**After the Party**

**by [julybear7](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1179988&page=submissions)©**

Phil Styvers was a second semester freshman attending college on a journalism scholarship. By a combination of good luck and talent, he found himself regarded as the college's star sports reporter, resulting in invitations to most if not all of the Greek organizations' weekend affairs, even though he had turned down a number of invitations to join the fraternities on campus.

One midwinter weekend, Phil arrived late to a frat party, and found most of the members and guests quite well advanced into the state of inebriation. Several couples could be seen in the living areas engaged in activities which should have been reserved for a more private setting. As he looked around the room, he saw a young woman he recognized from one of his classes and from the paper stagger drunkenly into the room from a hallway. As she stumbled her way across the room, she saw Phil and changed direction to aim herself at him. Upon reaching him, she put her arms around his neck and slurred, "Philly baby, wanna dance or something?"

Phil slid his hands around her waist. "Not here. Want to leave and go somewhere quiet and private?"

She giggled. "Nasty boy. 'Kay you convinced me. Now, where did I leave my coat and purse?"

"Cloak room?" suggested Phil. "What's it look like, I'll help."

It took a few minutes, but they found the bag and her coat. Phil led her from the house to his car, and asked where she lived. A sophomore, she was able to live off campus, and shared a two bedroom apartment with three other girls, who, she said, had all been at the party. Phil found the place, and helped her into the building. By the time he got her to the apartment, she was beginning to show signs of an impending retch. He quickly found the key above the door and got her to the bathroom where he positioned her over the appropriate fixture, holding her stomach and forehead. When she was done, he washed her face, and gave her a glass of cool water. He asked which was her bed room, and steered her to the one she indicated. He helped her out of her sweater and skirt, and into bed.

He stood there a moment, looking at her. Her nutmeg colored hair framed an attractive, Slavic face, a pair of bright blue eyes, with a longish straight nose and wide cheekbones, topping a wide, thin-lipped mouth. Her pink lacy bra covered a generous pair of breasts, and matching panties hugged her mons and slit, revealing a wide landing strip of dark pubic hair. Covering her up, he said, half to himself, "I must be some kind of idiot."

"A nice kind. Don't worry, you'll get your reward someday." She reached up and patted his cheek, then fell asleep.

In his car, back at his dorm, he saw her purse on the floor in front of the passenger seat. "Tomorrow," he thought.

At noon, he knocked on the door to the girls' apartment, not knowing if anyone would be awake enough to hear him. Before the second rap, the door opened, and Sally, the girl whose purse he was holding up, greeted him. "Oh, good! You came back. I promised you a reward, didn't I? Come on in."

As Phil entered, he stepped into the large living room/diningroom area. Hearing a number of squeals, he turned toward the kitchen area, to see the three nude roommates attempting to cover themselves. "It's okay, ladies. I'm pretty sure I saw you all at the party last night, dressed just about the same way."

"That was different. It was a party, and we were drunk, and didn't know it. This is just you and us, in our house." A girl named Dorothy was speaking. She used the other bedroom. Fran was her roommate.

"Would you be more comfortable if I turned my back?"

"That would certainly seem the gentlemanly thing to do."

"Don't worry about it, Phil. Come with me," ordered Sally leading the way to her bedroom. "Barb, if you're going to need anything in the next couple of hours, you better get it now, go without, or be embarrassed when you come in."

She turned to Phil when they were in the bed room. Reaching up to put her arms around his neck, she kissed him lightly on his lips, slipping her tongue between his teeth. "I went to that party last night because I wanted to get laid. I'm a twenty-almost-twenty-one year old virgin. All my friends lost their virginity before the beginning of this school year. I feel like some sort of social reject. Since you saved me from getting laid last night, I think it's only fair you help me accomplish my goal today. Don't you agree?"

Phil took half a step back and looked at Sally, from head to toe and back again, remembering the lacy underwear she had been wearing when he put her to bed. He reached out and untied the belt to he robe she was wearing. "I'm certainly willing to try. Was there anything special you wanted included? Anything you've heard about from your friends that sounded interesting?"

