

Tess's Fetish Training

A Latex Christmas

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Amelia Stark



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Tess's Fetish Training – A Latex Christmas

The Latex Point 5 Club

Part Five

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction to Part Five.

It's Christmas Eve and Tess has finally got the opportunity to do some last-minute Christmas shopping with her friends. But, first of all, Tess has to collect a contract from 'Thomas, Smith & Baker', the solicitor company that made her redundant and then rehired her.

Expecting an awkward moment meeting Roger Baker again, James Thomas greets her instead. The young, brilliant solicitor just happens to be the son of the firm's founder and one of the wealthiest men in the UK. He discloses that he taped the conversation with her old boss and knows about her fetishes for latex rubber and bondage.

Overwhelmed by his charm and driven by a desire to go back to work at the company, Tess capitulates and allows the charming solicitor to have his wicked way with her. Then, James' secretary, Alice, walks in while he is ravishing Tess on the desk.

Alice Pennington is a devout lesbian and takes over from her boss while he deals with the paperwork for Tess's new five day contract. How will Peter react when he finds out that she has altered the arrangement he made for her?

Can Tess keep her deal with the billionaire a secret from Peter? All will be revealed in this fifth part of 'Tess's Fetish Training'. Because this book contains descriptions of sexual acts and punishments, it is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18.

Chapter 5.1 ~ Into the lion's den.

After we had eaten the wonderful beef sandwiches that Zoe had fetched from the Deli, we returned to the office which we found empty. Simon was hovering around, at the bar, but he didn't bother us. The girls already had their jackets on and pretended that they weren't envious of my superior college-style uniform. They avoided discussing it, possibly because they had plans to change places with me in the near future.

It was easy to work out a shopping plan, because we both knew St Albans well. Zoe told me which shops she was going to visit and in which order, so that if I got waylaid, I would be able to track them down. Zoe also informed me that Peter had changed the schedule slightly.

He planned to leave the store at 3:30. The meal at home would be at 4:30 and he would call a taxi at 8:00, but still pick us up at eleven. Zoe and I would have half an hour less with my friend and their parents, but that would be okay.

It was 12:55 when we finally left the store and headed up the hill to the city centre. When we arrived at the traffic lights, I went straight across while the girls turned right. The coats we had been given had fur trim and fur lined hoods. I pulled mine up and trudged onward with a bitter wind blowing in my face. It was grey overhead, but thankfully we hadn't had any snow for a couple of days.

When I arrived at the 300 year old building, the double front door was closed, so I went down the alleyway to the back of the building and pressed the button beside the back door. I heard the distant bell ringing in the main hall, then waited. I could see the rear of the hall through the window, so spotted the man before he reached the door to unlock it.

It wasn't Roger Baker, it was James Thomas, the son of Arthur Thomas, the original founder of the solicitor's firm, 'Thomas, Smith & Baker'.

He opened the door. "Quick, Tess, it's freezing out there." He ushered me past him and closed the door.

I turned to face the dark haired solicitor. "Hello Mr. Thomas. I was expecting Mr. Baker to meet me."

"I will explain everything when we get to my office. Come..."

He was going to let me climb the stairs first, but I declined. "I'll follow you, Sir."

We negotiated one flight of stairs, then walked along a landing to Mr. Baker's office. My boss's name was painted in black lettering on the opaque glass door. The secretary's ante room was empty. We walked through it and entered the office I had visited countless times.

He turned. "Let me take your coat, Tess."

"I... I've come to collect a folder for Doctor Finch, Sir."

"Look, Tess, call me James. I know we hardly know each other, but by the time

you leave that will have changed.”

James Thomas was a charismatic young man. He was about six feet tall, slim and nothing like his father who was a miserable old man. I guessed the son was in his early thirties. He was wearing brown chinos and a black sweater with a small gold crest embroidered on it. The rumour was that his father was one of the wealthiest men in England.

I had met the father three times and the son probably six or seven times during the time I worked at the firm. I was in awe of the young man which was why I was trembling with an acute case of nervousness. I let James help me off with my coat and shoulder bag and waited while he hung them on a coat stand. When he turned, he paused to study me and my outfit.

“Is that a schoolgirl or a college girl outfit, Tess?” He asked the question with a cheeky grin on his clean shaven face. “You’re more formally dressed than I am.”

I gripped the lapels of the jacket. “These are clothes I like wearing, Sir,” I replied cautiously, aware that he was broaching an uncomfortable subject that I wanted to avoid.

In fact, I wasn’t comfortable at all being in close proximity to the young solicitor while my body was encased in latex rubber. After donning the latex leotard, I initially luxuriated in the sensation of having my body gripped by the fragrant latex.

Those sentiments were changing by the second as I began to experience uncontrollable sparks of excitement from my sex and nipples. I began to fear that

something in my behaviour might reveal my secret to him.

“That’s as good a reason as any, Tess. Come and sit over here.”

Two armless leather chairs had been arranged facing each other with not much space between them. He guided me to one and waited for me to sit down.

“Before we start, let me get you a drink, Tess.”

“Um, could I have a glass of water?”

He frowned at me. “Tess, it’s Christmas Eve and freezing out there. What about a glass of brandy? I have a fine Courvoisier that I’m dying to open.”

I glanced at the small bar situated in the corner. “Yes, okay. Maybe a little.”

I sat and waited anxiously, while the solicitor poured the amber liquid into two brandy glasses. He returned to the chairs, sat down and handed a glass to me. “Merry Christmas, Tess.”

“Merry Christmas, Sir.” We both sipped our drinks. The liquid fire raced down my throat and made me gasp.

He took my glass and placed it with his, on a side table nearer his chair. There was a twinkle in his brown eyes. “Powerful stuff, heh?”

I nodded but couldn’t reply for a second. “Yes...,” I finally gasped.

He waited for a second. “Better?” I nodded. “Tess, first, let me tell you that earlier this morning, Roger Baker sat where you’re sitting and gave me his version of the events that led up to his decision to make you redundant.”

“Oh, so you know about his sexual indiscretions?”

“Well, I have his version, but I would like to hear yours.”

“Um, I thought everything had been smoothed out and that we were going to move forward with me working here in the new year.”

“Part of that is true, but if you want to work here, Tess, I need to hear what happened from you.”

Should I embellish or tell the truth? “Well, Sir, I rejected his advances twice after he put his hand on my thigh and tried to sexually molest me.” I wanted to be clear and precise in case he was recording me.

He nodded wisely. “That tallies almost with what Roger said.”

“Almost?”

“He claims that he was just being friendly during two business lunches and wasn’t trying to touch you intimately.”

“Huh, friendly? If I hadn’t gripped his wrist, he would have gotten his fingers inside my panties. His fingers were millimetres away.”

“Be honest, Tess. Was that the extent of his sexual assaults on your person?”

I didn’t want to lie. I just wanted to satisfy James Thomas’s curiosity and get out of the building. “Yes, Sir. Roger... er, Mr. Baker touched me inappropriately twice.”

“So that I understand the facts, Tess, the offences happened in restaurants and not in the office?”

“Correct, Sir.”

“Did he ever invite you to his house or suggest having sex with him?”

“No, Sir.”

The young man nodded. “I accept your account as the truth. The two occasions were despicable acts by a man who was your boss and had limited information about your lifestyle. You showed extreme self-control in a situation that could have benefited you.

“Benefited me? Lifestyle? I don’t understand your reasoning, Sir.”

He sat back and handed me my glass, then took a sip from his own. “You’re very good...” I hadn’t got a clue what he meant by that remark. “Tess, at this point in the conversation, I need to bring up your darker side. In particular, your fetish for latex rubber and bondage.”

I had just sipped my brandy, so I had an excuse for the gasp I expelled. “My... my...” I was at a loss for a response.

He leant forward and placed a hand on my sock clad knee. “Roger didn’t know that you have a proclivity for wearing latex and practicing bondage, when he tried to molest you, did he?”

I shook my head slowly while I tried to compute the fix I was in. “Um, no, Sir, he did not. But...”

He held his hand up. “Tess, he admitted as much. He was out of order and crossed the line. It showed that he is a danger to any young woman in the firm’s employee. After that stupid mistake, I have a solution. If we can come to an understanding, I will make sure that he will never work in this office or any of

our offices where he has access to impressionable young women. Would that move by the company please you?”

“Sir, I am not a vindictive person, but I agree that Mr. Baker may stray again and pick on another young woman. However, I was willing to accept what we negotiated.”

“Tess, as for the financial award he made, to silence you, the board knew nothing about the sums he transferred to your account. When you put pressure on him, he wilted. Good for you, and speaking purely from a lawyer’s point of view, very poor from him.”

I relaxed a little, but I knew I wasn’t out of the woods. “Can I go now, Sir?”

James gently squeezed my knee and chuckled in a friendly manner. “No, Tess, we haven’t finished yet. Roger didn’t know about your fetishes when he decided to make a move on you. He found out about your bondage and latex desires yesterday at the club’s Christmas party. A day after you out-negotiated him for a settlement.”

“Um, what did he tell you?”

“What do you think?”

“I... I think I should be going. Maybe we can talk about this in the new year?”

“No, we need to sort this out now. So that you know, I have a nose for unusual scents.” He looked for my reaction. “The moment you passed me when you entered, I knew you were wearing latex clothing. I can smell it now, Tess. Are your panties made from latex rubber?”

I nodded slowly. I could feel my face heating up. I sipped my brandy which slid down my throat with less effect. “Sir, I’m feeling...”

“Tess, your new position at ‘Thomas, Smith & Baker’, could be our first Property Analyst. If we can work out a good understanding, then you will be working directly under me. You’re a beautiful, talented advisor and I want your expertise at T S & B.”

“A good understanding. What does that mean?”

“Tess, you look stressed. The office is too warm. Take your jacket and cardigan off...” He squeezed my knee again. “...then you can relax and tell me all about ‘Fetish Where?’ and when you first realized you loved the feel and smell of latex rubber...”

Chapter 5.2 ~ Fetish revealed.

I was thrown into confusion by what James Thomas had to say. After hearing what he had found out about me, I wanted to run out of the office and never come back. However, the mention of 'Fetish Where?' and by implication, my behaviour, meant I had to stay and find out what Mr. Thomas had on his mind. I couldn't go back to Peter without knowing if I still had a job with the solicitor's firm.

Dealing with my old boss, Roger Baker was a traumatic experience and one that I wasn't proud of. When I threatened him with accusations of multiple sex acts, he had buckled under the pressure. He feared for the company's reputation and the damage such accusations would do to his marriage.

James Thomas unfortunately, was a completely different kettle of fish. He wasn't formally dressed but he looked very smart and dashing in grey pants and a light blue silk shirt, open at the neck.

"Sir, I want to discuss the job with you, but I have some Christmas shopping to do before the shops close, so I only have a few minutes."

"Tess, there's plenty of time for that. I need to sort this out with you today, or there will be no job for you here. Instead, this law firm will be reporting you to the police for extortion."

I jumped to my feet, almost spilling my brandy. "Extortion? No, what are you talking about?"

“Calm down, Tess. Sit down. We can work this out.” The young whizz-kid solicitor was too calm, which worried me intensely.

I slowly sat down. The word ‘extorsion’ had serious connotations. “What do you mean by accusing me of extorsion?”

“Tess, you look hot and bothered. You need to calm down and get a grip. Do as I ask and let me take your jacket.”

My thoughts were scrambled, so when he stood up and paused by my chair, I got to my feet again. After he took my glass and placed it on the table, I let him take my brown jacket. He took it to the coat stand, then returned to his seat, via the desk, where he picked up a file. My hopes were raised that he was going to hand over the file that I had come to collect.

“Um, is that the file for Doctor Finch, Sir?”

He handed my glass back to me but kept hold of the file. “No Tess, this is a transcript of your conversation with Roger Baker.”

I nearly dropped the glass. “Transcript? Of our conversation?”

“Yes, Tess. He wisely recorded the little chat he had with you.”

“Oh, my God! Recording me without my permission. That’s illegal isn’t it, Sir?”

“No Tess, it isn’t. But extorting money from an employer while making false claims of sexual impropriety, is indeed a crime.”

“I... I don’t know what you mean.”

“I think you do, Tess, because you’re a bright and intelligent young woman. Let me read a brief sentence from the transcript. He opened the file and read through the printed word document to himself. He was deliberately taking his time to heap pressure on me.

“Ah, here it is. ‘Roger, I think my bonus should be twice the amount you’ve given me. I deserve it after all the times we’ve had sex together’.

He sipped his drink after closing the file. I had indeed said the sentence, or words to that effect. Roger might have recalled the conversation and the claim of there being a tape could be a ruse.

“Are those your words, Tess?”

After another large sip of brandy, my nerves were still jangling. “I don’t remember saying those exact words, Sir.”

