**House Parties Are Best Parties**

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It was mid morning on a lovely winter's day, the weekend before Christmas. I was lying on the sofa supposed to be doing my Uni coursework, I was in fact spending most the time day dreaming whilst watching the snow that was falling outside the window.  
  
I am a 19 year old girl with a very petite body. I am cute, boys say I am cute so that will do for me, I would like larger boobs, but I suppose most girls would. I wear a 32A cup bra, which is small, but I admit I would look odd with massive knockers on such a tiny frame. I am single, had a few boyfriends but nothing too serious. With Uni work and my part time job in a bar I don't really have much time for a relationship.  
  
The doorbell went so I got up and peeked around the corner of the front window to see who it was. I was home alone apart from the dog so was still only wearing the t-shirt and panties that I had slept in and the t-shirt ended a fair distance above my knees. It was just my neighbour, so I opened the door using it to hide my lower half behind so all he could see was my t-shirt.  
  
"Hey Fi, just reminding you of the Christmas party tonight if you are still interested, starting from half 7" he said as his eyes scanned up and down my body as he checked me out.  
  
"Oh yeah, totally forgot, sounds good," I replied, shifting my weight as his eyes scanned up and down me making me conscious of what I was, or more accurately wasn't wearing, "Do I need anything?" I continued.  
  
"Just bring whatever you are drinking if it isn't lager, we have loads of that. Remember it is fancy dress" he said.  
  
"Oh yeah, forgot about that, will see what I can rustle up," I replied before closing the door.  
  
I gave up on my Uni work and packed it away, I had a party to get ready for, and a fancy dress party at that with less than 8 hours till it started.  
  
I didn't have anything that was fancy dress at all, so gave Debbie a ring and explained the predicament. She only had a "Santa Baby" suit which consisted of a very short red skirt with white fluffy fur round the bottom of it with a matching short sleeved top that left your tummy exposed. It did look ace, and I am sure you have all seen these styles of suit out there on nights out around the festive period, but was it suitable for a house party?  
  
"What size is it?" I asked  
  
"Erm, 10 I think, so should be okay, it will also be longer on you as you are smaller than me, I don't feel exposed in it, so you should be okay," she replied  
  
As my options were quite limited, with not really enough time to get into town to buy something, and even if there was enough time to get into town I had no money anyway so it was a mute point,  
  
I got dressed into some jeans and a top before driving round to collect it. She had kindly found the matching Santa hat as well, which also had the white fluffy trimming around the rim of it. She also said there is a bra as well but she is a C cup, as I am an A cup there was no point borrowing that.  
  
Even though she lived 5 minutes away it inevitably took me a few hours to collect it after we had finished nattering and discussing make-up options which would suit it. I got back at 4pm, so let the dog out, fed him, then went for a soak in the bath. I liked having baths, was rare I got time for them these days, was normally a rushed shower then off out. As I laid back into the soothing warm water I allowed my fingers to gently tease myself. I found it relaxing and as an added bonus it felt quite nice as well. I stopped before I got carried away and got out of the bath. As I was wearing a skirt that night I decided to wax my legs, they were after all on show.   
  
I waxed my legs in the bath as it was less messy. It was the wax you applied then waited a few minutes, then used the plastic thing to remove the wax and the hair as well. I will add here that my legs weren't hairy, but they were getting so they needed doing. While I had the wax out I placed a towel on floor to sit on, positioned the mirror between my legs and opened my legs. May as well do there as well whilst I was at it I thought to myself. I also noticed every time I did it how un ladylike it was, sat legs akimbo applying warm wax to my most intimate region. Predictably most of my boyfriends over the years had insisted on watching the process.  
  
I had been hairless down there since my early teens. It started as a dare at a girlie sleep over a few years ago where I drew the short straw on a dare. Some of our sleep over's got a bit naughty, but that is another story. As it happened though I liked the way it felt being shaved so I kept it up. I switched to waxing a year or so ago as it lasted longer and less chance of cutting places I really didn't want to cut.  
  
