# Sophie Part 3

## By bikerbear600

Published on Lush Stories on 10 May 2012

*The third part of Sophie's adventure. Sophie finally talks to Vicky and they have a night out.*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/sophie-part-3.aspx

The bag went back to its owner on Saturday with a new pair of stockings in that I had carefully worn and then taken off to try and hide the fact that they were brand new. I had to hide a blush as Vicky thanked me for holding on to it for her. I found myself imaging what she looked like wearing the gear contained in it and what she looked like with the dildo firmly embedded in her teenage pussy!

‘Err, you didn’t look inside did you Sophia?’ Vicky asked obviously noticing my blush.

‘Well, yes. I looked inside to see if I could find out who owned it. I figured out that it was you from the size of your leather coat. I like your top.’ I said blushing furiously.

Vicky blushed back which made me feel a little less embarrassed.

‘Thanks. My boyfriend bought me all the gear. I thought you might be shocked if you’d looked inside and I was a little nervous about coming in today.’ she said.

‘Oh no, not at all dear!’ I replied blushing again. ‘Nothing wrong with a bit of dressing up in private is there?’

‘Private? Oh. Oh, no. Nothing wrong.’ she stammered smiling.

‘You go out wearing that?’ I gasped.

‘Yes. Not to normal clubs though. My boyfriend is a member of a private fetish club. In fact I met him on the Internet in a fetish chat room. He took me the other week and bought me all that gear to wear. It’s fairly modest compared to what some people wear!’ she explained.

‘Well I never!’ I said, sounding like my mother ‘What do you do once you’re in the club?’

‘Well it’s like a normal club really, you know, a bar with music and dancing. People like to watch and

be watched in their fetish gear. There’s quite a lot of touching and flirting but it’s against club rules to go too far!’ Vicky told me, her eyes blazing.

‘You sound like you had a great time!’ I smiled.

‘I did. I was so turned on by it all. I’m surprised I’m talking to you about it though. We all figured you were a bit of a prude. Sorry, that sounds really rude. I didn’t mean any offence.’ Vicky blushed again.

‘No offence taken! I am err, was a lot of a prude until recently. I’m just beginning to realise that there might be more out there then my dull life lets me see. And now I’m saying too much so I’m going to get you back to work and finish this paper work!’ I laughed.

‘OK. If you want to know any more then please ask.’ Vicky said as she headed back to the shop.

I sat back in my chair feeling flushed and aroused again. I’m not as naive as I think I’m sounding in this story. I’m aware of people that enjoy kinky sex and I’ve never really seen anything wrong with it if you’re ‘that’ sort of person. I always assumed I wasn’t and neither were any of my friends and family. In fact I guess I assumed that because of my friends and family I couldn’t be like that. I dressed in middle aged, middle class clothing when I was a teenager and have always been careful not to ‘get out of control’ when drinking. This new, kinky side of me was obviously there all along just hidden. I began to wonder about the fetish club that Vicky had told me about and what it would be like to walk across the floor in see through clothing with hundreds of eyes on me. I shook my head to get rid of the image before I totally wasted the day and got back to work.

I drove home that night via the supermarket and bought myself several pairs of black, white, tan and fishnet stockings. I decided that I wasn’t going to wear tights again and sod what my mother thought of women who wear stockings. Obviously I didn’t want my husband to find out because I hate arguing with him and hid them under some boxes of tampons, which I knew he would avoid like the plague. I felt like a schoolgirl sneaking home with something forbidden!

We were going to the theatre that evening so I wore one of my button fronted, cotton summer dresses with a pair of tan hold up stockings underneath. The dress is nice but not really sexy. I spent a couple of minutes in front of the mirrors in the spare room lifting my skirt to reveal my stocking tops and undoing buttons to show more flesh. Eventually I sighed and did all the buttons up then, on a mad impulse, removed my knickers and hid them under the bed.

I felt really sexy as we walked to the taxi and the cool evening air billowed up my skirt and across my naked bottom and pussy. My husband was as dull as ever, holding doors open for me and offering me his arm. In the back of my mind was a voice asking ‘do you love this man?’ I was ignoring it for

the moment because I was afraid of the answer. I wondered how he would react if I placed his hand on my bum so he could feel that I was virtually naked underneath my skirt. I wondered if he would get turned on if I whispered ‘I’m not wearing any panties’ to him when the play started.