“Well, you did, Tess. You used a crude method of extortion. One that is thousands of years old. The fact that you outsmarted a man as accomplished as Roger Baker, speaks volumes. He was a fool to make a valued employee like you redundant in the first place, then a wimp to let you walk all over him. However, I thank him for two things.” He sipped his drink and studied me.

I hated to ask. “What are they, Sir?”

“Well, the tape recording is the first thing. The other is for getting some photographs of you, having a good time in the latex club above the ‘Fetish Wear?’ showroom. According to Simon Carter, a client of this firm and the ex-manager, you work there on a part-time basis. Is that a fair assessment of your link to ‘Fetish Wear?’, Tess?”

Simon! I might have known he had something to do with what was happening. He was probably the one who took the pictures for he was floating about among the dancers while I was on the podium, behaving badly.

The photographs were behind the page of script in the folder. James took one out, placed the folder on his lap, then offered the picture to me. My hand was trembling when I took it from him. I was speechless while I examined the grossly lewd image.

It was of me, dressed in the semi-translucent, caramel cat-suit. I was dancing on the small podium with Zoe and Petra. The person who had taken the picture, possibly with a phone, had captured me holding a drink in one hand and a large black dildo in the other.

The camera was being held just below my sex, so my lips bulging through the slot looked huge at the bottom of the picture, while my head looked small as I peered downward. There was no mistaking me and although I looked compositis, I was drunk and out of my skull. I was speechless. He took the picture from my grasp and gave me a second one.

I was on the podium with my legs widely parted. The picture was taken from the side and showed Zoe performing cunnilingus on me while I ran my fingers through her hair. It was a nicer image and not so embarrassing to look at. Again, James Thomas took the photo from me and put it away in the file.

“So, Tess. You see, there’s plenty of evidence for the jury to look at when they’re considering the charge of extortion. I think it would be an open and shut case.”

He had made his point but hadn’t proved that there was a tape recording. “Sir, you don’t want to drag this firm through a messy trial. One of the partners will have to admit that he molested me in the restaurants and that he was making me redundant to avoid trouble. It would be very messy.”

He opened the file and placed it on my lap. “Read that paragraph to yourself. You were brutal and even brought Roger’s family into it.”

I read the passage. ‘Roger, it’s going to be a ‘she said, he said’ case. When I describe the shocking sensations I felt, during the first time you pushed your fingers into my vagina, while telling me that you haven’t had marital sex for a year...’

“Sir, that’s what he said to me just before he slid his hand up my thigh.”

“Two wrongs don’t make a right, Tess. Listen carefully. I want to give you a job, but to do that I need to see your dark side. Do it here and now, then we can move on. I will destroy the tapes and put Roger Baker out to pasture. He’ll never assault another impressionable young woman in our firm again.

“You... you want me to show you my dark side?” I was taken aback.

I knew what he was driving at when he advised me to take my jacket and cardigan off, but to hear him say it blew my mind. There I was sitting in a partner’s office of a prestigious law firm, considering taking my clothes off to strike a deal with the son of one of the richest men in the country!

“Exactly, Tess. Take your cardigan, tie, blouse and skirt off so that I can see your latex underwear.”

“Will you let me go then, so that I can do my Christmas shopping?”

“Tess, what do you think?”

I thought for a moment. “Um, Sir. I think you want to fuck me.”

“What red blooded heterosexual man wouldn’t want to, Tess? You are young, beautiful and sexy in that uniform. I’m sure you’re even sexier out of it. Tess, I want to see your delightful body in latex underwear.”

The more I obfuscated, the less time I would have to go shopping. I started to unbutton my cardigan while James sipped his brandy. The camera in the lapel of my jacket would see or hear nothing. It was so far away and not facing in our direction. I was on my own and floundering. I knew Peter wanted me to show some bottle, but he could never have guessed I would be in such a fix.

“Tell me more about the job you’re offering me, Sir.” I asked the question to drown my nervousness. I had a bad case of the shakes because I didn’t know if I was doing the right thing.

“Tess, you are going to be the firm’s Southeast Property Analyst on a salary of fifty-five K. You’ll work out of this branch and assist me with some of the largest property negotiations the housing market has ever seen. The job isn’t a bribe. Roger must have told me a dozen times that you had a natural talent for valuing properties and negotiating deals. That’s why I smelled a rat when he made you redundant.”

I removed the cardigan and handed it to James. “Sir, I feel terrible doing this...”

His eyes dropped to my twin peaks because my bullet hard nubs were pressing against the thin cotton fabric of the blouse. “Tess, I want you to enjoy yourself today and every day you’re working for me. Relax and chill out.”

I pulled the tie open and lifted it off over my head. I was moments away from revealing my most private and sensual parts to the young solicitor and my body was quivering with anxiety. My fingers fumbled with the small pearl buttons on the blouse.

“Will... will the job involve travelling, Sir?”

“Yes, Tess, you will accompany me to see clients and spend some time in our head office, but you will be based here.”

I finally managed to undo the last button, but I hesitated when it came to pulling the blouse apart.

“Tess, stand up and let me help...”

I slowly got to my feet and dropped my hands to my sides, whereupon he slowly drew my blouse apart. “Wow, Tess, I wasn’t expecting you to be wearing a latex body with portals for your nipples. I’ve never seen a girl wearing one before. May I touch you?” I gave a slight nod of my head. “Was that a yes, Tess?”

“Um, yes, Sir.”

“Say it, Tess. I want to hear you ask me properly.”

My chunky nipples were aching to be rubbed. “Oh, um... Will you touch me, Sir?”

He parted his thighs, placed his hands on my sides and drew me closer. “Place your hands behind your head, Tess, and keep them there.”

It was a classic way for a man to make a girl feel as though she was in restraints. As soon as I had assumed the position, he deftly released the catch on my skirt, which fell to the ground and pooled around my feet. His eyebrows shot up when he saw my sex peeping from the slot at the apex of my thighs.

I was wearing long black socks which added an even more bizarre aspect to my appearance, but James Thomas wasn't interested in my socks...

Chapter 5.3 ~ Unexpected interruption.

I bit my lip while the handsome young solicitor ran his hands over my latex clad body. He had large hands but a soft touch. I watched his brown eyes studying my hourglass figure while he examined the contours of my body. His thumbs nudged my nipples for a couple of seconds, after feeling the shape of my taut tits, which were almost flattened by the latex leotard.

“How long have you had a fetish for wearing latex, Tess?” He slipped his hands down my sides and then around to my peach, whereupon he felt their firmness and examined their pert shape.

“Er, maybe a year...”

“Tess, your little ass is so perfect...” He exerted some pressure which caused me to go closer to him.

“Oh,” I gasped when he closed his lips around my left nipple and began sucking it. “Sir, what are you doing?”

His hands moved down slightly so that he could feel the under slopes of my cheeks, then the top of my thighs. There was about four inches bare, above my socks. When he urged me with his fingers, to part my thighs, I closed my eyes and complied with his wishes.

I knew I was out of line and that if Peter knew what was happening, he would be furious, but I couldn't help myself. The scent of the rubber, the sensation coming from my nipple and a hunger to have something, anything, penetrate my quim,

was overwhelming. Two forefingers moved under, searching, teasing my succulent entrance, then moved on to stroke my proud clitoral ridge.

I couldn't help leaning in a bit, pushing him back slightly, so that I could dip my back and reshape my posture to give him better access to my sex. He disengaged from one nub, then without a word, he waited for me to guide my right nipple into his mouth.

"Oh, Sir, that feels incredible," I gasped when finally, his fingers eased into my quin. My unbelievably molten orifice consumed his fingers to the third knuckle.

I was so wet I could hear my sex sucking his digits as he jagged them back and forth. "Oh, Master, I'm coming..." I realized too late that I had referred to him as my Master.

His hand retreated from my sex, but he continued to suck my nipple. He was preparing himself, knowing that I had a weakness for the very thing he had in his pants. When he gripped my hips and pushed me back, I guessed he wanted to close his thighs, but he released my nipple and looked up into my face.

"You're ready, Tess. Prepare me."

Gripping my hips again, he then guided me down onto my knees where I came face to face with his huge, ramrod straight cock. "Sir, I'm not very good at this."

"I prefer Master."

“That just slipped out, Sir.”

“Then slip my cock into your little hot mouth and warm it up while you gain some practice.”

I closed my lips around the end of his cock. As I set about sucking and licking his crown, it dawned on me that I had forgotten about the job he was offering me and his threats about me being guilty of extortion. I wanted to have a discussion with him about the job before we had full blown sex, so I sped up.

“Excellent, Tess...” He placed his hands on my rapidly bobbing head and applied pressure, urging me to go further and take his shaft into my throat.

I struggled to begin with, but by using longer strokes, I found a method where I could get some air. He waited until I had swallowed more than half of his shaft on the downstroke before he grabbed my ponytail and pulled me up.

“Up you come...” When I got to my feet, he grasped my waist. “I think we’re both ready Tess...” He guided me back so that he could close his knees. “Up, you go, there’s room for your knees on the side of the chair.”

I followed his instruction, then sat back on his knees and resisted when he urged me forward. “Sir, I want proof that you’re going to destroy the evidence of my chat with Mr. Baker. I also want to see a contract that both of us can sign.”

He pulled a huge smile. “Tess, us having sex is an emotional contract between me and you. Hold my cock while we talk...” He reached out with his left hand and guided my right hand onto his cock. It was rock hard and wet with my saliva. He then reached out with his right hand and teased my line of clitoral flesh with a single finger. That gentle contact with my most sensitive flesh, sent sizzling sensation through my nether region.

“There, we are connected while we talk, Tess. By the way, I love the way this suit draws your labia apart and leaves you womanhood exposed and vulnerable. When you wear this leotard to work, I think you should wear panties. I will select them for you.”

Another kinky bastard! That’s all I needed! “Sir, the evidence and the contract,” I reminded him.

“Tell me first about your relationship with Trevor Miller.”

“Why do you want to know about him?”

“Roger was saying that he was the man behind the rapid purchase of the ‘Fetish Wear?’ business.

“I wasn’t involved with that so I wouldn’t know.”

Once he was sure my hand would continue to caress his cock, he reached up and played with my left nipple. “Tess, I want to know everything about you. All I

know is what Roger told me, but his opinions are coloured by you rejecting his advances. When he saw the photos that he got from a contact from the club...”

“Did Simon give them to Roger?”

“He won’t say who gave them to him. He told me that he knows a lot of members, so they may have come from one of them. By the way, Roger thinks you’re a lesbian. You rejected him, injured his pride, then he saw the picture of you receiving oral sex. Tess, I don’t think you’re a lesbian, are you?”

“I’d rather talk about the contract.”

He shrugged. “In a minute. Tell me about Trevor Miller first. How long have you known him?”

“I don’t know him. He’s a friend of Doctor Finch who I’m friends with.”

“Alright, Tess. Roger mentioned the Doctor. How friendly are you two?”

His fingers were more active and were driving me crazy. The more excited I became, the tighter I gripped his shaft. “I live with him, Sir.”

“Oh, I see. He’s the one who likes you to call him Master, heh?”

“Sometimes.”

“Is he a medical doctor?”

I nodded. “Yes, Sir, He practices at the Luton and Dunstable.”

“Is the latex leotard his idea? Does he keep you on a tight leash?”

My libido was reaching critical point. He was teasing me mercilessly and I was finding it difficult to concentrate on what he was saying. “I’m the one who likes latex, Sir. Um, a tight leash? I’m here, aren’t I?”

“You are because Roger sent a message to Simon that I had a file for you to collect.”

He slipped two fingers into my saturated quim.

I was on the edge. “Sir, I won’t tell him about what we’re doing if there really is a file containing a contract for me.”

“There is one, Tess. Do you want to see it now?”

I looked over his shoulder at the desk. There were several closed folders lying on the surface. I was in two minds. Should I let him fuck me first or put my foot down? “Um, I’d like to see it first, please.”

“Okay, Tess, but I want to connect with you, so let’s compromise. Come to me and lower yourself onto my cock, then I’ll pick you up and carry you to the desk.”

“You’ll take me there straight away?”

“I promise.”

I lifted my ass and as I moved forward, he cupped my posterior. I had to reach down and lean his shaft forward to be able to dock with his glistening knob. Then, it was in me, stretching my youthful vagina as it tunnelled deeper and deeper until I was full and my belly was up against his grey pants.

I gripped his shoulders while he lifted me into the air, then I wrapped my legs around his body. “You’re lighter than the last woman I did this with,” he said with a chuckle as he set off for the desk.

His cock stretched my hungry quim and anchored me to him. “Was it your wife, Sir?”

I clung onto him tightly while he had a good grope of my peach. “No, Tess, I don’t have a wife.”

He took me around and sat me down on the leather top of Roger's posh executive desk. I leant back and supported myself with straight arms behind me, while he positioned my butt on the edge. He lifted my thighs and encouraged me to put my heels on the desk. My labia was already being pulled apart but the position I adopted splayed it even further.

"The contract?" I asked.

