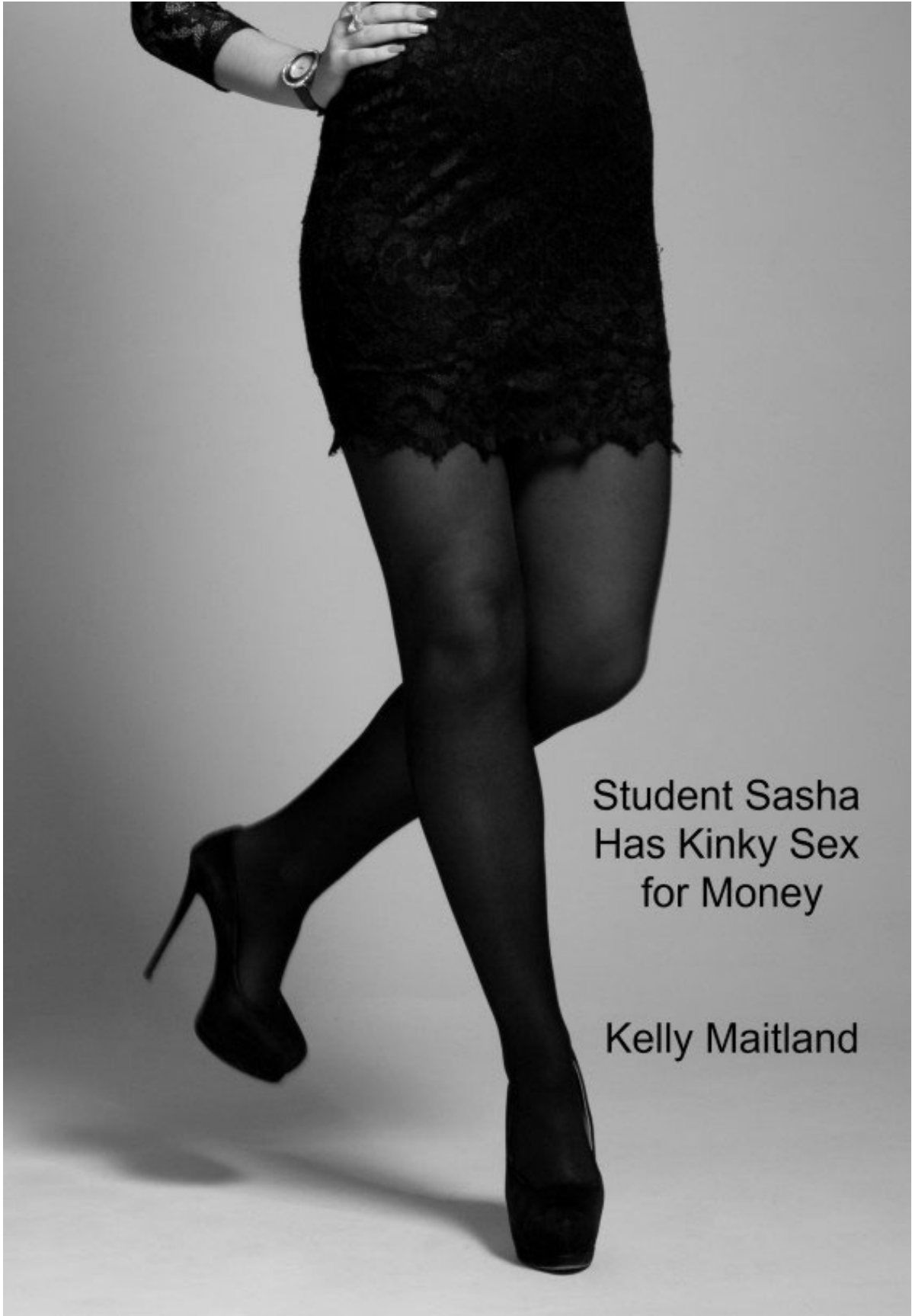


Student Sasha
Has Kinky Sex
for Money

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Setting Up the Foursome

Donald and I, Sasha French, were sitting in the kitchen of my student flat. I shared the place with my flatmate Jacqueline Proctor. It was just the two of us in the kitchen when Donald shocked me. He shocked me by saying he would like to pay me to sleep with him. After I managed to get my mouth to work again I asked, 'Are you serious?'

'Deadly.'

'You can't be. This is a joke, right? Ha ha. Play a joke on the girl with the student debt.'

'No. I'm very serious. I think you're looking particularly hot today in those leopard skin leggings and matching leopard skin shoes. It's a very kinky outfit.'

'It's not kinky. It's just style.' I was also wearing a black T shirt with a glittery surface. My hair was long and raven black.

'Well it's making me hard. I want to fuck you. I want to put my dick in the cute girl next door. The one wearing the sexy leopard leggings. You're so hot. And I know you've got a boyfriend in some other college or university. So you'll never sleep with me without an inducement. I've got the money. You've got the student debt. I've got desires you've stirred up in me. You've got the pussy I want. So what do you say, Sasha?'

‘No,’ I half laughed. ‘Donald, I’m not a prostitute.’

‘Of course you’re not a streetwalker or something. I’m not suggesting that. If you’re inferring that implication from my offer then I apologise. I don’t mean to offend you. I’m not suggesting you go touting for business and will sleep with just anyone. You know me. We’re...if not exactly friends, then at least we’re acquainted with each other. Correct? I’m not too far off the mark. I’m an okay looking guy. I’m clean. You know I’m not going to abuse you or anything. And I’m not treating you like a pathetic charity case. So I’m not trying to offend you. You have something I want that I know I can’t normally have. And you have money issues. So you know, why not cancel out our two problems? Is it so bad? Is it so stupid to suggest you have sex with me for money?’

‘Yes. Because that’s prostitution. I’m not that type of girl.’

‘We can go round in circles debating what kind of a girl you really are. If you’re too hung up on being faithful to Tim, or whatever his name is, then fine. Or if you feel there’s a moral implication to having sex for money, then fine. Don’t let me push you into something you’re not comfortable with. I’m just putting it out there. Take it or leave it.’ He paused for a second before saying, ‘If I was to make my offer more solid, would that make a difference?’

I should have kicked him out my flat or stormed off in an outraged anger. How insulting was this, the rich kid offering the poor kid money for sex. So why did I sit there and listen to his offer?

He said, ‘Five hundred. Five hundred for an hour of work. Work you might enjoy. It doesn’t have to be unpleasant. You might find it pleasurable sliding up and down on my cock. Stranger things have happened. Other women have enjoyed it. Or at least no one’s said anything to my face about it being a crap

experience.’

Five hundred. That was a lot of money. An hour from now I could have five hundred in my purse. That would certainly help keep me afloat for a bit longer. I didn’t walk out the room at the suggestion of this money.

He broke my silence by saying, ‘What do you think? Are you interested?’

‘I’m insulted. That you think you can offer me money to sleep...’

He cut me off by saying, ‘Okay. Seven hundred to have vaginal sex with you.’

I couldn’t bring myself to say no. Instead I said nothing.

‘Is that a deal?’ he asked.

I sort of nodded my head.

‘Good. It’s the wise thing to do. It’s too much money to turn down. I won’t think any less of you.’

‘You can’t tell anyone about it. There’s going to be no repeat or referred business. This is a one-off. A freak aberration. You caught me at a weak

moment.'

'It's okay, Sasha. It's just sex. It's not the end of the world. It's the mildest form of prostitution there is. Once doesn't make you a slut.'

'I'm not sure how to square this with my feminist ideals.'

'Feminism is about giving women freedom of choice. To live how they please and to do what they want. And to be respected and treated as equals. It's not specifically about stopping prostitution. Do you feel exploited by me?'

'I'm not sure how I feel. It's not easy to describe my feelings right now. Insulted? Patronised? Turned on?'

'Are you being forced or coerced into doing something you don't want to do?'

'Sort of.'

'Then don't do it. I'll leave. I'm giving you a clear choice. I don't feel I'm pressuring you. As an adult it's up to you to decide.'

'You are pressuring me. You're using financial pressure.'

‘That’s your own situation and has nothing to do with you being a woman. I could pressure a guy the same way if I swung that way. Your financial situation is not a feminist issue. You have non-sexist debt. If you sleep with me I’ll pay off some of that debt. Or you could take the so-called high road and I’ll leave and your full debt remains unchanged. What else are you doing this morning that’s so special you can’t enjoy a good fuck?’

I wasn’t planning to do anything of note. It seemed that in this case the smart thing to do was also the wrong thing.

‘You nodded your head before. Are you interested?’ he asked.

‘I guess. I need the money. My dignity and integrity as a woman can take the hit.’

‘I’m not so bad. I’m not an evil person. You’ve met my ex-girlfriend. Did she look abused? Of course not. I’m a normal enough guy.’ He added, ‘I don’t have the money on me. Do you trust I’m good for it?’

‘No. I need the money upfront. There’s a cash machine in the shops five minutes up from here.’

‘Okay. I’ll be back.’

He came back to find me in my bedroom waiting for him. I was lying on the covers with my legs spread wide to entice him with my leopard leggings. ‘Is this

what you wanted?' I asked.

'No. Come into the kitchen.' He walked out the bedroom. I got up and followed him. He was sitting at the kitchen table with his chair turned away from the table. 'Sit,' he said, indicating his lap.

Awkwardly I sat on his lap and he put his arms around my waist. I could feel an erection touching my right leg. Money was on the table. 'Is that for me?' I asked.

'It sure is. Count it.'

I reached around him and picked up the money. I flicked through the wad of tens. Seven hundred in total was there. I put it back on the table. 'Now what?' I asked.

'I'd like a peck on the cheek. Can you do that for me?'

There was a moment of hesitation before I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. I withdrew my head and said, 'Donald, do you want me to kiss you on the lips?'

'Yes. Do that.' I leaned back in and we brought our lips together and kissed. His right hand broke away from my waist and started to explore my thigh and knee. He rubbed along them as we started touching our tongues. I broke away from him and said, 'This is weird. And not good weird. You're my friend. We're not supposed to be having romantic experiences with each other.'

‘We’re not that friendly. And this isn’t romantic. It’s just sex. Don’t think too much about it. Just let it happen.’

‘I’m really not sure about this.’

‘What’s there to be sure about? If you could just turn your mind off for a few seconds you might enjoy yourself. Please, kiss me again.’

I glanced at the money. I wanted it. I leaned back in and we kissed again. Our tongues touched and massaged each other. It did feel good. It also felt weird. I was doing sexual things for money. I had definitely crossed a line good girls didn’t cross. Was I a good girl? Well if I ever was, I wasn’t one now.

He slipped his hand from my knee into the waistband of my leggings. He found his way into the front of my black thong. His fingers discovered my cunt. He touched me there in the most intimate of places. ‘Stop,’ I said.

His hand froze on my clit. ‘What is it?’ he asked.

His hand did feel good on my clit as his fingers rested on it. It was a shame I stopped him before he could begin rubbing it. ‘Just give me a second. Let me think.’ Did I want to go through with this and become a slut? His hand was literally on my clit right now. He had breached my clothes and he was touching my private parts. This was not good.

He said, 'We either go all the way or you get nothing.'

I put my hand on his offending wrist and held onto it as I said, 'I want more money. My pussy is worth more than seven hundred. I want one thousand.'

'That's awfully rich. I don't doubt your snatch is very good. And I really want to fuck it. My dick so wants to slip itself up there. But that's a little pricey.'

'I won't give myself up for less than one thousand,' I insisted.

'We had a gentleman's agreement. But okay. I'll pay. I've got more money in my wallet. Do you want me to get it now?'

'Yes.'

He pulled his hand out of my thong. He then used it to take out his wallet from his trouser pocket. He produced more money. He put it on the table beside the seven hundred. He looked at it and then up at me. 'If we're renegotiating the deal then I think I should get some extra terms. If a gentleman's agreement means nothing to you then I think I need to specify what I want and expect.'

'Like what?'

'I think we've established that I want to have sex with you in the vagina. With a condom, obviously. Blowjobs and handjobs were implied. Multiple orgasms

were expected if things happened that way. It was a full service sex session I was buying. Would you agree?’

‘I...guess so.’

‘What if I want more? What if I want more than just your cunt?’

‘Like what?’

‘It arouses me that the demure, good girl next door has demeaned herself to having sex for money. I’m curious to see what else I can pay for you to do.’

‘Now you’re getting creepy. I don’t like this.’ I got up from his lap and stood by the sink. I held his gaze as we silently looked at each other.

