**The Dinner Party**

By Kurt Refusal

**The Dinner Party pt 1**

“Can you pass the potato salad, please?”  
Natalie winced slightly and pretended she hadn’t heard, focusing instead on the meal in front of her, chewing and feigning absorption in the task.   
Apparently the ruse didn’t work.  
“Nat? Can you please pass the potato salad?”  
Natalie made a show of hearing the request as if for the first time.   
“Of course, sorry,” she said, smiling apologetically, and carefully - oh so very carefully - stood up very slightly and pushed the bowl of salad partway towards David, constantly making sure everything below her belly button remained under the lip of the table.  
David gave her a funny look, probably wondering why she was bent over like a hunchback, her bottom barely off her seat, but muttered a slightly confused “thank you” as he leaned over and grabbed the bowl.  
Natalie gratefully sat back down, heart thumping in her chest. She’d gotten away with it this time, but the night was just getting started.  
She adjusted the napkin on her lap and took a furtive look down. Natalie still couldn’t believe what was happening, what she’d gotten herself into. Here she was, sitting at a dinner party with her friends, all chatting and drinking wine, which was wonderful, of course.  
She wore a silk blouse, her favourite earrings, a divine pair of thigh high stockings and a pair of ridiculously expensive strappy shoes that she loved despite, or perhaps because, of their staggering impracticality.  
The problem was that from her navel to top of her thigh highs she was completely and utterly naked. No skirt, no underpants and - thanks to a recent visit to the waxing place - not even any pubic hair. Denuded and nude. The only thing covering her modesty was a small napkin and the dark grey of the smoked glass dining room table.  
Natalie was literally half naked in a room full of people who had no idea. Except Adam, that is. Adam knew and it was all his fault.  
  
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In retrospect the fault really lay with a combination of factors: Adam, Bacardi, and just plain old bad judgement.  
Adam had arrived home from some movie event for his work, and had obviously had a few wines before or during the movie, and had brought another bottle to drink at home. Claiming he refused to drink alone he insisted Natalie join him for one of his beloved Italian horror movies. Natalie didn’t share her flatmate (and occasional lover’s) adoration of those kinds of movies, but nor did she hate them, and it was Friday night and she rather felt like a Bacardi or two herself.  
The two turned into four, then six and then she was extremely drunk and the second (or third) movie was being played.  
“Do you know which one this is?” Adam slurred, gesticulating at the screen with a wine glass . On the television a mean dog was enthusiastically pursuing a woman, even leaping fences with extreme alacrity. “I bet you don’t.”  
But she did. She’d seen this one before, her request, because any movie with a dog was better than any movie without a dog - a philosophy she stood by, sober or not.  
“What do you bet?” Natalie smirked, because she knew damn well the movie was Suspiria.  
This seemed to flummox Adam. He actually hadn’t intended the term “bet” to be so literal, but he went with it anyway.  
“Erm… fifty bucks?” He suggested.  
“No money bets. That’s boring.” Natalie insisted.  
“Nude photoshoot.”  
“Pass.” Natalie rolled her eyes.  
“I get to pick your outfit for the dinner party next week.” Adam’s eyes lit up at this idea, which Natalie thought curious. “And you have to wear whatever I pick. I have 100% control over outfit options.”  
“Okay,” Natalie agreed, “but if I win you have to… not swear once during the whole dinner party. Or tell off colour jokes. OR mention your dick. At all.”  
Adam paled. That was at least 40% of his conversational repertoire gone. Still, he was pretty sure Natalie was wrong about the movie.   
“Deal.” He said and they shook hands.  
“So what movie do you reckon it is?” He asked, grinning.  
“Suspiria,” Natalie answered proudly, “the one with the dog.”  
“Nope.”  
“It is! I remember it had the dog in it!”  
Adam held up the blu-ray cover. It read Tenebrae. Similar sounding Italian word for a title, also featured a dog. Natalie sighed.  
“Fine. You win. You get to pick my outfit.”  
“I’ll do it right now.” Adam leapt off the couch and ran into Natalie’s room, ransacking drawers and opening closets.  
“Weirdo.” Natalie muttered and followed.  
  