"I was going to leave it until we finished but..." When I nodded, he picked up the desk phone from its base and held it to his ear.

I pushed myself more upright. "W... what are you doing?"

He held his free hand up. "Alice, bring in Tess Spencer's employment file." He put the phone down. "She won't be a moment."

"What? Alice is here, in the building?" The door opened! "Oh, my God..."

James gripped my knees. "Stay where you are, Tess."

I was thunderstruck as the slim young woman approached the desk from my right, as though nothing unusual was happening...

Chapter 5.4 ~ Delving deeper.

Blond and with a boy style haircut, Alice's cute round face had a serious expression on it, so I couldn't tell what she was thinking. She couldn't see her boss's cock or my sex, because we were close together. However, she could see what we were doing. She could also see my latex leotard and my thrusting dark red nipples.

She laid the file on the end of the desk, beside my butt. "Hello, Tess," she said with a smile.

I knew Alice. She was one of the legal secretaries from head office. She usually arrived at our office whenever there was a meeting between our directors, especially when something major happened in the company. On the few occasions that I had met James Thomas, Alice always accompanied him. But, she had also arrived with other members of the board.

She hardly spoke to me on those occasions, but I had one brief conversation with her in the tearoom. I judged that she was one of those people who observed others and gave little away about herself. It was rumoured that she had more power than anyone let on. It was rumoured that she was a lesbian.

Usually immaculately dressed, in a skirt suit, she had accompanied James Thomas, to meet me, in a figure-hugging blue jersey dress. She looked as though she was going to a social event with James. It suddenly occurred to me that they were a couple.

"Alice...", I spluttered. "I... I don't know what to say."

“There’s no need to say anything, Tess. Your contract is in the file and if the terms are agreeable to you, I will witness both of your signatures. It will then become a legal document.”

“Alice, Tess was wondering if you are shocked to find me having sex with her on my desk. Are you?”

Her smile was a killer. It even had me imagining kissing her beautifully shaped lips. “Tess, I have seen the photographs and heard Roger Baker’s account of having sex with you while you were tethered to a piece of BDSM equipment. It’s obvious that you have some deep seated fetishes that myself and Mr. Thomas approve of. In fact, while you work with us, we will encourage you to pursue your latex fetish.”

“I... I don’t understand. Encourage? What have my fetishes to do with working here at the law firm?”

“Well, Tess. it means that you, like James and I, are incredibly broad minded, a quality needed for your new Job. It’s rare to find someone who is an accomplished negotiator and is unshockable and flexible.”

I was confused. “Alice, you shocked me when you walked through that door.”

“Me walking in on you, while you’re having sex on a desk with a director of the company is at the extreme end of the spectrum, so we’ll make allowances for that...” She pulled the smile again. “I won’t shock you next time, will I?”

I studied James' face. "Was this planned?"

"Does it matter? You're coping fine, aren't you?" Alice asked.

James was content to let us talk. "I suppose so."

"Tess, I know you want to finish. I'll wait, then we'll do the paperwork. Sound good?"

Something was going on that I didn't understand. However, the hard cock embedded in my quim was something I completely understood. "Um, er, okay..."

From standing beside James, she moved around the end of the desk until she was standing opposite him, looking down at my head. She reached out and after placing her hands on my latex clad shoulders, gently pushed me down. "Relax, Tess, it's Christmas and an exciting time of the year. In the new year all three of us are going to be working together as a team."

"Oh!" I gasped when she slid her hands downward onto my latex clad tits. Alice clasped my nipples which was the signal for James to start to slowly fuck me. "Sir, I'm confused."

"Who wouldn't be?" Alice said, then lowered her head and kissed me on the forehead. "Enjoy yourself, Tess."

When James increased the tempo, Alice gently rolled both nipples, showing her feminine appreciation for tender, sensual stimulation. I closed my eyes to shut out my bizarre surroundings and tried to forget the circumstances. The dual sensations of James' solid shaft thrusting like a piston in my quim and Alice's deft fingers playing their merry tune, triggered an intense orgasm.

"Oh, my God," I whispered. "Is this for real?" Clad in my latex leotard and long black socks, I was swimming in a sea of exhilarating sensations.

"Yes, Tess, it certainly is..."

"Tess, welcome back to the firm..." James' soft words trailed away as he reached his peak with a dozen or so supercharged thrusts.

I felt his cock spurting deep inside me, then after it wilted, he slowly withdrew. When the hands retreated from my tits, I opened my eyes to see Alice return to James' side.

"You take over here, while I nip to the bathroom," James said.

"What's happening?" I asked.

James, who had been holding my thighs just above the knee while he shafted me, released my legs and backed away. Alice darted in before I could catch my

breath. She placed her hands lower on my upright thighs and dipped her head. She stopped, then ran her tongue up the entire length of my clitoral ridge.

She kissed my latex covered mons, then rested her chin on it. “Tess, this is a totally unexpected bonus for me. I thought you would come and agree to sign the contract after having sex with James, but to find you wearing a latex leotard that liberates your sex in such a manner...” She lapped my ridge a couple of times.

I pushed myself up on my elbows. “Alice, you don’t have to do that.”

She licked it again. “Oh, but I do. Out of all the female employees in the southeast, you are the hottest. Can you imagine how James and I felt when we heard that Roger had made you redundant?”

“Do you think I’m hot?”

“Tess, I’m a lesbian. What do you think?”

“A lesbian? Oh, but I thought...”

“Me and James? No. He respects my sexual orientation, that’s not to say I haven’t helped him relieve tensions after a stressful day.”

“By having sex?”

“James and I have never had vaginal or anal sex.”

“Ah, I see...”

“He reciprocates or the deal’s off.” It sounded as she was the one in charge. I found it easy to imagine the young solicitor’s head bobbing between her thighs and by extension, mine as well.

She returned to her task and began lapping my sex with more vigour. She pushed my thighs onto my body, causing my ass to lift a little. She was a brilliant cunny licker and showed that by concentrating on my clit, she could take me to a fresh orgasm in next to no time. I placed my hands on her short blonde hair and luxuriated in the sensations that only someone with her oral skills could generate.

The sound of a door opening was the signal for her to stop and back away slightly to the side. “Stay put for a second, Tess.”

James slipped into the executive leather chair facing my folded body and in particular my latex clad rear end. He had the perfect view of the reinforced slot that was designed to splay my labia and give one access to my twin orifices.

Alice pointed at the slot. “Did you see that, James?” I pushed myself up.

“Yes, I did. Tess, wearing an anal plug isn’t unusual, but the one peeping out from between your cute cheeks is. What’s the attachment on it?”

“It connects to a stainless-steel dildo. Once it’s been inserted, the two parts lock together. There’s also an attached shield that covers the hood and ridge...”

“Yes, clever,” Alice said. “I’ve seen similar ones in catalogues.”

“Wear it next time, Tess. I want to see the whole chastity device,” James said. “You can get down now and get dressed.”

The young solicitor helped me off the desk, but it was Alice who accompanied me back to the chair. “Tess, we want you back in the office on Tuesday. That’s the twenty-eighth.”

I slipped my blouse on and covered my nipples. She looked down at my clothes. “Where are your panties?”

“I wasn’t wearing any.”

“Hold on, I’ll get you a pair from my bag. I always carry a spare.”

I watched the elegant young woman walk across the room to the door while I continued fastening the rest of the buttons. By the time she returned I had

positioned the tie and tightened it. She handed me a beautiful pair of pink lace panties. They were very brief but were perfect for my needs.

“They are beautiful.”

“James bought them for me, but I hardly wear them. Too girly if you know what I mean.”

Alice picked up my skirt and held it for me while I stepped into it. “Is the outfit and latex body your choice?”

I shook my head. “No, the man I live with provided the clothes. I only moved in with Peter a couple of days ago and he said straight away that I should bin all my stuff.”

“Oh, wow. He’s getting you a new wardrobe?”

“Something like that. His house is full of kinky gear and now that the Fellowship owns the fetish store down London Road, I’ve got a huge selection to choose from.”

“Is there a uniform section in the store?” Alice asked.

“Not yet, but there will be one soon.”

“Tess, Peter sounds like a guy who wants to take more than he’s prepared to give. I fucking hate men like that.”

“No, no, he’s very generous...”

James arrived with a third chair and positioned all three in a triangle. After we were seated, James handed over the contract and let me read through it. The contract stipulated that I would be working a 40 hour week. The holiday was generous and there was mention of a bonus. 55K was a lot of money for a 21 year old to earn, so I expected to find some parts of the deal that I didn’t like. There weren’t any and to make sure, I read through it again.

Valuing property and assisting buyers and sellers during negotiations was my dream job, so there was no way I could refuse such a handsome offer. It was 10K more than Roger had agreed but that was for a four day week. The start date was 28th of December which meant Doctor Peter Finch wasn’t going to be happy on two counts because the five day week would go against his wishes.

He wanted me to work in ‘Fetish Where?’ one day a week as a brand ambassador. I assumed that he wanted me to help sell the products and keep me in touch with my latex fetish. I didn’t really need to be trained to like wearing latex, but bondage and sado masochism was another matter.

I was going to have to rail against him controlling every aspect of my life. To give him credit though, he wanted me to retain my job with ‘Thomas, Smith & Baker’, so he might not be too angry with me.

“Tess, is there something you’re not sure about?” Alice asked.

“Well, Doctor Finch, er, Peter said that Mr. Miller had negotiated a four day week with Mr. Baker...”

“Under duress from Mr. Miller. I would never have accepted that,” James said. “Why only four days? Did Mr. Miller give you a reason?”

“They want me to work in the store and showcase their products. Peter wants to train me in other fetishes as well.”

Alice put her hand on my knee. “From Monday to Friday, while you’re working with us, you can wear latex underwear. the latex leotard and chastity device are a good start. James will have to have the controller. I’m sure you can organize that.”

“Well, yes, if Peter agrees.”

“I’m sure he will,” James said. I understand there’s an evening club at the store. You’ll still be able to attend that if you wish.”

“He’ll probably make me work on Saturdays.”

“Are you ready to sign the contract?” James asked.

“Yes, Sir.”

James handed the pen to me, whereupon I signed on the dotted line below his signature. Alice then witnessed it. We did it again for my copy, and the deal was struck.

“Tess, the copies of the photos and Roger’s phone, on which he recorded your conversation, are going in the furnace,” James explained.

Alice was a couple of inches taller than me and although she was slim, she was bigger boned. She was maybe a stone heavier. “Tess, you’re bound to bump into Roger in the future because he is a director of the firm, but I will be around if your paths cross,” Alice reassured me. “Any questions?”

I couldn’t think of any because I was worrying about Peter’s reaction to the new terms of my employment. I shook my head. “They will come to me. I’ll ask you on Tuesday.”

James stood up. “Alright, put your cardigan on and I’ll get your jacket, coat and bag.”

Alice held the cardigan for me. “Tess, you’ll get plenty of opportunities to wear latex. I’ll make sure of that.”

“Oh, I can get by if I have to,” I said lamely. “You’re such a smart dresser in the office. I need a better dress sense.”

“I’ll help you. Don’t worry.” James arrived. “I’ll take her down to the door, James,” Alice said while helping me on with the jacket.

It was just one flight of stairs and then a short distance to the back door. I was relieved to finally be going shopping and I was pleased to have gotten over a massive hurdle.

Alice took my hand just before I stepped out in the wintery weather. “Tess, give me your phone.”

I took it out of my bag, unlocked it and handed it to her. She punched in a number and tapped the green button. “If you need anything, Tess, and I mean anything, phone me.”

“I will. Thanks, Alice...” She held her arms out so I went to her and welcomed her full, open kiss. It became a snog and a passionate one from her side. I was a little more reserved, but I enjoyed the kiss.

“Alice, I hope you and James both have a merry Christmas.”

“Tess, we’re going to have some exciting times working together.”

“I’m looking forward to it. I’ll see you on Tuesday at nine o’clock.”

I was on my way. It was 2:30 so I had a measly hour to find a few last minute presents. I hated being rushed, especially when I had so much on my mind. First things first though, I had to track down Zoe and Penny.

Chapter 5.5 ~ Presents and trouble

I caught up with the girls in a dress shop, having phoned Zoe for her location. The three of us were wrapped up in identical, dark blue winter coats as we rushed from shop to shop looking for a present for Peter. We stopped outside the window of an electronic gadget shop where I spotted a toy that I thought Peter might enjoy playing with – a drone.

All the cheap ones were gone, but we each pitched in £50 and bought the futuristic looking aircraft. It was a deluxe model that could be connected to a handset. It had an HD camera and a one hour battery life. I already had presents for Kelly and her parents, George and Sue, but I didn't have one for Kelly's brother, Daniel. When I told Penny about his work, she suggested a thermos cup for when he was on building sites, so I got one of those.

Unfortunately, my parents were Jehovah Witnesses and didn't celebrate Christmas. In fact, we had fallen out and I no longer talked to them. We bought some cards and candy on the way back to the store and in the end, we were only ten minutes late. We rushed in at 3:40 and went straight to the cash desk where Jenny was wearing a red latex outfit that was supposed to look festive.