I wrapped my hair in a towel and as I was home alone I walked from the bathroom to my room naked. Not sure what it is but it feels quite exciting to walk around naked except in your room or in the bathroom. Also it is surprising how much more naked you feel without socks on, that may just be me though. Me and my brother weren't brought up to not do it, but we weren't brought up to be naturist either. Don't get me wrong, accidents happen and inevitably you get seen naked whilst running to the bathroom or whatever, but anyway, I digress.  
  
I straightened my hair and did my make-up, before putting some panties on so I wasn't totally naked and laid on my bed watching TV till about 7 when I put my Santa Suit on and checked my hair and makeup. I put a matching red bra and panties set on as the bra that came with it with the fur was too big for me and no panties were included in the set anyway. Around half 7 I heard the first people arriving so peeked out of my window as was quite pleased to see a girl with a similar length skirt on dressed as an elf which made me happier about my outfit.  
  
I decided against the hat as I had just done my hair, but I tucked it over my bag anyway to take it around. The skirt was well above the knee. What I would refer to as a two stepper. If you stood with eyes at panties level and went down two steps you would be able to see my panties. I had worn shorter before now, admittedly not at a house party, but never mind.  
  
I got my vodka and orange juice out of the fridge, checked myself in the mirror, made sure I had everything I needed in my bag and went next door.  
  
The outfits were very varied, someone had even turned up as robin hood as it was "cheaper than Christmas outfits at this time of year" which I suppose was logical. I was also quite impressed that he had gone the whole hog and had green tights on.  
  
It was the usual house party, with the usual music and the wannabe DJ. The food was nice, and my vodka was going down nicely.  
  
It was quite a nice bunch of people, I never really spoke to my neighbour, he had lived there years and other than the usual hello and neighbour talk we didn't really know each other. He was a decent normal bloke, friendly enough and he kept my glass nicely topped up, so he was okay in my book. I got talking to a couple of the girls after a while and that was the night sorted really. Just nattering about everything and anything.  
  
Around 10pm a fair few people started to go home as they were working the next day or had to get back for the babysitter and we were soon down to just the hardcore six people who were still there. It wasn't much later when the Jenga set came down, which was highly amusing, especially in our alcohol fuelled state. I have always loved Jenga, mainly because it didn't involve running around, but also because I was reasonably good at it  
  
"Anyone wanna up the stakes?" Mike suggested after a while.  
  
Me and Debbie who were the only two girls left at the same time said, "What do you mean?" I am pretty sure she was fairly sure of the direction it was going to go, as I sure as hell was.  
  
Mike was my neighbour by the way, maybe I should have mentioned his name before now, but anyway his suggestion sounded intriguing.  
  
"I have an interesting card game upstairs if anyone fancies a go," he explained emphasising the word "interesting".  
  
We discussed it for a while before Mike went upstairs and got it so we could see what it was like, as his drunken description was quite frankly useless. It was basically Strip Memory, or strip matching pairs, same game. If you don't know what memory is it is where you place two decks of cards on the table face down then turn one over, then a second one over. If they match you get them cards and get to have another go. If they don't match you turn them back over again and the game continues. The winner is the one who has the most cards once they have all been matched.  
  
The variation was instead of a normal deck of cards there were six girl sets and six boy sets. The girl sets of cards were pairs of; Top, skirt / trousers, bra, panties. The boys consisted of pairs of; socks, top, trousers, underwear. They were all colour coded, so there were only two cards that had a green bra on them, so if they got matched whoever was the "green player" took their bra off, etc etc. The losers were obviously whoever ended up naked.  
  
I had played strip games before, in fact a fair number of our parties end in a game of some type that usually leads to at least one person ending up in a state of undress. I agreed to it. Debbie agreed to it as well as all the blokes, so we set it up on the floor and clarified a few rules and what items were what. This was mainly because there was no "tights" option for the blokes to take off, so we clarified that tights were trousers etc etc. Also as Debbie was wearing a dress and not two items it was agreed that she borrowed my hat and that replaced her "top" card, so her "skirt / trousers card" was her whole dress. We also agreed that the blokes took their socks out of the card decks as there were more of them, and we had more to hide than them. It was also agreed that there was to be only one winner, so no stopping if we lost first.  
  
