

The Game Part 1

(By: SoapyLisa)

The party was arranged for the following Friday and all the couples had managed to get baby-sitters. It was to be held in a large Victorian house set back a little from the road. The guests started to arrive. One would never have dreamt that they were going to a party because their clothes were nothing out of the ordinary; no long satin skirts or crushed velvet gowns - not even a keyhole dress or a plunge-neckline.

Having been briefed before, with hardly a word to the hostess, the guests made their way to separate rooms - even husbands and wives and partners. The 'rooms' were mere cubicles, simply furnished with a shower, a stool, and a clothes rail. The only other things in evidence were towels, lots of soaps and body oils. The presence a mirror would have been superfluous.

Once in their cubicle the occupant disrobed, hung up their suit, dress or casuals; took a long warm scented soapy shower, carefully dried their body and added a little oil to give their skin a silky feel. They then seated themselves in this warm anti-chamber to await the start of the game.

An almost unassuming ring of a bell was the signal to move to the other end of the room. The lights dimmed and with a gentle click a door opened. Together all twenty participants entered a pitch dark room through their individual doorways. Each carefully felt their way into a large room, which was obviously set out as the square into which each of the doors led.

The air was warm to the skin and the floor soft to their feet; the aroma of incense was just detectable as a fragrant accompaniment to the forthcoming proceedings. Before very long the people were feeling each other as they approached the center of the room. Not a word was spoken, indeed it had been decided that no word should be spoken, except perhaps the occasional encouragement as ardor slackened.

But to the present: I put out my hands to the front of me, gently searching. At first I let my hands brush across someone's shoulder but they had already found a mark. Undeterred by this, because there would be enough to go round, I turned a little to one side and sensed someone very close; dropping my hands a little and enveloping the figure that must have stood there was a little eerie at first. It was very quiet apart from the excited breathing of all concerned and the sound of the air conditioning. What's more it was pitch black, but this time I was in luck. I detected the natural fragrance of a woman or was it the bar of Camay soap she had with her?

As I brought my arms together I felt the warm, silky pulsating, shape of beautiful body, if my hands did not deceive me. Her hands now searching my body, sensing my height and build, now caressing my hips, now holding my ass. My turn to take the lead; I allowed my fingers to slide upwards over her slightly oiled stomach which was flat and

smooth and quite obviously a young stomach. I took the bar of soap and slid it into her mouth, she opened wide for me. Up, up and cupping my hands I slowly took the weight of two of the most beautifully proportioned breasts; full, firm orbs. Gently squeezing the areola between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, I drew her to me. The nipples popped out like corks. I sank my head into her cleavage. I took a deep breath then slowly took her left nipple into my mouth as I massaged her ample ass with my right hand.

She was not idle during this time, for she must have licked her fingers at some point making them soapy as one of them was pushing into my anus hole and wiggling about deliciously. I gently pulled her finger free and as I moved her backwards onto the floor, I released her trembling nipple and let my tongue follow the angle of her neck to the corner of her lips, which I now discovered were extremely full. As our bodies touched together on the floor, I sucked away on her bottom lip as she tongued the corners of my mouth. With a little gasp she took the soap from her mouth and opened her mouth to allow my tongue entry to the sweet tasty cavern of her mouth. Sucking her tongue into my mouth I drew soapy syrup from under it, as I drew breath she in turn maneuvered my tongue into her mouth.

This was almost too much for me, as I hadn't had sex for nearly 3 days. Sensing my urgency she opened her legs and pulled her knees up to allow my throbbing member access to her other lips. These were as full as the ones at the edge of her mouth. I put my hand down to guide me and felt her hairless cunt simply oozing with anticipation; she had left a little bob of hair just above her clitoris. I heaved myself forwards lowering my meat into her waiting glory hole. As I dropped in, her legs moved back even more, allowing to my absolute joy her outer lips to almost suck around my balls. In fact she was so open that they nearly sunk inside her vagina too! I drew my body back and thrust in again, just like feeding a ram-rod down a barrel. She contorted her body beneath me adding to the pleasure. Before long I eclipsed and felt the hot semen rush down my penis and felt her shudder as it hit the walls of her vagina, drowning her velvet lined loin box to our mutual satisfaction.

Locked together like this for some time I was able to discover that she wore her hair in braids and had a tiny scar at the side of her right ear, an earring accident no doubt. But we were not here to form a lasting relationship. Who next would I meet, the game had only just begun. With a final kiss we finally rolled apart and were now lost from each other most likely forever, she tasted so good.

Crawling forwards in the dark my now flaccid penis hanging lifelessly beneath me brushed over a part of a body. I had to stop as I was taken into their mouth. The tongue searched gently round my knob, and with this gentle sucking, "Cocky" rose to the occasion forcing himself into the small but hungry mouth. I was in ecstasy as I felt the teeth teasing around the glans - meanwhile my right hand was searching for the body that belonged to that wonderful mouth.