She had made herself a tinsel tiara and put flouncy white petticoats on under the short skater-style skirts. "Ah, you're back! I'll pop up and tell Doctor Finch you're back. I guess he'll meet you at the back door."

We carried the bags through to the back lobby where Brian was unloading a van with the help of Karl and John. They stopped working, to chat to us, then we wished each other Merry Christmas and kissed under the mistletoe. It wasn't there earlier so Brian must have put it up to get a kiss from me. I didn't have the heart to berate him on Christmas Eve, so I decided to leave it until I saw him after Christmas.

Thankfully, Peter, Trevor and Petra came down the stairs, so Brian had to curtail his enthusiasm. He fetched their coats and helped us carry a ton of bags out to Trevor's black 7 seater Audi. On Peter's instructions, I sat in the front with him. Trevor sat with Petra in the middle and Zoe sat with Penny in the back row.

We left St Albans heading north on the A5. The road was busy, but the weather was dry under a leaden sky. It was nearing four o'clock and would soon be dark. I was pleased that Peter wanted me to sit with him on the journey home. Then, once we were on the motorway, I began to regret it when he placed a hand on my thigh. Until that point, I had completely forgotten that I was wearing the panties that Alice had given me.

"How did you get on at your office, Tess? Did you get the file they rang about?" His hand slipped back and forth on my sock in a relaxed manner. He had no reason to suspect that I had been up to no good.

"They wanted to see me about my new contract, Sir. I met James Thomas. He's the son of Harold Thomas who founded the law firm."

"Oh, I've heard of him. I'm sure he was in 'The Times' rich list. In the top fifty I believe. So, you met the son. What's he like?"

What a question! "Um, he's just a regular guy. I've met him a couple of times during the last year. The company is split into two. He's in charge of the Southeast. Everyone in the firm thinks highly of him."

“Was Roger Baker there?”

“No, Sir, just Mr. Thomas and his PA, Alice Pennington. We went to Roger’s old office to discuss the contract. There was a stumbling block though, Sir.”

“Oh, what was the problem?”

“The hours, Sir. I’ve got to work five days a week if I want the job.”

“Huh, solicitors! They always want to muddy the waters. I hope you stood up for yourself.”

The moment of truth had arrived. “Master, I want to work at the firm five days a week, so I signed the contract.” My voice wavered as I stated my position.

“What? Without consulting me?” he asked angrily.

“Master, he didn’t give me any choice. In fact...”

He squeezed my thigh, silencing me. “I’ll have a talk with him. I’ll deal with it.”

“Sir, James Thomas knew stuff about me. Roger Baker told him everything. He gave him details about my latex outfit and described how my sex was exposed.

He told Mr. Thomas how he fucked me while I was spreadeagled on the cross and about my lewd performance on the podium. He provided photos of me while I was dancing and when...”

“Go on.”

“When Zoe performed cunillingus on me. After he saw those images, I’m lucky that the firm still wants to employ me.”

He fell silent for a minute while he ruminated the information. “They wouldn’t have offered you a contract if you weren’t a valued employee. What salary is in the package?”

“I’m getting fifty-five K a year, Master.”

He slid his hand under my skirt. Moments later, his fingers nudged the panties. “Tess, tell me where you got the panties you’re wearing.”

I tried to control my voice and thoughts which was difficult when my mind was behaving like a blender on the high speed setting. “Um, Alice Pennington gave them to me.”

He sat quietly for a few minutes staring out of the windshield at the sparkling lights, on the opposite carriageway, racing past us. “Tess, take the panties off and give them to me.”

“Oh, um, all right.”

Wearing a coat and jacket made it awkward while being pulled by the seatbelt, but I managed to tug them off my ass and yank them down my thighs. Once I had pulled them off, I straightened them, then handed them to him. He was going to notice the soiled gusset which indicated leakage of some kind. I knew the tell-tale signs of sex but would Peter spot the difference in colour of my exudation.

He switched the light on and spent a minute examining the gusset of the pink, lacy panties. I sat nervously wondering what was going through his mind. He took his time because he was mostly watching the road. There was something odd about a man handling soiled lingerie. He eventually balled them, put them in his pocket, then looked down at my legs. “Tess, pull your skirt back so that I can see your labia.”

Miserable as sin, I drew my skirt back and opened my thighs, then waited until he was able to look down. “Master, it was cold out there. It was very draughty under my skirt.”

“So, out of the blue, you asked Mr. Thomas’s PA for a pair of panties while you were negotiating your employment contract. Have I got that right?”

I was on very dodgy ground. “Sir, it’s a girl thing. You know we talk about stuff like what we’re wearing.”

He took his hand off the wheel and wiped the tip of his finger across the latex

covering my mons, then inspected it. He held the finger out in front of my nose. “What is that, Tess?”

What a fool I was for not noticing the lipstick left behind when Alice kissed my mons. I could try and pull the wool over Peter’s eyes, but I was a poor liar and would probably dig a huge hole for myself.

“It’s lipstick, Sir. I... I can explain.”

He reached down again and after using a couple of fingers to feel my clitoral ridge, he slipped them inside my juicy quim. Less than two hours had passed since James Thomas shafted me. Alice had concentrated on lapping my clit flesh and hadn’t penetrated my quim. I knew what Peter was going to find, so I wasn’t surprised when his fingers emerged, covered with the lawyer’s sticky cum.

“You have been a busy girl, haven’t you? Was this sexual encounter recorded by your lapel camera?”

“No, Sir. Mr. Thomas insisted on hanging up my jacket.”

“Tess, that is very convenient. You have really disappointed me.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.” I was finding it difficult to hold the tears back. “What happened stemmed from Roger Baker’s actions...”

“Tess, suck my fingers clean.”

I wanted to please him, so I gripped his wrist with two hands and began sucking his digits. With my head turned sideways, I could see Petra leaning over into Trevor’s lap. Her mouth and throat were full of the Elder’s cock. He was looking directly at me, unblinkingly. I don’t know if he heard my story. but his expression was as accusatory as Peter’s.

My Master withdrew his fingers from my mouth, switched the light off and returned his hand to the wheel. “Tess, we will continue this discussion after dinner. Do you remember what I said about lying and disappointing me?”

“Yes, I do, Master.”

“What did I say?”

“Um, you said that the Fellowship rules were... er, that punishment would be quick and then the crime forgotten.”

“Have you committed crimes that deserve to be punished?”

I had sex with someone other than a member of the fellowship. In fact, two people. I had agreed to a different contract without consulting Peter. “Master, I will leave it up to you to decide if I deserve a punishment.”

“Don’t be evasive, Tess. Do you deserve to be punished?”

“Yes, Master. I apologize for my bad behaviour.”

So that there wasn’t a deathly silence at the front of the car, Peter switched the audio player on and chose an instrumental. I guessed it was to sooth his anger, but it didn’t do anything to dispel the guilt feelings that raced around in my head like a tornado engulfing my thoughts.

It wasn’t so much the contract and the changes within it, it was having sex with the handsome young solicitor and the delightfully gay Alice Pennington that confused my loyalties. Tears blurred my vision as I watched the car eat up the road at a frightening rate. It was obvious that Peter was driving faster than he normally did.

The drive through the narrower roads was more sedate because of the icy conditions, then as he approached the gates to the mini estate, I noticed a few flakes of snow settle on the windshield and then melt. We didn’t stop, because Peter had a remote controller to open the gates. The road split into four and at the end of Peter’s drive, we finally arrived home.

The garage door opened at the touch of another button, enabling Peter to steer the car inside. The door lowered and the light came on. We all climbed out of the car and filed through to the warm hall where we were buffeted by delicious cooking smells. If ever a distraction was welcome, it was at that moment.

Mrs Carter emerged from the Kitchen. “Master, I want to serve dinner in fifteen minutes.”

“No problem, Mrs Carter. We’ll be ready. Tess will be acting as waitress for the meal in a code red outfit.”

“As you wish, Master.”

I was disappointed to hear about my role, but not surprised that Peter was taking the first opportunity to make me pay for my indiscretions. Humiliating me through dinner was the first shot across my bows.

I approached Peter while we were hanging our jackets up. “Master, I need to get a couple of bags from the van.”

“Tess, it’s gone. All your old clothes will have been incinerated by now. Our estate has its own waste thermal destructor that helps heat the homes.”

I almost had brain freeze as panic set in. “Everything?” I gasped.

“No. Eric, the estate’s caretaker will have gone through the items for any valuables and left them in the garage. The van has been returned to its owners. What were you after?”

“Some presents I wrapped and my personal possessions.”

“You can go through the items later, before you leave to go to your friends.”

“Can I look now, Sir?”

“No, Tess, I want you to go to the pink bedroom, have a thorough douche, then change into the maid’s outfit that Roxanne will distribute to you. Zoe, go with Tess and help her. She has ten minutes to get changed.”

“Come on, babe,” Zoe said, then together we rushed up the stairs as fast as our legs could carry us.

Chapter 5.6 ~ Maid in trouble.

“Is something up?” Zoe asked as we jogged along the landing, then darted into the pink room.

“I’m in trouble, Zoe, but I can’t tell you about it yet.”

‘Tess, open drawer six, fit the collar first, then after you’ve removed your clothes, dress in the outfit contained within the drawer.’

The end robe door was open. Inside were the faces of six drawers numbered one to six. “I’ll get the drawer, Tess, while you clean your pussy.”

“Peter is silencing me, Zoe,” I said as I passed her on the way to the bathroom.

“What for?” she asked from the open bathroom door.

“I was offered a different contract and accepted it.”

Zoe looked confused. “I’d better get the drawer.”

“Oh, my God,” I gasped when I emerged and saw the items that Zoe had emptied out of the drawer onto the covers.

A red satin corset, a detachable skirt, black stilettos and black hold-up stockings were the items that caught my eye. The corset was short so not designed to cover or support my tits.

I had removed my cardigan and skirt by the time Zoe was offering the collar up to my neck. “Do it, Zoe.”

“Remember the rule babe, you can only say four words,” she said then closed the restraint around my neck. “I’ll do your socks.”

‘Tess, your collar is activated. You are allowed to say one, four word sentence per minute. It must contain one of the following words, Master, Sir, Miss or Ma’am. Any deviation will result in a punishment. Do you understand the instruction?’ Roxanna asked.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

‘Tess, fit your airpods. You have nine minutes thirty seconds and counting to the first marker. When you arrive in the kitchen, your task will be complete’.

After I fetched and inserted the earpieces, I sat down on the bed and whisked the blouse off while Zoe pulled my long, thigh-length socks off. I felt strange once I had pushed the latex off my shoulders and eased my engorged nipples through the tiny holes. I laid back, then with Zoe’s help, we unpeeled the leotard off my body and down my legs. Weirdly, a feeling of loss came over me with the removal of my second fragrant skin.

The teenager had escaped having to wear a leotard while we were out, but I didn't think Zoe minded because she wasn't as turned on by the smell of latex as I was. I suspected that the satin extreme outfit that I was about to don was more her cup of tea. I was also getting a peek into Peter's dark side which I suspected involved some severe forms of bondage and sadism.

I was at that point with Peter where I stood on the edge of a precipice. If I stepped forward, I would plunge into his extreme world. If I stepped back, I would lose his affection and protection. Thanks to Peter I had discovered that I had a weakness for latex and bondage. I wondered if he was offering me something unique – guidance and security.

Put simply, a part of me wanted to embrace my fetishes and Peter understood that.

When I jumped to my feet, I was naked apart from my collar. Zoe, bless her, was holding the corset up for me. She wrapped it around my body, then I held it while she pulled the zip up the back.

“Miss, that's tight. Ahhh!”

“God this fucking zip is stiff, babe. I suppose it's got to be strong to squeeze you into it,” she muttered. “Fuck, this corset makes your ass look shit hot.” She patted it, then picked up the stockings.

The corset didn't have suspenders, but there was a flat, narrow metal strap attached to, and hanging from the front hem. The six inch long flat strip was connected to the end of a small oval metal disk which was knobbly one side and

smooth on the other. Finally, there were two more straps connected to the other end of the oval disk. They were longer and had connecting jacks on their ends.

They were obviously intended to connect to the back of the corset, which meant that the disk was designed to press against my clit. While I was thinking about the ramifications of that detail, Zoe had helped me pull the black stockings on. Once I was on my feet, Zoe moved behind me, reached between my thighs and pulled the metal straps through, ready to connect them to two sockets on the back of the corset.

“Tess, push that middle bit tight against your clit so I can connect these straps.”

I bent forward and after parting my lips, pressed the oval disk against my sensitive flesh, flattening my clitoral hood and ridge. I heard each flat strap click as Zoe connected them.

“Done, babe. I don’t know how the fuck you release them though.”