We all agreed to the rules and decided on card colours. I got pink, Debbie got yellow, Mike got blue, Steve got Orange, Adrian got Green, Paul got Black and Martin got red.  
  
The cards were very well shuffled by a few of us to make sure no one cheated, alcohol makes you paranoid I guess, especially when your panties are on the line. Anyway, the cards were shuffled and laid down on the floor face down in a square, well, not quite a square. Debbie and myself had eight cards they had six each.  
  
The game started and it is infuriating at how bad your memory is when you have been drinking. I lost count at how many times two items were turned over of the same colour at different times and I just couldn't remember where the other one was. Incidentally, Debbie was wearing a green "Santa's Helper" outfit, Martin was Santa as was Steve and Paul, Mike was a male elf and Adrian was Robin Hood, as you know I was in a Santa Baby suit.  
  
Steve was first to get two matched and it was his trousers. We all commented how half arsed it was that he was wearing "normal" boxers and not Christmassy ones, Mike lost his top next and then Paul lost his trousers and was subject to the same abuse Steve got for boring boxers. It got interesting when Adrian's underwear cards got matched, he had tights on and was about to try to work out how to get them off with tights on. Needless to say he failed quite miserably and we got an extended flash of his privates before he pulled the tights up again.  
  
Debbie was next as her "panties" cards got matched, which she just slipped off from under her dress, which incidentally was a bit longer than mine, but the bottom of it was cut with into points, like Elf's wear. The low bits were below her knee, the high bits made my dress look long so she was sitting very conscious a dodgy move would likely give us a nice view of her. Then a few goes later she lost her bra as well. The blokes were rather upset at how she took it off from under her dress showing them nothing and tried to argue that it wasn't fair. As she said though, if they matched her dress she was straight from fully decent to only wearing a hat, which shut them up as it was a very good point.  
  
Her dress cards and hat cards were turned over several times, but never at the same time and no one could remember for the life of them where they were. We weren't in teams, and it was ever man and woman for themselves, I was more than happy to match Debbie's dress up if it made me one step closer to not losing, I had after all matched her bra.  
  
It was Steve though who lost his boxers next due to Mike matching them, already with no trousers on he reluctantly pulled them down, his penis on show, it would have been rude not to look a little bit.  
  
I eventually lost my top, and then Debbie matched my bra with an evil grin on her face. I glared at her as she stuck her tongue out at me while I unclipped the bra and let it fall off whilst keeping my breasts covered with my arm and hand, before I reluctantly uncovered them to five pairs of eyes as even Debbie had a good look. It wasn't long before people started running out of clothes, Steve lost his top and was naked, closely followed by Mike and then Paul. I must admit they did look rather nice with nothing on, definitely not gym fanatics by any stretch of the imagination, but to coin a phrase my friend uses, they were "real world cute". Mike also looked "larger than average" and he wasn't even hard, or even nursing a semi.  
  
I lost my panties so was only wearing a skirt which considering at the time my tits were on show was hardly a major cause for concern, Debbie had my hat and her dress on, Adrian had just lost his boxers early on and Martin was down to boxers and his top.  
  
It was Adrian that was next on show as Martin matched his trousers which he took off to reveal himself to us all, but my "skirt" cards were turned over on consecutive goes and Martin grinned at me, slowly turning the first over, and then the second. My heart sank as realisation set in that I was about to be naked. I stood up and unzipped the skirt at the back, I let it slip a bit at the back exposing my naked bum, before closing my eyes and letting go.  
  
I felt the skirt drop and then heard it land on the floor, closely followed by observations of my "shaved pussy", one of them even asked if we had checked ID before we let people in as I looked "barely legal". As I said earlier I was 19, so he was just being a perv after seeing small boobs and no pubic hair. I sat back down and awaited the result of the game.  
  
It was soon Martin against Debbie, both with two items on each, with so few cards it wasn't going to be long before it was obvious where the items were, unfortunately for Debbie on her last go she uncovered Martins "trousers" but her "dress". Martin already knew where her hat was from his previous go, and now he knew where her hat was as well. He kindly matched her hat first, making her take it off before he matched her dress making her the final loser.  
  