I made myself concentrate on what was happening on the stage and quite enjoyed the play once I made myself forget that I wasn’t wearing any panties. During the interval I walked to the toilet and found myself watching people far more intently than I ever had before. Wondering what the various couples I saw in the theatre got up to in bed. What, if any, fetishes they had. My mind was swimming with new thoughts that I was both embarrassed and thrilled by. Again I made myself concentrate on the play and forget my body, something I was getting better at. It was at this point, and prompted by something in the play, that I started thinking there were two sides to me. Sophia was the dull, middle class frumpy prude and Alison (the name of one of the characters in the play) was my new, wild side. The two must be kept separate although Alison would always be underneath Sophia like she was tonight. Sophia was sat with her dull husband watching a play, Alison was sat next to a stranger wearing a pretty dress and no panties and thinking how nice to would be to stick a dildo in her pussy and make herself orgasm so hard she fainted!

We got home and made love in the usual boring way as always. I laid back and waited for it to be over so I could go into the spare room and pleasure myself. My husband soon finished and was snoring away before I got up to go and clean myself. I headed straight into the spare room instead of cleaning up in the bathroom first. I pulled the stockings I’d been wearing earlier on to my legs and switched on the light, admiring myself in the mirrors again. I thought I was getting better at posing; I certainly looked sexier than I had just a week ago. I knelt down in front of the mirror and pushed my fingers into my pussy feeling my husband’s semen in there. I pulled my fingers out and on an impulse put them in my mouth. I licked them clean then greedily plunged them into my wet pussy again. I sucked my fingers clean of cum a second time, wondering what the big deal was about not swallowing semen as it tasted fine to me! I continued finger fucking myself and licking my fingers for a few minutes before I finally pushed two fingers deep inside myself and left them there, using the other hand to rub my clitoris. I came quickly, my orgasm making my legs shudder. When I’d finished I licked my hands clean again, put my nightgown on then went back to bed.

For several weeks I spent my free time at home during the day dressing up in all my outfits and trying to make them look sexier than they were. I wore stockings instead of tights and quite often went out without panties on. I trimmed my pubic hair to improve the view in the mirror when I was masturbating. I often walked around the house naked, exposing myself through the back windows in the hope, and dread, of the neighbours seeing me. I longed for a sex toy of my own but couldn’t figure out how to buy one. I had an Internet connection at home but didn’t know enough about how it worked to cover my tracks in case my husband checked up. Besides we have a joint account and he would spot the purchase. I knew I could hide whatever I bought in the wardrobes in the spare room as

my husband never went in there but couldn't for the life of me work out how to buy one. I was sitting in my office on Wednesday morning mulling over this dilemma when I noticed Vicky's name on a bit of paperwork I was ignoring. I remember her parting words. 'If you want to know any more then please ask'

Vicky only works for me on a Saturday as she's a University student and busy during the week but I had her mobile phone number. I pulled it up on my computer then sat and looked at it for almost an hour working out what I would say to her. Finally I rang the number then hung up on the first ring. I held the phone on the cradle and jumped off the chair when it rang under my hand.

'Hello?' I said answering it.

'Hi, you just rang my mobile but I missed the call.' Vicky said in my ear.
I almost told her I'd got the wrong number I was so nervous. I took a deep breath and said:

'Hi Vicky, it's Sophia.'

'Oh, hi Sophia. What's up?' she replied cheerfully.

'Err, nothing. Well, nothing with the shop. I wanted to talk to you about something else. To do with what we talked about last month when you picked your bag up from me.' I said haltingly feeling like a fool.

'Oh yes? I remember. I can't talk at the moment though; I'm just heading for a lecture. Do you want to meet up for a drink or something? Or I could meet you in the shop later if you're working. I'll be free for the day by 12:30.' she said.

'How about lunch?' I asked.

'Oh yes, that would be cool. Where? Do you know anywhere private, assuming you want to talk about what I think you want to talk about?' Vicky said in a low voice.

'Oh Christ, I hadn't considered that! Err, how about you come to my home and I make something. There will be no one here until 6. I can pick you up if you can't get here.' I said quickly.

'No problem, I have a car. I know more or less where you live but not the exact address.'
I gave her my address and she said she'd be there around 12:45. I finished what I was doing in the shop then drove home with my heart in my mouth. Again I tried to think what I would say to her and what I would ask! Obviously she knew I was interested in the fetish scene but not what exactly. How

was I going to tell her I wanted to find out where to buy a dildo from without my husband finding out!

I needn't have worried as Vicky arrived on time and her chatty, intelligent personality soon put me at rest as we made some sandwiches then sat on the patio enjoying the afternoon sunshine. Vicky was dressed in a little denim skirt that showed off her long legs and a tight vest top that pressed against her braless breasts. I was dressed in a lemon summer dress that was pretty but made me look 10 years older than I am in my opinion. I was wearing a bra but no panties but this was forgotten in my nervousness about what I had to talk to Vicky about. We chatted for an hour before Vicky finally worked the conversation around to what I wanted to talk to her about.

'So, you wanted to ask me something about the Fetish scene. Well, I assume that's what you wanted to talk about since you keep going bright red!' she teased.