All three sections were so tight, they pressed tightly into my ass cheeks at the back and into my mons at the front. However, the real discomfort was emanating from my labia. I touched the smooth side of the oval disc and discovered two things. It was immovable and it was positioned forward of my vaginal entrance and urethra. It left me vulnerable to being penetrated while I went about my duties but didn’t interfere with my ability to pee.

Unhappy with my lot, I sat down to buckle the 4 inch stiletto heeled shoes. While I was sitting, I pulled on the black, elbow length gloves made from the same fine mesh fabric the stockings were made of.

Moments later, I stood up anxiously and watched in the mirror while Zoe helped me to add the short, flared, red satin skirt. It was connected to metal eyes on the hem of the corset with tiny hooks.

I had just connected the last hook and eye when... ‘Tess, there is one minute, zero seconds and counting to the first marker.’ ...came through my earphones.

The final item was a brief red satin waistcoat that didn’t even cover my nipples unless I held the two sides together. I slipped it on as I made my way out of the bedroom.

“Miss, we must hurry,” I said to Zoe.

I was depressed and anxious but the look on Zoe’s face raised my spirits. “Fuck, Tess, you look so fucking horny in that outfit,” the teenager said as she clung onto my arm while we negotiated the curved staircase.

The skirts were a joke because they barely covered my butt cheeks. It was designed to humiliate the wearer and make her ass and sex available to the men gathered around a table or lounging around. From a low seat like a sofa, every aspect of my girly secrets was visible.

Then, to heap shame upon my embarrassing situation, the men expected me to accentuate my sex while I served their food. I was going to have to do a lot of bending over for Peter and his friends, if he had invited any over. I was ashamed to even be thinking about men touching my sex while I served them, but the

truth was, my libido continued to climb out of control.

I had just stepped off the stairs, when, Zzzzzzzz! “Ahhhhhhh!” I cried and grabbed for my pussy.

The small disk had delivered a sharp piercing sensation that lasted probably not more than a microsecond, but it stopped me dead in my tracks; and it was so painful, my legs nearly gave way.

“What the fuck?” Zoe exclaimed as she clung onto my arm when I stumbled.

“Ma’am, that hurt!” My exclamation was aimed at Roxanna.

“Stop for a minute, babe. Catch your breath.”

I shook my head and continued forward. Normally, I could cope with four inch heels, but I wasn’t 100% steady as I walked the few meters to the kitchen. The boned corset made my body stiff while the heels forced me to walk with deliberate care, as though I was showing off the outfit on a catwalk.

Mrs Carter was facing us as we entered. “At last girls!” Zoe, push that trolley through to the dining room. Careful, everything’s hot. Park it beside Petra’s chair, then be seated.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” she said, then set off with the trolley, laden with hot, covered ceramic bowls.

“Tess, I need to fit your core accumulator so bend over that stool.” She pointed to a stool that she had probably positioned for me.

“Core accumulator, Ma’am?”

“Tess, get a move on or you’ll get two strokes.”

She picked up a four inch long, torpedo shaped metal cylinder, shaped like a short, fat dildo, from an open box on the countertop. There appeared to be tiny pin prick holes across the entire surface of the object. I knew where she was going to put it, but I hadn’t got a clue to its purpose. I also noted that it had a short metal arm projecting from one end, with the same shape disk, as the one covering my clitoral flesh.

The woman looked as though she could handle herself, being tall and heavysset. I didn’t have the nerve to challenge her instruction, so I went to the stool and draped myself over it. The short, red satin skirt fell down my back exposing the whole of my naked peach to her.

“Tess, lie still while I insert the accumulator...”

After she placed one hand on my ass, I felt the cold stainless steel tip of the object ease into my entrance. “Ugggh,” I moaned softly when it stretched my

vaginal walls as it burrowed deeper inside me.

Mrs Carter had to exert a lot of pressure to bury the object to the required depth in my vagina. Then, she held the short stem and, with one final push, guided the oval disc onto the one already mashing my clitoral flesh. She then ran her finger around my soft, squidgy vaginal flesh for a moment, before suddenly slapping my ass.

“I’ve finished. Up you get, Tess.”

When I straightened, I was red faced and dizzy. I only had four words and wasn’t sure what to say. “What is it, Ma’am?” I asked with a trace of resentment in my voice.

“The accumulator?” I nodded as she picked up a remote and studied the small screen on its face. “The device in your vagina will collect your cream during the evening. It runs an automatic program. There’s also an alert function that I’ll show you as soon as I join you at the table.” She pushed a button on the handset. The moment the device started to gently vibrate deep in my vagina, a green light began twinkling on the remote.

“Seriously, Ma’am?”

She put the remote in the pocket of her apron then pointed across the room to the back door. I spotted the short cane hanging from a hook. “If you misbehave, I will administer the strokes. If you give me any trouble, one of the men will do it and probably double the amount. What have you got to say for yourself?”

“I will behave, Ma’am.”

I didn’t want to get into the woman’s bad books. Making her angry and being beaten would only increase my discomfort. Being tightly encased in a strict corset and wearing a bizarre restraint that filled my quim, plus the Roth-Twin butt plug, was enough to cope with for the time being...

Chapter 5.7 ~ Hands-on service.

Mrs Carter regarded me with a steely stare as though she didn't trust me to behave. "We'll see... Do you know the rules on serving a guest?" I nodded. "Straight legs at all times and feet twelve inches apart. If a guest wishes to inspect you once the main course has been served, then wait until you have been dismissed."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"When I arrive, we will start serving the food. Put that apron on and push that trolley through to the dining room." She pointed at the one nearest the door. "Park it on the opposite corner to the one Zoe took through."

"Yes, ma'am."

The white half-apron she indicated was in the same vein as the outfit I was wearing. The curved, shaped front was trimmed with a white frilly edge. I tied it around my waist, then grasped the handle of the rather posh wooden trolley. There were six white, covered bowls on the top and six on the bottom, plus a bunch of serving spoons.

I felt mildly ridiculous pushing the trolley down the hall and into the dining room wearing stiletto heels and a microskirt. It was so short, it served no purpose other than decorating most, but not all, of my bubble-like ass.

My outfit was responsible for about 50% of my discomfort. The other 50% was caused by the vibrating torpedo buried deep in my quim. I tried to ignore it, but

the insistent sensation threatened to ignite an orgasm before the dinner was over. If that happened, then I would be in deep trouble.

Heads turned to watch me steer the trolley into position on the other side of Petra.

The table had been laid for eight again, so there was no seat for me or Mrs Carter. Peter sat at the far end, with Doctor Henry on the left and Mr. Mears on the right. Beside the principal sat Trevor Miller, and beside him was Zoe. Doctor Barrington was sitting beside Doctor Henry and the last seat was occupied by Penny.

The conversation died when I entered. However, it slowly resumed after I took up a position between Petra and Penny at the corner of the table. "Oh, Ma'am," I said softly when Petra reached out and put her hand on my naked ass. She surprised me, for I had turned my head to look down the table at Peter.

"Tess. Lift the lid on that far bowl and show me what it contains," the German beauty said.

I bowed my head and smiled at her. "Yes, Miss."

The instruction was designed to make me bend over and expose more of my sex to her. I bent at the waist and as I lifted the lid, I noticed that Peter was watching what I was doing. Petra ran her fingers over the tight, metal strips and the top of the oval disk, then slipped a finger into my hot, sticky entrance. She delved in until her finger nudged the end of the accumulator, then held it there for a few seconds.

After withdrawing her finger and hand, she acknowledged that the bowl contained roast potatoes. “Thank you, Tess.”

I replaced the lid and stood up straight.

“Well, Petra, what do you think?” Peter asked.

“Amazing, Doctor. I think Tess is going to be a top performer.” She briefly sucked the finger that had been inside my hot nest.

I noticed the blank expressions on Zoe and Penny’s faces, while the men all took a keen interest in the conversation. The men’s reactions told me that I was in for a rough ride during the meal.

Just then, Mrs Carter arrived with a huge Turkey sitting on a platter, on the third trolley. The well-cooked bird was obviously fresh from the oven. Heavenly smells wafted over me as the stout cook pushed the trolley past me and down to the far end where she parked it beyond Peter.

Mrs Carter gestured to me to join her. When I arrived, she pointed beneath the turkey at a stack of dinner plates. “Your first job is to hold the plates while our Master carves the bird. Take the first plate to Petra, then return and fetch another plate. Our guests first, then the girls.

Peter got to his feet and went over to the trolley which Mrs Carter had positioned, so he had some elbow room. Unfortunately, I would have to bend over, with my ass pointing toward the table, to collect each plate. It was a set-up to humiliate me, not once, but multiple times, for beneath the turkey there were other plates and the gravy bowls, all of which I was going to have to fetch and serve to Peter's guests.

I fetched the first plate and as I did, I glanced behind me. The men watched and then lost interest when I stood up to hold the plate out for Peter to place slices of turkey on it.

"That will do, Tess," were his first words to me since he sent me up to get changed.

I hurried down to the other end of the table and bent forward to place the plate in front of Petra. "Miss Petra..."

"Thank you, Tess."

As soon as I retreated, Mrs Carter offered Petra vegetables from the dishes. Seven more times, I bent over to fetch a plate and then deliver them to the diners once Peter had loaded them with turkey. Peter didn't engage in conversation and treated me exactly like he would a waitress.

He waited for me to place his plate down, then seated himself. "Tess, offer gravy to my guests."

Mrs Carter was three plates behind me with the vegetables, but she was just serving Peter by the time I caught up with the gravy. I poured his gravy, then retreated to the trolley. Mrs Carter poured champagne into eight glasses from a large bottle, then after hurrying away to the kitchen, brought a box back to the table.

Peter waited for Mrs Carter to place a small stainless-steel dome, shaped like a breast, beside each diner, then struck his glass with his knife to catch everyone's attention.

He held his champagne glass up. "Friends and fellow fellowship members, the buzzer placed beside your plate is there, should you require our maid's assistant." He reached out for his button and pushed it.

"Ow! Sir!" I exclaimed when the disk delivered a sharp piercing sensation to my crushed clitoral flesh.

The pain wasn't as intense as the first shock I received at the bottom of the stairs, but it was bad enough to hurt me and make me flinch. I was also having to contend with the vibrating dirigible which was slowly turning my tummy to mush. It was becoming an effort to focus on what everyone was saying.

When Peter took his finger away, the 'nipple' was glowing red. "As soon as the maid has fulfilled the given task, push the button and the light will go out." When he pushed the button for a second time, the red light was extinguished.

I was flabbergasted that such a device had been designed by some man's sick mind and that Peter would use it on me during a Christmas meal.

“Peter, is it a one-time alert for the girl or a repeating reminder?” Doctor Barrington asked.

“I was going to explain, Charles. The Core alarm has been set at fifteen seconds before the second reminder at fourteen seconds, then thirteen and so on. Alright. I want to propose a toast to the Fellowship and wish you all a merry Christmas.”

Everyone raised their glasses and the words.... “The Fellowship, Merry Christmas,” ...went around the table, including enthusiastic contributions from Zoe and Penny.

“Enjoy your meal and don’t hesitate to ask for more. Just push the button and our maid will be by your side to serve you.”

“Tess, help me here.” I turned to find Mrs Carter carving some more turkey. “Go and organize the trolleys so we’re only using one, then take the redundant one back to the kitchen.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

I was all aquiver as I walked behind Doctor Henry, Doctor Barrington and Penny to where one of the other trolleys was standing. I pushed it back a little, then fetched the other one and parked it next to it. Mrs Carter had wisely emptied one set of bowls before turning to the second set. However, one bowl still contained sausages, so I had to transfer that bowl, then wheel the trolley with empty bowls back to the kitchen.

I had just parked it by the back door when, Zzzz! “Uh, Sir,” I gasped when the Core device zapped my clit.

Cursing under my breath and fearing that the vibrator located deep in my vagina was about to send me over the edge, I hurried back to the room. Pausing behind Petra, I saw that Mr Mears’ red light was on. The seconds were ticking away as I walked quickly behind Zoe and Trevor Miller. I positioned myself to the right of the principal.

“Can I help, Sir?”

“Tess, I would like some more gravy.”

He had plenty, but I darted away, behind Peter... Zzzzz! “Uggggh!” I grabbed the handle of the trolley as I absorbed the second strike.

“Are you alright, girl?” Mrs Carter asked.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

I bent forward, grabbed a gravy dish and returned to Mr. Mear’s side.

“Tess, pour some over my potatoes.” As I was doing that, he dropped his right hand and placed it on my ass. “This is the perfect opportunity for you to learn an important lesson and get a head start on your training.”

Peter paused with his fork near his mouth. “Rodney, tell her about the Core.”

As soon as I had covered his potatoes with gravy, he pushed the red button beside his plate. I sighed with relief on seeing the light go out. Unfortunately, he didn’t remove his hand from my ass. In fact, his fingers wandered to the metal oval disc, then felt around it.