She stood up, and threaded her arms out of her dress, she slowly let it slide down, first revealing her breasts, which were probably around a C cup and looked very firm with small perky nipples which were reacting to the attention and cool air. She stopped at her waist, but she was only delaying the inevitable, she eventually plucked up the courage and like I did, she just let go of her dress causing it to drop to the floor exposing her pussy to the room. She didn't shave, but was neatly trimmed and did actually look quite cute with an amazing arse and annoyingly firm breasts as she did her "twirl of shame". I should maybe say here that although I would not describe myself as bisexual, and definitely not lesbian, my best friend and I had, erm, "experimented". I didn't make a habit of it these days, but yeah, I suppose you could say I had limited girl on girl experience. Nothing too heavy, fingering was as far as we had gone, not used toys or anything, mainly watching each other get themselves off.  
  
It was suggested we reversed the game and the ultimate loser did a couple of dares. Basically the cards were re-shuffled and turned back over again, this time you had to match your own cards, when you had the full set you could get dressed again. Whoever was left naked did the dares. The dare could be anything, but both me and Debbie drew the line at intercourse. Either way it was unlikely to be dignified for who ever the unfortunate loser was.  
  
The cards were re-shuffled and laid out again. This time it was a much faster game as you only had to remember where your own were which made it easier. Not that it really helped my vodka soaked brain as slowly one by one they all got dressed leaving just me and Mike. My concentration wasn't helped at all as his distractingly big penis was on show.  
  
It boiled down to six cards, four were mine and the other two were his. We knew what two of them were, they were both mine but different ones, all I needed to do was find another one of mine. To make the pair and even it up. I flipped over a card and it was his. I voiced my annoyance with an expletive and in my resulting strop I flipped over the matching card by mistake.  
  
My mouth just dropped open in disbelief as he thanked me and started to get dressed. Couldn't believe I had done that, what were the chances? Yes I know what the chances were but still. He got dressed and joined the others sat on the sofa whilst I just sat on the floor hugging my knees.  
  
I was now the only one naked, not sure what it is, but being naked in a group just doesn't seem as bad. I had lost strip games before, but I had never agreed to pretty much any dares that they decided on, plus I didn't really know any of them all that well.  
  
It was Dave who broke the silence asking what the dare should be, although he asked so I could hear I am pretty sure my input wasn't going to be listened to unless it was very much against my best interest, if you follow what I mean. I didn't want to be giving them any ideas, although from what I could over hear they didn't really need any ideas. Words like, "spread", "play", "cum", "streak", "flash" and "neighbour" amongst others were being banded about by them.  
  
"What size are you?" Debbie asked, "Dress size that is," she continued when she saw my puzzled expression.  
  
"Erm, size 8, why?" I answered.  
  
My question was ignored and they went back into their huddle to discuss my fate. It was a few moments later when Steve turned around and said, "Short version, we wanna tie you up and make you have an orgasm, or ten."  
  
Before I could respond Debbie continued, "I bet you have a toy or two next door, or, if you would prefer I have some remote controlled vibrating panties upstairs which are a size 10, so will have the desired effect."  
  
"Oh, and for the second dare you have a choice, either; drink a glass of our combined cum, or I really want a cup of tea, and I have no sugar, but Mr Summer will have some sugar across the road" Mike said, an evil glint in his eyes.  
  
I was a little dumbstruck to be honest, I was expecting it to be bad, but I was expecting something like, "Sit on the floor and spread your legs", or "Bend over with legs open" or something similar. I considered the options, I had seen the vibrating panties in shops, but never been able to afford them. They look like standard panties, except they have a small "bullet" vibrator in them which can be controlled by a separate controller, like a TV remote. I would assume that if I was to go next door to get a "toy" I wouldn't be putting anything on to go, plus it would mean me being naked with 6 inches of phallus up me controlled by, I assume any one of them.  
  
Then there was the second part, Mr Summer was a 60 odd year old man, he was harmless enough and as Steve did say, it probably would make his year if I went for a cup of sugar in the nude. The other option of them cumming into a glass then me drinking it wasn't really nice either. Swallowing immediately after the act isn't so bad, physically drinking it cold and mixed together was turning my stomach.

