**Ladies Night Out**

By Carrie

Here’s a little part of an old story that I started way back last winter.  It sat around almost finished while I started yet some more stories.   I had some time this weekend since I’m sort of recovering and wanted to finish it up since logically it fits before some newer stories.  You see, yesterday I had both my nipples pieced and now the non-piercing body jewelry, at least some of it, is out of date.  I was dared by my dear friend Lisa to have both my nipples and clitoris pieced at the same time.  After talking to some people and the person who did my piecing, I decided to do this adventure in steps.  She said I am, as she put it, “anatomically able” to have my clitoris pierced but she would not do it at the same time as my nipples.  So since it wasn’t too, too terribly awful, I will be going back for the big one sometime after this heals up.  As for now, I’m sitting here in just my sweat pants trying not to move too much as I finish this up.  I’ll tell you more about this wild experience when this is posted.

Ok, this is called Ladies Night Out and occurred around the end of January or beginning of February last winter.  My two housemates Karen and Sue and myself were going nuts with the unbelievable cold that we were having at the time, so we decided to do a little trip into New York City and get wild. I know, NY can be really cold with the wind and all, but we were tired of being cooped up and decided we needed to do something. The three of us along with Karen’s friend Nichol all decided to chip in and get a room for Friday and Saturday night at the NY Hilton.

We checked in and immediately got ready for a night on the town.  We all took quick showers, ok relatively quick, and I did my hair and make up before picking out my jewelry.  Karen and Sue had convinced me to bring this special jewelry that Bob had given me.  The jewelry was this set of non-piecing body jewelry.  It was quite elaborate and expensive.  It consisted of a pair of nipple clips connected with a gold chain and a clit caresser that well, looked like a small paper clip and went over my “you know what”.

The stuff was absolutely wild and always got me turned on like you wouldn’t believe. The nipple clips consisted of little loops that wrapped around my erect nipples keeping them hard and erect.  Each nipple clip, along with the clit caresser has a little jewel hanging from a tiny chain.  The idea is for the little jewel to move around and wobble and send sensations to the clip.  From wearing them a couple of times in the past, I can tell you they are quite effective.  The idea is to wear them under fairly loose cloths and in the case of the clit caresser without knickers. I knew you would love that part.

I had worn the nipple clips several times before but had only worn the clit caresser on a couple of special occasions since it was well…….. rather distracting to say the least.   The girls were all encouraging me on and all, and I agreed if Karen wore her sexy leather mini.  I had been pretty excited about our little night out and probably would have worn at least the nipple clips anyway but I just wanted to see Karen in that little mini.

Adorning the most sensitive pieces of your anatomy with jewelry is always a story in itself and there is certainly no room for modesty, not that I ever had any, but Karen’s friend whom I knew from the past was quite astonished at what followed.

To put this stuff on they suggested getting your self a little aroused so the clips have something to hang onto.  This was not a problem since just the thought of wearing them gets me excited. Even so it still takes some delicate work to get them on and feeling right.

The nipple clips are fairly easy to get on but the clit caresser is a whole another story.  After a couple of tentative attempts I finally got it on and in a position where it didn’t cause much discomfort.  I certainly knew it was there but it didn’t hurt.  My heart was  pumping and I was getting wet in the process, which actually helps considerably.  Of course I had to model my jewelry for everyone and just walking around the room was proving quite interesting.  Nothing really hurt but you certainly knew where they were attached.  I should have left it at that but got convinced to go all out and use the lower chain that connected the nipple chain to the little clit caresser.   If you thought it was wild before, you hadn’t seen anything yet.  Connecting the chain between my nipples to the clit caresser caused every bit of motion from my breasts to be transferred to the clit caresser.  I was already quite excited and breathing rather fast and this just made it worse.   Between the movement in my boobs and the swinging of the little gems, I felt like I was getting finger fucked with every step.  Sue just shook her head as she watched me try to get use to my jewelry.

Everyone was ready to go and waiting for me. I quickly pulled the dresses I brought out of their carrier. I started to regret the dresses I had chosen since I was going commando tonight.  Both were short, not covering my butt by more that 3 or 4 inches so it didn’t matter which I chose. The one I did pick had a halter style top and was deep cut to about two inches below the bottom of my breasts.