“Tess, you won’t be surprised to hear that there is a great selection of chastity devices available on the market. Recently, Peter has introduced the Roth twin to the Fellowship which has its advantages, especially when you’re out and about. We will be evaluating that particular device at Red-Mill Hall where we do our research into such matters. For now, we use the Core which has a number of attachments and accessories. You’ve been fitted with an Accumulator...”

“Oh, Sir,” I said softly when he slipped his stout forefinger into my vaginal entrance.

He nudged the end of the intruder. “This small version allows the vagina to be penetrated by a couple of inches while it’s fitted. You are probably wondering what its purpose is. Well, it’s collecting your vaginal juices. Quantity and quality will be analysed at Red-Mill over the coming days.”

I rested my hand on the table to steady myself while he swirled his finger around the available two inches of my succulent cunny tunnel. “Do you like that, Tess?”

“Yes, I do, Sir.”

“I can feel your body vibrating, Tess. It’s a natural reaction to the multi-level stimulation that you are experiencing. The Core is intelligent though and monitors your arousal levels. Not only does it record your response to certain stimuli, it controls your libido. That can be very handy in certain situations like what you’re going to experience in the coming hours.” He withdrew his fingers and picked up his knife. “You can return to your duties.”

Resting while leaning on the table helped to steady my nerves. “Thank you, Sir,” I responded weakly.

I retreated to the meat trolley and returned the gravy dish knowing it wouldn’t be long before someone else wanted some more. The next 60 minutes were the most exhausting of my life and how I managed to get through it is a mystery to me. Perhaps it was because I had something to look forward to. In an hour or two, my ordeal would be over and I would be on my way to see Kelly and her parents...

Chapter 5.8 ~ Punished and contrite.

The hour serving Peter and his cronies was an hour I would never, ever forget. The men and Petra ran me ragged, right up to when Mrs Carter and I served coffee and chocolates. Doctor Henry and Trevor Miller were the worst offenders as far as I was concerned, for they triggered the Core for the slightest reasons, on multiple occasions. I cursed the tiny oval of metal pressed against my most sensitive spot but there was nothing I could do about it.

Most of the time, they called me to give them more food, or to fill their glasses with more champagne. Every time I attended them, it gave them the opportunity to fondle my ass and tease my wet entrance on the pretence they were checking the Accumulator. Every man had a puggle around in the shallow space available, then at about two inches, they were thwarted from going any deeper.

Then, when Zoe and Penny avoided humiliating me, Peter urged them both to investigate for themselves. Penny was surprisingly thorough, for after nudging the Accumulator, she caressed my succulent vaginal flesh with extreme care. Zoe on the other hand explored my shallow orifice aggressively in a similar fashion to the men.

The amazing thing about the device was that the vibrations were never strong enough to take me over the edge into an orgasm. I thought I was going to be triggered several times, but the pulsations seemed to tone down during the examinations, then intensify again once I had recovered from being finger fucked.

I experienced a rollercoaster ride that almost exhausted me. The sharp stinging pains I suffered every time someone pressed their button, served as a wake-up call and probably helped me to get through to the end. I had just returned to the trolley we were serving coffee from, when I heard a buzzer go off in Mrs Carter's pocket.

She fished out the controller and studied the screen. “Doctor Finch, Tess’s Accumulator needs replacing,” she announced, then approached him.

He turned in his seat and took the controller from her. “Okay. This is a good time for Tess to stop serving, Mrs Carter. I’ll take her upstairs where she can get ready to go out.” He pushed a button on the remote. “The alert is switched off. Fetch the box and collect the buzzers.”

“As you wish, Master.”

Peter got to his feet. He looked down the table. “Zoe, I’m taking you and Tess upstairs.”

She joined us when we arrived at the end of the table, then followed us out of the room. Zoe, still dressed in her student uniform nudged me and gave me a wink.

Peter led us to where we had placed all the bags. “Grab a couple of bags each and take them up to my bedroom.”

We picked up the bags we brought from the store while Peter picked up the rest, then followed us up the stairs to his bedroom. We set them down and waited for Peter to tell us what to do.

He held up a bag from ‘Fetish Where?’. “Zoe, you’re wearing the dress Tess was

going to wear.”

“The Blue latex one, Sir?”

“Yes. Don’t put the accessories on, just the dress. Roxanne will provide you with stockings and shoes. Combe your hair out and pin the bangs behind your ears, then apply minimal makeup. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master, I do.”

“Remember, you are the ‘boy’ and Tess is going to be the girl in your relationship tonight.”

“I understand. What about the Roth-Twin, Sir?”

He pointed at the dresser. “That’s the master remote. Use it and remove it completely. I want it cleaned and back in its box which you’ll find in the bathroom.” He picked up a bag and gripped my arm. “Come on, Tess, you are next door.”

I woke in the pink room, so because he was taking me back there, I assumed that I wouldn’t be sleeping with him when we returned from the party. After closing the door, he placed the bag by the bed, then patted the covers.

“Tess, place your hands here. I want you to form a ninety degree angle with your back parallel with the floor.” He stood and watched me take up the submissive position. “Very good. Your punishment for having illicit sex with not one person, but two, will last until you sit down at the breakfast table tomorrow morning.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Being sorry doesn’t absolve you from being punished, does it, Tess?”

I shook my head to avoid having the collar punish me.

“I’ll take that as a no. We haven’t got time to go to the fitness room, so we’ll do it here. I’m going to get a cane and a replacement Accumulator. While I’m gone, think hard about how many strokes of the cane you deserve. Your answer will colour the rest of your punishment tonight.”

“Um, Sir...”

He didn’t listen to my response. Instead, he walked to the door and left the room. I looked over my shoulder, at my reflexion in the mirror doors and winced at the lewd image reflected back at me. I accepted that I was guilty and that I deserved to be punished but not as severely as Peter probably thought.

His infernal device had kept me on the edge. I had been gagging for an orgasm, for over an hour, and I had been stung dozens of times in my most intimate spot. Surely those were mitigating factors if he thought I deserved even more

punishment. I made up my mind to try and strike a middle ground. Unfortunately, the collar stymied my ability to put over my point of view.

Only a minute or two had passed when Peter returned and placed two items on the bed, beside my right hand. One was a rattan cane and the other a wooden box. He lifted the lid of the box to reveal six glass beakers pressed into shaped polystyrene. Within the beakers nestled the stainless-steel Core Accumulators. One beaker was empty, obviously vacant because the device was buried deep in my quim.

“Stay still, Tess, while I exchange the Accumulator. It has a magnetic lock, so it will only take a few seconds to change them over.”

I cringed when Peter tugged on the flat stem and drew the torpedo shaped device out of my quim. It emerged with a gentle slurping sound, then Peter lowered it into the empty beaker within the case. He chose the one beside it and after lifting it out, offered it up to my ultra-sensitive portal. It was then just a matter of easing it in until the disks connected and locked together.

“Tell me the number of strokes you think you deserve.”

“Six, Master.”

He placed his hands on my ass. “Tess, push your knees against the bed, push your buttocks back and bury your head in the covers.”

I did as I was told. It meant that my ass was well presented, high and taut. My cheeks were not the only thrusting flesh within the range of the thin whippy cane. My labia was also standing proud beyond the top of my thighs and lower slopes of my quivering ass.

When I felt him pick up the cane, I grabbed handfuls of bed covers and steeled myself for the onslaught. Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!

"Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!" I howled into the bed linen at the top of my voice.

I couldn't stop screaming while my butt exploded each time the weapon crashed down onto my pert and defenceless cheeks. The pain was far more intense than I had ever experienced in my life.

As each stroke seared a white hot line across my rounded cheeks, it felt as though the cane was slicing deep cuts into my tender flesh. The second and third stroke had also bit into my labia lips, but the pain was so intense I wouldn't be able to distinguish the difference until later in the day.

I was collapsing from the pain after four strokes and ended up on the floor writhing in agony. I rubbed my ass cheeks desperately trying to cool the raging fire, but my efforts were useless. I eventually curled up while Peter went about his business, removing the box and cane from the room.

When he returned, he busied himself giving Roxanna instructions and moving things around the room. I was too miserable to take any notice of what he was doing. Then, he nudged me with his foot. “Up Tess. Time to pull yourself together. Sit up so I can take your collar off.”

Still sobbing, I pushed myself up into a sitting position, whereupon he hunkered down behind me and unlocked the catch at the back. He removed the collar, retreated, then sat on the edge of the bed. He parted his knees and leant back, supporting himself on his hands.

“Tess, come, kneel and thank your Master for forgiving your sins. For allowing you to pay a painful price for disappointing me so badly.”

“Yes, of course, Master,” I said, then twisted and crawled between his legs. I shuffled forward, up on my knees, and started to undo the buttons on his pants. The pain sizzling in my peach was a huge distraction. I wiped away the tears. “I’m truly sorry, Master,” I added while looking up into his serious face.

His expression was softer, but he didn’t add to his first comments, so I dipped my head. As soon as his magnificent cock was free of his clothing, I wrapped my hands around his shaft and began licking the blunt crown for all I was worth. I was a novice when it came to fellatio but since meeting Peter, I had learnt a lot. I concentrated on lip-fucking his knob before starting to go down on him.

“Better, Tess. I think you’re gaining some oral skills. Did you blow your lawyer friend before he shafted you?”

“No, Master,” I said after coming off his cock for a moment. Questions like that grated on my sensibilities. Was he going to continue reminding me of my indiscretions or would they be forgotten after breakfast?

“Get on with it, Tess...” He paused to watch my lips and tongue working hard to pleasure him. “Tess, it’s going to be difficult to believe what you say in the future. You’re going to have to work hard to convince me you won’t go against the Fellowships advice again. So, I’m going to give you a task, a test of your obedience. I will explain later, before you go out.”

I wanted to reassure him that I would try my hardest to please him, but I had to plough on. As soon as I felt his knob enter my throat, I began to bob my head more vigorously. His hand followed my head’s movement, then grabbed my ponytail and began to take control. “Ugggggh!” I groaned as he sped up my bobbing head and increased the length of my thrust until I was swallowing about six inches of his shaft.

“Tess, you’re a tight fucker...” he whispered as he increased the power for the final push to his climax. “Yesssssssss...” The words were softly spoken as he released pulse after pulse of hot jiz down my gulping throat.

“Ugggggh,” I gasped as he lifted my head by yanking on the ponytail.

“All right, you’ve got an hour to get ready. I’ve arranged for our private taxi to collect you and Zoe at eight.”

“Thank you, Sir. What do you want me to wear?” He had already told Zoe to wear the dress I chose.

“You’re going in the corset you’re wearing.”

I looked down at the red satin garment with its short skirt and waistcoat that revealed my tits. Panic set in. There was no way I could wear such a provocative outfit to Kelly's, let alone meet her parents on Christmas Eve...

Chapter 5.9 ~ A new look.

I tried to keep my voice even so that I didn't upset him. "Sir, I can't go out dressed like this."

He pointed to a large cellophane packet that he had laid on the bed. "That is an alternate accessory pack for the outfit. There's a tail in the pack which attaches to a butt plug, but you do not have to wear it."

"Oh, thank you, Master." My mind boggled at the thought of walking around while wearing a miniskirt and sporting a tail!

"Take off the indoor items and put them back in the drawer. Also, remove your butt plug and leave it in the bathroom after you've cleaned it."

Beside the packet was a presentation makeup box, still with its cardboard sleeve on it. A photograph lay on top. Peter leant over and dragged the large box over. He placed it on his lap and picked up the picture.

"This presentation case is your first Christmas Present."

"Oh, Master..." I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. He returned the kiss briefly, then pushed me back onto my knees.

"Tess, listen. I want you to look identical to the girl in this picture..." He showed it to me. The attractive young woman had long wavy dark hair and was wearing

expertly applied makeup. “Can you copy her look?”

I nodded. “Yes, Master. Is she a model or someone you know?”

“Never mind who she is. You’d better get a move on. When you have finished come downstairs. I’ll be in the lounge with my guests.”

“Yes, Master.”

He placed the box of makeup on the covers, stood up and while I remained kneeling on the rug, he left the room without another word. I climbed to my feet and pulled the sleeve off the makeup box. It was a very expensive make, and, according to the cover, contained the company’s full range, including brushes and applicators.

It was what every self-respecting girl could wish for her dressing table. I lifted the lid and gazed at the rows and rows of cosmetics. My Master had given me a gift and then planned to give me a task to see if I could please him. It was an easy one because my face was similar in structure to the girl in the photo. Wide eyes, high cheekbones and she too had a rounder, rather than an oval face.

I carried the box over to the bare dressing table and set it down. I then returned to the cellophane packet and opened it carefully. The item on top was a red satin, quarter cup bra. There was also a long-sleeve jacket/top, which was the same style as the waistcoat I was wearing, and a similar skirt, only longer, maybe mid-thigh. Beneath the skirt was a pair of red gauze panties which had a split in the back in line with the wearer’s ass crack.