He broke the awkward silence. He said, ‘If it costs me one thousand to have your hands, mouth and cunt on my dick, how much will it cost to have your arse?’

‘No. I don’t do anal.’

‘You’ve never had anal sex before?’ he asked.

‘Of course not.’

‘Let me be your first. I’m very gentle. I’ve got a good, friendly technique of sliding it in.’

‘No.’

‘One thousand extra, just for a few minutes of anal.’

Two thousand in total. It was too tempting for me to say no. I said, ‘I don’t know about anal.’

‘People do it all the time and live to tell the tale. It’s not going to harm you in some irreversible way. You’d have to do years of major anal fucking with giant dildos until you abuse it so much it loses its natural tightness.’

‘I’m really not into things involving the bum.’ This wasn’t strictly true. I had enjoyed rimming, both giving and receiving, but I didn’t feel a need to tell him that.

‘Do it for the money. But whatever, it’s up to you. The choice is yours.’

‘I just don’t know.’

‘You know your roommate?’ he asked.

‘What about her?’

‘She’s openly bisexual.’

‘So?’ I asked.

‘I’m guessing you’ve never had a lesbian experience.’

I didn’t dignify that with an answer.

‘By your silence I think that means no, of course not. You’re a “good girl”. What if I was to pay you to have a lesbian encounter with Jacqueline?’

‘No. That’s not going to happen. I’m not gay. And I live with her. How awkward is that going to be?’

‘Are you not curious about what another girl feels like? Has it never flirted across your mind? Surely one time when you were masturbating you imagined another woman eating you out or something?’

‘Of course not. I’m into men.’

‘If you’re so secure in your heterosexual desires then what harm can it do? Will being with Jacqueline for five minutes turn you gay? It’s not like you can catch gay like it’s a virus. Think about it this way. You don’t do it for your pleasure. You do it for my viewing pleasure. I pay you five hundred to see you do something rather distasteful for ten minutes. I don’t even want to see you have full sex with her. Just to see you perform oral on her pussy. Maybe she’ll lick you back. Either way it’s five or ten minutes of uncomfortable sexual contact that isn’t for your pleasure. If you’re so secure in your love for cock then it’s not going to change you. Is it?’

‘I think you’re oversimplifying things. There are psychological implications to doing things like this that last beyond an hour of fucking.’

‘What’s wrong with oversimplification? You’re complicating things. What I propose is a foursome.’

‘Now we’re moving onto group sex? Shouldn’t we learn to walk before we run?’

‘Hear me out. Jacqueline is a total slut. She’ll do it for free just for the sex. And I can easily talk Neil into coming over to fuck Jackie. We won’t swap partners. Well I might fuck Jacqueline. But at least it’ll just be me who’ll fuck you. Neil will be under strict instructions not to touch you. We fuck beside each other in the living room and you and Jackie lick each other out. How does that sound?’

‘Very decadent,’ I said as I left the room. I went into my bedroom and shut the door behind me. I laid on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. What an outrage. How could he be serious? Group sex with two couples in the living room? Was he mad? Did he really think I’d go for that? Also he wanted to see me perform lesbian oral sex on my flatmate? He had to be out of his mind.

Involuntarily I pictured it. I didn't want to but images of us all fucking on the living room floor flooded my mind. I tried to get rid of the pictures but they kept coming back to me. I was picturing Donald's big cock sliding in and out of my wet cunt. I found myself unexpectedly turned on. How was that possible? I was getting aroused by the thought of having sex with Donald. The idea of being paid to have intercourse with a man somehow excited me all of a sudden. I couldn't resist at least touching my general crotch area with my hand. Over my leopard leggings I cupped my crotch with my right hand and started rubbing.

After rubbing myself for about half a minute I was contemplating moving my hand inside the leggings and onto the thong. It was at this point I heard a knock on the bedroom door. I quickly pulled my hand away with feelings of total guilt and embarrassment. 'What is it?' I called while still lying down.

Donald said, 'I'm sorry I offended you. But I've got this imagination. It can be a bit perverted at times. Perhaps I should be ashamed of it but I don't mean any harm by it. I know this has been a strange morning. I get that. I'm going to leave now. My opinion of you before this conversation hasn't changed. I still think you're a cool chick with a stick up her butt. I just wanted to help you with your money problems. You looked so good in your leggings and shoes. I just really desired you. It's a really good look. I thought I could help you out financially and in return you would satisfy my lust. I guess that was stupid. So anyway, I'm going now. Sorry. Don't feel weird about me next time we meet. I won't mention this. This never happened.'

'No wait,' I called out involuntarily as I sat upright. I was full of surprises as I had no idea why I wanted him to wait. I couldn't think of anything to say. I had no follow-up words.

'Yes?' he asked through the closed door.

‘Donald, I’d like to... Tell me your idea again.’

I slipped my right hand inside my thong and rubbed at my clit as he talked. ‘I thought the four of us could have a kinky group sex session. It wasn’t well worked out in my head. I was thinking maybe Neil and Jacqueline could be talked into having sex in the same room as you and me. Jacqueline is up for anything. Neil would just need a few encouraging words. I think they might have hooked up already anyway. As a casual thing. As are most of Jacqueline’s relationships. I was thinking we could fuck beside each other in the living room. On the sofa and on the floor. Maybe we could play a porno on the TV. And at some point you and Jacqueline could sixty-nine each other.’ In another surprise for myself, that was the point when my clit really responded. Talk of lesbian sex excited me. Very odd. He continued. ‘You and Jackie would eat each other out while we watched or wanked all over you. Or maybe you eat her while I give you anal up the back passage. Either way, a little bit of gay stuff among the women. I don’t think anyone has any interest in seeing the boys kissing. That’s not erotic. Girls kissing is hot though. I bet even girls get turned on by that. They’ll never admit it, but I suspect they do. At least a little bit. It’s not something that makes them look away in disgust.’

‘And then what?’ I asked as I kept rubbing at my bean. It wasn’t a fast, furious wank. I wasn’t masturbating to come. I was just feeling myself as it felt good and because it was kind of perverse. I guess I did have more of a perverse side to me than I thought.

‘And then nothing. We just fuck. I come. You come. We all come. And then we pretend it never happened. We’ll try not to be too awkward around each other. In a week’s time we’ll be back to normal.’

‘What about your cum?’

‘What about it?’ he asked.

‘What do you want done with it?’

‘I don’t know what you’re asking.’

‘When it comes out of your penis. What then? Do you expect me to put it in my mouth and swallow it?’

‘Oh that. I suppose so. I mean, I am paying for it. I think I deserve that little bit of extra whore behaviour. Don’t you? For one thousand and counting I don’t see why not. Yeah. I want you to swallow it.’

I was really being turned on by this. What was wrong with me? I had a long distance boyfriend and I’d never done anything this outrageous before. Now I was seriously thinking about having sex for money, doing anal, group sex and having my first lesbian experience. Crazy. Perhaps this was a sign of a submissive side. I’d heard about sadomasochism. People liked to be controlled and told what to do. They get off on being instructed to do indecent things. Maybe that was what this was. I was getting off on being instructed to do things I didn’t necessarily want to do. Sadly when I imagined a dungeon scenario I couldn’t see myself as the one holding the whip and giving orders. It was not my natural place. I was too sweet. Too innocent. Too good. No. Instead I was the one in the chains getting whipped and called a worthless cunt. That was my natural place.

I said, 'I suppose if you're paying so much you deserve to have your slut swallow what you give her.'

Donald said, 'These are my numbers. I think one thousand for the vaginal sex. That includes handjobs and blowjobs and the like. Another thousand for the anal. Five hundred for the lesbian bit. Another five hundred for doing it in front of Jacqueline and Neil. A total of three thousand. That's an amount not to be sniffed at. Three thousand for a few hours of your time you might enjoy anyway. Not bad work if you can get it. What do you say, Sasha? Is that acceptable?'

I took my hand from my pussy and stood up. I turned the doorknob using the hand I'd been masturbating with. The door opened and I said to Donald, 'Okay. Three thousand.' I wanted to do it. I was into it. I was turned on by the thought of this awful perversion. It was so unlike me. Who was this person who was doing perverted sex for money? It sure as hell wasn't the Sasha who went to bed last night. What happened to me? 'And I want you to have another thousand on you. To pay for any other things that might occur. Like Neil might fuck me, and I'll let him because you're paying. I think that would be fair. Don't you?' I didn't even care about the money now. This was now a sexual experience I wanted.

With enthusiasm Donald said, 'Sure. That sounds fair. So does that mean you're keen to have Neil as well?'

'No,' I sort of semi-lied. 'It's just in case. In the heat of the moment things might happen. He might grab me and put his dick in my mouth. And we're all so hot and bothered I'll suck on it anyway. What seems a big no-no in the light of day becomes acceptable in the middle of a tawdry gangbang. You know what I mean?'

'Yeah. I get it. I'm willing to do that. So you're really going to do this?'

‘If you have the money.’

‘I do. When does Jacqueline get back?’

‘She has a lecture until something like two. She’s usually back half an hour after that. I can call her and explain the situation.’

‘You do that. I’ll call Neil.’

He pulled out his mobile and walked into the kitchen to make his call to Neil.

I closed the bedroom door and picked up my mobile from the bedside table. Was I really going to call my flatmate to tell her Donald wanted us to have a gangbang in our living room? Really? This was happening? I was really going to tell her this? Was I also going to inform her that I’d been persuaded to try doing lesbian things to her body? Apparently I was.

She picked up on the fourth ring. ‘Hi, it’s me,’ I said.

‘Sasha, is something wrong?’

‘No. Can you talk?’

‘Yeah. I can give you a minute.’

‘Okay. How do I say this? Donald was round this morning. And we got talking about my student debt. And he very strangely offered to pay some of it off. In exchange for something.’

‘Are you going to sleep with him?’ she asked.

‘What? How did you know?’ Had they been talking behind my back about pimping me out?

‘Hold on. Am I right? You’re going to sleep with him for money?’

‘I...um...’

‘I didn’t know. It was just a stupid joke. Are you serious? Boring good girl Sasha having sex with men for money. Surely not.’

‘You know I’ve got a big payment coming up. And I’m going to be destitute if I pay off the minimum. I’m desperate for a little extra cash. He offered. He said he really liked my leopard print leggings and heels. It got him all revved up and he wanted to sleep with me. And he was willing to pay for the pleasure. The right thing of course is to say no. But that’s also the dumb thing to do. The money he’s offering can really help me get on top of this debt. He’s offered me more if I do some kinky things. I really need the money.’

‘What about your boyfriend?’ asked Jacqueline.

‘He’s not here. What he doesn’t know can’t hurt him. I’m not thinking about him. He’s irrelevant.’

‘I’ve always said that.’

‘No, I mean he’s just irrelevant to this situation. I love him. I think. But right now love isn’t in the same city and it’s not paying off my debt. Sex can really help me pay it off.’

‘What kind of kinky things does he want? Do tell. I’m all ears.’

‘This involves you. That’s why I’m calling.’

‘Really? Does Donald want a threesome?’

‘If he did, what would you say to that?’

There was a pause before Jacqueline replied, ‘I’d be up for that.’ I was strangely relieved and excited to hear that. ‘But,’ she added.

‘Yes?’

‘You know I’m authentically bisexual?’

‘Yes.’

‘It might be too frustrating for me not to be able to touch you. I suspect you’d allow some kissing on the mouth and that’s it.’

‘Well no actually. I can’t believe I’m saying this. And out loud to you. But he’s offered me money to perform oral sex. On you. And for me to receive it from you. Is that something you’d be happy to have happen?’

She simply said, ‘Yes.’

‘He’s not paying you by the way. He reckons you’re up for it anyway. I’m sorry if that sounds a little blunt.’

‘That’s okay. I’m a slut. I sleep around. Guys and girls. No, that’s fine. So you’re going to do it?’

‘I need the money.’

‘Are you at least a little excited by it?’

‘Honestly, a little bit.’

‘Are we doing it today? Is he still there?’

‘Yeah. But that’s not the full story. There’s more. It’s not a threesome he wants. He wants to invite Neil over and have us all fuck as couples in the same room.’

There was a silence. Jacqueline eventually said, ‘He’s a kinky one, that Donald. A foursome? He’s got balls. And of course the boundaries between the couples will breakdown. You understand that. You’re going to end up fucking Neil by the end.’

‘I kind of knew that. So I’ve demanded three thousand up front. And another thousand on completion if I fuck Neil as well.’

‘We’ve got a crazy night ahead of us,’ she said. ‘And you’re willing to do this? You’ll have to forgive me if I sound a little doubtful.’