At first things hadn’t seemed that bad. She’d expected her old school uniform to be on the bed or something tight-fitting and clubby - maybe even just a bra and undies - but Adam had laid out a pretty nice outfit on her bed. Tight, short blouse but a nice one. Good stockings, fine. Then she noticed.  
“You forgot a skirt or pants, genius.” Natalie chuckled.  
“No, no I didn’t.” He grinned.  
“What do you mean?” Natalie asked, a feeling of dismay washing over her. She’d fallen into a trap and gotten herself into a sticky situation.  
Adam laid out the rules of the bet: Natalie had to remain bottomless for the entire meal and dessert. She would not be required to get up during the meal - and was welcome to say she had a sore leg or similar to give credibility to her perpetual seated position. However if anyone guessed she was bottomless she would lose the bet. If she admitted she was bottomless and covered herself up, she would lose the bet. If she piked out of the party and put bottoms on she would lose the bet.  
And what would happen if she lost?  
“Nude photoshoot,” Adam grinned, “a really sexy one too.”  
Of course she could have told him to piss off. Or even agreed to the photoshoot - at least all of her friends wouldn’t be watching that - but the booze and excitement of the moment caused her to act without thought and she agreed to the terms. After all, dinner would only be a couple of hours, she reasoned. After dessert she could slip back to her room and put on a skirt, no one being any the wiser. Easy. Right?  
  
In the week that followed Natalie found her thoughts returning to the dinner. She was mortified by her decision to enter the bet but also… well, just quietly there was an element of excitement to it too. The idea of it was… naughty, a bit sexy. A bit bad. And she’d even gone to get a brazilian - her first in a couple of years - and why had she done that? Did she… want people to see her?  
No. No of course she didn’t… and yet the idea of it was… appealing.  
Although she’d never admit to it. Not ever.  
No way.

**The Dinner Party pt 2**

All of which brought Natalie back to the now, where she was sitting in a room with five of her closest friends, without a skirt or underpants. The scratchy wicker seat was rubbing against her groin and she found herself shifting uncomfortably as the coase fibres tickled her in a not-entirely-unpleasant but very distracting way.  
She suddenly became aware of a silence in the room. Natalie looked up to see the whole table staring at her curiously.  
“Sorry,” she smiled gamely, “I was miles away.”  
“It’s fine,” Eva, her closest neighbour on the table to the right of her replied, “I was just asking what you’ve been up to lately.”  
“Yes,” Adam smirked, moving his gaze towards her groin, “what have you been up to lately.”  
  