Then, seeing the tail curled up, I realized the slit was to accommodate it, after screwing it into an anal plug, which wasn't among the accessories. Tiny strips of Velcro enabled the split to be closed when not wearing the tail. There were no stockings but there was a pair of red satin gloves to replace the black nylon ones I had been wearing.

I decided to wash my hair first, then after drying my hair use the curling tongs to try and replicate the girl's hairstyle in the picture. I had to hand it to Peter. Not only had he provided the cosmetics, everything I needed to do my hair was at my fingertips after a quick word with Roxanna.

It took me fifteen minutes to do my hair to the standard I wanted. Then, after studying myself in the mirror, I was chuffed when I compared myself to the girl in the picture. I decided to change my clothes next and finish by doing my face. Getting to wear panties was a relief, even if they could be opened down the back with a quick yank.

After attaching the longer skirts to the corset and slipping the bra on, I decided to do my face before donning the jacket. While I concentrated on applying the cosmetics, I began to relax for the first time since leaving 'Fetish Where?'. I loved dabbling with new looks, but I had never had the range that the superb selection box offered.

I had nearly finished when Zoe strolled into the room. I had to do a double take. She looked amazing in the blue latex dress that I wanted to wear to the party. Peter had obviously decided that denying me the chance to wear it was part of my punishment.

The long sleeve latex dress was mid-blue and had inch wide, dark blue edges around the 'V' neck, the cuffs and the hem. It finished mid-thigh and zipped down the front. I wore it earlier and Peter had unzipped it for me, prior to me taking it off. It was tight from the waist up and accentuated Zoe's waist and tits impressively.

Her short hair style was very boy-like while her makeup was sombre, which was in total contrast to the bright pinks and heavy rouge on my face.

I stood up as she approached. "Zoe, you look amazing."

"Are you just saying that?" she asked, then reached out and rubbed my stiff nipples with her forefingers.

"No, Zoe, I'm jealous of you. I think we're in the wrong dresses."

She studied my outfit with its longer skirts and quarter bra. "I think you're right, babe. The smell of latex doesn't do it for me at all. I'd rather be wearing your outfit any day."

I leant forward and kissed her on the side of the face while breathing the heady scent in. "Stay close tonight. You might make me orgasm."

"Oh, I thought you were wearing the Core Accumulator."

“I am, Zoe. You felt its presence.”

“I wasn’t sure if Peter had removed it so he could fuck you.”

No, all he did was change the metal container for an empty one. It’s bloody annoying having that thing in there.”

“Tess, that wicked device is designed to hold you in suspension and stop you from orgasming. That’s its purpose according to Trevor Miller. I heard him talking to Mr. Mears.”

“I thought it was for collecting my cunt cream.”

“That as well. It has a dual purpose.” She came closer and lowered her voice.
“Tess, I know virtually every kinky device going but I’ve never come across the Core.”

“Mmmm, I bet Peter and the other doctors can get their hands on any medical equipment they want. Look, Zoe, I had better finish my makeup. Could you go and get the present I bought for Kelly’s brother. I need wrapping paper, tape and scissors.”

“Sure.”

She strutted away looking a million dollars. The dress squeezed her waist and showcased her delightfully shaped ass. I liked Zoe so much I was beginning to wonder if I might be a lesbian or at least bi. I turned my attention to my face and continued where I left off. Zoe returned and wrapped the flask for me while I messed about putting the final touches to my face. When I was finished, I approached Zoe who was sitting on the bed.

I held the photograph beside my face. “What do you think?”

She did a double take. “Babe, that’s amazing. Are you impersonating that girl tonight at the party?”

I looked at the photo again. “No, I don’t think so. Peter’s plan is to make me look more girly than you, so we look like a couple.”

“Suits me. Are you ready?” Zoe asked.

“Yes, let’s go down and get my stuff from the garage.”

Zoe led the way. I gripped the banister rail of the curved staircase until I got to the bottom. The garage door was at the end, near the front door.

“Maybe we should ask before opening the door,” Zoe said.

“Okay. I’ll wait here.” She looked at me quizzically, then headed for the lounge.

I glanced at the door under the stairs which sealed off access to Peter’s secretive basement. I had seen the boy’s room, but what else was he hiding down there? I wondered.

Zoe returned with a bunch of keys. “This is the one babe.”

After unlocking the door, we hurried through the first and second freezing cold garages to where the caretaker had left my worldly possessions in a pile. I located the bags I wanted and together we carried them back to the warm hall. Unfortunately, I had to leave the rest of my gear, about ten bags, in the freezing cold conditions.

“God, it’s cold out there,” I gasped as soon as we were inside.

Mrs Carter emerged from the kitchen and approached us. She looked down at the four bags we had brought in. “You’re not leaving them there, girls.”

“No, Ma’am. I’m taking these two to my friends. I’ll take the other two up to my room.”

“Put them in a wardrobe, otherwise the Master will punish you for untidiness.”

I immediately took the bags up and with Roxanna's help, hid them away in a wardrobe. Zoe was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs with Penny who was still wearing her schoolgirl outfit, minus the cardigan. With her blond ponytail, small pert tits and fresh, cosmetic free face, it would be easy to imagine she was several years younger than she really was.

I knew that 'student' was one of Peter's fetishes and I suspected that was true of all three of Peter's guests. Penny was holding a tray of dirty glasses and looked a little frazzled. "Are you okay, Pen?" I asked.

"Tess, Mrs Carter took my panties and removed the Roth-Twin. Apart from Petra, I'm the only girl in the room."

"I'm sure Peter will send you up to get changed in a short while," I said, trying to ease her worries.

"Tess, I've seen the way they look at me. Those men only have one thing on their minds."

"Chin up, Pen, you'll be going to the party soon," Zoe said.

She studied our outfits. "Tess, Beth, I wish I was going with you. Mrs Carter told the men that my work was sloppy this morning when I helped her in the kitchen. She recommended three strokes."

"You'll be okay, Pen," I replied. "I've just had six!"

“No...,” she gasped.

“We’ll all be together at the main party, later,” Zoe added.

“If these men haven’t fucked me to death,” she muttered softly, then darted into the kitchen.

While we continued down to the lounge, I couldn’t remove the image of Jenny sitting in Peter’s lap, slowly bouncing on his cock while the men chatted about old times. I wished that Peter was accompanying us to Kelly’s so that I had a better chance of getting in his good books...

Chapter 5.10 ~ Sent on a mission.

There was a smoky haze in the lounge, for the men were enjoying cigars with their brandy. There was also a draft from the partially open patio doors. We approached the men, side by side, holding hands.

“Tess, Zoe. My god, look at these two, Rodney, aren’t they the perfect pair?” Peter said.

The principal cast his eye over us. “They have a nice balance, Peter. They make a convincing pair of lesbians.”

“Girls, stand in front of the curtains and pose together for a couple of photographs,” Peter ordered.

I didn’t mind Zoe snuggling up to me. She gripped me around the waist. “Pretend to kiss me,” she said.

So, we posed with me faking a kiss on the teenager’s cheek, while Peter took some pictures of us. “Zoe, undo Tess’s top button...” Doctor Henry suggested.

The next picture was more salacious with Zoe’s fingers covering my areola and nipple. I’m sure that the men would have gone on until we were naked, but the minutes were ticking by.

“Girls, the taxi is waiting outside,” Peter said, bringing the photoshoot to an end. “Before you go, Tess, I want to know the name of your friend’s brother.”

The question surprised me. “Um, his name is Daniel, Master. Why do you ask?”

“Well, if it wasn’t for him, you might not be here with me. I was just telling the guys about your change of mind when you spotted the lad had come to collect you from the station.”

It was true. He turned up to collect me and because I couldn’t bear him seeing me wearing latex, I went home with Peter and the rest was history.

“Give me an honest appraisal of Daniel, Tess, and I mean honest.”

I had to think. “Um, well, he’s a builder and a bit of a leach.”

“Leach. That’s an interesting word, Tess. Explain,” Mr Mears said.

I looked around the men’s faces and wondered why they were interested in my friend’s brother. “Well before he moved in with Kelly, he was always coming around unannounced. Inviting himself to dinner and stuff like that. He earns a lot of money, but he never gives Kelly anything. She dotes on him and he takes full advantage of her good nature. Oh, and he’s a crude bastard.”

“So, he often showed up when you were there?” Doctor Barrington asked.

To my right, Penny returned with a tray of clean glasses and placed them on the bar, in the corner. She then moved forward and stood between Peter in the armchair and Doctor Henry who was sitting on the end of the sofa.

“I lived there, Sir, so the odds were that I was usually in when he called around on the nod.”

“He has a thing for you, then?” was the follow-up question from the doctor.

“Daniel has a thing for any girl with a pussy, er, excuse my language. If you’re asking me whether he fancied me, then yes, but like I was saying, he came onto any girl, just like a typical builder.”

“Course and uncouth?” Doctor Henry ventured. His hand had already disappeared up the back of Penny’s skirt.

“Exactly, Sir, and like a lot of those type of blokes, they think they’ll score after making crude remarks at girls.”

“Well, Tess. He’s perfect for your final punishment,” Peter announced.

I stared at him, unable to comprehend what he meant. “I... I don’t understand.”

“Tonight, young Daniel is going to score. You’re going to let him have anal sex with you.”

“No, no, that’s a terrible idea, Master,” I gasped. “You don’t know how repugnant that lad is. Besides, I’d never hear the last of it.”

Peter held up his hands. “Tess, stop. This is the test I was talking about earlier. I want you to do the very thing that disgusts you. so that you remember how appalled I felt when I discovered your double indiscretion.”

I glanced at poor Penny, who was trying to keep still while suffering at the hands of the black doctor. I was lucky to be going to my friend’s and I was grateful to Peter for organizing the lift. But, in the blink of an eye, he had taken the gloss off the visit. I had an idea.

“Master, my friend’s house is very small and the probability of being alone with Daniel will be virtually zero. I don’t think I’ll be able to do it in such a short space of time.”

The look on the faces of the four men showed that my excuse had fallen on deaf ears. It was Peter who challenged my reasoning. “Tess, you were in your office at lunchtime for an hour and in that short space of time you managed to fuck your boss and have his PA perform cunnilingus on you. One hour!”

I heard Zoe gasp beside me and saw the look of shock on Penny's face. I was frankly speechless because he was right. There were extenuating circumstances, but he had an irrefutable point.

"Um, well, that was different...", was all I could come up with.

"Enough, Tess," Peter said. "Do you want to see your friend; and at the same time take the punishment that you well and truly deserve?"

Glum and crestfallen, I nodded. "Yes, Master."

"Good. Zoe has heard everything and will help you in your endeavour. She may need to keep the others occupied while you have a little bedroom time with young Daniel. You're up for that, aren't you, Zoe?"

"Yes, Master," she agreed eagerly. Too eagerly for my liking.

"Tess, tell me that you understand what's required of you."

After he had described my 'crimes', I didn't have an ally in the room. My mouth was dry, but I had to say the words. "I understand, Master."

"Good, lean over..." I thought I was going to get a kiss, but he was holding the camera/pin from my jacket and pinned it on my top. "This time, when you

remove your top, place it in a strategic position.”

“Okay, Master.”

Then he handed me a black oblong item, the size of a phone charger. “Put that in your handbag. It’s the transmitter for the camera so that we can watch your performance here in real time.”

“Here? You’re going to watch...?”

“Yes, we are, Tess. You’ll have two and a half hours to enjoy yourself and make one young man’s Christmas the most memorable of his life.”

That would probably be the case but what I was about to do would ruin mine. I stood up and put a brave face on.

“The car will return at eleven to collect you. Be ready, girls.”

“We will, Master,” we chorused, then made a hasty retreat out of the room.

After putting the transmitter in my bag, we donned our winter coats. We then picked up a carrier bag each and left the warm cosy interior of my new home. The taxi was a silver Mercedes and wasn’t like any taxi I had ever been in before. It was a stretched version with two seats facing us in the back. The seats

were made from supple black leather and there was a mini bar in a glass box between the two extra seats.

After the driver told us to help ourselves to drinks, I gave him the Benson Road, Luton, address, then settled into the middle seat so I could sit next to Zoe. That was the first time I noticed the core vibrating gently in my quim. The sensation was in fact comforting so I put it to the back of my mind.

It was only a 15 minute ride to Leagrave, Luton, but that was enough time to get Zoe's take on what she heard Peter say to me. The teenager poured us each a drink, then, before I could put together a coherent comment, she threw a question at me.

“Why did you do it, Tess?”

I took a gulp of neat Bacardi. “It just happened, Zoe. They put me under pressure and in the heat of the moment, I buckled. I desperately wanted the job they were offering. I realize I was wrong now, but at the time I didn't think that Peter would mind if I secured the contract.”

I didn't mind if Peter heard what I had to say. I just wanted Zoe to know some of the facts and hopefully understand the problem from my point of view...

Chapter 5.11 ~ An explanation.