'Sorry. I didn't know whom else to ask. I couldn't use the Internet because my husband might find out and I really want to buy one!' I stammered, almost in tears.

'Sophia, are you OK? What are you trying to buy?' Vicky said getting off her chair and leaning over to hug me.

The hug did it, it was the first honest caring contact I'd had with another person in years and I confessed all to Vicky. I told her about opening her bag and trying on her clothing, I told her about finding her dildo and using it. I confessed about the state of my marriage and sex life and how much I longed for change. When I'd finished she hugged me again and kissed my forehead.

'I thought the stockings were a different pair. You didn't quite match them… the elastic on the tops was slightly different. I don't mind though, in fact I'm really happy that my mistake led you to discover this side to yourself.' Vicky said gently.

'So what can I do to help you? What do you want?' Vicky continued.

'I want… err… I don't know. A sex toy for a start, I'm longing for that at the moment. I'd love some clothes like yours but I'm afraid that I'd only wear them to wander around the house!' I said, feeling much better. It would appear that confession is good for the soul!

'Well, I can sort that out straight away. My friend runs lingerie parties in the evenings and she's having one on Saturday night for another friend of mine. I'm sure no one would mind if you came along. In fact I'll ring and check straight away if you're free.' Vicky said enthusiastically.

As it happens I was free on Saturday night as my husband was away on a golf weekend with his dull

friends. I almost said no out of habit but decided to find out more.

‘What kind of lingerie?’ I asked.

‘Oh, the kinky kind!’ Vicky laughed, ‘And they do sex toys. It’s like an Anne Summers party if you’ve ever been to one of them but run by a different company. The quality of the stuff is good though and it’s not a bad price. Oh, and the girls that will be there are a friendly lot. Mostly students but some are grownups like you!’

I laughed at that and told her I was only 30 despite the fact that I dressed like I was in my 40’s! I said yes I’d go and she rang her friend to arrange it.

‘Oh, cool. See you Saturday then.’ Vicky said hanging up, ‘The house is on the other side of town but I’m getting a taxi across so I can have a drink. Would you like me to stop and pick you up? We’d have to pass the end of your road from my house to get there anyway.’

‘What time? What should I wear? Why am I so nervous all of a sudden?’ I said in a rush.

‘Calm down Sophia, it’s only Wednesday! Just wear what you’re comfortable in. No one will be dressed in fetish clothing it’s not that kind of do!’

Vicky went on to explain that the girls attending the party weren’t into the fetish scene and were just going along to get drunk and have a laugh and maybe buy a thong or a peep hole bra (I had to get her to explain what a peep hole bra was, much to my embarrassment) or a vibrator that they’d never use. I started to relax and look forward to the whole thing. We chatted for another hour, just getting to know each other really and I found myself really enjoying her company. I realised just how dull my other friends were with their talk of babies and prices in the shops and how their boring husbands were doing at work.

Saturday was busy as usual in the shop and it didn’t seem like any time before I was locking up and heading home. I’d hardly had a chance to say anything to Vicky all day, even though we were working together and I realised I was really nervous. I’d spent the previous evening working out what to wear. It was still the middle of summer and going to be a warm night so I decided on a pair of loose fitting cotton trousers and a strappy top I’d bought for a holiday in Spain but never worn because I couldn’t wear any of my bras underneath and my husband had been mortified when I walked out of the bedroom wearing it. The soft cotton felt great against my nipples as I pulled it on and I watched them get hard in the mirror. I’d tried the trousers without underwear but they were very transparent, another reason I’d not worn them, so I wore a pair of ivory coloured silk French knickers under them. I looked in the mirror and thought I looked my age, which was a great improvement on my normal attire.

Vicky arrived at 7:30 wearing a short leather skirt that sat low on her hips, the black, calf length boots that I'd worn and a short vest top that exposed her belly button. She, like me, was braless. Her long, red hair was free from its usual ponytail and she looked fabulous.

'Wow, you look great Vicky!' she said as I opened the door.

I blushed and muttered that she looked good too then locked the door and got in the taxi. It was only a short ride to the house, not enough time for me to get really nervous, but I still noticed my hand was shaking when I got out of the cab. I paid the cab fare and we walked into the house, Vicky shouting hello through the open door. We were the last to arrive and the other guests were sitting around drinking ice-cold marguerites and chatting. The living room looked out over a garden and the patio doors were thrown open to let what little breeze there was in. There were 7 other women in the room, making 10 of us in total with Vicky's friend the party organiser. I was introduced to the room and quickly lost track of the other girl's names. I accepted a marguerite from Janet whose house was hosting us and sat on the sofa. To my relief it was as Vicky had described, everyone was wearing 'normal' clothing. In fact Vicky was the only one wearing what I'd consider sexy clothing. Everyone else was smart but casual like me.

