

Lingerie Party

A short story by: The Night Hawk

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I was one of those girls in school who didn't mess around. I certainly never went all the way with a guy. That's one of the reasons I suppose that so many of my classmates got married right after graduation. I know that we were supposed to be the liberated ladies of the seventies, but a lot of us still held onto our mother's beliefs about holding onto our virginity until marriage. Most of us were so sex starved and tired of self-pleasuring that we jumped at the first guy who asked us to marry him. That's what I did anyway, so did my best friend Cindy. Now, nearly fifteen years later, most of the girls I went to school with are divorced and living a wild single life. Even Cindy, who I thought had a good married life, had split from her husband. I felt like the last bastion of marriage and monogamy.

It wasn't as though I had the greatest marriage ever invented; it was just that I didn't know what else I could do. Ken isn't a bad husband or anything like that, it's just that he's on the road so much these days, and when he does come home, he's either too tired to pay attention to me, or there's a good game on the tube.

I really have nothing to complain about, but I need the physical attention that only comes from two-people sex, and with all of the risks that come with indiscriminate sex, I sure as hell didn't want to take a chance on a one-night stand. My social life had pretty well been reduced to nothing, what with Ken away so often and my old friends having long moved on to greener pastures. My idea of an evening out anymore was the once-a-month Tupperware parties.

I really don't know why I'm telling you all this, it's not like I've cheated on Ken or anything, and I really don't think I have to justify my actions to begin with. I guess I just wanted to tell somebody about what happened last night.

It really all started a week ago when my best friend, Cindy, called me up and invited me to a lingerie party. I said, "A what?"

Cindy just laughed and repeated, "A lingerie party. It's sort of like your Tupperware parties but a whole lot more fun. Instead of looking at new ways to store leftovers, you can see the latest ways to dress up for the bedroom."

I really didn't think I should go, but Cindy convinced me that it would be fun, sort of a girl's night out and a chance for her and me to catch up on each other's lives.

Well, I showed up at Cindy's door around nine last night, and was pleasantly surprised to see that only six other women were there, none of whom I knew. Cindy introduced me to everyone, and then the woman who sells this stuff arrived.

Kelly was her name, and she was a pretty little thing with a tousle of red hair. She had a bubbly personality, full of jokes. The expressions on her face when she told an off-color bedroom joke had us all laughing in no time. She showed us all a bunch of catalogs with lots of pictures of

scantly clad models. Then she opened up a suitcase and started to show us the latest in bedroom toys.

I must have blushed right down to my toes when she hauled out this massive black vibrator and said that it was the door prize for the night, and that she would pull a name out of a hat later to see who had won it. Then she got to the serious stuff. Kelly said, "I know that catalogs will never convince you to buy any lingerie because you will all think that the pieces only look good on models; however, I've found that when everyday women such as yourselves try them on and discover how good they really feel, all I have to do is write up the orders. That's why I brought some samples with me for you to try on!"

Kelly passed around an assortment of soft, frilly, lacy things and asked who would like to be first to model something for the rest. When no one volunteered, Kelly said, "Well I should be used to this by now, it happens all the time. Whenever a group of girls gets together to talk about underwear, no one wants to be the first to get undressed. I always have to be the one who breaks the ice." With that said, she stood up, unbuttoned her blouse, peeled it off, and then stepped out of her slacks. I was surprised to see that she was wearing nylons and a garter belt. Her panties were the tiniest little things I had ever seen, and her dark red pubic hair was curling out over the top of them. I must have been blushing as dark as her hair as I tried not to stare at her bush. But when I raised my eyes, I realized that the silky bra she was wearing was nearly transparent. She turned around in front of us, and as she did, I could see her nipples were erect and proud. Kelly didn't have big boobs, but she had nipples the size of grapes! It was then that I realized that my own nipples were stiff also!

Cindy then volunteered to be next and scooted out of the room to change. When she came back a few minutes later, she was wearing a negligee that looked like it was woven out of shimmering moonbeams. I had always admired Cindy for staying in such good shape after we left school, and I had tried to do the same, but not with as much success as Cindy. As she stood there in front of us, modeling the negligee, I don't think anyone would have believed me if I had said she was thirty-five years old! With her long dark hair rolling over her shoulders and her baby blue eyes, she looked like a model out of one of Ken's men's magazines.

Cindy is not overly tall, but her thin body makes her appear to be taller than the five foot six she is. Her boobs have a little sag to them, but you have to allow for a little sag with a D-cup, and Cindy had two of them!

When Cindy removed the 'jacket' part of the negligee, I heard myself gasp as the breath caught in my throat. I could see now why these outfits were such a turn-on for men. Cindy was nearly nude now. What she was left wearing was nearly completely transparent! Except for a few sections that were doubled material, you could see right through the little bit of silky fabric that was left. It clung to her like a second skin. The garment was just thick enough around her nipples that I couldn't see their color, but thin enough that I could tell that Cindy was well aroused.

Cindy was all on about how good it felt to be caressed in satin and lace, and took my hand and placed it on her butt.