"Get the panties," I said after a couple of minutes playing over the options in my mind.  
  
Debbie rushed off and Steve came back with two pairs of handcuffs worryingly quickly. He showed me the keys worked first, then clipped one around each of my wrists so I couldn't slip my hands out of them and lead me to the stairs which were in the corner of the living room and I was soon handcuffed to the spindles, my arms out stretched at about shoulder height.  
  
Debbie came back after a few minutes with the panties and after the blokes took great pleasure looking at them, and feeling and watching the bullet vibrate Debbie came over and put them on me. She made sure the vibrator was positioned correctly and said, "So, who wants first go?" as she dangled the controller from her finger on the lanyard.  
  
I was handcuffed to the staircase, my arms out stretched at shoulder height as I held onto the spindles just above the handcuffs to take the weight off my arms, my small breasts pushed forwards by the shape of the staircase behind me, my nipples were erect in anticipation. I didn't like the position I was in, but that didn't detract from the fact that I was about to probably enjoy it, at least on some level anyway. My only dignity was hidden behind a pair of white panties, which were pretty standard as panties look. Not particularly high legged, and not a thong design either, their secret, as they all knew was the small rubbery bullet that was snugly nestling against my clit and that with a button press was going to send me cross eyed, with an audience.  
  
Dave grabbed the controller and I felt a tingle between my legs, which slowly radiated out to my stomach as the panties started doing the job they were designed for. "Level 1 to level 3 will make her very very wet", Debbie said, "From around level 5 she will show you the faces you want," she continued.  
  
I just looked at her with a "Thanks a lot" face, and she just smiled at me. She was loving it nearly as much as the blokes were. I felt the vibration step up a couple of levels and wow, it felt very nice. Clitoral stimulation is what does it for me, in a massive way, and as this is what it was designed for, they were rather good at the job.  
  
It wasn't long before I forgot about my audience and started to enjoy it. They were very good, the tingling was rippling up through my clit and felt like it was dancing around my pussy, which incidentally, as Debbie so nicely put it, was getting "very very wet".  
  
My attention snapped back to where I was when I heard Debbie joyfully announce that I was visibly wet, the white panties giving way to the excitement that felt like it was running out of me. I had no idea who had the controller now  
  
And to be quite honest I didn't really care, I was just squirming as much as the handcuffs allowed me to as the sensations washed through me.  
  
I felt the intensity increase between my legs. I released a soft moan knowing I was going to cum any second. I could feel my tummy muscles pulsing in time with my pussy as I opened my eyes staring straight ahead. I didn't focus on any of them, but I am sure they were all very much watching me. My vision blurred as my eyes crossed before rolling back into my head as I lost control. My mouth opened and I softly moaned and shuddered to an orgasm the handcuffs rattling on the staircase as I squirmed around as far as they allowed me.  
  
The intensity increased again and before I had recovered from the first orgasm I was into the second, and the third. I lost all self control as I just rocked my hips and moved my legs to push the bullet harder against me, I was soon very audible as I moaned and squealed to multiple orgasms, no doubt showing all of my "O" faces, along with a few I didn't know I had. It was a weird sensation, I knew that I was getting watched as I squealed my dignity away, and I did care that I was giving a public display, yet somehow, it didn't matter.  
  
After countless orgasms I sank down to the floor, my weight being taken by the handcuffs my legs just crumpled beneath me, "Okay... I am.... done," I gasped as I felt my clit getting sensitive to the attention.  
  
I felt the handcuffs get released and the panties were switched off. I sat on the floor, slowly coming back to my senses with six pairs of eyes watching me. The blokes were obviously very turned on with what they saw, most were pitching rather stretched trouser tents, and even Debbie looked a little flushed. It was Steve who removed the panties, once again I was naked, only this time I was visibly wet and I was sure my clit was still vibrating.  
  
After a few minutes once I was sure I had control of my legs again I stood up and was very aware how wet I was, uncomfortably wet, in fact I was just soaking wet. I went to the bathroom to freshen up while the blokes passed around the panties that were pretty soaked with my own lubrication, I didn't even want to know what they were doing with them.  
  