Dawn, the party demonstrator, started by introducing herself and telling us a bit about the clothing company she was working for. Then the underwear was brought out and Dawn went into her sales pitch on some of the items. Everything was lacy, see-through and very brief and I was getting a thrill looking at it and from Dawn's sexual innuendo laden sales pitch. The fact that my glass kept getting topped up helped too as I was drinking far more than I usually do. It didn't seem to matter and the other girls were getting as tipsy as I was. Dawn finished her sales pitch and allowed us to look through her stock checking out what was available.

'Have you found anything you like Sophia?' a voice asked.

'Lots of things, sorry, I didn't catch your name?' I said to the woman.

'Debs. I live next door.' she smiled.

'Pleased to meet you.' I said.

'I think you should defiantly go for that see-through body suit with the spaghetti straps.' she said, 'Give your hubbie a thrill!'

'I think this would give him a heart attack!' I confided feeling naughty, 'He's a bit dull really and thinks

underwear like this is for perverts! I might buy it anyway and wear it under my work clothes to give me a thrill!'

Debs laughed loudly at that and told me to think of myself first and the hubbie second, just like they do. I laughed and agreed, letting my new 'Alison' personality take over from boring Sophia. 'Everyone, we have some underwear that can be tried on and modelled if you like. The sizes I have will fit Debs or Sophia and I have one-size fits all outfit that will suit a third volunteer. The third volunteer will have to be brave because it's tight and see through!' Dawn announced.

Debs immediately held her hand out for her outfit and Jenny, another one of Janet's neighbours, took the one size fits all outfit. Everyone looked at me and I heard someone say 'go on Sophia, only girls here'. I stood up in a daze and accepted the outfit, my heart pounding in my chest. The three of us walked into the dining room and the other two women stripped off and started dressing. Debs was a couple of inches shorter than me with dyed blonde hair and a soft body. Her boobs and bum were quite big but her stomach was flat. Her pubic hair was trimmed down to a stripe and I suppressed a gasp when I spotted that her pussy lips were shaved. Jenny was a black girl with an athletic body, wide hips and very full breasts. I realised that I was staring a little and turned my head to cover my blushes.

'Are you OK Sophia?' Jenny asked, 'You don't have to do this if you're not comfortable. It's only a bit of fun though.'

'No, I'm fine. Really I am. I'm just new to this. I don't even take all my clothes off in private changing rooms usually!' I laughed.

By this time Jenny was dressed in the outfit she'd been given which turned out to be a white fishnet body stocking with a high neck and long sleeves. She looked amazing. I looked over at Deb who was struggling into a slightly too small, black lacy bra. Jenny helped her into it as I quickly stripped down and started to sort out what I'd been given to model.

'Wow!' I said as I examined the lingerie I'd been given.

I had a red PVC play suit with a zip that went from just above my bottom at the back to just above my pubic bone at the front. There were also zips over the boobs! I had a pair of red fishnet stockings and red fishnet gloves that came up to my elbows. I quickly sorted myself out and got dressed. Debs was dressed in a classy lacy bra and thong set with a suspender belt and black stockings. Her boobs were almost spilling out of the bra and quivered as she laughed at herself. We knocked on the door to indicate that we were ready and heard everyone stop talking. I took a deep breath and followed the other two girls into the living room.

The rest of the women gave us a round of applause as we paraded into the room posing in the sexy outfits. I felt myself blush but not with embarrassment, I was getting turned on by the attention! I tried to pose as sexily as I could, the cool PVC tight against my skin. I ran my hands up the shiny, red outfit and felt my nipples harden.

‘Sophia, borrow my boots.’ Vicky said, bending down to unzip them.

I sat down and pulled her boots on, taking a long pull of my drink at the same time to keep my nerve up. Debs put a CD on and we strutted and danced around the room to the music. Vicky jumped up and danced with me while the rest of the drunken women shouted encouragement. Debs managed two minutes in the too small bra before unhooking it and strutting around the room topless to the delight of the rest of the room. Jenny got behind Debs, put her arms around her and fondled her boobs making my nipples hard again. It was quite the sexiest thing I’d ever seen. Vicky danced closer to me, running her hands up and down the PVC body suit.

‘Suits you.’ she whispered, ‘You’d look great in that down at our club!’

I blushed at that and wondered if she was flirting with me. I’d just read an article in a magazine about women experimenting sexually with other women and wondered if Vicky had any experience.. Before I could reply the music finished and we all sat down. Dawn stood at the head of the room again.

‘Right, I think it’s about the right time to display some sex toys. We have all kinds of things to enhance not only your own sexual pleasure, but your partner’s sexual pleasure too!’ Dawn said joyfully.