‘I might chicken out. But yeah. Why not, right? Why not have kinky group sex with my friends and the flatmate I see every day? What could possibly go wrong with that?’

‘That’s the spirit. Have you ever had a lesbian experience before? You don’t

strike me as the rug munching type. I pick nothing up from you on my gaydar.'

'I'm totally straight. I French kissed a girl in school once. But that wasn't really gay. It was more a...thing. It wasn't about sexual attraction between us.'

'I get it. You were practising on each other.'

'Yeah. Sort of.'

'So all it took to get you to eat pussy was money. If only I'd known. I might have paid you myself to feel your tongue and lips on my privates.'

'Stop it. You're making me nervous. It's not like that. It's a one-time deal as part of an overall package. A bit of clit licking doesn't mean I'm gay. I'm not even experimenting. It's just five minutes of touching something inappropriate with my tongue.' I kept telling myself the lower estimate instead of the more plausible ten minute number. 'I look at it as a dare with a substantial cash prize at the end. I'm sorry if that makes you sound like a bag of shit I'm being dared to lick. But you know what I mean. I'm not saying you're disgusting. I'm saying for me, as a straight woman, it's weird and inappropriate for me to touch what many other people would love to touch.'

'Yeah, yeah,' she said dismissively without any sense of being insulted. 'How much are you getting paid to lick my pussy?'

'Specifically for that: five hundred. Which is fair. I think. It's a big thing for a

woman to lick another woman's vagina. And it's not like one quick lick. It's five minutes of having my lips clamped around it and my tongue smeared all over it.'

'You can tell Donald I'm in. For five hundred.'

'Okay. I'll say to him. If you wait a second I'll ask him about the money right now. You're sure that's all you want?'

'It'll do. If you're getting paid then I might as well get something out of it. Five hundred should pay for a couple of new outfits at least.'

'It doesn't bother you that you'll be like me? A prostitute.'

'Nah. If it's good enough for you then it's good enough for me. You're the class act in this team. If you're willing to take money in return for sexual favours then I'm no better than you.'

'Okay. Hold on.' I put the mobile on the bed and went into the kitchen to find Donald sitting at the table. He looked up and said, 'Neil's in. He's on his way over now. What did Jackie say?'

'She wants five hundred.'

He didn't quibble. He simply nodded his head.

I went back to the bedroom and picked up the phone. 'He said yes.'

'Okay. Good. Do you want me over now? I can blow this lecture.'

'I suppose...yes. Neil's on his way over so we can start this sooner rather than later. The less time I've got to stew in my own head over what I'm about to do the better. Thanks for doing this. The money can really make a dent on my debt. It'll give me a lot of breathing space.'

'No, thank you, Sasha. Any excuse to get some dick in me. And to get you to play with me as well. All my birthday wishes have come at once.'

'I'll see you soon.' I switched off the mobile and put it back on the bedside table. Fuck, I was really going ahead and doing this. Fuck.

Just fuck.

I walked back into the kitchen and said to Donald that Jacqueline was on her way over instead of going to classes.

He said, 'Good. I guess we're all set.'

'Not quite. The money.'

‘Oh yes. The money. Can’t forget about the money.’ The way he said it was not rude. He was not implying I was a money grabber. He had just authentically forgotten about it.

Donald went out to get more money.

Fifteen minutes later he was back in my kitchen. There was three thousand on the kitchen table in one pile. Beside it was a second pile of one thousand. There was a third pile of five hundred for Jacqueline. Donald picked up the reserve bundle of one thousand and placed it on top of the refrigerator. ‘For later. If more than expected happens, that’s yours. If things go as planned, then it’s mine. Agreed?’

‘Perhaps you might be so happy with what happens you’ll want to leave it as a tip to share between Jackie and me.’

‘Perhaps. A bonus payout isn’t such a bad idea. It’ll give you some motivation to really put your heart and soul into this.’

I nodded to him. ‘Don’t worry. Treat me right and I’ll deliver the goods.’ I then scooped the bigger pile of money off the table and took it to my bedroom. The money went in my underwear drawer, wrapped in my least sexy big panties.

Foursome In the Living Room

Jacqueline went into her room to change after taking the bundle of five hundred from the kitchen table.

I was of course not allowed to change out of my leopard skin leggings and shoes, and my black T shirt with the sparkly bits on it.

As we waited for her to get ready Donald and Neil tried their best to put me at ease. We were sitting in the kitchen drinking tea and coffee. It was not a normal situation. We were about to have an orgy. So conversation was strained. It seemed somehow rude to confront the issue on everyone's mind. Instead we talked around it, not daring to be the first to say anything about it. If Jackie was in the room she wouldn't be coy. She would be asking questions and probably initiating things. She was the girl we needed to get this thing started. Even Donald, the instigator of this perverse gangbang, seemed reluctant to start talking about it.

So we discussed politics, what was in today's paper and other more trivial things.

Neil then somehow got onto the topic of dreams. He asked us, 'What's the best dream sequence you've ever seen in a movie?'

I said, 'I don't know. Nothing's coming to mind.'

Donald offered, 'Spellbound by Salvador Dalí and Alfred Hitchcock. That's one of the most famous ones. I've never seen the movie, but they say it's really good. There's also one in Hitchcock's Vertigo.'

Neil said, 'The dream in Vertigo is terrible. Flashing red colours and stuff. Awful. Awful. Really the pits of bad dream sequences. But then again Vertigo is one of the most overrated movies ever made. The one in Spellbound is pretty good. But the elaborate sets and stylised camerawork makes it too silly. Dreams should be more mundane. More like a low-budget independent movie with weird events rather than some fantasy spectacular with peculiar sets. The more banal the better for the weird stuff. You want to know the best dream sequence I've ever seen?'

Donald said, 'I suppose.'

'It's obscure. You won't have seen it. It's in a black and white movie called Separation. It's a bit like a French New Wave film but made in Britain during the swinging sixties. It's not great or anything, but it's decent enough if you have a taste for the avant-garde. The film has a lot of confusing logic. On purpose. Anyway there's a scene that isn't specifically designated as a dream. But I think it can be interpreted as one. It's so accurate to how dreams are and feel that I assume the writer had this dream for real and wrote it into the script. It was written by the lead actress by the way. That's interesting. Isn't it? It's very rare for a lead actress to singlehandedly write a script she stars in. Ruby Sparks was another film written by the lead actress, although there's a much bigger part in that for the male lead. She's more of a supporting character to him in that film. Can you think of any other films the lead actress wrote without any other credited writers?'

I wasn't a film buff so I wasn't equipped to answer this, so I didn't even try.

Donald gave it a shot. He came up short. 'Nothing springs to mind. I can't even think of any male actors. It must be very rare. Actors just don't write. Maybe it's more likely to happen with comedy. Comedians usually at least start their careers having to author their own jokes. Right? I mean, it's fair to assume all those stand-up comedians are performing their own material.'

I said, 'I wouldn't be so sure of that. I think there's usually a team of behind the scenes people.'

Neil said, 'Steve Martin. I think he wrote a bunch of his movies on his own. Bowfinger, definitely. And probably more. He's also a good writer of novels. I read one of his books. The Line of Beauty, I think it was called. No, maybe An Object of Beauty? It was very good. It was about selling art for crazy prices. Also his memoir of his early stand-up career was good. He's a talented writer.'

Donald said, 'I think you're drifting off the point. Separation's dream sequence.'

'Right. Sorry. She's on foot trying to get out of a dark multi-storey car park but there's a party in the way of her car. All these swinging sixties people in formal wear drinking champagne from glasses. They're blocking her getting to her car. She repeatedly says, "Excuse me," but they ignore her and she can't get past them. It goes on for about a minute or two. That felt very authentic to me. I don't think anything else happens. The banality of it, the irritation with other people and the repetition was something I can recollect from my own dreams.'

Jacqueline came out of her bedroom. She had opted for a young girl look of a blue denim jacket and a denim skirt. She had an orange satin blouse under the jacket. Her legs were bare except for little orange socks and open-toed high heels with straps across the ankles. Her blonde hair was in two pigtails. Soon enough we discovered she was wearing white cotton panties and a matching bra. The

overall effect was to make her look like a teenager instead of the twenty-two-year-old she was. She said, 'Do you like?'

Neil got up and said, 'Yeah. Very much.'

I said, 'I like the socks.'

Donald said, 'It looks very good. Very sexy.'

Jackie said, 'So, should we begin?'

Donald stood up and said, 'There's no time like the present.' He walked into the living room and we all followed him.

He stood before the sofa and said, 'How about we get this started with some lesbian kissing?'

'Really,' I said. 'You want to jump straight into that?'

'Just some light pecks on the cheeks and lips. That's all. No tongues on pussies. It will break the ice and inject some atmosphere into the proceedings. A minute of that and we'll be hard; and we can pair off with our respective partners. That sounds like a plan to me.'

Jacqueline turned to me and said, 'Don't worry. I don't bite. I'll respect you and I won't force you to do anything weird.' She reached out and slipped her hand into mine. She led me to the sofa. I let her take me. She sat and I followed her down onto the sofa. The guys presumably didn't want to crowd us, and spook me, so they stood by the television out the way. Jackie said, 'Just a light kiss on the cheek. You can do it.'

I leaned in and kissed her quickly on her cheek. 'And again,' she said as she turned to show me her other cheek. I kissed it. 'There, that wasn't so bad. Was it?'

'It's early days,' I said.

'Don't get freaked out. Much freakier things are on the horizon. Now hold still. I'm going to kiss you.' She put her hands on either side of my jaw and kissed me on the left cheek, then the right. Then she planted her lips on mine. She held me in place and kissed me for a few seconds. She was so soft.

She took her head away and asked, 'You okay?'

'Yes.'

'Did you like that?'

Without moving my head I turned my eyes to the left to look at the boys. If it was just the two of us I might have been honest and said that yes, I did like the

taste of her on my mouth. Unfortunately we were in mixed company and I didn't feel like admitting to enjoying my lesbian experience. It was too embarrassing. I said, 'It was...okay.'

'Just okay? We'll have to try better. We'll make a lesbian out of you yet.' She leaned back in and kissed me again. This time her tongue entered my mouth. It felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before. Her tongue was so much smoother and more sensual than any guys'. I was disappointed when she took it out. 'How was that?' she asked.

'Wonderful.' I was forgetting the guys were in the room.

'That's more like it.' She took her hands away from my jaw and put them on my right knee and thigh. 'Now come here and this time you kiss me.'

I leaned in towards her and we kissed. My tongue entered her mouth. She licked it back.

She broke the kiss and looked at the guys. 'They're getting excited.'

I turned to see they were stripping naked. They had hard erections. I turned back to Jacqueline and said, 'Please kiss me again. I really liked it.'

She leaned in and we kissed some more.

She sat back and turned to her right to face an erection that was suddenly bobbing before her. Without any hesitation she put it in her mouth and clamped her lips around it. I was watching her give head to Neil. I turned to my left to find Donald's erection. I put my left hand out and took hold of it. I began masturbating it.

'Yeah, rub it good,' said Donald as I wanked it up and down. 'Put it in your bitchy little bisexual mouth,' he said.

I did. It went into my mouth and I sucked on it. I didn't bother complaining about the 'bisexual' slur. Maybe I was. All I knew was this: I wanted to have sex with Jacqueline.

We sucked on their penises for a few minutes.

Donald and I moved down onto the floor. He pulled down my thong and leggings so they were halfway down my thighs. My private parts were there to be seen by everyone. How embarrassing. He was wearing a condom when he penetrated me vaginally from behind.

He fucked me with his big dick going backwards and forwards inside my pussy. It felt good. Real good. Shamefully good. It turned me on that Jacqueline was above me on the sofa and that we could hear and see each other fucking.

On the sofa Neil was inside Jacqueline's cunt. He was pounding her with his condom covered dick. She was making a lot of noise. She'd brought a few boys and girls home before so I'd heard some of her sex noises before. Now she had no reason to try and keep quiet. Luckily the neighbours above us were half deaf

and those below us were at work at this time of day.

We fucked like this for several minutes. We were making a lot of noise.

Throughout this fucking the guys were fully naked, except for the condoms which did nothing to hide their dicks, while we were still more or less fully clothed. Our panties and my leggings had been shunted aside, but otherwise we hadn't lost any clothing.

We changed positions a few times. Jacqueline and Neil remained on the sofa while Donald and me stayed on the floor.

The sights, sounds and smell of sex filled the flat.

I was now lying horizontal on the carpet face up while Donald was sitting vertical as he continued to penetrate me.