Strangely, mercifully, the night proceeded pretty calmly. Oh sure, there were a couple of close calls. Natalie, at the head of one side of the table, was often looked upon to pass bowls to the left or right. One time she’d passed a bowl of potato wedges and the napkin had fallen off her lap. Had anyone been looking through the translucent glass of the table they’d have been treated to a diffuse but undeniable view of her freshly waxed vagina. She’d gasped quietly and leaned over to grab the napkin but no one, except for Adam, had noticed.  
She quickly replaced the napkin and breathed easier.  
Natalie almost laughed when she saw the disappointment in Adam’s face and yet… there was a part of her (a small part) that shared it. No, of course she didn’t want her friends to catch her naked but… it would be different. Strange. Exciting.  
(Sexy?)  
Oh stop it, Natalie. Focus! She admonished herself.  
And yet as she tucked the napkin tightly around her legs she let one finger, just one, drift down between her thighs, down the smooth brown expanse of her skin, and across the sensitive flesh of her vulva and lower and it felt… damp.  
Oh no, not just damp but soaking wet. Natalie’s gaze snapped down and she almost called out in surprise. She was a sticky mess and dripping! Dripping through the latticework of the seat!  
I have to clean this up!  
Without thinking it through, Natalie started mopping herself up. A couple of drops had soaked through the seat and hit the floor but she managed to clean up the worst of it, but then there was another problem.  
Her napkin was soaked through she couldn’t see herself sitting with it on her lap for the rest of the night, it was wet and sticky and would soon be cold.  
(And why was it so wet, Natalie? Are you enjoying this?)   
Shut up!  
(Some part of you certainly is…)  
Go away.   
Damn that voice in her head. Still, steps needed to be taken. She looked up the table where an intense discussion about the latest Star Wars film being a) the worst thing ever or, b) not the worst thing ever was taking place. Natalie cleared her throat.  
“Excuse me,” she said, “can someone pass me a napkin please?”  
Eva nodded and started to hand her a gloriously large cloth one when Adam - ...ing Adam - stood up saying, “I’ve got this,” and began to walk over.  
Natalie almost punched him when she saw what he’d brought over. Two paper napkins. Tiny, thin things from a forgotten shelf - they’d barely cover anything.  
“Eva was getting me one.” Natalie hissed.  
“No need,” he replied, grinning, “I brought two… you dirty girl.”  
Not wishing to draw further unwanted attention Natalie smiled tightly and took the useless paper napkins. But then Adam nodded to her crotch and said: “I’ll just grab this” and snatched the soaked cloth napkin off her lap.  
Oh my God!  
Time seemed to stand still for a second, or at the very least moved with an aching, nightmarish slowness. First the cloth napkin was gone, just gone, snatched away - and Natalie’s bare, bald vagina was exposed to the open air and for all who could see it. She expected to look up to see a table full of shocked friends, maybe pointing, laughing. She almost squeaked out a cry of outrage but realised, with a gleeful shock, no one was looking. Eva was on her phone texting, David was in the bathroom and the rest of the table were continuing the seemingly endless Star Wars debate. Natalie smirked up at Adam’s face, ready to make a sarcastic quip but his attention was elsewhere, completely absorbed by her ....  
(Why are you using that word?)  
He was staring, transfixed, gape-mouthed in worship - staring at the strings of wetness that spiderwebbed between her thighs and the pool - or puddle - that was growing beneath her. He was struck dumb, speechless and after a long moment he just stared until he eventually he managed to mouth: “wow.”  
Natalie felt her groin pulse with involuntary pleasure and she managed to suppress a soft moan, but only just. She adopted a stern expression and hissed: “Can you give me those napkins.”  
“I don’t know if it’ll help, you need a cleaning service,” he whispered.  
“Thank you,” Natalie said evenly, taking the two thin paper napkins out of his hands, “you can go now.”  
He moved to go but kept taking a longing look at her groin  
(Why haven’t you covered yourself? Why are you letting him see?)  
He turned around, still holding the soaking cloth napkin, seeming unsure of where to go. He turned back around to face her.  
“Shit,” he muttered, and she followed his gaze to the prominent erection that was tenting the front of his trousers, “goddammit.”  
With weirdly endearing awkwardness, Adam tried to slip his misbehaving dick under the waistband of his underpants, a move common to horny men - but he was having difficulty. The situation wasn’t helped by Natalie who, wearing a look of genuine concern, was using one paper napkin to slowly dry the inside of her thighs and the other to fan herself, still letting her groin  
(Her ...)  
Remain exposed to his eyes.  
“You’ve got to stop that,” he whispered without much conviction.  
“Stop what?” Natalie asked innocently, and opened her legs wider.  
Adam’s eyes went wide and he clamped the napkin wet with her juices to his crotch and, somewhat inexplicably, exclaimed: “I think this needs to go in the wash!”  
He walked stiff-legged out of the room, and this did catch everyone’s attention.  
“What a strange man,” Eva said, not without affection.   
David re-entered, looking curiously behind him and pulled up his chair. Natalie just and only just managed to close her legs and cover herself with the paper napkin in time as David reached over for the potato salad again, glancing down at what were her spread legs seconds before. If anyone really looked they’d work out something was amiss and judging from the feelings in her lower body she was going to soak through the paper napkin soon.  
And yet for all the tension and potential humiliation she felt… well, she felt a little bit wonderful.  
(Am I really this much of a dirty slut?)  
No. It’s just my body responding, I have no control over it.  
(Your body is responding… a lot.)  
Shut up. I’m just making the best of a bad situation.  
(A situation you could stop any time.)  
Shut. Up.