‘Sod the husbands; show me what I can use!’ I heard someone say, then blushed when I realised it was me!

I began to realise that I was quite drunk on the margaritas and with the fairly sexual atmosphere, although I felt that I was still in control more or less. Dawn began unpacking her stock of sex toys. They came in all shapes and sizes. I’d kind of assumed that all dildos were shaped like penises but some of them were very weird shaped with bends, twists and protrusions for all kinds of purposes. I examined each one and followed the other girl’s examples of testing the vibrations on the end of my nose. One of the smallest vibrators turned out to be the most powerful and I longed to try it out on my nipples but held myself back. I needn’t have worried because as soon as Debs got hold of it she immediately touched it to her naked boobs and made her nipples erect!

‘Coo, I’m having one of these!’ she declared to the room.

I narrowed my choice down to a rampant rabbit vibrator that was recommended to me by one of the other girls and the small plastic vibrator that Debs had just demonstrated. I was also getting really comfortable with the suit I was wearing and checked out the price. It was expensive but I decided I was going to have it as well as one of the see through vests Vicky had and five different thongs. I realised I had spent over £200 by the end of the night but didn't care as I could pay cash from my own money and my husband would never know.

'What are you ordering then Sophia?' Vicky asked.

'Everything by the looks of the bill!' I laughed.

Vicky sat next to me and we compared purchases. She's also ordered the suit I was wearing but in black instead of red and she'd ordered the PVC gloves and stockings that went with it. I'd had a look at them and thought they were tacky so I'd ordered a pair of sheer, red, nylon opera style gloves and a pair of red, fishnet crotch less tights. I'd already decided I was going shopping for some boots to go with the outfit during the week.

'Blimey, you've got it bad!' Vicky exclaimed, 'I've worked for you for two and a half years and never suspected that you'd be into all this!'

'I wasn't until you left that bag in my office.' I confessed again, 'I have you to thank for waking me up I guess. Thank you very much.'

I hugged her and she kissed me on the cheek making my spine shiver in a most pleasant way. Eventually we'd all filled in our order forms and it was time to leave. I got changed back into my ordinary clothes and helped Dawn pack her samples up. I left with Vicky in a taxi with the girl's goodbyes ringing in my ears.

'It's still early,' Vicky said, 'do you fancy a drink somewhere? There's a really nice wine bar not far from your place that has a big patio area our back.'

'Sounds nice' I said, not wanting the evening to end.

'Oh, it will be crowded though. We might not get a seat.' Vicky said.

'Come back to mine then. I have some wine in the fridge and a patio.' I suggested.

That was settled. The taxi dropped us off and we walked into the house. Vicky looked around my living room as I opened the wine and found some glasses.

‘Is this your Dad?’ Vicky asked pointing at a photograph.

‘No, that’s my husband!’ I laughed.

‘God, sorry Sophia!’ Vicky said in horror.

‘Don’t worry, he’s an accountant, they all look that age. Besides, he’s 10 years older than me. And boring!’ I said, a little harshly.

‘Why do you stay with him then?’ Vicky said, following me into the conservatory and settling next to me on the sofa with a glass of wine to hand.

‘I don’t know. I guess because I felt I had to up until a month ago. I think I’m rapidly heading for a reassessment of my life. I didn’t realise how bored I was with everything. Even my shop sells boring clothes and gets boring customers.’ I mused.

‘That’s true. You should get rid of all the old stock and get Dawn to supply you with lingerie!’ Vicky suggested. I almost chocked on my wine at the suggestion.

‘Bloody hell, I’d be run out of town doing that!’ I laughed.

‘You might find you have more clients than you get at the moment! I’d certainly buy from you!’ Vicky said unzipping her boots and kicking them off.

We chatted for an hour or so finishing the bottle of wine. I was still feeling tipsy, but not drunk which was nice. Vicky didn’t seem any worse for wear and eagerly accepted my offer to open a second bottle. When I returned from the kitchen Vicky was sitting cross-legged on the sofa facing where I’d been sitting. I followed suit, kicking my shoes off and pouring the wine. As I handed Vicky her wine I couldn’t help noticing that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. I looked up and saw that she’d seen me looking.

‘Shocked?’ she asked.

I blushed again.

‘Not really, I’ve experimented with not wearing any knickers over the last couple of weeks. Very liberating and sexy I found, just like not wearing a bra. Do you know, this is probably the first time I’ve been out in public without a bra in my entire adult life?’ I confessed.

‘Really? I don’t wear underwear at all in the summer. I like the thought of someone catching a glimpse of me as I sit down. It makes me horny thinking about it and it sends my boyfriend mental with lust when we go out.’ Vicky said in a slightly husky voice.