I pulled it over my head and asked Karen to tie the single string that held the whole thing up as I adjusted it to provide maximum coverage. I was really conscious of the fact that I had no knickers on so had Karen re-tie it so it sat a little lower on my legs.  The dress was fairly light and did absolutely nothing to support my boobs, barely keeping them covered for that matter. It was also loose enough that I was certain it would fall to the floor if it came untied.

Now on top of having a very revealing dress to turn me on, I had a load of hardware under it attached to the most sensitive pieces of my anatomy.  Karen had suggested a vibrator but that would have been way too much.

After putting the dress on and seeing myself in the mirror, I became a little worried about how noticeable my jewelry was under the light dress.  The upper chain between my nipple clips was plainly visible while the lower one was just below where the V ended.  It actually looked like the chain was holding the dress together.  It wasn’t, but unless you were close you couldn’t tell what it was attached to.  The nipple clips and the gems didn’t show because my nipples were holding them were permanently erect and pushing the material of the dress out and way from my breasts.  A blind man could tell I wasn’t wearing a bra.  This arrangement easily hid the dangles but also allowed them the freedom of movement without any real constriction.  I could feel the little gems swinging freely and gently rubbing across my areolas as I moved.  Their rhythmic movement, and the constant sensation of the dress rubbing across my extended buds kept me constantly aware of their presence.

“Holt shit, I hope you don’t poke a hole through that dress of yours.” was Karen’s comment when I turned around.

If the gems weren’t noticeable I guess my nipples more than made up for it.  I tried adjusting the dress but it didn’t make a difference and was just getting me more turned on as I tried, so I decided to finish up as quickly as I could before I changed my mind.

As I leaned to pick up my heels I caught a glimpse down the front of my dress in the wall mirror.  Oh man…..I had to remember not to lean over too far because you could see all the way down my dress and everything that was hidden under it.

I slipped on a pair of my highest high-heeled shoes.  They were 4-inch heels, which made me look even taller than I am, and I am plenty tall to start with at 5’ 10”.

I wanted to walk around a bit and get use to wearing the clit caresser but didn’t get much of a chance as Sue handed me my coat and ushered me out the door.  Luckily, I had a full-length dress coat, which hid everything.  It did nothing for the arousal I felt from everything underneath though.  From the outside I looked as normal as everyone else as we walked out into the hall and no one would have thought anything was out of the ordinary.  The coat did help keep my breasts from moving around; unfortunately it did nothing for the little devil swinging freely between my legs.  Without knickers to hold it tight it swung with every step and turned into a rhythmic sway that couldn’t be ignored no matter how hard I tried. There’s just no describing the feeling.

I was a little nervous but at the same time totally wound up knowing all that was hidden just out of site.   Everyone was laughing and acting like schoolgirls as we took the elevator down to the lobby.  Karen started talking about this nice restaurant she knew and suggested we give it a try.  I assumed we were going to take a cab but she said we could walk since it wasn’t that far.  I almost died when I heard that and suggested a cab instead.  I made some comment about it being tough walking in these heels, but in reality it was the constant movement of the ornament between my legs that was really driving me nuts.   Sue and Nicole both agreed and we took a cab.

It was like 20 degrees out and I second-guessed my choice not to wear stockings.  I really dislike stockings but I really felt the cold below my coat.  The cab left us out across the street from the restaurant so we had to scurry across at the light and walk a little ways to the restaurant.  Well let me tell you “scurrying” is not something you do in 4-inch heels especially with those little devils attached to you.   My first thought was that it would pop off but after a couple of steps my mind was elsewhere.

I had to slow down as the others hurried ahead to get out of the cold.  We were able to get seated right away, which was good since I was in another world by them.   I think I flashed the coat check woman as I took my coat off because she seemed to stare intently at my chest as I straightened my dress.

The restaurant was a little cool and both Karen and Nicole had nipples poking lightly against their tops.  Mine on the other hand looked liked like you could have hung a coat hanger from them, which was kind of what was happening on the other side of the dress. Our waiter was more than happy to make sure everything was just fine asking several more times than was necessary.

I was starting to get use to all my hanging jewelry sitting there as long as I kept still.  The clit caresser didn’t move, but I certainly knew it was there and nipple clips weren’t that bad either.  I was in a constant state of light arousal, which was just fine, but I was starting to get concerned about leaving a spot on the back of my dress where I was sitting on it.  I ended up discreetly slipping my napkin between my legs.