**The Dinner Party pt 3**

The rest of dinner continued almost incident free. Adam came back, blushing slightly (blushing of all things!) but quickly fell back into the conversational groove. Natalie held her own, figuratively speaking, and although she still felt a tingle in her groin, she’d managed to calm down so that her single remaining paper napkin kept her covered, more or less.  
  
She probably would have succeeded completely if Eva hadn’t dropped her fork. It was just a silly accident but it changed the nature of the night entirely. Thankfully it happened during another distractingly loud conversation - this time about politics - so everyone was absorbed in the discourse.  
  
Except for Eva who dropped her fork. Natalie felt a nudge against her foot and looked down to see the fork tap against her shoe.  
Her eyes widened as she realised what would happen next.  
“Oops!” Eva muttered, “Butterfingers.”  
And then she ducked under the table, moving on all fours to find her cutlery.  
  
What do I do? Natalie wondered, kick it over?  
It was as good a plan as any, so Natalie started pushing her toe against the fork, moving it in Eva’s direction. Just then her flimsy bit of protection came lose, the napkin untucked due to the movement of her legs - and she saw Eva freeze, facing her crotch, down on all fours.  
  
Oh God, she can see.  
  
Any second now Eva would cry out in surprise and everyone would look over. Natalie squeezed her thighs together in anticipation of the humiliation… but nothing happened. Eva moved closer and slowly grabbed her fork. Her head was practically in Natalie’s lap, she must realise…  
  
And then Natalie felt Eva’s warm breath between her thighs, on her groin, and she realised Eva did know, but was enjoying it solo.  
Natalie’s heart started thudding hard in her chest, her toes curling in her shoes as Eva’s breathing got faster, harder, pushing in on her crotch, making her tingle.  
Eva, what are you doing?  
  
And then Eva’s head moved closer still, pushing between her damp thighs right in between her legs and that’s when Natalie felt it: a tongue. A tentative, sweet lick just on the outside of her swollen lips and it took every ounce of self control she had not to moan out loud as waves of pleasure rocked through her body.  
Oh God, that feels amazing.  
Another soft lick, then another - this one more insistent - and Natalie’s hands were gripping the top of the table as she felt the approach of a powerful, leg-trembling orgasm and then… the tongue went away, suddenly and deeply disappointingly.  
  
Eva was gone from between her legs and in fact, was sitting back up in her seat - cheeks beetroot red and blushing, glasses askew - but very much not nestled in Natalie’s crotch, where she ought to be.  
  
Then something else struck Natalie, something else that was missing: the napkin - it was totally gone, leaving her swollen, bald pussy dripping in the open air. With cat-like reflexes Natalie moved the bread bowl over roughly the position of her crotch so everyone’s view through the table would be blocked, but this wasn’t a long term solution. If anyone else dropped cutlery or stood up they’d see everything.  
She was completely exposed, other than a judiciously placed bit of crockery.  
(And why does it feel so good?)  
Oh, do f\*\*k off.  
  
It became clear to Natalie that she had two choices, two ways to go and in a very real way - two Natalies she could potentially be.  
The first one was Normal Natalie. She would admit defeat, lose the game. She’d grab a napkin or, actually, the bread bowl and cover her crotch - or, hell, even just use her hands - stand up and crabwalk to her room, blushing the whole while. Adam would announce her lost bet and everyone would point and laugh, have a good chuckle at silly Natalie who got herself into a ridiculous situation.  
  
No one would see much of anything, other than what they’d already seen, and other than a quick, blurry photo taken by one of her friends no evidence would exist the whole disaster had ever occurred. Except… Adam would bring it up constantly. And then everyone would remember and laugh at her anew.  
  
“Knickerless Natalie” they call her, cackling, “Naked Nat” or God knows what else, people could be endlessly cruel and inventive - but that would be the thing she’d be remembered for. Did she really want that to be her legacy with this friendship group?  
  