‘It would give my husband a heart attack! Although that gave me a thrill when I did it the other week at the theatre; Just wondering what he would say if he knew that I was panty-less under my dress!’

I went on to explain my thoughts about my double personality and Vicky was very excited about the idea. She decided that if we went out together again I would have to be Alison and wear clothes and have an attitude to suit! I loved the idea but couldn’t see how I could manage to do that in all honesty. Vicky pointed out that I spent at least two Saturday nights a month for most of the year on my own as my husband visited his relatives or went off on his golfing weekends with his friends while I worked at the shop. I could quite easily go out for the night and have fun without him finding out. I made the point that the neighbours around me would be sure to tell my husband if they saw me dressed up ‘like a tart’ but Vicky had a solution for that to. I’d go to her place directly after work and get changed there. Since I’d be coming home in a taxi late at night no one would be awake to see me and it would be dark anyway.

I liked the idea but wondered if I would enjoy myself if I went out with Vicky’s friends and if I would be brave enough to do it when I was sober. I decided to wait until tomorrow and make a decision then.

‘It’s your choice but I think you need to do something outrageous. You’re so wound up with your two lives that you look like you’re going to burst!’ Vicky said touching my knee and making me shiver.

‘I like the way you shiver when I touch or hug you.’ she said gently.

‘You noticed?’ I said a little shocked, ‘I don’t think I’m used to close physical contact from anyone. My husband never hugs me and my parents certainly never did.’

‘It’s hard not to notice!’ Vicky laughed, ‘Like I said, you’re wound up like a spring when you’re Alison.’

I nodded my agreement and took another sip of wine. A silence fell between us but it was very comfortable. Vicky was looking at me with her big, green eyes and smiling.

‘What are you thinking?’ I asked.

‘I’m wondering who you are.’ Vicky replied, ‘I hardly know you at all and I’m curious!’

‘What do you want to know?’ I said, ‘Ask me anything and I’ll answer truthfully.’

‘OK, I’ll ask you, you ask me and don’t be afraid to elaborate! First question: When did you lose your virginity?’ Vicky said enthusiastically.

‘I was 21 and it was on my wedding night. It was quick and it hurt because my husband didn’t really understand foreplay then. Actually he still doesn’t but at least he makes sure I’m wet before he shoves himself in me!’ I said

‘Poor you!’ Vicky said touching my knee again, ‘Your turn’

‘Can I throw the same question back at you?’ I asked.

‘Just this once as it’s an important question.’ Vicky replied, ‘I was 16 and we were at a party in a bedroom with two other couples. It was quick and it hurt so you’re not unique in that! What’s the most outrageous thing you have done? Sexually I mean?’

‘Oh, that’s easy. Try your underwear on and fuck myself with your dildo!’ I answered in a rush blushing furiously. ‘I want to throw that question back but I’m not going to because that’s not fair. Err; has anyone ever watched you naked? In a voyeuristic sense I mean, you know, through a window or something?’

‘Probably. I like to walk around my flat naked and it has big windows. My mum and dad like to go on naturist’s holidays so I spent most of my childhood naked! I once did a strip tease for my boyfriend and five of his mates on a dare.’ Vicky confessed.

‘Wow, what was that like?’ I asked amazed.

‘Fantastic and outrageous! There’s more though, I was so horny by the end of it I dragged my boyfriend up and we went up stairs for a bonk straight after. His mates got pissed off that we’d buggered off and burst in on us after 10 minutes. I was riding my boyfriend like a mad thing by then and couldn’t stop. Two of his mates walked out after watching us but three stayed to watch. I told them that if they were going to stay and watch they could at least get naked and wank! Another one walked out but the remaining two stripped off and joined us on the bed!’

‘What did your boyfriend say to that?’ I exclaimed.

‘Don’t spurt on me you bastards!’ Vicky giggled.

‘God, really? Wasn’t he pissed off with them?’

‘No, it was what he wanted and why he dared me to do the strip tease. It was that kind of relationship, we had nothing in common but we were damn good in bed and we were using each other to fulfil fantasies.’ Vicky explained.

‘So what happened next?’ I said excitedly.

‘I got on all fours and one guy fucked me, the other stuck his cock in my mouth and the third played with my boobs. After a couple of minutes they all swapped around. They fucked me for an hour or so and I came about twenty times!’ Vicky said, her face flushing red at the memory.

‘Christ!’ was all I could think to say.

‘I’m all hot and bothered now! Do you think I could go and lie naked on your lawn without causing a scandal?’ Vicky said.

‘The lawn is only overlooked by the neighbours in the house opposite. Next door is empty and there’s woodland on the other side.’ I said, thinking she was joking.

‘Cool!’ Vicky said jumping off the sofa and pulling her top over her head, ‘care to join me?’

