

A Party She'll Never Forget

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Becky sees the light at her first all-girl party

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by julie_julia ©

This story began as a real-life e-mail conversation between myself and an on-line friend, hence the changes between first-person and third-person. It's co-written by and dedicated to Becky. I wrote the parts in italics.

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I'm at an all girl party amongst total strangers and we've had a few drinks. We start playing games and fooling around. I get blindfolded and one-by-one they kiss me, each more passionately the last. I'm getting hotter and hotter with each girl getting a little more adventurous. Then one stands behind me squeezing my breasts and kissing and licking my neck as another kisses me deep on the lips.

I can feel my skirt being pulled higher as more and more hands appear on my hot body. My top gets pulled down as two sets of lips begin to suck and lick my nipples through the lacy bra. Another hand goes down the front of my knickers and starts to rub my clit.

My thighs part as if they're controlling themselves and my body is in over-drive as every hand that touches me heightens my pleasure. You're now standing in front of me, left hand in my damp panties slowly circling my aching clit. The two women either side of you remove my top so I'm now standing there blindfolded in my black lace bra and my skirt hitched up around my waist. You step forward and I can feel your breath on my cheek. The woman behind me undoes my bra and my breasts are free

from their lacy prison. My engorged nipples are quickly covered my hungry mouths as I lean back into the arms of the woman behind me. The pleasure is almost unbearable as my legs begin to shake from the sexual surges in my body. Your fingers slide down my dripping pussy and start to penetrate my hole, at the same time the woman behind me slides a finger down my round ass and rubs the entrance to my anal passage.

A soft '..no..' is all I can muster, but that is quickly turned into a long moan and a deep 'yes!' as my first girl – girl encounter is rapidly turning into the best sex in my life....

Unseen hands unzip your skirt leaving you at my mercy, your thin panties hopelessly inadequate to protect your hungry pussy from my relentless advances. I slide my hand out of them and, immediately upon my command; the two girls attending to your nipples pull their mouths away. You cry out in frustration and in pleasure as the hot blood returns to your buds.

Their ministrations have left them massively erect and rock hard, much to my pleasure and amusement as I run my fingertips over them, leaving a sticky smear of your pussy juices over them and around your areolae. You moan again, pleading with me to return my hand to your pussy. You buck your hips, trying to grind your black-lace covered pussy mound against my thigh but the strong woman behind you holds you back, clasping your wrists tightly behind your back and causing your full, hot and now perspiration-soaked breasts to thrust towards me; openly, unashamedly exposed and oh-so-very vulnerable. Your elongated nipples glisten in the flashing lights of the party, invitingly suckable but also asking, aching to be pinched and bitten.

Still securely blindfolded and now securely held, your other senses are sharpened. Above the softly pounding rhythm of the muted, sensual music you hear other noises. A different, faster rhythm, the sound of soft, moist flesh. A slick, squelchy sound. The unmistakable sound of quickly-moving fingers on wet, swollen pussy lips.

But not yours.

Who's?

Is it me? Am I masturbating right in front of you, invisible yet so close that you could touch me if your arms were free?

Other girls? Strangers, not friends but merely invited to the same party and present in the same room, now masturbating themselves (or maybe each other), uncontrollably aroused by the delicious sight of a helpless, nearly-naked Becky about to relinquish her lesbian virginity ...

The smell of sex is everywhere, as fingers plunge into hot, wet sticky pussies. I struggle to free my arms but in vain, my strength is diminishing, although I feel more alive than ever before. You bend slightly and blow onto my hard erect nipples causing me to shudder with excitement, 'Kiss me' I beg, but I feel nothing press against my waiting red lips. It feels like hours pass as I wait for a finger, lips, anything to touch my aroused skin. Then on my left nipple a tongue darts out and catches the very tip of the nub; it sends a bolt of arousal through my body as I push my aching breasts forward hoping for another. Then again this time on my right nipple. I was being toyed with and it was driving me crazy. I hear you draw in a deep breath as you're near orgasm, then your left hand reaches out and squeezes my right breast hard, my nipple pressed hard against the palm of your hand.

The woman behind me starts to nibble at the back of my neck causing me to throw my head back onto her shoulder thrusting my breasts out even further. You tweak my nipple between your index finger and thumb and lick the tip between your fingers. Then your right hand slowly slides from your swollen pussy lips and traces up my body pinching my left nipple. You alternate between my nipples, just licking the very tips, increasing the intensity each time ...

Now I'm pinching them harder and pleasure mixes inextricably with a dull, throbbing pain. Bolts of energy dart from nipple to pussy and back again as your clitoris begins to share in the mounting excitement. I squeeze your buds harder between my fingers and thumbs and pull. You try to move towards me to ease the tension but the strong woman behind you holds you back. Your nipples distend and your full 36D breasts stretch into longer cones. Harder I pinch and shorter your breathing becomes.