Briefly glancing at Eva who was still blushing and occasionally shooting her strange glances she realised, f\*\*k no, she did not.  
But what was the alternative? How would she own her situation?  
How would the second Natalie, the triumphant Natalie, act?  
  
Just then Adam returned from a trip to the kitchen to get more wine. He poured everyone a glass chatting away and Natalie realised she would be next. He was about to see her state. Frustrated she squeezed her thighs together and felt how wet she was getting again.   
(Knickerless Natalie indeed.)  
You’re not helping at all.  
  
“Wine, Nat?” Adam smirked, standing over her grinning.   
Natalie sighed and sat up straight, giving him a direct look at her nudity.  
“Yes, please,” she replied innocently.  
The effect was immediate. Adam’s pouring went splashing all over the glass, the table and then her thighs and crotch.  
“Oops!” He laughed.  
“You did that on purpose,” Natalie hissed.  
“Perish the thought. I’ll get that.”  
Adam produced a handkerchief from his back pocket and started mopping up the wine, paying particular attention to her groin - of course.  
  
“Pervert,” Natalie breathed, but the way his fingers moved the wet cotton around her pussy felt very nice. The pleasure and pressure began to build inside her again.  
Then the hankie was taken away and Adam was mopping under her seat.  
“It’s very messy under here.” He was saying.  
“You’re a prick.” Natalie grumbled.  
And then, suddenly, he cupped her bare bottom with one rogue hand, goosing her ever so slightly. Natalie jumped a little in her seat and Adam slid the hand right under her, like a cushion. But soon his fingers went exploring and found little resistance, sliding one probing digit into her swollen sex.  
Natalie breathed a long, languorous, pleasurable sigh.  
F\*\*k it, she thought, if I’m going to be humiliated I may as well get some enjoyment out of it.  
She tightened her muscles around Adam’s finger, feeling him slide in and out deliciously and half closed her eyes, smiling and moaning softly.  
Out of the corner of her eye she saw Eva watching her. Now Eva was sliding a hand down her own pants, gingerly exploring herself, watching Natalie as she clenched and rubbed against Adam’s hand.  
Adam himself was experiencing some trouserly distress, trying again to hide his growing erection. How the hell was she coming out ahead in this situation?  
  
And then, just as the sweet tinglings of orgasm were getting stronger and more insistent, Natalie realised how she’d come out on top. It was going to take guts though and she took a long, deep breath. Then she looked over at Eva who was approaching climax herself, and nodded to herself.  
Okay.  
“Excuse me, everyone.” Natalie said loud enough for everyone to hear.  
“What are you doing?” Adam hissed. She ignored him.  
“Excuse me.”  
Everyone turned around. She had their full attention. Natalie bit her lip, took another deep breath, and stood up.

**The Dinner Party pt 4 (final part)**

A weird sense of unreality washed over her. There she was, standing at the head of the table, in front of all of her friends - completely bottomless, waxed and dripping. Her heart beat a million times faster and Eva, hand still in her pants, moaned as she finally got there.  
“Oh God,” Eva whispered, suddenly embarrassed. She needn’t have worried. No one was watching her.  
  
“Natalie… what are you doing?” David stammered.  
“I lost a bet, had to do this dinner bottomless. It was Adam’s idea.”  
Adam stood, sheepishly, trying to hide his erection, but Natalie wasn’t having that.  
“He loves playing these little games. Don’t you?”  
Adam nodded, unable to take his eyes off his stern, half naked friend. Natalie grabbed the front of his pants and underpants and pulled them down, freeing his painfully engorged dick and causing him to yelp in surprise and embarrassment.  
She grabbed his face and kissed him hard on the mouth, biting his lip lightly and then pushing him backwards.  
“Sit on my chair,” she told him, “don’t pull your pants up.”  
He sat down, dick wobbling around but staying hard.  
  