As we fucked something really strange happened. Jacqueline stood up and started urinating.

On me.

She pissed on me as I was being fucked on the carpet by Donald.

Her white cotton panties were already pushed to the left exposing her cunt. She stood there and deliberately, and without warning, started to urinate. On me. On purpose. She pissed on me. Literally she went to the toilet and emptied her bladder on me.

What the fuck!

There was no room for ambiguity. It was not some weird accident. It was a deliberate act. She stood up and she held her panties aside to make sure they stayed out the way, and she pissed.

I have to repeat: on me.

My flatmate urinated on me as part of a sexual thing.

It was the most startling thing ever. It's a strange thing indeed when a girl unexpectedly urinates on another woman. The warm jet of piss landed on my clothed breasts. I was too startled to react. What could I do? Donald didn't miss a beat and kept pounding me in my pussy. The warm jet went up along my body to wet my belly and finally my naked cunt. Jacqueline was urinating on our genitals as Donald fucked me with his penis in my vagina.

How did I finally react to this?

With anger?

Indignation?

Did I get up and curse them out and call a halt to these increasingly perverse proceedings?

No.

I did nothing.

I let her piss on me without comment.

I didn't even give her a dirty look. I just kept fucking Donald's beautiful big dick.

How fucked up is that?

She pissed on me without permission and I let her get away with it.

I didn't even feel any resentment towards her. There was no desire to give her a piece of my mind or to slap her. If anything, I felt this pathetic gratitude as though she'd done me a favour. She'd pissed on me and I was feeling gratitude?

After the fact, once my non-reaction had been observed and she'd gone back to

taking Neil's dick in her cunt, I started to process what had happened. I had allowed myself to be used as a toilet for another woman and I didn't hate it. I wasn't disgusted. I wasn't outraged. I was even maybe a little turned on.

That is not a normal reaction to such an event.

Was I normal?

Was I perhaps not normal after all?

Was I a pervert?

Having sex for money. Check.

Having a lesbian experience for money. Check.

Enjoyed being urinated on by a woman. Check.

It wasn't looking good.

I was soaked with Jacqueline's piss. My clothes were absolutely soggy with her urine. I enjoyed this? It didn't compute. Of course the reason why I enjoyed it was psychological. It was a massive taboo. It was the idea of it more than the

actual unpleasant reality. The concept that another woman could piss on me like I was a toilet was a very strong idea that broke so many rules of common sense and decency. It was incredibly dirty. Incredibly so.

I slipped my hand down to my soaked pussy and rubbed at my clit. No one said a word about what had just happened.

We fucked for a few more minutes.

Jacqueline made a racket as she had an orgasm on the end of Neil's great big dick. She was bouncing up and down on it as she faced away from him. She was rubbing at her own bean. After she came they changed position and continued fucking on the sofa. He was on top of her, grunting away as his penis forced apart her vaginal walls with his thickness.

Donald said, 'I'm going to come.' Soon afterwards he ejaculated in my cunt. As he was wearing a condom none of it went up me. He stood up and pulled the rubber off his dick. I sat up on the floor. He held it over me and said, 'I want you to eat it.'

'What? From the condom? That's dirty.'

'Let's not pretend anymore. You're a dirty girl. I think it's small stuff after the watersports you enjoyed.'

'That wasn't...' I tailed off. I didn't bother defending myself. What was the

point? It had happened and I sort of enjoyed it. Why bother pretending otherwise? The less said the better.

Jacqueline pulled Neil's dick out of her feminine canyon. She stood up and said, 'I want to see you do it. We could cum swap it if you want to share?'

I said, 'You mean pass it between us by kissing.' More kissing. I was up for that, even if there was some disgusting ejaculate involved. 'Okay.'

Jacqueline got on her knees beside me and took the condom from Donald. 'Are you ready?' she asked.

'I guess so,' I said as I tipped my head back and opened my mouth.

She dangled the clear used rubber above my mouth with the open end facing downwards. The white evidence of Donald's lust was in it, dripping down with the forces of gravity. Jacqueline helped gravity along by pinching near the top with her left thumb and index finger and sliding them downwards. The cum dropped out the condom and into my open mouth. I was drinking cum out of a used condom. This was certainly a day for firsts.

She got all the male love juice out of the sheath and most of it ended up in my mouth. A little bit landed on the urine soaked T shirt covering my left breast. Jacqueline threw the condom aside and put her head down to my breast and started licking the spunk from it. She was getting her own piss in her mouth.

She brought her head up and instructed me to kiss her.

I leaned over to her and we kissed on the lips. I passed the spunk to her and she took it while we rubbed our tongues together. It was a very sexy moment.

Her hands held me and I could feel her tenderly groping my right urine soaked breast with her left hand.

I put one hand on her back and the right squarely on her left breast. I had a bit of a grope of my own.

We both swallowed what we had in our slutty little mouths. I think she got the majority of it.

Donald said, 'Why don't you two eat each other out now. You obviously like each other. More than I ever suspected.'

'Stop,' I said with a giggle. 'It's not like that.'

'I don't know,' he said. 'I'm seeing some real chemistry here going on between you two. The way you're holding each other is kind of properly gay.'

Jacqueline turned to me and said, 'Don't listen to him. He's just teasing you by calling you a lesbian.'

I said quietly to her so only she could hear, 'That's okay. I think I do like you.'

She didn't react. Maybe she didn't hear me.

She said, 'You eat me first. Then I'll eat you. Okay?'

'I'm here to serve,' I said.

She let go of me and I let go of her. Jacqueline changed position from being on her knees to sitting with her back against the sofa. She pulled up her skirt to be around her waist to get it out the way. Then she spread her legs wide open to display her cunt and the white cotton panties that were still skewed to the left of her delicate hole.

I laid myself face down in front of her. 'I just lick it?' I asked to stall for time. I'd never done this before. It was okay for a guy to lick a girl's private anatomy. That was normal. It was not normal for a girl to lick another girl down there unless she was gay. I wasn't gay. Was I gay? Bisexual at least. I definitely liked men. That wasn't an illusion. I authentically enjoyed cock and the men who were attached to them. Did I like women though? It wasn't an absurd idea. So why hadn't I ever thought of other women in this way before? Why had I never experienced longing for the touch of a woman? If I was bisexual all this time then why hadn't I ever found myself masturbating about girls? Surely in all these years I would have slipped up once or twice and ended up having naughty thoughts about a person from the inappropriate gender. Was I that good at hiding that awkward, unwanted truth about myself that it's taken until now to confront it?

Jacqueline said, 'It's not rocket science. You just stick your tongue out and lick it. It's okay. Take your time. There's no rush. Don't be nervous. Just do it.'

I tipped my nose right up to her clit and put my tongue out. I gingerly touched her clit with the very end of my tongue. It felt so wrong but I could feel my own pussy shiver with pleasure. I was enjoying this on at least some level. I had to face facts. I was just a pervert. I wasn't gay. I was just thrilled at doing something wrong. Licking out a girl was wrong. Oh so wrong. Therefore it was exciting.

I lapped at her cunt. I licked all around her labia and I sucked on her clit between licking sessions. She moaned loudly.

I felt a finger on my bum. More specifically on my butthole. It pressed in and sunk inwards. My arse was being violated. I stopped licking Jacqueline's cunt and looked back to see Donald playing with my arse. He had a new condom on his dick. He said, 'Get on your knees doggy-style. I'm going to fuck you anally while you eat Jackie.'

'What, now?' I asked.

'No time like the present.' His finger withdrew from my anal cavity and his hands clamped around my hips. He pulled me up. I got onto my knees while still looking back at him. 'Keep eating her,' he instructed. 'Don't worry. I'm lubed up. I'm not going to hurt you.'

Soon enough I had a big cock up my arse. That was another new experience. My anal virginity was suddenly taken from me. I'm not sure how I felt about that. It wasn't as good as being pissed on. I never thought I'd live to say those words.

He gently rocked his dick in and out my arse. It was okay, I suppose. Frankly I'd have preferred it if he'd just fucked me in the vagina. There was a perfectly good pussy sitting there unused. It was an orifice deliberately designed for taking a dick; and for the giving and receiving of sexual pleasure. The anus and rectum were not so specifically designed for that task. To me it was a poor man's vagina. Not my favourite fuck hole. That's not to say it was unpleasant or without its uses. It was dirtier, so psychologically there was more going on if you used it during fucking.

I put my face back in her cunt and I lapped at her pussy with more vigour.

Neil stood beside Jacqueline and put his dick in her face. She had her hands on my head. She let go of my hair with her right hand and used it to grip his erection. She started to suck on it while holding it in place. We must have been quite the perverse sight. There was me on my knees getting fucked anally by a guy while I ate another girl's pussy. While that other girl sucked the dick of a second guy.

Eventually my oral manipulations of her love-box made her come. She made a lot of noise as she came and she rather painfully gripped my hair with her left hand.

After that Donald pulled his dick out my arse. It felt good to get it unblocked. He pulled off the condom and put his cock in my face. I sucked on it while still in the doggy position. As I locked my lips around his cock, and poorly attempted to deep throat it, Jacqueline crawled around to be behind me. She put her mouth on

my cunt and started licking. It felt wonderful. She had a good tongue in her head. She even licked up to my arse and around it. She put her tongue in my anus. She said, 'Have you ever been rimmed before?'

I said, 'Yes. But never by a girl.' My first boyfriend never stuck anything in my arse but he did rim it a few times, and I rimmed him.

Licking at the back.

Sucking at the front.

It was all go.

Neil stood stroking his dick as he watched us.

A minute later I had an orgasm at the mouth of another woman. I came as she licked away at my clit.

Jacqueline took her mouth out of my snatch and said, 'Sasha, could you do me a favour?'

'Anything,' I said as I took the dick out of my mouth.

‘Would you piss on me?’

It was an unusual request but it was an unusual day. So instead of declining I said, ‘Of course. If you want me to?’

She sat on the spot and I got up and stood over her. I asked if I was to just piss on her right here as she sat. She nodded. She unbuttoned the denim jacket and the satin orange blouse to reveal her white bra cups. ‘Piss on my tits. And on my face. And on my cunt.’

After all the tea I’d been drinking I had some water in my bladder to give her. I let my inhibitions go and found myself going to the toilet in my own living room with a woman underneath me. Well she pissed on me earlier so she was getting her just deserts. My urethra let out a flow of piss. The warm water hit her on the chest. I held it there for a moment to soak her bra. Then I travelled upwards to her face. She had her mouth and eyes closed as I pissed on her cheeks and lips. My stream tailed off so I didn’t have the chance to piss on her vagina. She opened her eyes and looked up at me and grinned. ‘You’re such a pervert,’ she said.

‘You asked me,’ I said defensively. My thong and leggings had taken some dribbles from my own pissing.

‘No, it’s great. It’s one of my major fantasies to have the girl next door piss on me. That was amazing.’

I didn’t say anything about her pissing on me without permission. It didn’t seem like the right time.

Neil walked up to us, still stroking his dick, and asked Jacqueline, 'Can I piss on you?'

'Sure. Why not?'

He held his erection and I watched as he pissed his warm jet onto her pussy. For some reason I put my fingers in the way of the stream, midway down, and enjoyed the warm spray on my fingers. I withdrew my hand and he moved up to piss on her tits. His urination ended.

I turned to Donald and asked, 'Do you want to piss?'

'I suppose so,' he said. 'Can I piss on you?'

'Please,' I said. 'It would be my pleasure.' I sat on the floor and I pulled my thong and leopard leggings down to my ankles. I held my legs as wide open as I could and stroked my pussy while he stood over me. Jacqueline came over and sat behind me. Her wet breasts were against my T shirt covered back. She put her arms around me so her left hand was on my left breast, while her right hand was on my cunt. She took over masturbating me. I put my hands on her knees and felt her beautiful bare legs.

Donald pissed on my face. Bizarrely I opened my mouth. I let in as much as I could before I had to close it as it was overflowing. I spat it out onto my breasts. It didn't have much of a taste. It wasn't nice but it wasn't terrible. His piss drifted down to my neck, my breasts, my stomach and onto my crotch.

Jacqueline's hand stopped playing with me and moved aside to let the water hit my cunt. His stream died. Jacqueline's hand was back and playing with me again as soon as possible.

For a moment I had another person's piss in my mouth. What a strange turn of events. I think it was fair to say I earned that extra thousand on top of the fridge.

I felt another orgasm coming over me. 'Keep touching it, Jackie. I think I'm going to come.'

She doubled her pace on my clit and her fingers pushed me through the barrier into an orgasm.