‘Vicky, I don’t know if we should do that.’ I said.

‘Alison, get your clothes off and get yourself out into the garden right now’ Vicky said, ‘Sophia, you stay out of this!’

I was so surprised at her addressing me as two people that I got up from the sofa and pulled my top over my head. Vicky was naked and heading out into the warm night air. Our bodies were almost identical in size and we were the same height. I pushed my trousers and knickers off my legs and stood in the conservatory naked, trying to get the nerve up to go outside. I suddenly realised that I was more visible stood in the conservatory and quickly ran out on to the patio and away from the light. Vicky was stood in the middle of the lawn looking up at the sky.

‘Turn the lights in the house off Alison.’ Vicky said.

I walked back in and made the house dark then returned to the lawn. The grass was still dry after the day’s heat. I joined Vicky and looked up to see what she was looking at. It was a moonless night and you could see millions of stars. I gasped at the view, realising that I’d never stood out here at night

and seen this. Vicky’s hand found mine and she squeezed it gently sending the inevitable shiver down my spine again.

‘Isn’t it beautiful?’ Vicky whispered.

‘God, yes. I’ve never seen so many stars before!’ I relied quietly.

‘Lie down next to me.’ Vicky said lying on her back on the soft grass.

I lay on my back next to Vicky and she held my hand again and shuffled closer so our hips and legs were touching. My body was tingling and my nipples hard as I gazed up into infinity. I tried to slow my breathing but realised Vicky was breathing hard too. There was enough light from the stars, now that our eyes had adjusted, that we could see each other fairly well

‘I can’t do this at my place because I’m on the fourth floor of a block of flats but we used to do it at home all the time in the summer.’

‘With your parents?’ I asked.

‘Yep. We used to lie in a circle, Mum and Dad, me and my two sisters, with our heads touching and point out stars to each other. When we’d gone to bed Mum and Dad used to make love out on the lawn.’ Vicky explained.

‘They let you watch?’ I said a little horrified.

‘No, they told us once when we were reminiscing! We’re an odd family but not that odd!’ Vicky laughed gently.

‘Sorry. Sophia escaped for a minute then.’ I whispered turning my head to look at her.

She was watching the stars; her mouth was half open in a smile. I looked down her body and saw that her nipples were hard like mine. I felt my pussy soften even more as I looked at her body and realised I was getting turned on by her again. I began to wonder about my sexuality. Was I bisexual or even gay? Or was I just getting off on the physical contact I’d been missing all these years? I concentrated on the stars to take my mind off it. Five lovely, quiet minutes went by before Vicky whispered.

‘I’m going to masturbate if you don’t mind.’

I didn’t know what to say; in fact I wasn’t sure I could trust my voice to say anything clearly at that point in time so I gently squeezed her hand. I felt Vicky open her legs, her left leg moving against my right and resting on top of it slightly.

‘Oh, that feels good!’ Vicky said under her breath making me jump.

My eyes were glued on the sky but the rest of my senses were tuned to what Vicky was doing next to me. I could hear her breathing speeding up; feel her hip and thigh moving gently against mine. Her hand squeezed mine gently as she slowly massaged her pussy. Slowly I moved my left leg away from my right and drew it up to expose my cunt. The night air felt fantastic on it and I quickly moved my left hand down my body to my pubic hair. I found my clit and started rubbing it gently.

‘Oh!’ I breathed without thinking.

‘Nice?’ Vicky asked gently.

I looked over to my right and found Vicky looking at me. I smiled and she smiled back, my hand never slowing down. I looked down her body and saw her hand moving slowly between her legs. I lifted my right leg a little and felt Vicky move her left leg so they were still pressing against each other. Our hands squeezed as we slowly played with ourselves.

‘Have you ever done this before?’ I asked Vicky gently.

‘Not with a girl before but I used to do it a lot on my own and once with a boyfriend. That wasn’t very good because he wanted to fuck instead of just laying there gently.’ Vicky said softly.

We watched each other’s faces for another minute then turned back to look at the stars almost together. I made myself concentrate on the sensations on my hip and thigh from Vicky’s skin and the slow build up coming from my groin. Vicky’s breathing became louder and faster as I slowly built myself up and her hand squeezed mine with added urgency. I turned to face her again and watched her face as she brought herself to orgasm squeezing my hand in time to her movements between her legs so she would know I was watching. I was amazed at how often she licked her lips as she came close to cuming and wondered if I did the same. I started moving my left hand with a little more urgency, slipping two fingers inside myself and using my palm to rub my clit. Vicky same with a loud moan and then lay still. I stopped what I was doing, not wanting to disturb her.

‘Are you OK?’ she panted, ‘you’ve stopped.’

‘I didn’t want to disturb you!’ I laughed.

‘Don’t stop for me.’ Vicky said.