The situation was so complicated at ‘Thomas, Smith and Baker’, I doubted if I could explain the complexity during the short journey.

“Did you have to have sex with him?” she asked.

“Zoe, he had a load of photos taken in the club of me on the stage. In one of them, I was receiving a cunny licking from you. Roger Baker and Simon, most likely, organized the snaps of me. Simon has had it in for me since I brought Peter on the scene.”

“Tess, Simon has made a ton of money out of the sale. Enough to buy a house outright and have a nest egg tucked away in the bank. That cunt couldn’t resist rubbing it in when I bumped into him this morning. On top of that, Tess, they kept him on. So, I’m surprised he risked his job by handing over photographs to your old boss. What was the threat?”

“He said that if my false accusations saw the light of day, I could be charged with extortion...”

“Extortion? What the fuck?”

“Zoe, James Thomas put me under pressure, like Peter is tonight. He threatened me with extortion and had a tape to prove it. I admit that I accused Roger Baker of things he didn’t do to me. I was furious so I demanded a better severance deal.”

She grimaced. “That’s not nice, Tess.”

“The bastard was kicking me out of the firm after trying to molest me at lunch. He was afraid I was going to accuse him and bring trouble to the firm.”

“My god, what a can of worms.”

“I wanted everything behind me, Zoe. I had to have sex with them to smooth it all over.”

Her shoulders slumped. “I’m not surprised that Peter’s angry with you.” She put her right hand on my thigh and stroked it. “Have you thought about how you’re going to tackle Daniel?”

“No, I’m worried about what we said when he burst in on us the other day. After we were rotten to him, he might not come on to me. After all, he thinks we’re lesbians.”

“Huh, you’re joking. That lad has a serious hard on for you. I saw the way he stared at you. I wouldn’t be surprised if he’s got a picture of you and uses it to jack off every night.”

“Several pairs of my panties went missing. Dirty ones. That’s what he uses...”

She kept a serious face for a second, then burst out laughing. “Yes, that’s more like it. You can use that as an excuse for him to take you up to his room. Say you want your panties back.”

“Good idea...” The moment we paused to drink from our glasses, I noticed the vibrations from the core again. I wondered if I was imagining it because the car was also causing vibrations.

I looked Zoe in the eye while I steered her hand up my thigh. “Zoe, when you had a feel during the meal, did you feel any vibrations coming from the Core?”

She twisted in her seat. “Yes, it was buzzing gently.”

“Do you mind touching it again and telling me if the vibrations are the same?”

“Sure. What’s a good lesbian friend for?”

She put her glass down and reached over with her left hand so that her palm slipped down the front of my panties, over my mons. For my part, I spread my thighs and leant back.

“Tess, you’re hot and sticky,” she said when her small, feminine fingers located my fleshy entrance. She slipped two inside me.

The location, our gear, especially Tess's latex dress, and her investigating fingers were sparking feeling of intense passion. I lifted my right hand to her cheeky face and steered it so that I could kiss her.

She broke it after a minute. "Your lipstick..."

"Oh, yes..."

"Babe, the Core is vibrating but you're also trembling like a leaf. It feels as if you're about to cum." She only had two inches of my sticky quim to play with but that was enough for Zoe to take me to the edge. "According to the guys, the core collects your cunt cream and won't let you cum. It appears to be failing on both counts."

I felt my face burning and every nerve in my body jangling. "Try harder, Zoe..." I desperately wanted to be intimate with her, so kissed her more passionately. We had a desperate snog.

Being connected through her fingers and her lips, when we were kissing, nearly drove me crazy.

"Ladies, we'll be there in a couple of minutes," the driver said over his shoulder.

That was the signal for Zoe to withdraw her hand and sit back in her seat. My

brief moment of pleasure was over. I was disappointed that I hadn't reached an orgasm. If the evening ended there and then, I would have been a happy girl. But, I had a huge hurdle to jump before I would discover if I was back in favour with my demanding Master.

There were a couple of cars blocking the drive of Kelly's house, so the taxi driver parked the stretched Mercedes a few doors down. I quickly gulped my drink down and applied some fresh lipstick while the driver patiently waited. I didn't have the right shade in my bag, but it would do.

During those few minutes, my temperature subsided and my nerves calmed. I was still aware of the Core's vibrations, but they had settled down to a slow cook level. I was jittery though because it wouldn't take much to trip me over the edge into a full-blown orgasm. I waited for the driver to open the door for us.

"I'll be back at eleven, girls," he said while he watched us step out onto the pavement.

"God, it's fucking freezing," Zoe complained as we set off.

Thankfully, the snow had held off, but the pavement was sparkling with a layer of frost.

I grabbed Zoe's hand. "If you're worried about the cold, you should keep your legs together. We both had a good view of your cute little pussy as you did your Britney Spears impersonation. Why aren't you wearing the thong that came with the dress?"

“The Master’s orders. No panties and no Roth-Twin. Do you think he’s testing me to see if I can avoid temptation or is he giving me some equipment to work with?”

I wasn’t quite sure what she meant. I raised my fist to gently knock on the door, but it opened before I could deliver the blow. It was Kelly dressed in a red spandex minidress. She looked unusually sexy for a girl who was a conservative dresser.

“My god, Kelly, have we come to the wrong house?”

She laughed. “Come in, it’s freezing out there.” We hurried in with our bags, into the moderate sized hall.

The three of us kissed and hugged each other as soon as the door closed on the freezing weather. I had returned home, but in the few days I had been gone, my life had changed and turned upside down. It was nearly Christmas and if I was to enjoy it, I needed to know that Kelly would always be my friend...

The end of Part Five

Sample of Part Six – The Finale

Chapter 6.1 ~ Visiting a friend.

Kelly waited while we both removed our coats. There was soft Christmas music filtering out from the lounge-diner which put me in a better mood.

“Oh, my god, you both look fantastic. I love your outfit, Tess,” Kelly said.

“You look great too,” I retorted. “Merry Christmas, Kells”

Zoe echoed my wishes and looked genuinely thrilled to be visiting with me.

Kelly took my arm. “Tess, dad is going to take mum home in a little while. She’s been under the weather for a week or two. Come, they’re in the lounge.”

While Kelly led the way, she mentioned that Daniel had popped out to get more booze.

George got to his feet and walked over to meet us. “Tess, there you are...” The tall, white haired gentleman gave me a hug. “Merry Christmas.”

“George, this is Zoe, my girlfriend...”

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. “Two such beautiful women together! You’ll dazzle any room you enter.”

“Thanks George and Merry Christmas...” I was on my way to Sue while Zoe thanked Kelly’s father for the compliment.

Sue became the frailer one of the couple after she recovered from cancer when I was about fifteen. As a young teenager, I spent a lot of time at Kelly’s house and almost became part of their family.

She didn’t get up from the armchair. “Tess, it’s so nice to see you.”

I bent over and kissed her while wishing her a merry Christmas. Kelly brought two dining chairs over so that Zoe and I could sit either side of Sue and chat about old times. Both she and George were open-minded but didn’t mention our relationship. We exchanged presents but didn’t unwrap them as per tradition.

Kelly was a good host and provided us with Bacardi and a selection of cold snacks. The food was most welcome because I didn’t get any dinner. I was drinking neat Bacardi to anesthetize myself against the arrival of Kelly’s brother. For ten or fifteen minutes, I forgot completely about Daniel and his whereabouts until I heard the front door open and his dulcet tones calling out.

“Are they here?” he yelled.

“The boys are back, Mum,” Kelly said and rolled her eyes.

I stayed sitting beside Sue and waited for the lad to burst in. Sure enough, the door flew open and Daniel entered carrying a large pack of beer.

“Tess, Zoe!” he exclaimed. “My God, amazing outfits!”

Two more lads followed him in, carrying a couple of bags each. The first lad was tall, slim and black. His eyes nearly popped out of his head when he clapped eyes on us.

Daniel elbowed him. “I told you they were a couple of horny babes.”

“Daniel,” his father said. “Keep the crude comments to yourself.”

“Sorry, dad. Just saying.”

“Daniel, Tess and Zoe don’t know Gordon,” Kelly said, then put an arm around the white lad bringing up the rear. “And, this handsome man, Tess, is Jude.”

I got to my feet and greeted Kelly’s surprise boyfriend. He seemed like a nice passive lad, a complete contrast to the other two. The three lads eventually took the booze through to the kitchen where they planned to have a smoke before returning.

Alone, with Kelly's parents, the five of us had a chat about old times. We had some good memories to talk about, but George made sure that Zoe wasn't left out of the conversation. They couldn't stay long though and were soon asking for their coats. We had a few final words with Sue and George before they set off on their short journey home.

"Shame they had to go," Kelly said when she followed me and Daniel back into the lounge.

"Better they went now before the roads get too icy," I pointed out.

Gordon and Jude were sitting on the settee drinking beer and talking to Zoe, who was sitting in a provocative pose, in the easy chair vacated by Sue. The latex skirts were difficult to control so she may have revealed more than she intended while she got comfortable. I picked up my drink and sat on the arm of Zoe's chair, then draped my arm along the top, above her head.

It was nine-thirty, so the time was ticking away. "How long can you stay?" Daniel asked. He was on his feet behind the sofa, opening a fresh can of beer.

"We can only stay till eleven," Zoe said. "We've been invited to a party."

"Is it for lesbians?" the young black lad asked.

"What are you like?" Daniel said admonishing his friend while standing behind him. I could tell that it was fake bravado. He wanted to know as well.

Gordon looked around at Kelly's brother. "You told me they were lesbians."

"Please take this as a compliment, girls, but you don't look like lesbians," Jude said.

Kelly stood up. "Guys, you're embarrassing the girls."

Zoe put her hand on the outside of my right thigh. In contrast to Zoe's, mine were firmly together while I balanced on the arm. "We're not embarrassed, Kelly. In fact, we enjoy talking about our sexuality with guys who need educating."

Kelly looked at her boyfriend. "Jude, come and sit over here and Daniel sit down. Zoe is going to explain what it's like to be a lesbian."

Jude did as he was told while Kelly came over, surprising us both. She leant closer and spoke softly so the others couldn't hear. "Zoe, I don't mind you coming into my house with a bare ass but stop teasing the lads when you have no intention of satisfying their urges."

I was speechless as my friend patted my knee, then retreated to the other armchair and sat on the arm in a similar manner to the way I was sitting. I noted that Zoe didn't change her position and didn't appear bothered by my friend's reaction to her flashing her cute pussy at the guys. I wondered if Zoe had a plan and hadn't bothered to tell me what it was.

“What did you say to them, sis?” Daniel asked.

“I told them not to go into detail. To keep the discussion civil.”

“Fuck, sis, you are a prude. We’re dying to hear what Lesbians get up to.”

“The same as hetro couples,” Zoe responded. “We love, kiss, fuck, everything. There’s no mystery, is there babe?” she patted my thigh.

In return, I ran my fingers through her short, dark hair. “We do everything and love each other while we’re doing it, Dan.”

“You can’t do everything,” Jude said entering the conversation.

“Silicone cocks are just like the real thing, Jude,” Zoe said. A deathly hush settled on the four onlookers. “And they’re not so messy.”

I found it hard to keep a straight face after that comment. I could tell that Kelly was uncomfortable discussing sex in front of her brother and boyfriend. I wondered if they had been to bed together. Meanwhile the Core Accumulator began to make its presence felt and as a result, I began to suffer another trembling fit.

Daniel finally spoke up. “Zoe, have you ever been shafted by a real man so that you can compare the difference?”

“Daniel!” His sister exclaimed. “That’s an awful question.”

Jude took Kelly’s hand. “I want to hear the answer, babe.” That annoyed her but she kept quiet.

“Daniel, both of us have had sex with lads in the past. It’s not the sex act that puts us off men. It’s the men.”

“How do you mean?” Gordon asked.

“We prefer our partners to be more considerate,” I said, weighing in with my opinion while trying to keep the conversation from going toxic.

“Here, here,” Kelly said, “Guys can be considerate too though, Tess. Like this guy here...” She patted Jude’s thick mop of dark hair.

“There are a few,” Zoe said. “Don’t get me wrong, I like being with guys so long as they can control themselves.”

“That’s tough, Zoe, when everything about you is fucking horny,” Gordon said.

“That’s your problem, not mine, Gordon. I dress this way to please Tess. There are plenty of hetro girls for you to choose from.”

“Not as fucking horny as you two,” Daniel responded.

I downed my drink and slipped off the chair. I took Zoe’s nearly empty glass from her hand. “Is it alright if I get another drink, Kells?”

“Sure, help yourself.” She slipped sideways and snuggled closer to Jude.

“I’ll help you, Tess. I need a smoke.” Daniel said and then followed me into the kitchen.

That was one thing about Kelly’s brother. He was utterly predictable...

The end of the Sample

Thank you for reading my work. I really appreciate it.

I hope you enjoyed the Fifth part of this multi-part series.

Thanks again. Amelia.

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