I decided to have a shower as it was just easier, and then went downstairs again. A little self conscious at what I had just been watched doing, and also the fact that I was still totally naked.  
  
Debbie gestured to a glass on the side, which looked like a very strange looking glass of Bailey's, it was then I realised what it was. It was a small wine glass, and it was probably about a third full of semen. I assume they had all relieved themselves whilst I was in the shower, probably over the wet panties.  
  
Dave passed it to me and I just looked at it. I swirled the contents and it had the consistency of several different egg whites badly mixed together. The alternative was to flash the neighbour. Which was less disgusting than the glass of man milk in front of me, but I had to see my neighbour most days with us living on the same street and all that.  
  
I swirled the glass again, closed my eyes and downed it trying to miss my tongue as I really didn't want to taste it. My stomach tensing as the gloopy fluid lined my throat and finally landed in my stomach. It was gross, just the constancy of it, and the fact that it was cold.  
  
I swallowed the last bit that had stayed in my mouth and just sat there, concentrating on keeping my stomach contents down as I got handed my vodka and orange which I downed to take the taste away.  
  
They all applauded me and chucked my clothes back at me, which I quickly put back on again. They were genuinely quite amazed I hadn't just refused, to which I said revenge is sweet.  
  
We sat on the sofa and watched the inevitable crap TV that was on at that time in the morning, which at that time in the morning is BBC news or music channels, or porn.  
  
After a while Mike stood up and put a disk into the DVD player that he removed from his laptop that he had been fiddling with for the past 30 mins or so. I didn't really pay much attention to it till I noticed a naked person on the TV, and then recognised my own voice. The bastards had filmed it.  
  
I just sank into the sofa and hid my face, knowing there was no way they weren't going to watch it I just accepted the fate and tried to let the sofa swallow me up. Not sure whether it was boredom or morbid curiosity that got the better of me, but after a while I peeked through my fingers to be greeted with my cross eyed face staring back at me, my mouth open and breathing irregularly as I neared the first orgasm.  
  
I must admit I watched it to the end, mainly because I couldn't really remember the last part of the filming as I was barely able to breath, never mind remember what I was doing. Which incidentally sounded a bit like one of the porn channels we were watching a little earlier as I moaned my way to ecstasy? It also didn't escape my attention that I was very turned on again and that most the blokes were using a cushion to hide themselves.  
  
After the "show" ended it was middle of the morning and the only thing on TV at that time was BBC News and soon enough people started to leave as taxi's turned up. I stood up making sure my skirt wasn't showing what it shouldn't, partly so they didn't, once again, see my panties, but mainly because I was wet again, and wasn't sure if it would be noticeable. I started to hunt for my house key so I could go home but couldn't find it. After 10 mins or so Mike said that I could stay if I wanted, he had some spare sheets and a sofa. I gave up looking for my keys and accepted his offer. Debbie said, "The bed upstairs is a double, can share with me if you want?"  
  
I thought nothing of it, I regularly shared a bed with girl friends, that is friends that are female, not girl girl friends.  
  
We retired upstairs and funnily enough Debbie went to the bathroom to get changed into her PJs. She had watched me squeal to multiple orgasms and was herself naked for a fair while after a strip game. I know, it would have been weird if she got changed in front of me, but still, it amused me. It was even more amusing that her PJs were just a vest top and panties so she was hardly "decent" as it wasn't a long top. She did look cute though in her white top with I assume matching white panties on as they looked like a set, wonder where she got them from?  
  
There was a tap on the door and I checked Debbie was happy being seen in her PJs before saying he could come in. Mike peeped around the door and apologised for there being no curtains up, it was on his "to do" list. He offered to put some blankets up or something as there was a curtain pole, but we declined. I was drunk enough to sleep with no curtains and I assume Debbie was as well.  
  
It was then I realised I didn't have any PJs to change into as I wasn't expecting to stay over.   
  
Debbie got into bed and pulled the covers over herself, "Just sleep in your panties," she said.  
  
"Pardon?" I said, I heard what she said, but was a bit taken back.  
  