Then, just as you begin to think that your first Sapphic orgasm might come from nipple stimulation alone, I release my grip. Your nipples retract and hot pulses of blood swell them to an enormous, hitherto unknown size. The sudden change from sharp constant pain to dull rhythmic throbbing causes you to scream in discomfort and frustration.

Suddenly, warm, soothing tender palms support the significant weight of your aching breasts. Many hands from both sides, cupping, caressing and pressing your boobs. Some hands roam over your torso, under your back, down to your ass-cheeks and behind your thighs. Supporting, searching, stimulating. Then, you feel your entire body weight being taken as you are slowly lifted, your feet leaving the floor until you are confidently and comfortably supported at an unknown height above the floor. You feel no fear of being dropped, only an eager anticipation of what is to come.

Warm hands pull your thighs apart, then suddenly cold steel against your abdomen causes you to flinch with a sharp muscle spasm.

Your black lace panties are stretched tight between your legs, then cutting, cutting as the steel

scissors slice through the delicate fabric that still conceals your most precious private part of your womanly anatomy.

You feel the lace fall away and cool air, as well as an unknown number of eyes, falls upon your bare pussy.

Hands under your bum and thighs hold you steady, exposed, parted, vulnerable, trusting, waiting, panting, perspiring, anticipating.

No longer. My fingertip touches your clit and you jump and shout out with expectant release. Again I touch you and you react deliciously. More and more I finger your clit, then you feel a finger slide deep inside. Or is it two, or three? You are delirious and the number does not matter. Only the sensations. Your orgasm builds then plateaus as I break all contact.

You will me to finish you and you know what you want. Need. Crave.

It arrives. My tongue on your clit. It happens suddenly; you come violently, satisfyingly and noisily. Your thigh muscles spasm involuntarily and your nipples ache like they're going to burst.

The feelings slowly subside as trusted hands lower you slowly to the floor. You curl into the foetal position and sob quietly as you thank me profusely.

I lean forward to kiss you full on the mouth. I hold my fingers under your nose for you to smell an unfamiliar musky scent of another woman's pussy juices. Mine. You lick them tenderly as I too recover from my intense orgasm.

Gradually you notice the music getting louder, but a quiet voice whispers in your ear: "Take off the blindfold, Becky." With trembling fingers you loosen the knot, unsure what you will see. The other party girls all naked, singly and in pairs, furiously masturbating and fucking? Or everyone else in the room fully clothed, laughing at you humiliation? Or maybe only total darkness?

In fact, none of these. You blink as you look towards a single bright white light shining directly at you. Looking around, at first you see no-one else. Then, as your eyes adjust, you see two women dancing together. One is tall, blonde, only about 19 years old. She's wearing a very skimpy pale cream triangle bra in what looks like silk. It's so small it fails to cover even her small breasts but her erect nipples and swollen, puffy areolae push larger rounded peaks in the thin fabric. She is wearing a tiny matching bikini-string that also hardly even covers her pussy mound, and nothing else except a pair of stiletto-heeled strappy shoes. Her waist is very small and her legs are long and slender. She gyrates her hips and wiggles her bum as she moves to the music. The woman she dances with is

older, maybe forty, but strikingly attractive, with dyed dark red hair, prominent cheekbones and a fuller body. She is wearing a tight-laced corset in a maroon colour similar to her hair. It pushes her breasts upwards and squeezes in her waist. Her legs are encased in seamed black stocking attached to her corset by six wide suspender straps. She isn't really dancing; she's watching her tall blonde partner and rubbing her hands over her own breasts and then down between her inner thighs.

Looking behind you, you see two more women, more brightly lit by the single light. They are fully clothed, although the identical black dresses they are both wearing are backless, very short and have very low-cut plunge necklines. They are dancing slowly and very close, their hands roaming all over their voluptuous bodies. One woman, a little older than her 'friend', slips a hand inside the younger woman's dress and cups her naked breast. Her friend moans and pulls the front of her dress apart to expose both breasts. Unprompted, the older woman cups the other one and massages them both to the pounding beat of the music.

I call your name: "Becky, Becky."

At first you can't see me, but I walk towards you from behind the bright light. I'm wearing very high, spike-heeled leather boots that end above my knees and a waist-clincher that pulls me in, to accentuate my proud hips and my firm 34C boobs.

Nothing else.

Captivated, you watch me move closer, unaware of the other women in the room, until the two in the matching dresses pull you back, pressing your shoulders down onto the floor so you can only look up at the ceiling, then strongly spread your arms out wide. Then more hands are on your naked body, caressing your breasts, running down over your abdomen, down your thighs, calves and eventually to your ankles. Holding them tight, they spread your legs wide apart and press your knees flat on the floor. You cannot move your body but manage to look down for a moment to see the tall Blonde and the Russian-Looking Woman in the corset kneeling either side of your legs. Holding you firmly. Silently. Watching. Waiting.

