

Soapy Bunko part 1

(By: Ron)

My wife plays a game called Bunko. Here's what a website says about it: "Bunko is a dice game. It is a social game played with multiples of 4 people. Most commonly, it is played with 12 people. The game is played in rounds. Although the game is associated with crowds of women drinking heavily and gossiping, this is NOT required." Well, while drinking is allegedly not required, I have never known a Bunko group that did not make getting drunk a major priority. Not only that, but all the groups my wife has played with have strict rules that MEN AND CHILDREN ARE NOT ALLOWED. So, basically, you have and 12 women getting drunk, and who knows what else. That got me thinking about what does actually happen at a Bunko party. Hold on for a sec while I morph into my wife and find out...

Soapy Bunko

I've played Bunko now for 10 years, since my husband, children, and I moved to Texas. I made a friend in our neighborhood when she saw me walking my infant son in a stroller and introduced herself. She had an infant son as well, and thought it might be nice to form a playgroup. Soon after, she invited me to substitute when she hosted the monthly Bunko party, and a few months later, I was a regular. Bunko is my one chance to spend an evening out with the girls. Usually, the focus is on socializing more than the game. The game is perfectly suited to talking and drinking. We sit four to a table, rolling dice every once in a while to make it seem like we are playing. Really, though, it is about blowing off steam. I'll admit, it gets wild sometimes. One time, four of the ladies in the group all got boob jobs the same month. After a few drinks, they all lifted their blouses to show their newly bigger and perkier tits, and we all judged whose were the best. Of course, it was Margret, who used to be a flight attendant (besides being gorgeous, she is supremely perky and nice; I hate that!).

The group I am in now was formed by my best friend Susan, and it is largely comprised of other moms who volunteer at the school. True to form, most of the time we talk and laugh and drink. It is a great chance to learn all the juicy gossip about the school that we didn't already hear, and to blow off steam. The last get together, someone (Susan?) brought up the incident where two teachers were caught kissing in a closet after hours. We chuckled over that for a while, already loosened up by a round of margaritas. That led to an in-depth discussion of lesbianism, since both teachers were women. Some of the ladies were appalled at the idea of women being with women, while others said it was OK if you were into it, and still others remained mum on the subject. When Susan asked if any of us had done it ourselves, there was nothing but awkward silence and embarrassed smiles. After a couple heartbeats, Susan declared that she just knew all our husbands liked lesbians, and that returned us to happy chatter and laughter.

Susan and I had driven together, and it was her turn to be the designated driver. She steered us to the Starbucks so I could sober up enough to reward my husband with sex when I got home, rather than passing out. Sitting on the patio, drinking a Mocha with heavy whip, Susan brought up lesbianism again. I wasn't all that surprised, since she had once confided she had bisexual feelings. I was always supportive of her, as best friends are. Now, though, she wanted my opinion on lesbianism. I knew she was kinky, she had previously discussed bondage experiences she had engaged in. That made me uncomfortable, partially because I found the idea a little arousing. After hemming and hawing a bit, I said I was not opposed to trying it, once. I never dreamed that Susan would place her hand on mine, and ask if I wanted to try kissing a woman. Long story short, we spent a minute kissing in her Suburban in my driveway. She kissed so very differently than my husband Marve! She was all soft and passionate, without being controlling or aggressive. It was fucking hot, and I knew I'd want to try it when I got drunk again. I am sure Marve would appreciate it, because after making out with Susan, I went in and fucked the hell out of him. Marve was one happy camper!

The next morning, Susan called to ask me to a quick lunch. We were both volunteering at the school, and we shot over to the Taco Bell. I expected her to be embarrassed, even though I was not. I had known about her sexuality for some time, and we had never acted on it. I expected she would apologize, and I would tell her it was OK, there was no need to apologize.

Instead of apologizing though, she giggled and softly told me I was a great kisser. Then she asked if I would want to try something very naughty. Curious, I asked what it was, and she swore me to secrecy. Greatly intrigued, I agreed and she went on. She is a member of a sexually-oriented Bunko group. Yes, they play Bunko, but the emphasis is playing with each other. Each lady pays \$100 dollars per month, and the money goes to rent a male stripper/gigolo. Most of the sex, though, is between the ladies. The guy is just the main prize, kinda. The more she talked, the more I wanted to hear more. Our short lunch was over before she could tell me all the juicy details.

Over the next week, she told me more, and I will admit what they did was both shocking and erotic. Then, she dropped the biggest bombshell on me: they were short a lady that month and were looking for a sub. She had been checking me out, and now she wanted me to be the substitute. I was so juicy at the thought that the only question I had at that moment was how I was going to hide the \$100 from Marve. Marve grumbled a little at the idea that he would be stuck at home watching the kids, but never even noticed the \$100 cash withdrawal I made. The night of the Bunko party, I dressed carefully (each lady was required to wear exactly four items of clothing, and shoes counted!) and waited for Susan to pick me up.

I was soaking wet by the time she arrived and I jumped into her Suburban. Before she was even out of the driveway, I peeled off the temporary panties I wore. Susan asked to see them, and I handed them over. At the stop sign, she took a deep sniff of my panties, then looked right at me and told I smelled nice enough to eat. Oh my! I must have smelled nice from the Camay soap that I used so liberally on my cunt in the shower.

I didn't recognize the house we pulled into, nor did I know any of the other ladies. Three of them kissed Susan hello, rather more friendly than is common. I had a margarita and chatted with some of the ladies, feeling pretty awkward. I had butterflies in my stomach, thinking of what lay ahead.