"Just sleep in your panties, I don't mind" she repeated, "You have no PJs with you, sleeping in that skirt is pointless as it is so short, your top will not be comfortable to sleep in and a bra is a nightmare to sleep in as the wire stabs you all night. So sleep in your panties" she continued.  
  
She was right, so I stripped to my panties and climbed into bed. It felt strange as I barely knew her, still it made sense. I couldn't help but notice the cool sheets against my half naked body felt nice, and in my semi aroused state I was quite conscious that I was getting turned on just by the covers rubbing against my exposed nipples as I slowly brushed them against the sheets.  
  
We chatted for a while about just random stuff before she got up to go to the bathroom, I waited for her to return before I made a break for the bathroom. I had no dressing gown with me so I just went in my semi naked state and hoped Mike was asleep, not that he hadn't seen it, and much more earlier. When I got back I switched the light off. "You mind if I sleep topless?" Debbie asked.  
  
"Fine with me," I said, "It isn't like I am decent." I continued as I felt her shift around taking her top off.  
  
I laid on my side facing away from Debbie and quickly fell asleep. I woke up at half 8, which was very early considering we didn't go to bed till gone 6. I could feel the bed moving a bit. "Damn fidgety sleepers" I thought to myself before closing my eyes and trying to sleep.  
  
After a while I noticed that her breathing wasn't regular, she wasn't asleep, or she was having a nightmare or something. It was then in the mirror I saw her hand under the covers, moving in a very rhythmic way. No way, was playing with herself, she cant be? Surely? But her fingers were definitely curled between her legs, moving in a way that would achieve the assumed goal.  
  
I pretended to be asleep as I listened to her trying to work out if indeed she was playing with herself. After a while it was beyond doubt and I was starting to get turned on by what she was doing. As I said me and my best friend watched each other on occasion and after a bit I asked, "Can I watch?"  
  
"Eh, what pardon?" Debbie stammered as she immediately stopped and retracted her hand.  
  
"Can I watch," I repeated, a little quieter and shier, as I was unsure of what her reaction would be.  
  
"Erm, really?" she asked inquisitively.  
  
"Yeah, I assume you are doing what I think you are?" I replied.  
  
"I have never been watched by a girl before," she said, hesitating a bit before she pushed the covers off herself and I felt her weight shift as she opened her legs.  
  
I rolled over so I could see her and smiled at her. She closed her eyes as her hand disappeared down the front of her panties. She curled her fingers around between her legs to finger herself which lifted the panties away from her crotch as I watched one, and then a second finger slide inside her. She moved her thumb and pushed it up against her clit as her hand started the same rhythm again. It wasn't long before her breathing changed to short gasps between the sensations she was giving herself.  
  
I was fascinated, just how she does it differently to me, I don't penetrate, I just get off on clitoral stimulation, but she was very much enjoying fingers inside her. Her thumb on her clit was just applying pressure and not really moving. I guess that is what makes girls more fun, we all like it different ways.  
  
I just perched on my elbow, my eyes drifting up her body, her feet and toes occasionally curling as she hit her spot, her thigh muscles tensing and relaxing as she hit that same spot. Her delicate hand and fingers inside her panties, the view was obstructed by the panties, but you knew exactly what she was doing as I saw occasional glimpses of her pussy and fingers that were glistening from her excitement. Her tummy was twitching every so often as her muscles tensed involuntarily as she fingered herself, her nipples were rock hard and she did look so sexy in the early morning light. Her neck was tense and her mouth was open, her head tilted back as her body reacted to what she was doing.  
  
She looked amazing in such an exposed position, I wasn't sure if she was going to let me watch her orgasm or not, but I focused on her face. Her eyes occasionally opening, just staring blankly into space. Open but looking through everything in front of them it wasn't long before they rolled back into her head, her breathing stopped and her back arched. She let out a soft, almost silent squeal, her toes curling into the bed clothes as her legs twisted together locking her hand between her legs. As she pushed her hips upwards off the bed her other hand squeezed her own nipples. Her hips slowly bucked back and forth as she orgasmed, not sure if she settled for one or not, it lasted a while, but I assume with an audience she probably stopped at just the one. She slowly came back down to earth and removed her hand from down her panties, which were a fair bit wetter than they were earlier. She curled up into a ball on her side and smiled at me.  
  