The younger of the two women in matching dresses is herself probably a similar age to you, Becky. 27 I'd guess. You look to one side at her; she pulls apart the plunge-neck front of her dress again and bares a perfectly-formed breast. 34B, rounded, firm, inviting, its nipple positioned perfectly, pointing slightly upwards in its erect and reddened glory. She leans forward, offering the succulent bud to your welcoming mouth. You part your lips, taking it, sucking, suckling, tasting another woman's nipple for the first time. You feel it grow rewardingly in your mouth as you savour its sweetness. She pulls away, you sigh, only for her to expose her other equally-delightful rounded breast and present its enticing nipple for you to enlarge to a similar size.

Your own nipples are aching to bursting from the sensual sensations, hoping, craving, expecting similar treatment in return. Will it come? Not yet, the woman holding your other arm takes her turn. She slips the dress off her shoulders and down to her waist and you feast your eyes on larger, more mature, more pendulous breasts. Breasts tipped with small nipples but huge, brown areolae. She swings one over your mouth and you oblige. Sucking, pulling, nibbling, you tease her bud into a long, engorged teat, causing her areole to pucker as you draw the dark tender skin into a succulent distended teat.

Reluctantly you release the warm flesh from your mouth as she pulls away, allowing you time to look to one side. The younger woman is now kneeling beside you, thighs apart and naked except for a pair of hipster panties of a type that you've never seen before. They look as though they are made from a glossy, stretchy 'material' that looks more like rubber in the harsh white light. They fit her very tightly between the legs and she slowly rocks her pelvis.

Just as you begin to administer the same welcome treatment to her partner's other nipple, you feel warm, moist lips close around one of yours. The younger woman flicks her tongue expertly across your pointing breast. Your nipple jumps immediately, throbbing, growing, hardening. Pleasure merges with an ache that verges on pain as she bites her teeth together, trapping your engorged, tender teat. The same feelings engulf your other breast as the older woman pulls hers away from you and changes position.

What could possibly be more arousing, more exciting and more desirable than having two unknown but gorgeous, sophisticated women suck your nipples so skilfully?

That question is answered in a short moment as you feel hands on the insides of your thighs. Tracking upwards, causing your muscles to tighten and spasm. Closer to the tops of your legs. Closer to your most precious place, the place that is now hot, swollen and open as your sex-juices ooze deliciously from your inner depths. You feel something touch your pussy lips. A finger? No, larger than that. A cock? No, colder, harder. You try to look but your view is obstructed by two heads over your perspiring breasts.

You feel something pressing against your vagina. You try to close your legs to protect yourself from the threat but they're held apart, firmly and securely. The object begins to enter you and you feel your muscles relax involuntarily, allowing it to slide inside you more easily than you dare to admit. Suddenly your whole pussy feels alive as it's intruder buzzes into life, vibrating and rhythmically plunging into you, deeper with each thrust. You cannot know who is controlling it, but it isn't you. Is it the tall blonde in the skimpy silk bra and string? Is it the Russian-looking woman crushed into her tight-laced corset? Or is it me?

You struggle in vain, gyrating your hips. To escape? Or to force it deeper in. Neither is an option. Your body is awash with erotic sensation as your next climax starts to build.

Now you know it can't be me guiding the vibrator into your wet, lubricated tunnel. Why not? Because you feel the high heels of my long leather boots settle onto the carpet either side of your neck. You look up and see me standing over you. You see me drop to my knees, hands flat on the floor, then crouch back with my bum above your face. You look up at my pussy; nothing else in the room is visible to you now as I lower my glistening wet, swollen, parted pink lips towards your face.

Surely you must have known that tonight would be your first opportunity to savour the ultimate delight a woman can know? Your tongue darts out to meet my pussy as I squat back onto your face. You lap at my copious juices, tasting then swallowing my nectar. Do you like the taste? Instinctively you know what to do. Just as well. You need all your concentration to discern the different sensations in which your virgin body is immersed. Your nipples tormented by eager mouths. Searching hands roaming over your abdomen, your hips and between your parted thighs. Your pussy invaded by a searching, vibrating play-cock and your clitoris repeatedly circled by a single probing finger, or maybe more.

My accomplices time their movements perfectly, bringing you slowly to the brink of orgasm then holding you there until you have licked and lapped and sucked and nibbled my clit to a satisfyingly high peak. I let go and climax as I buck my hips and rub my hot, wet pussy against your face, pushing you over the edge into another thrilling orgasm. The other women hold you still; they know that your come will be more intense and more protracted if you cannot convulse and react to its sensations ripping through your tormented body. They are right, of course.

I climb off you. Your nipples feel the cool air again. You pull your knees together and up to your chest. Caring hands help you to sit up and you rub your eyes as you look again at the single bright light shining towards you. It is only when I walk behind it and turn it off that you can see the professional-quality digital movie camera still on its tripod, its all-seeing lens relentlessly trained on your naked, exhausted body.

If you like this story, please vote and leave a comment. Thanks. Kisses, Julia