"Doesn't it feel good, Jean?" she asked. I tried to make a joke out of it and said that it felt good and firm to me. Everybody laughed at that, and two of the other women went out to change. Cindy sat down beside me holding my hand. I was blushing, though, and couldn't look her in the eyes.

The other ladies took their turns modeling everything from slips to camisoles, and the evening was wearing on. Kelly insisted that I had to model something and Cindy said she'd help me change.

We went into her bedroom, and I told her that I didn't think I had it in me to wear something so revealing in front of the other women.

"Oh, poor Jean," she said, "I keep forgetting that you've led such a sheltered life. Don't worry, I'll be with you all the way." With those words, she undid my bra for me. I sighed as the pressure was released from my tits, and as they felt the cool air rushing over them, my nipples got even harder. My boobs aren't as big as Cindy's, but I do have a nice pair of 36-B's, and they jut out like two rockets on a launch pad. My ass is nice and trim also.

I felt Cindy's breath on my neck just before her fingertips touched my ass cheeks. "Oh, Jean," she moaned, as she nibbled on my neck, "I can smell your sex juice up here." Her hands were busy feeling my round ass, and when one of her fingers trailed along the crack of my ass. I just moaned and leaned back against her.

She licked my ear as her hands came up to play with my tits. She was groaning now as she kneaded my boobs and pulled at my nipples. In my entire life I had never thought of having sex with another woman, but this feeling is what my body had long been starved for. I desperately needed the physical attention Cindy was giving me. I turned around and searched her eyes for any sign that she was not as serious as I thought, but before I could say anything, she kissed me hard and deep, her tongue sliding into my mouth like molten lava.

We heard Kelly hollering for us to hurry up, so Cindy said that we'd talk later, handed me an outfit, and helped me get into it. We rushed back downstairs and I modeled a perfectly decadent outfit that was supposed to pass for a matching bra and panties set. It was comprised of little more than two pieces of black satin held together with less than a prayer. It seemed like forever before everyone had placed their orders and changed again, but finally Kelly was closing up the last of her suitcases and remembered to draw a name for the door prize - the big black vibrator. I thought I'd die of embarrassment when she called out my name as the winner, but even as she was joking about putting it to good use, my pussy was doing a dance all on its own!

Finally everybody was gone. Cindy started to say something, but I silenced her with a kiss. I have never made love to anyone but Ken, and had never kissed anybody other than men. I was surprised at my own passion. I didn't think I'd ever want sex so badly, with my best friend even!

Cindy surprised me too. Her passion more than matched mine as we tore each others' clothes off. I was grasping and clutching at her breasts as she tore off my panties, our mouths still locked together. We came apart for a second as I stepped out of what was left of my underwear,

and Cindy led me to the big sofa where we had held hands earlier. She started to trace circles around my nipples with her tongue as her hand searched for my twat.

It didn't require any convincing on Cindy's part for me to spread my legs and give her hand access to my hot and horny cunt. Her fingers slid inside effortlessly and her thumb landed right smack dab on my clit! I started to climax immediately as Cindy rolled her thumb back and forth across my throbbing nub. Her tongue had found its way back into my mouth as I exploded again and again. I thought I'd go crazy with all of this pleasure. Cindy then started to trail her tongue down over my neck, past my heaving tits, across my stomach and was headed for my flooded gash. I held her head firmly between my hands and was about to tell her not to when she said, "It's all right Jean, I want to, please let me."

I let go of her head and started to moan and groan as Cindy started to nibble and suck on my very sensitive button. She used her hands to part my sea of pubic hair and then sent a few fingers driving in and out of my cunt as she continued to suck on my clit. Her free hand continued to stroke me all over my body, from my boobs to my sensitive ass cheeks. I climaxed again and again as Cindy fucked and sucked my cunt. Finally, I had to push her head away - I was so sensitive down there! She looked at me inquisitively, so I reached down and brought our faces together.

Cindy's face was covered with my juices, and as we kissed, I could taste my own sex on her lips. That started my blood boiling again as I started to lick her entire face clean. I swear I must have bruised her big boobs the way I was mauling them, but Cindy was moaning with pleasure. I licked on her nipples until they had swelled to nearly twice their normal size. My hand had worked its way down to her dripping snatch, and it felt awkward at first trying to do to another woman what I was only used to doing to myself, but pretty soon my hand found its rhythm and was mashing itself in and out of her sopping cunt at a terrific rate. Cindy's breath quickened as she approached her first climax, I could resist the urge no longer; I had to taste her cum in my own mouth! I moved in quickly, not quite aware of how to go about it but realized at the same time that what had made me feel so good was probably what would make her feel good, so I locked my lips around her clit and sucked on it for all I was worth. I was rewarded with a face full of her honey as she writhed in delicious ecstasy. I kept at her though, bringing her off a few more times with my mouth and tongue. I was really feeling my pace now as I used my nose to part her cunt hairs and stuck my tongue deep inside her to allow more of her golden nectar to shower my face.

After a while we just lay side by side licking and kissing each other. Before the night was through we had initiated my new vibrator and showered together. We talked quietly into the night while holding each other in a warm embrace. We realized all of the fun we had missed for all these years, and both of us vowed never to let that happen again.

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