything about women's sizes and apart from a few inches in height I am about the same size as her so would know exactly what sizes to buy.

He also said that he had something else he wished to discuss specifically with me and that's why he hadn't asked for help from anyone else.

I hate myself sometimes for being so easy to manipulate.

"Okay Toby, I'll help. Do you know what type of underwear you're looking for?"

"Thank you so much. Sort of but not really, your advice will be very helpful"

"Well do you want to buy her something sluttish, classy, exotic, raunchy or fetish?"

After a few moments of considered silence Toby said he thought raunchy sounded like the sort of thing he was thinking of. I told him we should meet me at Bicester Village Outlet Shopping Centre at Pret A Manger on Saturday. We agreed on 2pm.

So I met Toby as arranged and after a buying me a coffee and having a quick general chat Toby provided with a small hand written shopping list with three items on it.

Tiny thong. 2. Garter belt 3. Stockings (all in black). "Okay, that's easy, just one question though. How tiny do you want the thong to be?"

"Quite tiny"

"I whispered another question to him. Does she shave down there?"

"Why do you ask?"

“Depends on how tiny the thong can be”

“Oh, I see, I’ll tell her she’ll have to be shaved”

So after finishing my coffee I popped into Agent Provocateur and purchased a Shazami suspender and thong set for a size 10 and some black sheer stocking for the lovely Lauren. I then returned to Pret to hand over the sexy goodies to Toby.

Toby thanked me and said he trusted my taste so would look at them later in private. Then he told me he couldn’t help noticing the way I had looked at Lauren a few times when we were in the bar before the Christmas Dinner.

“Am I right in thinking you’re sexually attracted to her?”

I didn’t answer him directly but I blushed and looked down at the salt and pepper pots on the table.

“I thought so”

“If you were alone with Lauren would you make a move on her?”

“No”

“I thought so. Do you think she would make a move on you?”

“I doubt it”

“ I doubt it very much to, you see, I know you’re both intelligent young women but I believe and please correct me if I’m wrong but judging by the way you blushed a few moments ago I would say that when it comes to sex you never make the first move”.

I squirmed a little in my seat and blushed again.

“Yes, that’s true”

“Well Lauren is the same as you and as far as I know she’s isn’t now and has never been into experimenting with girls, so by my reckoning the chances that you two will ever end up in bed together is virtually impossible. Would you agree?”

“I guess so”

“Okay, here’s my idea. Lauren will agree to do pretty much anything I want her to do. I would love to see you and her together, so I’ll ask her if she’s willing to fulfil one of my biggest fantasies, just the once, before we get married, by watching her have sex with another girl. If she agrees, which I’m sure she will, I choose you as the other girl and you get to make out with her. I’ll just watch and won’t get involved. The pay off is I want you all to myself first. Are you willing to give in to me to get to Lauren?”

“What if she says no?”

“That’s the risk you’ll have to take”

“I won’t tell her anything about you and my plan until I’ve had you first”

“No, no way, I’m not going to agree to this, I like Lauren very much but this is just such a sordid deal, it’s not something I want to get mixed up in”

“Okay, well you give it some thought and if you change your mind give me a call”

I made a sharp exit. How could he think I’m so hot for Lauren I’ll go with him first with no guarantee that it will ever happen with her. He may have no intention of telling her and it’s just a trick so he can have me.

Over the next few days I played the pros and cons over and over in my mind and decided that I wouldn’t allow myself to be used by Toby in this way. He was clever, I’ll give him that, he had seen a weakness in me and was going to exploit it to his advantage. It was all about him, he couldn’t care less if Lauren ever agreed to it, quite simply he just wanted to fuck me. I was never going to agree to it but I have to admit I was impressed by the way he had read the situation and developed a plan to manipulate it to his advantage.

Much to my own indignation I phoned him four days afterwards and told him I would do it.

Toby wasn’t overjoyed or even delighted at my decision, he just responded by saying

“I never thought for one minute you would say no”

He told me to meet him at his house on Sunday evening at 8pm. He also insisted I adhered to his strict dress code.

“I don’t want you turning up in jeans, t shirt and training shoes, I want a pretty young lady dressed up with all the trimmings. Get dressed as if you’re going to your best friends wedding. Nice hair do, smart dress, make up, jewellery, high heels and sexy lingerie, something similar to your purchase for Lauren the other day would be perfect”.

Toby then gave me his address on Boars Hill near Oxford and the code for the gate.

I arrived at Toby’s substantially large house dressed as required plus a coat. The coat was necessary as the hem of the dress barely covered the stocking tops and if anything happened I wanted to be able to get out of the car without attracting the wrong sort of attention.

Toby must have been keeping an eye out for my arrival as he opened the door before I had a chance to ring the bell. He greeted me with a big smile and welcoming me in and leading me through to a very plush living room warmed by the glow of a log fire and a number of candles around the room. I was impressed that Toby had made an effort to create a romantic atmosphere and he was dressed in a suit and tie.

As I unbuttoned my coat Toby moved behind me took hold of the lapels and eased the coat from my shoulders then neatly placed it over the back of a chair. He then moved around in front of me with his eyes roaming up and down my body gave me another big smile and told me I looked fantastic.

“Please take a seat” he said, motioning me towards one of the two armchairs in front of the fireplace. Toby sat down in the chair opposite me and straightened his tie.

“I’m so glad you agreed to my proposal, I’m assuming because you’re here you’re also willing to do whatever I ask you to do?”

“Yes” I replied nervously.

“Good, let’s start by you opening your legs slightly”.

I opened my legs a little as asked and Toby’s eyes feasted on a view of my stocking tops and thong.

“Wow, that’s such an erotic view. Have you any idea how much that turns a man on to have a glimpse up your dress and see the smooth skin of your thighs above your stockings and the V of the thin material of your thong barely covering your sex?”

I blushed.

“Well I’m guessing you do know what I mean as you probably like looking up women’s dresses as well”

I blushed again knowing full well that it was true.

Toby stood up with a large bulge in his trousers his eyes were still fixed on my crotch, he slowly removed his jacket, followed by his tie and shirt, took off his shoes and socks. He turned around and removed his trousers then his boxer shorts still with his back to me. Then placing his hands on his hips he turned around to face me again.

“What do you think about that?”

My eyes were glued to his massive erection.

“Well, what do you think?”

“Toby, Its enormous”

“Come over here and get on your knees and have a closer look at it”

I did as he asked, getting up from my chair, kneeling down in front of him and still staring at his massive erection.

“Don’t touch it just look at it”.

I stared in wonderment.

“Tell me what you see?”

“That is the biggest one I have ever seen in the flesh”

“Describe it to me”

“It’s the biggest cock I have ever seen in the flesh”

“Yes, yes, yes, you’ve already told me that. Describe it to me with a bit more artistic flair, poetry and creativity”

“You mean a more graphic description”

“Yes that’s what I meant”.

“It’s about nine inches long and very thick sticking up about 45 degrees to your torso, it’s very hard and has very prominent veins along it’s length, the glands at the top are very tight and shiny and show hues of purple and crimson. It’s a magnificent example of male sexual architecture and it looks so hard it looks like you’re near to coming and I haven’t even touched it yet”.

“A very good description accept it’s actually nine and a quarter inches to be precise”

I looked closer.

“You’re right it looks a good nine and a quarter inches in length”.

(I didn’t know they come in quarter sizes)

“What is your natural reaction to seeing it so close?”

“I want to touch and feel it”

“Continue”

“Put it in my mouth, taste it, lick and suck on it”

“Very good, anything else you’d like to do with it?”

“Yes, feel it inside me”

“Good, that’s just what I had in mind”