“Why did you agree?” Sophia, staring in outraged shock, asked. She kept trying to cover her husband Greg’s eyes but he wasn’t having a bar of it, and slapped her hand away.  
“That’s… a good question,” Natalie admitted, “I suppose part of me… a lot of me likes it. But right now, the truth is, I need to cum.”  
Natalie moved herself back towards her chair, anchoring herself above Adam’s c\*\*k.  
  
“What are you doing?” He whispered.  
“Shush,” she said softly, and slowly, delicately lowered herself down onto his dick. It slid in with no resistance and Natalie grabbed hold of the table as she ground herself against him, enjoying the coarseness of his pants and pubic hair.  
“Oh f\*\*\*\*\*g Jesus f\*\*\*\*\*g Christ.” Adam moaned in ecstasy.  
“Don’t you cum yet,” she snarled and writhed against him, possibly hurting him with her rough jerking moves, but she didn’t care.   
Eva shoved both of her hands inside her pants and pleasured herself anew.  
“Eva!” David cried, scandalised.  
"Bugger off, David.” Eva moaned.  
  
An orgasm ripped from Natalie’s toes to the top of her head and she wailed, grabbing the bottom of her shirt and pulling it over her face, her bra ripping off with the rough action. She threw the garment across the room and pulsed atop Adam as she. Came. So. Hard.  
  
The room seemed to move and she smashed one small fist on the table as the seemingly endless orgasm began to peter out and reality returned.  
She was dimly away that Adam had cum too, he lay exhausted and soaked by her juices and his own. Eva climaxed quietly and bit her lip so hard it bled a little. The rest of the table stared in shock, until David started applauding and the rest of her friends joined in. Even Sophia.  
  
“Holy s\*\*t, that was… yes, Natalie.”  
“Literally the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”  
“Oh my God, Nat. Just… wow.”  
Natalie carefully stood, now wearing nothing but stockings and shoes. She looked around the room, wide eyes and sweaty faces on all and smiled, one hand on her hip.  
“So, who wants dessert?”  
  
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Natalie stayed dressed in nothing but stockings and shoes for the rest of the night. She served coffee and dessert that way, and bent over the table in outrageously erotic displays, making sure everyone got a good, long look. Adam - looking somewhat shamefaced and covered in sex juices - shook his head in amazement over and over, saying simply, “wow… wow.”  
  
Eventually the guests stood to leave, stopping to hug and kiss Natalie, hands straying lower but not too gropey. Eva kissed her on the lips for a full minute before David dragged her off.  
Natalie waved them off at the front door, seemingly utterly unconcerned about appearing on the porch so lewdly nude.  
After they’d driven off Natalie closed the front door and put her hands over her burning red face.  
“Oh my God, what did I just do?” She groaned.  
“I… think you somehow completely won the bet that you lost.” Adam murmured.  
“I’ve never done anything like that.” Natalie muttered.  
(And you’ve never been this horny.)  
Oh God, it’s true. Goddammit, voice, it’s 100% true.  
  
“Are you okay?” Adam was putting his arms around her in a warm hug.  
Natalie felt conflicting emotions. Embarrassment, disbelief, but also a weird sense of achievement and she was still so very, very horny.  
“I am. Have I satisfied the bet?”  
“And then some,” Adam admitted, “although I do believe you owe me a photoshoot.”  
“We’ll talk about that later.”  
“Fine.”  
“Also you need to do the dishes. All of them.” She said.  
“100% cool.” Adam answered immediately, without a trace of hesitation.  
“And you need to do one more job for me.”  
“Oh?”  
  
Natalie walked over to the couch and sat down. She spread her legs and pulled her soaking thigh highs off her left leg, then her right. She beckoned Adam over, pointing towards her throbbing sex.  
“Now.” She insisted.  
  
Adam dropped to his knees and started going down on her, firmly but tenderly. Natalie moaned and grabbed the back of his head, guiding him with her hands, knuckles gripped tightly, holding fistfuls of hair.  
  
She felt the distant approach of another orgasm and smiled to herself, thinking that maybe this bet hadn’t been so bad after all.  
And wondered when she’d agree to the next one.