We then paired off with different partners. I kicked off my shoes, leggings and thong and took Neil into my bedroom. He fucked me in my bed. He was wearing a condom. Jacqueline took Donald into her bedroom and fucked him in her bed. I don't know if they used a condom.

Neil and me didn't say anything to each other. There was no need for words. We both knew why we were there. To fuck. So we did. Neil slipped his cock up me and we got to work.

It seemed our two couplings were competing to see who could make the most noise. Headboard slamming and sexual groans of pleasure mingled throughout the flat as we both rode their dicks to ecstasy.

Neil came inside my cunt. Again I drank the white sticky fluid from the rubber. I swallowed it without any prompting from Neil. I just took the initiative and pulled the condom off his dick. I let the ejaculate drip down the inside of the rubber and into my open mouth.

It was a wild day of debauchery.

After showering Donald left without saying anything about the money on the fridge. It was implied without verbal confirmation that I'd earned it.

Masturbating In Front of Jacqueline

After those adventures it was obvious what I had to do next. I had to sleep with Jacqueline. Not only was I 'into her', but it would also answer some questions about my overall sexuality. That was a deeply abnormal situation that screwed up my sense of what was right and wrong. I got carried away with the perversity of it all. So I needed to know how I would react under more conventional, less peer pressured circumstances. Would I still be able to lick her cunt without an audience of boys? Or would it now be a step too far?

The next day in the kitchen I asked her how she felt about us being more than just flatmates. 'I've never thought of myself as a gay person. It never even occurred to me that I might be. It just wasn't on the cards. It just wasn't me. Or so I thought. But now I'm not so sure. Not only did I not dislike touching you and having you touching me, but I kind of liked it. A lot. I think I felt something for you. In my mind. Like, romantic feelings. And I felt more pleasure when you played with me than when the guys did. You felt better to the touch. When you pissed on me, it was something else. I mean I was shocked but intrigued. What made you do that? You must have expected me to be displeased at the very least.'

Jacqueline said, 'I just figured, why not. I wanted to. You were there. As I said yesterday, one of my all-time biggest sexual fantasies is pissing on the girl next door. I piss on her. She pisses on me. We eat each other out. You've been my girl next door fantasy ever since we moved in together.'

Had she ever masturbated about me? That was kind of hot to imagine her lying between the bedcovers with her fingers on either side of her labia holding her cunt open while the middle finger on her other hand was sawing up and down on her clit. She was doing this while thinking about me. My mere existence in the

next room was turning her on. She was there rubbing away in private at her little pleasure centre while imagining me eating her out. Or maybe she was imagining urinating on me. That was a sexually exciting thought. 'Really? I'm your fantasy?' I asked.

'You're pure. You know. You're not particularly sexually active. You have a long distance boyfriend you've been faithful to, up until now. You're demure. Pretty but a little on the frigid side. A nice person. The girl next door. A good girl. So I've always wanted to corrupt you. I've kinky fantasies about tying you to the bed and making you eat my pussy. I sit on your face and you have to lick it even though you don't want to. Things like that. Frankly I've wanted to piss on you since the first day we met. So I took advantage of my one and only chance. I did it. And unless I'm totally misreading the situation, I think you enjoyed it. Didn't you?'

'Maybe a little bit,' I conceded.

'You didn't react like I expected you to. Instead of getting indignant and calling me repugnant, you just took it. You stayed down on the floor and kept fucking Donald's dick. That was so hot the way you just didn't react. Like it was nothing. Like this wasn't out of the ordinary. I had an orgasm on Neil's cock a minute later as it turned me on so much. You were so cute in your leopard skin leggings, taking a dick while I pissed on you from above. It's going to be one of the great defining sexual images of my life. I'll be masturbating over that for a long time to come.'

I went red with bashfulness. She asked, 'Am I embarrassing you?'

'It's all this sex talk. Having it all out in the open. I'm just not used to it. We've fucked in front of each other. We've made penises ejaculate together. We've

eaten cum together. We've kissed each other. We've licked each other's private parts. And now we're talking about your private masturbation fantasies about me. It's all a bit much.'

'It's just sex. We all do it. What's the big deal? Why the massive hang-up?'

'It's just not the done thing to talk about it like this.'

'You're so bourgeois. Who cares about the "done" thing?'

'Obviously you don't.'

She said, 'I like sex. I do sex. I don't care if everyone knows. And I like talking about sex. Can I ask you something intimate?'

'Can I stop you?'

'What do you masturbate about?'

'Who says I masturbate?'

She looked at me with a profound scepticism. It was a ludicrous thing for me to say. Of course I masturbated since my boyfriend was nowhere to be seen. 'Okay.

I might rub it a little bit from time to time.'

'A little bit? Come on. You've got a fully working adult pussy and you're not using it as often as possible. What a waste.'

'Okay. I masturbate quite a bit.'

'Of course you do. Do you have a dildo?'

With embarrassment I nodded my head.

She said, 'You know what would turn me on? To see you demonstrating how you masturbate.'

'In front of you?' I asked.

'We can go into your room and I'll sit in the corner. Just pretend I'm not there. No, even better. Narrate the thoughts in your head. Tell me your fantasy. Who are you fucking? How are you fucking? What is he doing to you? Where are his hands?'

'No. I can't do that.'

‘Why not? Who says you can’t flick your bean in front of your bisexual flatmate? I’ve already seen it and tasted it. For me your cunt is not an unexplored area of your body.’

‘But if there’s no guys about, it will be authentically gay if it’s just the two of us.’

‘What’s so wrong with being gay?’

‘I don’t want to be turned into a homo. It’s not the socially accepted way of doing things. There’s a lot of social stigmatisation I’m not sure I can handle if I was gay. It’s all too new to me.’

‘It’s just between us. And you’re not gay. You’re bisexual at most. You can hide the gay part behind the straight part. Very few people will ever need to know. Out of curiosity, what are you going to tell your boyfriend about what happened? Are you going to tell him you’re now bisexual?’

‘Am I bisexual? I might not be. I don’t know what I’m going to say to him. What can I say? I think saying nothing is the best policy. A total blackout of information. As far as he’s concerned nothing happened. If he visits we’ll just have to act normal around him.’

‘That’s a big secret you’re going to be keeping from him.’

‘It’s just the way it is. I can’t tell him. It’s not an option.’

She said, 'Sasha, show me your pussy as you masturbate it.'

Without further thought I stood up and walked into my bedroom. She followed me in. I opened my middle clothes drawer and pulled out my vibrator from between the folds of a pair of jeans. It was eight inches of smooth pink plastic. I closed the drawer and took my T shirt, trousers and panties off; leaving only my white bra and pink socks on. I folded my clothes neatly on the bed beside the vibrator. I moved the clothes to the floor. I sat on the bed. My legs were wide open to allow a good view of my privates. Jacqueline stood at the end of the bed and looked down at my pussy. 'Is this how you do it?' she asked.

I nodded.

'You take off your clothes and neatly fold them away?'

'Yeah. Why? Is there something odd about that?'

'It just seems a little antiseptic.'

'I'm just being practical. I'm sorry if my lack of mess doesn't show a lot of fun, carefree character.'

'You're right. I'm judging you for something stupid. It's in keeping with your neat personality. Pretend I didn't say anything.' She pulled the chair out from the vanity and sat on it at the end of the bed. She sat back and stared right at me. 'Go

on. Show me your body and tell me your thoughts.'

I caressed my breasts through my bra and worked my hands over my curves, stomach and my inner thighs. I didn't touch my pussy for about a minute.

I was supposed to be narrating my naughty thoughts. Jacqueline didn't say anything about my silence.

My right hand drifted down to my pussy. The index and middle finger explored my hole. I touched the labia around it and then the clit that sat above it all. Using just my middle finger I started rubbing my clit with a moderate amount of pressure at an average pace.

I closed my eyes to help feel the pleasure.

'Tell me what you're thinking, Sasha.'

'I'm imagining my boyfriend licking me down there. He's working my cunt hole with his fingers. And his tongue is flicking on my clit.' I opened my eyes and looked for the vibrator. I picked it up and turned it on. It made that sexy buzzing hum of escaping energy being converted into sound. I remembered my physics teacher telling the class that 'in a perfect world' there would be no sound as it represented wasted electricity.

I closed my eyes and inserted the vibrator all the way into my dripping cunt.

‘Tell me what you’re thinking,’ demanded Jacqueline.

My eyes opened and I informed her that I was thinking about my physics teacher from high school.

‘Was he sexy?’

‘No. He was old and bald. He taught us that kinetic energy escapes by turning into sound and heat. He used the phrase “in a perfect world” and the other kids sniggered as though he was saying something stupid.’

‘I don’t think you masturbate right. You do understand that most people think of sexy thoughts at this time?’

‘Sorry. I got distracted.’ I closed my eyes again. ‘There’s nothing much to say. It’s just my boyfriend licking at me. He’s eating me. Now he’s on top of me. His weight is on me and he’s fucking me. His dick is in me. I’m wearing a really pretty, expensive ball gown and gloves. I’ve got all this jewellery on me. Now we’re at the opera. We’re fucking in a private box and we’re surrounded by people. We’re trying to be quiet but we suspect people know what’s happening. He’s fucking me and my long floor length skirt’s pulled up at the front so he can fuck my cunt.’ I pumped the vibrator furiously in and out of my tunnel. ‘We change positions. I’m on top of him with my skirt billowing around him. He’s lying face up. I’m crouching over him, facing away, and I’m now sitting down on his erect shaft. I’m taking it anally. My head is above the balcony wall and it’s bobbing up and down as I fuck his cock. It’s up my ass and I’m fucking it. People are watching me. I’m looking them straight in the eye. My gloved hands are on the balcony wall and I give them all the middle finger.’

‘Do you normally fantasise about anal sex?’

My eyes opened and I looked at her as I continued pumping the plastic cock in and out of my girly private parts. ‘No. Never. I’m not into anal things. Maybe I’ve thought about it a few times. I guess I do. Now I think about it, I have masturbated about anal sex once or twice.’ I closed my eyes again and continued my fantasy. ‘He’s now standing and I’m sucking him off. The people down below are scandalised but the show is still going on. They’re still performing the opera. Some people walk out in disgust at our behaviour. We’ve ruined the show for everyone. But I don’t care. I’m too busy consuming my boyfriend’s big dick. His cock is pressed up against the back of my throat. I’m gagging on it as I try to take as much in my mouth as possible.’ As I pumped away with the vibrator in my right hand, my left hand started to play with my clitoris. ‘He comes in my mouth and I’ve got a load of it on my tongue. Some drips out the side of my mouth and lands on my expensive dress. He tells me to swallow it. I don’t want to. I shake my head. It’s too dirty. He slaps me on the cheek and says, “Do what your told, slut.” I don’t argue and I swallow it down my throat.’

‘Why the slap?’ she asked.

‘I don’t know. I like to be made to do things I don’t necessarily want to do. Dirty things that are shameful.’

‘Interesting. You might have a bit of a submissive side.’ I opened my eyes to look at her. She continued. ‘That would explain why you were so calm and accepting of my piss when I peed on you without any warning. You probably totally got off on that.’

I continued fucking myself as I said, ‘I don’t know how I felt about that. I was so shocked at the time. And then once it stopped raining down on me it seemed

pointless saying anything. It took me a second or two to work out how I felt about it. I still don't know what it all means. But yeah. I did like it. I liked being used as a toilet. That's so bad. So slutty. Beyond slutty. Very kinky. I'm kinky. And you're kinky for doing it.'

'I like being kinky,' she said as she leaned forward in her chair. 'Would you object to me licking your vagina?'

I pulled the vibrator from my cunt and switched it off. 'Please, Jackie. I want you in my bed.'

'I know you do. You're so gay for pussy it's shameful.'

She got off the chair and kneeled on the end of the bed. I put the vibrator on the bedside table. Jacqueline buried her face in my snatch. She started licking at it. I tried to keep masturbating but she knocked my hand away. 'Don't be so greedy, Sasha. I'll give you an orgasm. Don't you worry.'

This was a promise she kept. She gave me two orgasms in a row from oral stimulation.

She was an enthusiastic licker of my cunt. She was attentive and very dedicated to my pleasure. She was by far the most technically talented licker I had known in my short life. Was it purely because she was a woman that she was so good at oral sex?

When I finished coming for the second time she asked if I enjoyed that. ‘Yes. Very much. Thank you.’

‘Well you can return the favour,’ she said as she wiped some excess cunt juice from her chin. ‘Swap places and eat me.’