I started my hand moving again but stopped when I felt Vicky let go of my hand and move. She turned on her side to face me.

‘I’d like to watch you if you don’t mind. I can hold your hand if you like?’ Vicky said.

‘I’d rather use that hand to masturbate with but I’d like you to touch me somehow. I was really enjoying that.’ I said switching hands and unconsciously sucking the fingers of my left hand.

‘Oh that’s sexy!’ Vicky said gently.

Vicky moved over to my left hand side and snuggled up against me pulling my left leg against her legs and gently caressing my thigh. I could feel her hard nipples pressing against my arm.

‘Is that too much?’ Vicky asked.

‘God no, it’s wonderful!’ I whispered pushing two fingers into my wetness and pressing my palm on my clit.

I started slowly masturbating putting my head back and looking up at the stars. Vicky’s hand gently caressed my inner thigh and I could feel her breast moving against my arm as her breathing became more rapid with excitement. I looked up into her face and she smiled at me.

‘This is really turning me on.’ she whispered, her hand moving further up my thigh as she spoke.

I didn’t reply but smiled up at her. My groin was on fire now and my movements were becoming a little more urgent as I started building up to orgasm. Vicky’s hand reached my hip then slid slowly over my flat stomach. She was touching me with her fingertips only and almost but not quite tickling me. It felt like a low electrical charge running through my skin from her fingers. Her hand moved slowly down to gently touch the top of my pubic hair then changed direction to head up my stomach again. I used my free, left hand to explore her body but could only reach her thighs. As I moved around she shifted slightly and opened her legs. My questing hand found her inner thigh and I started stroking it. Vicky’s hand moved over my rib cage and explored the skin just below my breasts. I had backed off a little with my right hand, not wanting to cum and risk breaking the contact with Vicky. My hand moved over Vicky’s smooth thigh and Vicky shifted position slightly and I found my wrist pressing against her pubic mound. I pushed against it gently and looked at Vicky.

‘That feels so nice!’ she said finally moving her hand on to my right breast and touching my hard nipple.

‘Oh God.’ I said, a tiny orgasm rippling through me at the touch.

Vicky shifted a third time and I found my hand cupping her pubic mound. I curled my middle finger over her clit and slid the fingertip over her hairy lips. Her fingers teased my nipples gently, moving from one to the other. My mind was floating on the sensations, vaguely aware that I shouldn’t be doing this or that it might be wrong but I didn’t care. I pushed my finger into Vicky and rubbed my palm across her clit making her sigh and pinch the nipple she was caressing. I looked into her face and found her looking down my body at the hand between my legs and licking her lips again. She looked down at me and smiled and I hesitantly removed my fingers from my wet cunt and offered them to her to suck. I felt her pussy spasm gently on my finger as she realised what I was offering. I touched my finger to her lips and she sucked it in, her tongue moving over it taking the taste into her mouth. I took my finger out of her cunt and put it in my mouth and copied her.

‘I’ve never done this before!’ Vicky whispered.

‘Me neither’ I said.

‘Put your fingers back in me!’ Vicky demanded quietly.

I turned on my side to face Vicky and she raised her left leg to allow me access to her pussy. I followed suit and we reached for each other. Her hand touching my pussy almost made me cum straight away and I moaned as she pushed two fingers into me. I copied her, forcing two of my fingers into her then pressing down on her clit. Her lips found mine and we kissed passionately, her tongue pushing into my mouth. I pushed back and we twirled our tongues around each other as we finger fucked each other.

‘Christ, that’s it. Make me come Ali!’ Vicky said pushing my head to one side and biting my ear lobe.

‘Oh yes. Me too. I love your fingers!’ I whispered feeling my own orgasm coming on like a train.

I pushed another finger in her and used my thumb to press down and rub her clit. Vicky came almost straight away pushing her own hand hard against me and triggering my own orgasm. We leaned against each other, breathing hard and shuddering as our hands moved slowly inside each other. Finally we broke apart and lay next to each other on the grass again panting and looking at the stars.

‘Christ that was good!’ Vicky said eventually.

‘Oh yes!’ was the only thing I could think to say.

We turned to look at each other and enjoyed another gentle kiss. I shivered slightly, feeling a little cold.

‘Cold?’ Vicky asked.

‘A little.’ I replied.

Vicky stood up and offered her hand to help me up. We walked back into the house leaving our clothes in the conservatory. Vicky went to the loo and I locked the back door and walked into the living room, switching on a small table lamp and looking at myself in the mirror. My face and breasts were still a little flushed from my orgasm and I thought I looked different. Not as frumpy as before. Hardly surprising considering what had just happened! I felt like I had on my wedding night when I lost my virginity but without all the pain and disappointment I’d felt afterwards.