We just gazed into each others eyes as we lay facing each other while she regained her breath and composure. I pulled the sheet over her and curled up next to her, our noses almost touching I just stared into her eyes while she regained her breath and composure.  
  
Not sure if it was just a natural instinct, but she moved towards me so our noses were touching and I put my arm around her, running my fingers up and down her back which made her shiver every so often in an adorable way.  
  
We laid on our sides looking into each others eyes, just talking the morning away, it was like I had known her for years, yet I had known her for a few hours. She was fidgeting again as she tried to get comfortable.  
  
"Take em off," I said, smiling  
  
"Take what off?" she replied  
  
"Your panties, you have been fidgeting around for a while now," I replied.  
  
She just smiled and rolled onto her back. She lifted her hips off the bed and slid her panties down. She dangled them on the end of her finger and said with a smile, "Not as bad as yours were earlier," as she dropped them onto the floor playfully sticking her tongue out at me  
  
I just laughed commenting that the ones earlier were technically hers as well. She pushed me onto my back and cuddled into me. I could feel her warm breath across my nipples as she breathed out, her hand tracing shapes on my tummy, every so often her hand went a little lower than was comfortable brushing past the waist of my panties as we talked the morning away. I use the word "comfortable" wrongly there, there would have been zero complaints from me if she did what her hand was suggesting.  
  
Nothing else happened though, we just talked till around mid day when Mike interrupted us by coming in to make sure we hadn't died due to alcohol poisoning or something, or maybe he just wanted to see two girls in bed together. The look he gave us was a very inquisitive one as although when he knocked we put some distance between us so we weren't cuddling anymore it was obvious we were both at least topless. He scanned up and down us both before saying, "You both naked?"  
  
"She is," I said gesturing towards Debbie.  
  
"Oh thanks for that," she said snuggling into the covers as Mike tried to engage x-ray vision.  
  
"Can I watch?" Mike asked.  
  
We just laughed and I asked what he wanted to watch with my wide innocent eyes. He just smiled back at me and said he was making bacon sandwiches if we were interested before closing the door and going downstairs.  
  
I threw the covers back and got out of bed, as I stood only wearing my panties I couldn't help but check out Debbie's body as she laid on the bed with nothing on. She was cute, and I say that in a none lesbian way, but she was very cute. She smiled at me and jokingly covered her pussy with her hands when she noticed me looking at her. "You do know you are stood in the window with your tits out don't you?" Debbie said.  
  
I instinctively crossed my arms covering my breasts as I looked out of the window to see if anyone had seen me as I had forgotten that there were no curtains up. I moved so I was no longer in the window and started to get dressed. "Eww, same panties, you dirty girl," Debbie said playfully.  
  
"I am not going commando in a skirt this short, so shush you," I quipped back holding up the skirt to demonstrate the shortness, "Speaking of panties, where are the vibrating ones? I will wash them," I continued  
  
"No idea," Debbie said, "It is okay, they are machine washable the bullet comes out of them."  
  
Debbie got dressed and as she was organised with a change of everything in her overnight bag she had jeans, top and underwear, I was still in a Santa baby suit..  
  
We went downstairs and the usual pleasantries were exchanged, "sleep well", etc etc. I made my excuses after breakfast to go home. I found my key, was in the bottom of my bag after all that.  
  
I opened the front door and went inside. First port of call was a nice hot bath, so I stripped and ran the bath. Settling into it I day dreamed of the night before.  
  
I got out after a while and got dressed, there was a parcel on the door mat and when I opened it it was a DVD with "This is yours, I haven't kept any copies so up to you if you keep it or not, Mike" written on it. It was the video of my "show".  
  
Mike never mentioned the "fun" of the night before, me and Debbie stayed in touch although nothing else happened, I never did find out why she had vibrating panties with her at a house party either. At least not yet anyway. It is only a few weeks till Easter though, maybe he will have an Easter Party.  
  
In case you are wondering, I didn't destroy the video, a very select few have seen it, and the select few enjoyed it.