This I readily did. I licked and sucked on her cunt with an enthusiasm that surprised even myself. I knew I liked girls sexually now, but to this extent was surprising.

After she came we rubbed our pussies together on my bed in the scissor sister position for some attempted clit on clit stimulation. It was debatable how successful we were but it was fun anyway. We were having full-on, unambiguous gay sex. After this there was no room for doubt about what way I swung. Both ways. This lesbianism was definitely something I wanted to do again and again. With Jacqueline if possible. Feelings of tenderness were developing. The craziest thought entered my head and I couldn’t just dismiss it as stupid. Did I love her? Was this tenderness a form of love for her?

Fuck it. I blurted it out as we passionately rubbed our cunts together, ‘I love you, Jackie.’

Without missing a beat she returned my words. ‘I love you, Sasha.’

We rubbed away at each other’s bodies in various positions until we were past the point of exhaustion from our lovemaking.

After our last orgasms she held me in her arms. She was sitting against the headboard with my pillow behind her. I was lying against her, facing away from her. My head was slightly lower so she'd be talking into my hair if she leaned her head forward. The sweat glistened on our tired feminine bodies. We stayed silent in this embrace for as long as we could. It was obvious I could never go back to my boyfriend. He was from before The Event. I was no longer the same girl. I was now a bisexual slut with a thirst for perversion. The so-called good girl next door was long gone.

Eventually I spoke. I had to know. Even if it ruined everything. I asked, 'Are we girlfriends now?' There was no immediate answer. I said, 'It wasn't just sex. Was it? We feel things for each other. Romantic things. I'd like to be your girlfriend. If that's possible?'

There was a terrifying pause before she squeezed me tighter and said into my raven hair, 'Yes, Sasha. You're my girlfriend.'

I turned to look up at her and we kissed on the lips.

My girlfriend. I had a girlfriend.

She then took me into the bathroom and peed on me.

Spellbound Into Further Prostitution

I met Neil in the student refectory. We both blushed in embarrassment. It was the first time we'd seen each other since that day of debauchery. 'Let's not be silly,' I said. 'It happened. We can still look each other in the face. No one's exactly innocent here. So we sinners might as well sit together.'

We sat and picked away at our lunches as we talked. He said, 'I re-watched Spellbound. Or at least I tried to. It's been years since I last watched it as a kid. It was very creaky, and the plot was silly and melodramatic. Just a load of dated, turgid rubbish. I gave up at about the halfway point. I skipped forward to the dream sequence. As I said: not bad but a bit over the top. Gregory Peck's verbal recitation of the dream was okay, but the overdesigned sets made it unrealistic as an example of what real dreams look like.'

'Can I segue from dreams to fantasies? What is your big fantasy? Sexually speaking. What is it that you personally find most exciting?'

'Are you asking for a reason?'

'Not really. It's just Jacqueline revealed her biggest pervy thrill was to release her full bladder over the girl next door. Said girl next door happened to be me. So I'm curious what your fantasy is.'

'I don't know if I'd want to discuss it here in public. What's yours?'

‘My big fantasy? A few days ago I’d never answer a question like that. But if I did, I’d have said something hopelessly girly. Like making love on my wedding day to my husband while wearing my wedding dress.’

‘That is very girly,’ he agreed.

‘Now I don’t know. Jacqueline got to live out her fantasy. And I think I did too. Partner swapping at an orgy and having people piss on me. And having sex for money. And lesbian sex. After all that there’s not much left in the spank bank that hasn’t been done.’

‘Do women use that phrase?’

‘What, “spank bank”? Why not? It’s accurate enough. I spank my cunt. I’ve never used the phrase before but it doesn’t seem to be overly male specific.’

‘So what have you been masturbating over since that day?’ he asked.

‘Girls. Or more specifically I’ve been wanking my pussy over Jacqueline.’
Bashfully I said, ‘We’re a couple now.’

‘Really? You and Jackie? You’re going gay? We turned you into a dyke?’

‘I don’t know if you turned me into one. I assume I was always a bit gay. You guys just brought it out into the open after being hidden so well for so long. It’s

kind of embarrassing. I'm not coming out to anyone. Certainly not to my parents. I can't even begin to imagine how they'll react. Only the four of us know. That's it. So don't tell anyone. If I need to come out and announce I'm in a relationship with a girl I want to do it myself. I don't want rumours and stuff. I would like to at least control who knows what to some extent. Okay?'

'Hey, my lips are sealed.'

'So Jacqueline's dating her fantasy good girl next door. And I'm apparently dating my fantasy girlfriend. I've done a foursome and all that so I'm kind of out of new kinky ideas. I think my fantasy is to just date Jacqueline. That's kinky enough as it is. Plus she's still using me as a toilet at every opportunity. And of course I'm pissing on her. What's your fantasy?'

He thought for a moment. 'You know what I'd like. I'd like to fuck you again. I'd love to do a threesome with you and Jackie.'

I didn't say anything to that.

He added, 'Can you imagine the two of you little gay bitches down at my dick taking turns to suck on it? Sucking to get the cum out of it. And when it finally does explode, you two cum swap it between yourselves. Your gay tongues swirling the white cream between your mouths. And then me fucking your girlfriend in her pussy while you put your fingers up my asshole. Can you imagine that?'

I cleared my throat and said, 'I can imagine it for one thousand.' Neil had some money but he wasn't loaded like Donald so I doubted I could gouge him for

more than that.

He took a second before saying, 'Is that a serious offer?'

'I don't know about Jackie. She'd have to negotiate her own price. I'm not her pimp. But I would be willing to do group oral and vaginal penetration for one thousand. Not anal though. I'll stick something up your butt if that's what you'd like, but my anus remains off limits.'

'Do you think Jacqueline would be willing to do this?'

'I expect she's like me and she'll want to keep sleeping with men. As a highly sexed bisexual girl I can't expect her to be faithful to me for long. So she's bound to sleep around on me with men anyway. The one thing I can't give her is a dick. So why shouldn't we sleep with the same guy in the same bed? And if it helps me pay off my student debts then why not?'

'Jackie and Sasha. Now that's a couple with some very interesting ideas.'

Threesome with the Bisexual Bitches

Jacqueline was keen to sleep with Neil. Jacqueline had no issues with that. What she didn't like was the idea that I was worth more as a prostitute. So she insisted on one thousand as well to match my fee. He couldn't afford to pay that much for a threesome. He also didn't think she was worth as much as that. I was, at least prior to this, not a slut so my market value was higher. Jacqueline, as someone who was 'easy', was only worth three hundred in his opinion.

She wasn't happy but conceded that for her the money was not important. It was the sexual experience she was after.

Somehow he scraped together the steep entry price and went on the ride.

We did it as described in his fantasy. In Jacqueline's bedroom we stripped off until the three of us were completely naked. Jacqueline and I got on our knees and started to suck him off. His big erection was put out there in the space between Jacqueline and me. We took turns sucking on it. We sucked, kissed and licked the head, the shaft and the balls. Sometimes one of us would sit back and watch as the other performed her oral magic upon his member.

We also put on a bit of a lesbian show for his benefit; and because we liked it. We intermittently kissed and touched tongues. Our hands weren't on his dick. She had one hand on his knee and the other on my pussy. She was rubbing my clit while she sucked his penis. One of my hands was on her cunt and the other on her knee. Both hands felt good on her flesh.

Sometimes we both licked his dick at the same time. He particularly liked the visual look of the two of us synchronised as we went up and down either side of his cock with our mouths clamped against his shaft.

Jacqueline was the one to have the talent for dick sucking to finally make his balls explode. We edged him for a long time before she furiously sucked on the end of his penis to make him come. Come he did. He ejaculated his sticky white load right into my girlfriend's mouth.

She indicated for me to come closer and kiss her. I came closer and she kissed me on the lips. The male love juice passed from her tongue onto mine. We French kissed for what seemed like a minute, but was probably only fifteen seconds. We broke the kiss. I indicated for her to kiss me again. She leaned in and I passed the cum back to her. We passed it backwards and forwards a few times before we both swallowed.

'That was totally hot,' said Neil.

'Did you get your money's worth?' asked Jacqueline.

'Yeah. Now I want to fuck you.'

The three of us climbed into Jacqueline's bed and we pressed our flesh together and excited each other. To give Neil time to recover from ejaculating we had lesbian sex while he was in the bed with us. We got into the sixty-nine position and we licked each other's cunts out while he caressed our bodies with his hands. I was on top and he took the opportunity to spank my arse cheeks. I yelped the once on the first strike. Then I didn't make any further comment. My

silence was taken for compliance. It wasn't so much acceptance as more a curiosity to see where this was going. He lightly spanked me a few times as we licked and sucked away at our pussies.

It felt...interesting to be spanked. It was definitely kinky. I wouldn't want to be hurt. I might have been developing a submissive side but I wasn't into pain. Pain was just pain. Something to be avoided. I didn't see the pleasurable side of agony. A light spanking like this though was more 'interesting' feeling than sore. I allowed it to continue and it may have contributed to the big orgasm I had as my girlfriend sucked away at my clitoris. I came a good few minutes before Jacqueline. Neil kept lightly slapping my arse as I continued to make oral love to Jacqueline's vaginal paradise. The hits were starting to get sore as he was hitting the same spots, but it was bearable.

Jacqueline came and squirted a little.

We changed positions. Now we grinded our pussies together as we looked each other in the eyes and kissed.

Neil tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you mind if I finish her off?'

I didn't break eye contact with Jacqueline as I asked, 'Do you have a rubber on?'

'Yes.'

I said, 'Okay.' To Jacqueline I asked, 'Do you want his dick in your pussy?'

She nodded. He was paying for it so I moved aside and he took my place. He was on top of her. He gave her the thing between his legs I didn't have. Maybe I should buy a strap-on?

I asked him, 'Do you want me to put my finger in your asshole?'

'Yes,' he grunted as he fucked my flatmate and lesbian lover.

I stuck my right index and middle finger in my mouth to wet them with saliva. Then I inserted them inside my cunt to get some of those juices on them. Once they were really wet I used my left hand to prise apart his butt cheeks and I put my right middle finger against the hole. 'Are you sure you want this?' I asked.

'Do it,' he said. I plunged my middle finger downwards into the hole. His greedy hole took it.

As they fucked I gently pulled and pushed my finger up and down inside his arse. Then I pulled out my finger. 'How would you like two fingers in your asshole?'

'I'd love it,' he said after he took his tongue out of Jacqueline's mouth.

I reinserted the longest finger along with the new addition of the index finger.

Their groans were building in volume and intensity.

They fucked until he came in her cunt. I took my fingers out from the depths of his anus. He pulled out his dick from her hole. I took hold of his rubber covered cock and massaged it in my hand to keep it hard. 'Don't get soft on me. We've still to fuck.' Jacqueline sat up and lightly brushed her fingers over his shaft. She then leaned in and kissed the condom. She looked up at him and said, 'That's a very nice penis you've got.'

'Thank you,' he said. 'And you've got a wonderful vagina.'

Once it was confirmed to my satisfaction that his dick was going to stay hard I fell between Jacqueline's legs. My mouth opened over her snatch and my tongue reached down. I started licking at her clit. Neil got off the bed and stood at the foot of it. My spanked arse was in the air pointed at him. I was ready for the doggy position with my knees and elbows on the bed. I continued licking at Jacqueline's cunt as I waited for him to insert his long shaft into my hole. He put his feet on the bed and squatted at my behind. He inserted his dick into my pussy. He was still using the same condom he had worn to fuck Jacqueline.

He fucked me.

I came.

Jacqueline came.

He came.

Jacqueline got up and pulled the condom off his dying erection. She sat on her knees on the floor and used gravity to help slurp out the contents of the rubber. His two ejaculations fell into her mouth.

She was gargling with the cum when I stood right over her and relieved my bladder upon her. My waters fell over her swan like neck and down her breasts and onto her belly. The urine dripped past her vagina and onto her bedroom carpet.

She herself just suddenly started pissing directly on the floor. We made a bit of a mess.

Neil stood back and pissed over the two of us. He held his dick up and sprayed like a fountain over us. We had our mouths closed while he did this. As he was wetting us with his piss Jacqueline swallowed his two cum loads.

We rubbed at each other's clits as we kissed.

Breaking Up with the Long Distance Boyfriend

It was unfair to cheat on Tim any longer. The call had to be made.

He asked, 'Why?'

All I could think to say was that old cliché. 'It's not you. It's me.'

'That's bullshit, Sasha. I need more than a cliché.'