Sally looked at him, doubt clear on her face. "What are you thinking of," she asked.

"My girl back home, she used to like it when I kissed her here," he said reaching up to fondle her bare breast, "and here," reaching between her thighs.

"Did you mind?" Sally asked, her breath uneven. She had heard of it, but thought most men, certainly most boys, would object.

"Mind? Not a bit. If the woman is clean, it's fun for everyone. Ready to try?"

Sally mutely nodded, shrugging off the robe and sliding her panties down. Phil was busy stripping. When he was done, he led Sally to the bed and positioned her in the center.

In the kitchen, Barb, Dottie and Fran, now in robes, were just sitting down to pancakes and coffee when they heard Sally scream "Omigod, what are you....Ohhhhh! Don't! No! Don't! Ohhh! Stop! No! Don't stop! Omigod! Ohohohohoh!"

Dottie whispered, "Barb, go peek. See what he's doing to her. It certainly doesn't sound like they're doing it. When you and your boyfriend get going, you can hear the bed bounce in my room."

Barb blushed, but got up to go peek in the door. She cracked it just enough so one eye could see into the room. What she saw made her open the door so both eyes could see. She quickly closed the door, and scurried back to the table.

"Well?" Said Dottie.

"Uhhm. I saw Sally with her back arched, and the guy had his face between her legs. I think he was eating her."

Dottie and Fran both pushed away from the table and hurried to the bedroom door. Fran slid under Dottie as she opened the door to peer in. Sally was still arched, and Phil was still engaged with his oral activity, while his hands had moved up to caress her breasts. The two voyeurs heard a high pitched keening coming from Sally. The pitch and timbre of the sound started changing, and Sally's hips started moving as she began to push into Phil's mouth. Her thighs closed on his ears, and the keening sound became guttural. The two women pulled back as they saw Sally collapse onto the bed.

They stood outside the door, the three of them exchanging looks of wonder. "Have you ever..." was answered with head shakes all around before the question was really asked. When they heard a low masculine moan, Fran peeked again. She gasped in wonder and quickly closed the door. "She has his whole thing in her mouth!"

"What?" challenged Dottie.

"You look. His whole thing. In her mouth, bobbing up and down."

Dottie cracked the door. She watched for several seconds as if she were transfixed. Silently, she closed the door. "Omigod," she whispered. "Omigod! He's huge. She had both hands wrapped around him like this," she demonstrated, holding one closed fist to the other, as if she were holding a bat, "and she had the whole tip in her mouth." Just then, there was a sharp yelp of pain from Sally. A few moments of silence was followed by the unmistakable bed sounds of sex in progress. "Well," asked Dottie, "how do we help our friend celebrate her entry into womanhood?"

"We could kidnap the guy and have him do to us what he did to her," suggested Fran.

"Hang on to that thought," Dottie replied. "I was really thinking about something more Sally-centered. Like going in with a bottle of wine and toasting them while they lay there. Sort of congratulations to Sally, and a get even with him for seeing us this morning." An orgasmic scream from Sally punctuated the suggestion.

"Okay, but let's wait 'til he's done, so nobody gets too upset about us interrupting them. I know I'd be ticked as hell if somebody interrupted me at the wrong time," Fran offered.

"Or we could all go in naked. He's already seen us, and they're naked. It would make everything sort of casual, all in good fun, like," Barb proposed. Just then, the sounds coming from the bedroom signaled a male climax.

Dottie said to Barb, "You go in naked, pretend you need a towel or something. If they're alright with you, then we'll come in with the wine and glasses." And that's the way it was.

Later Phil would rank that weekend as one of the top ten weekends of his college career, possibly among the top five. It turned into a marathon of sex. Although he never shared the events of the weekend with anyone, he found himself dating a wide variety of women. The few occasions he went to a party alone, if he left alone, it was by choice.