'I just don't feel like I'm the same person I was before. Things have changed. Things are different.'

'In what way? How have you changed?'

'I'm more experienced. I don't know how to explain it. I don't think I can. All I know is: it would be unfair for me to keep stringing you along when I'm not going in the same direction anymore. I'd be lying to you if we were to continue as before.'

'What does that mean?'

‘Things are different.’

‘As you keep saying. Don’t give me vague babble. Just give me the truth. It’s okay to hurt my feelings. Tell me the reality of the situation. I’d rather know the facts than not know the truth.’

‘I don’t want to hurt you.’

‘It’s too late for that. Tell me. Don’t hide behind fancy words. Did you sleep with someone else?’

I paused before succinctly saying, ‘Yes.’

There was a pause from his end.

He eventually asked, ‘Are you dating him?’

‘Yes. But it’s a her. Not a him.’

Another pause.

He asked, ‘Is this just a phase you’re going through?’

‘I don’t know. Things happened and I suddenly found myself being attracted to another woman. We had sex. It’s love. I’m sure of it. Maybe I’ll come to my senses in a few days, but I doubt it. I think I’m bisexual. No. I don’t think. In fact I know I am. I’m not disgusted by the thought, or the reality, of having sex with women. I like it. A lot. But I still like men. I’m certain of that.’

‘So it’s not a passing phase?’

‘I highly doubt it.’

‘You know if someone had told me I’d be dating a bisexual woman, I’d be all excited. Like it would be some wild sexual adventure. But the reality sucks.’

‘Which is why I’m breaking up with you. My horizons have been broadened a lot recently. A lot of new experiences. I just don’t think you and me are compatible anymore. As a couple we don’t make sense. I’m dating a girl and I think it’s going to get serious.’

‘Isn’t your roommate a bit queer on the side?’ he asked.

‘You might as well know. It’s Jacqueline Proctor I’m dating.’

Another pause.

He asked, 'Did she seduce you?'

'No. I can't explain the circumstances. How we ended up getting together is very hard to put into words.' Actually it was easy: at an orgy I was paid to have oral sex with her. It was not a story I was inclined to tell everyone. We needed to concoct a story to cover up the true beginnings of our romance. Something like she simply seduced me one day by climbing into my bed when it was cold and we ended up kissing. Things went a bit further and we started fondling each other. Our passions were ignited and we ended up being gay together in my bed. Hmm. Still too slutty. It was best to keep sexual contact to a minimum in any story we came up with.

'I feel there's more to this story than you're telling me,' he stated.

'There is. But it's not relevant. The point is: I've come out to myself as bisexual. And I'm now in a relationship with a woman. I don't think you fit into my new life. I'm simply not the same person I was before. And as you know, long distance relationships like these rarely work. I'm sorry. I'm not trying to be cruel. I'm just being honest. Have you been with anyone else?'

'No.'

'I didn't think so.'

Bondage Sex for Money

Donald wanted me again. I was excited by the thought of his cock. So I said I'd sleep with him for seven hundred and fifty for straight, normal, non-kinky sex. He insisted on doing it without a condom. I agreed. He told me he wanted to tie me to my bed with my stockings and make love to me. For a bareback bondage session I upped the price to one thousand. He agreed to pay the price. Jacqueline was okay with it. We were in an open relationship as far as guys were concerned. You want to sleep with a man? He was fair game. Other women were off limits. That would be a betrayal.

Jacqueline was at a class when Donald turned up at our flat. He had a plain white cardboard shopping bag of underwear with him. He watched me as I slipped on the black and white ornate bodice and pulled up the black stockings. He helped snap the suspenders hanging off the bottom of the bodice onto the tops of the stockings. 'Where's the panties?' I asked.

'You won't be needing them today. I'll leave them in the bag so you can wear this stuff later.' Obviously he was gifting the clothing to me. He wasn't planning to go home and wear them himself.

He then instructed me to get rid of the bed cover and lie face up on my bed. I got on the bed and stretched out with my cunt exposed to him. 'Can I go through your underwear drawer and get some tights to tie you up with?' he asked.

I nodded. 'It's the top drawer.'

He had a good pervy rummage through my delicates. My vibrator was in the middle drawer so I didn't have to worry about him finding it. He took out one pair of black tights and one pair of tan tights. He put them on the end of my bed. He tied my arms to the headboard. There was no place to tie my legs. The black tights were on my left wrist. The tan tights were on my right. He used some fancy knots he must have learned from a professional source as the restraints were tight. I couldn't loosen them like I expected. Once I was tied in place he went back to the top drawer and got another pair of tights. He then stuffed a pair of black tights in my mouth to shut me up.

He then stripped naked to show me his engorged dick.

This bondage activity was kind of dangerous, now I thought about it. He'd tied me up much more tightly than I expected. There was an element of risk in allowing a man to tie me up like this. Jacqueline wouldn't be home until long after lunch. Donald was a trustworthy enough person. I was sure he had no bad intentions against me. Still, you couldn't help but wonder just how well you know a person when you're suddenly at their mercies. Don't they say you're more at risk of being murdered by someone you know than by a stranger?

'I'll be back in a few minutes. I need to get something.' He left the room.

Was that an ominous thing he said?

He was back a few minutes later with the white underwear bag. From it he produced a magic wand vibrator. 'You're going to enjoy this. It's new. I just bought it.' He must have popped into the kitchen and taken the scissors from the cutlery drawer to get it out the packaging.

He plugged it into the wall socket and climbed on the bed. He switched it on. I could hear the buzzing sound of it. He placed it on my naked cunt.

Its vibrations tore into my cunt. My clit totally whored itself like crazy for it.

He made me orgasm.

He put the vibrator aside and put his face in my crotch. He began licking at my vagina. I moaned in pleasure. He kept licking at it. I was coming again in no time.

My second orgasm was harder and more intense than the first.

Then he was on me and in me. He slipped his dick into my slick passage with his naked dick and he was fucking me. He kissed me on the cheeks and on the tights in my mouth. It was kind of kinky the way he was kissing the nylon sticking out between my teeth.

He came inside me. He pulled his dick out and got back down between my legs. His face was in my crotch and he started eating me again. 'Squeeze your pussy muscles to make the cum come out.' I did as instructed as he continued to lap at my cunt. He ate his own male filth from my snatch. He swallowed it.

He then laid down beside me and fondled my breasts with one hand. He groped them and pinched my nipples for a bit before saying, 'You're a slut.'

I couldn't argue with that.

He sat up and I saw his dick was hard again. He started to masturbate it over my face. In no time he was ejaculating his fluids on my nose and cheeks.

He took the tights out my mouth and used his fingers to scoop up the cum. He silently fed it to me.

He kissed me on the lips and then untied me.

He took the vibrator home with him. That was a shame. I would have to buy one of those magic wands for Jacqueline and me. Maybe she already had one, and she just hadn't felt the need to share it so far? I'd have to look in her drawers and see what toys she had.

Giving Up The Game

I was now six thousand ahead after only three sex sessions. That was more than enough to get me out from under the main burden of my debt. Now I was closing down my prostitution business. There was no need to keep going. If I kept at it the prices would come down. The girl next door quality that they all seemed to find so attractive would quickly wear off. Then I would be down to sucking off random men in car parks for fifty. That was not the life I was heading towards. This was just a momentary blip caused by financial worries and a newly discovered kinky imagination. By stopping just as I was starting I was protecting my reputation and keeping the demand artificially high. I was protecting my market value as a rare object of beauty.

It meant that if I needed money again in a rush I could sell myself and still charge those high prices. My pussy was a scarce resource. Maybe next year I'd be selling it again. Maybe not. Either way, for now, I was only using it for my own pleasure and for the pleasure of my appointed sexual partners.

Pissing On Each Other in the Park

There was a park that was a five minute walk from our flat. We went there for a walk as it was a sunny day. Jacqueline was wearing a short green dress and black tights. I was in trousers and a T shirt.

I asked Jacqueline how she got into watersports. It's not a conventional fetish so there must have been an unusual start point to her peculiar interest. For example: I myself was introduced to the fetish by a girl who was in the room with me while I was having sex with a man below her. It wasn't discussed and agreed upon in advance. She just had a sexual fantasy of pissing on me so she took advantage of this rare opportunity. I was on the floor innocently taking a dick in my cunt for money when she stood over me and emptied her bladder. If she'd mentioned it in advance I would of course have said no. Without a shadow of a doubt I would have been shocked and repulsed. Yet she did it anyway without my permission and to my great surprise I enjoyed it. So that was my story. What was hers?

'Pee play is just something I saw in a porno once. It was disgusting. Which of course is the right kneejerk reaction of any sane person. And I'm more sane than some people think. I'm just a bit slutty. Of course I thought peeing on other people was a terrible thing. I switched it off in disgust. Then a short while later it happened in another porno. And another. After a point I said, "Fuck it," to myself and decided to just keep watching it anyway. After a few films I just became desensitised to it. It moved from being unpleasant to pleasant. I started to enjoy watching it. Then I started to deliberately seek out pornography featuring watersports.'

'I hope you didn't keep going and get into the more...anal based parts of the...thing.'

‘No. That’s not sexy. Pee is sexy. I don’t know why. It just is. To me anyway. It’s harmless waste. You can drink it without any side effects. It doesn’t have much taste. As long as it’s watered down. I don’t usually drink it but I have done it a few times. I’d drink your piss and ask for more.’

That was weirdly romantic of her to say that. She would drink my piss. That’s dedication. As a reward for being so wonderful I kissed her on the cheek. Kissing a girl in public! I didn’t even care who saw me.

In reference to the random kiss she asked me what that was for. I said, ‘I thought that was romantic what you just said. You’d drink my piss for me. Not everyone can say that and mean it.’

She asked me, ‘Would you drink my piss?’

‘Um. Maybe. Probably. I guess so. Yes. I’d drink your piss.’ I meant it too. Rather worryingly I was imagining her emptying her full bladder into my mouth and me swallowing with such love in my eyes.

It was now her turn to kiss me on the cheek. She then said, ‘You’re right. That is romantic.’ She continued. ‘Warm jets of piss feel great on your skin. Getting your clothes soaked is a turn on. The whole thing just excites my clit. It’s extremely kinky. It stimulates the mind in interesting ways as it’s so dirty and perverted. Only perverts could possibly find pissing on other people, and being pissed on in turn, sexy. And I do. I love it. I don’t find it disgusting at all, but it’s still maintained its aura of total and complete wrongness. It’s very taboo. I suppose the reason it’s sexy is because it comes out of the genitals. So it’s a part of that whole sexual area. If we pissed out our feet, it probably wouldn’t be of

any great interest to me. I don't have a foot fetish.'

'But how did you get from masturbating about it to actually doing it? That's a big leap.'

She said, 'I just one day told my boyfriend that I was really getting into watersports pornography. And I wanted to try it. He was open-minded enough to at least look at a video with me. He'd seen some porn like that before so it wasn't an unknown concept to him. He said he was willing to try it. As the person who suggested it I went first. I got in the bath and he pissed on me. Not in my mouth. This was just an experiment to see how it felt. And it felt great. So he got in the tub and I tinkled on him. He liked it as well. After that we were peeing on each other all the time. But what I really enjoy the most is pissing in another girl's mouth.'

She stopped walking and glanced around us. 'What is it?' I asked.

'I'm just checking to see how much privacy we have. You want to do something really kinky? Let me piss on you in public. In your mouth.'

'Out here?' I said as I looked around. People were in the distance. It wouldn't be obvious what we were doing but still, pissing in public? 'You can't be serious?'

'It'll be fun. We're only five minutes away from the flat. When we walk back it will just look like you've been soaked with water. If we meet someone on the way we'll just say someone threw a water balloon at you. No one will suspect you're covered in urine.'

‘I know I’ve tasted piss before when we’ve kissed and all that, but a whole stream pissed directly into my mouth! It’s too much. It’s too...’

‘What? I thought you liked pee?’

‘I do. It’s arousing. It’s just a big step up to doing it directly into my mouth. And do you expect me to swallow it?’

‘Of course. Didn’t you just say you would drink my piss? That was so romantic. I want you to share this romantic moment with me. I want to piss in your mouth. Out here in the park.’

‘Well okay. But only if you let me piss in your mouth first.’

‘Okay,’ she said after only a slight hesitation.

We walked off the path and over the dry grass to be under a tree. People were still in sight but they were busy doing other things. We were at a far enough distance that it would be very ambiguous as to what we were doing. It would look odd, but who would interpret it as two women drinking urine out of each other’s bladders? At worst it would look like two lesbians performing oral.

Jacqueline got down on one knee and looked up at me. ‘Are you ready?’ she asked.

‘I’m ready.’ We were always drinking bottles of water so we were often in a state of urinary readiness. As the relationship developed I’m sure our piss playing games would dial right back to once a fortnight in bed. Until then we were always up for some dirty activity with our urethras.

I unbuttoned my trousers and pulled them down just far enough to show my red lace knickers. She pushed them aside to expose my cunt. I looked around. No one was paying us any attention. I looked down at her. Her mouth was open. I let my bladder empty itself. The water fell out of my body, past her hands holding my panties aside and into her slutty mouth. I was literally pissing into her mouth. It overflowed but I kept going. She swallowed as fast as she could but I kept pissing. The overflow covered her green dress. She had more than enough in her mouth. I wanted to get her tights dirty. I moved my body to aim my cascading piss stream at her legs. I covered her nylons with the last of my piss.

She looked down at herself and took it in. ‘I’m wet,’ she said. That she was. Her dress, tights and face were totally covered in my piss. She then looked back up at me and said, ‘Would you like me to clean you up down there?’

‘Yes,’ I said with a lump in my throat.

She leaned in and licked my pussy clean. She licked it for a few seconds with big laps from her tongue. It felt so good after that tinkle. I was watching out for other people but still no one seemed interested in us.

I tapped her on the head and said, ‘That’s enough.’ It felt good, but the longer she was in my cunt the greater the chance of our discovery. She reluctantly removed her face from my pussy and pulled the red lace back in place. She said,

‘Okay. Your turn.’

I hoisted my trousers back over my panties and buttoned them. I sank to my knees as she rose to her full height. I put my hands on her wet black nylon thighs and slid my palms up under her skirt. I hooked fingers over the waistband and tugged down the tights until they were halfway down her thighs. Her white cotton panties were next. My hands went back to her legs and rested on her knees. She held her own skirt up so it was out the way. Her naked cunt was before me. It was now time to open my mouth and do something appalling. ‘Open it,’ she instructed. I did.

I glanced out the corner of my eye at the figures in the distance. One was standing facing us. There was no time to back out as she started to piss on me. Her clear water fell from her urethra and hit me on the nose. I tilted my head further back to catch it in my mouth. Her water landed on my tongue and in the back of my throat. It tasted like warm water with a bit of salt in it. Maybe a little bit like flat beer. It was not so bad. I closed my lips and swallowed what I could. The water kept flowing while my mouth was shut so I ended up getting my face and clothes splattered in her piss.

I opened my mouth again and stuck out my tongue to take it. I took the last dribble of her piss on my tongue. I pulled my tongue in and swallowed the pee.

‘Clean me, Sasha,’ she ordered. ‘Work your slutty little tongue.’ I leaned in and lapped at her pussy. Beads of urine caught on my tongue as I licked at her cunt. I licked for a few seconds then looked up at her. She informed me that we had a viewer. ‘That guy’s watching us.’ I turned to see a man in the distance standing facing us. So that glimpse out the corner of my eye was what I thought it was.

Fuck. This was embarrassing. I went crimson all over. Someone we didn’t know

had just witnessed a girl peeing in my mouth.

She dropped her skirt. I helped her to hitch up her tights and panties. 'Let's go,' she said. She held out her hand. I took it and she helped me to my feet. We walked away in the opposite direction of the man while still holding hands. We were walking at a casual pace. We weren't hurrying. 'Did he see it all?' I asked.

'I don't think so. As far as I know he only became aware just before I started peeing on you.'

'So you saw him before you were peeing? And you went ahead with it anyway?'

'You know I'm kinky. I'm glad we had an audience. We've just shown him something he'll never forget. He'll be masturbating over us for years to come.'

'We're totally soaked,' I said for no particular reason. We had a long and shameful walk back to the flat before us. This was not quite the right direction home so we'd have to redirect ourselves in a few minutes once we were sure the man wasn't following us. I looked behind me. I didn't see him.

We changed direction and walked in silence for a minute. I let go of Jacqueline's hand and put my arm down behind her to cup her arse cheek. She did the same to me. 'Now tell me that wasn't romantic,' she said as she squeezed my arse.

'I don't know if it was romantic, but it was exciting. It's the kinkiest thing I've ever done. I don't see us topping that anytime soon. You know what we need to

do now? We need to get home so we can fuck in our wet clothes.'

We got to the flat without anyone seeing us. We fell upon Jacqueline's bed and made love while still wearing our soiled, cold, pissed soaked clothes. I got on top of her in the sixty-nine position and ripped her tights open. I shoved the panties aside to get at her cunt. I licked at her vagina while she unbuttoned my trousers to get at my pussy.

By the same author:

An Office Overrun with Perverts [Novella]

A new office employee discovers his place of work is under the control of a perverted cabal of women. They want him to do unsavoury things of a sexual nature.

Chapter headings:

Introduction

Handjob at the Window

Maxine's Going to Fuck You

Lying, Kissing and Spitting

Gloryhole

Office Orgy

Telling My Wife

Charlotte Eats Cum

Natalie with Two Cocks

Pissing in the Garden

Anal with Brianna

The Therapeutic Benefits of Sadomasochism [Novella]

A female psychology student undergoes training at the hands of a controversial psychiatrist who uses sadomasochism as part of her methodology.

Chapter headings:

Dr Janine and Helen Urinate on a Patient

Spanking Helen

Helen Tied Down in Latex

Cunnilingus in Bondage

Helen's Arse Gets Caned

A Succession of Men Piss in Dr Janine's Mouth

Caned for Causing Fifteen Orgasms

Humiliating Sex in Public

Fetish Sex Role-Playing with Hannah [Novella]

A woman indulges in her kinky sexual fantasies and tries to introduce a reluctant man to the pleasures of BDSM.

Chapter headings:

Introducing Kathleen/Hannah

Explaining the Birds and the Bees

The Sissy with a Clit for a Dick

A Mother Pisses on Her Son

A Romantic Date

Rubber Nurse Performs a Handjob

Learning How to Do Anal

Fucking in the Office Stationery Cupboard

Spanking, Caning and Anal in the Dungeon

Student Sasha Has Kinky Sex for Money [Novella]

Sasha French is the archetypal ‘girl next door’ with good bourgeois standards of conformist moral behaviour. Her student debts are piling up when she is offered money in exchange for kinky sex. Those morals don’t last long and she agrees to

participate in a foursome with two guys and another woman.

Chapter headings:

Setting Up the Foursome

Foursome In the Living Room

Masturbating In Front of Jacqueline

Spellbound Into Further Prostitution

Threesome with the Bisexual Bitches

Breaking Up with the Long Distance Boyfriend

Bondage Sex for Money

Giving Up The Game

Pissing On Each Other in the Park

Cruel Sabrina Wants to Piss On My Face [Novella]

An office worker with a fetish for stockings thinks he's got lucky with a pretty co-worker, but events take a weird turn after she's handcuffed him to the hotel bed.

Chapter headings:

Girls in Tights

Maurice Alan Maybury Drinks Mistress X's Piss in Kinky Bondage Scene

Sabrina Uses Her Piss Slave in the Office

Now Angela Wants to Piss in My Mouth

Confronting Sabrina

Never Apologise, Never Explain

Angela Apologises on Behalf of Sabrina

Teaching the Latex Sissy Maid to Be Obedient [Novella]

A man joins a strict household as a latex maid and is given the feminine identity of Samantha by his cruel mistress.

Chapter headings:

The Rules of the Household

Meeting Princess Celeste

Samantha Sucks Her First Dick

Tied Up In Bed

The Line of Suckage

Days of Duty and Debauchery

The Blushing Bride

Fucking the Mistress of the House

Dismissal

The New Mistress

Sold at Auction to Deviant S&M Perverts [Novel]

A brothel madam auctions Erica's sexually inexperienced mind and body to the five highest bidders.

Chapter headings:

Please, Mrs Benson, Can I Be a Prostitute?

Charming and Arousing the Ten Men Bidding for My Five Sessions

First Session: Mr Brooks and His Fantasy Handjob by Mistress Lesley

Mistress Lesley and Her Polite Coldness

Masturbating Mario

Second Session: Blindfolded Anonymous Sex with Mr X

Third Session: Eating Cum from the Vagina of Mr Gibson's Secretary

Fourth Session: Public Masturbation in Latex Leggings to Please Mr Grisham

Fifth Session: Pegging the Rubber Gimp (AKA Mr Henderson)

Introducing My Boyfriend to My Perverse Imagination

Transvestite Slut Caught and Punished [Novella]

Holly accidentally catches her boyfriend wearing one of her dresses and takes cruel advantage of his weakness for her clothing.

Chapter headings:

My Mother's Shoes

Caught Wearing Holly's Yellow Dress

Holly Dresses Me Up for Her Amusement

Spit Roasting Rebecca

Holly and Sophie Urinate On Rebecca

Turned Into a Bisexual Porn Star by a Dominatrix [Novel]

A seemingly heterosexual chambermaid stumbles upon a professional dominatrix working in her hotel. The dominatrix cruelly enslaves the chambermaid and turns her into a bisexual porn actress.

Chapter headings:

Debra's 4pm Appointment to Lick Pussy

Daughter Spanks Mother

Dirty Talk

Threesome Fucking On Four Cameras

Debra's Girlfriend Whips Debra's Boyfriend

Unrelenting Sadomasochistic Feminisation: Transforming My Husband Into a Pathetic Crossdressing Sissy [Novel]

Sarah's husband talks her into trying sadomasochism to spice up their sex life. He quickly loses control of the games they play when she develops into a far more inventive and malicious dominatrix than he expected. Finding himself in a dress kneeling before a group of strange men was not what he had in mind.

Chapter headings:

My Husband Introduces Sadomasochism Into Our Marriage: 'You'd eat your own cum?'

My Husband Is a Sissy and Needs to Be Spanked: 'Really, you stroke your dick while wearing your wife's panties?'

My Husband Sucks Off Three Gentlemen While I Watch: 'It's what a sissy tramp like you is designed to do.'

My Husband Makes Love to Tanya's Arsehole: 'The shocking trouble a girl can get up to in a suburban bedroom.'

Drinking Kate's Pee from a Dog Bowl [Novella]

Keith has a sexual fantasy of a depraved dominatrix making him drink her freshly urinated piss from a stainless steel dog bowl. Five experts in femdom humiliation have already played out his perverted dream but none as inventively as his next hire: Mistress Judy AKA Kate, his very angry wife who has just discovered that he's been sleeping with her sister.

Chapter headings:

Beating a Worthless Slave

Arranging to Drink My Piss

Drinking My Piss from a Dog Bowl

After Drinking My Piss

Angie Drinks My Piss

Mistress Mia's Femdom Sissy Sessions: Turning James Into Transvestite Latex Slut Natalie [Novella]

James soon learns to regret picking up Mia from a bar when she enslaves him as her submissive plaything. From there things go from bad to worse as she takes a fancy to the idea of feminising him. She doesn't want to stop at dressing him up, she wants her girl to be a real heterosexual cocksucker.

Chapter headings:

The Complete and Total Subjugation of James to Mistress Mia

A Mouthful of Piss and Thirty-Five Strokes of the Cane

Reluctant Latex Crossdresser Taken to the Gloryhole

Natalie Becomes a True Sissy and Loses Her Anal Virginity to a Man

Headmistress Miss Gulliver Uses Her Cane to Teach and Punish a Perverted Schoolboy [Short Story]

Head teacher Miss Gulliver uses corporal punishment to educate Alan to respect his female classmates after he is caught looking up their skirts during English class.

Your Wishes and Desires are Less than Nothing: A Latex Handjob Session [Short Story]

A man in a gimp suit hires a fifty-six-year-old prostitute to dress up in latex and perform a handjob on his disappointingly small penis.

Weak Men are Such Easy Prey for Debauched Psychiatrist Dr Chloe Richardson [Short Story]

A psychiatrist abuses her position of trust and power over a weak-willed patient to fulfil her heartless sadomasochistic desires.

Plugged Lingerie Sissy Locked in Chastity at the Photo Shoot [Novella]

A transvestite arranges a fetish photo shoot in a hotel room and tries to seduce the straight male photographer.

Chapter headings:

You are a sissy boy who likes to dress up in girl's clothes for sexual gratification

'Stunning,' is his one-word answer.

‘I know what you want.’

‘Do you love getting your cock sucked by a girl like me?’

Instructed to Jerk Off: Bianca’s New Sissy Maid

Contact address:

kellymaitlanderotica@gmail.com