We were laughing and chatting about all sorts of things but about half way through our meal the conversation retuned to my intimate accessories - just when I was starting to get use to them. I was a little embarrassed about talking about it in the middle of the restaurant but told them they felt all right and that I was getting use to the feeling.  Sue couldn’t believe I was wearing them at all, much less out in public like this.  Karen seemed more curious about them and I started kidding her about giving them a try.

Overall it wasn’t that bad just sitting there.  I certainly was aware of their presence, but as long as I didn’t move around that much they were all right.   I had that light little buzz which is what I really enjoy about the crazy things I do.  It’s when I get too aroused that things get crazy.  Of course that’s the part everyone else seems to like most.

Eventually we finished up and paid our check.  I carefully slid the napkin out from between my legs and left it under our tip.  I thought that was a nice touch.  I wonder if our waiter figured out what the smell was. If I had gotten use to wearing the jewelry while I sat, it all came back as soon as I got up and walked toward the coat check.

We got a cab once again and headed out to this club for some entertainment.  I used the time in the cab to calm myself down once again.  When I got out it didn’t seem to matter because I felt the little dangle hanging off my over sensitive clit come to life almost immediately. I tried to walk slowly and cautiously but it didn’t seem to matter.

Just the walk in from the cab was almost too much so I told Karen I had to take the clit caresser off.  She all but begged me not to but I just couldn’t keep it on any longer without risking loosing it and I don’t mean it falling off.  I made my way to the ladies room and hid in one of the stalls and waited for the one girl at the sink to leave.  I then very carefully removed the clit caresser and the chain attached to it.  I was glad that there was no one in there because taking it off was tougher that putting it on.  I let our several sighs as I carefully removed it.  I thought about taking off the nipple clips but they were nowhere near as bad as the clit caresser - so I kept them on.

I cleaned up just in time as someone came in.  Now I could walk without the constant teasing down there that was really tough to take.  I really need to work up to wearing them for any amount of time.

As I walked back to the others I noticed several people checking out my chest, which isn’t exactly out of the ordinary, but with the jewelry I was extra conscious of it.  Karen handed me a drink and introduced me to a couple of guys who they had already met.  They immediately started staring at my chest as they started to talk.  I almost laughed it was so obvious.  I guess I couldn’t blame them since the chain between my nipples was clearly visible and my nipples were forming a tent in my top like nothing you’d ever seen before.  It was obvious I was braless but still.

I could tell they were curious as to what that chain was attached to but no one asked.  Eventually we found a table and the guys joined us.  It wasn’t long before one of the guys got up the courage to ask me about the chain.  I was feeling pretty good now so I just teased them a bit until Karen started to chime in.  I was a little reluctant to show them but after looking around I reached my fingers behind the edge of my top and pulled it out from my chest as I watched the guy’s reaction.   They were speechless as they saw what the chain was connected to.

My nipples were so hard and sensitive that I could practically feel my heart beating through them. My little flashing episode, as limited as it was, only heightened my arousal.  Now that my secret was out, it was all that we talked about, which was rapidly making it worse.  Everyone, without exception was asking if they hurt. I told them that they didn’t while thinking to myself that by now it didn’t matter I was so aroused.  My nipples are normally pretty sensitive and those little devils were acting like amplifiers.

One of the guys, Jim didn’t waist any time in asking me to dance. I think he thought he was going to get lucky or at least enjoyed getting me all hot.  I usually love dancing but was a little less than enthusiastic this time.   I didn’t get much of a chance to resist as I found myself being lead to the dance floor by the whole gang.

It was really crowded on the dance floor and we had to all but push our way onto the floor.   Once there, everyone started to really get into the music but I was really subconscious of flashing my boobs or bottom since my dress was barely hiding me.   It wasn’t my shortest but without knickers on I was naturally concerned at flashing my bottom.  The top was probably worse with the neckline cut in a fairly deep V exposing a fair amount of my unrestrained breasts.  And the movement, Oh god.  You see the dress really wasn’t that tight on me so every movement seemed to send the dress moving wildly. All this combined with my body jewelry was causing me a fair amount of anxiety as I danced.

By the second song I had lost what little inhibition I had and was dancing up a storm. I was really getting into it and my breasts swaying in rhythm with the music.  Jim seemed to really enjoying that part because I caught him staring at my chest as we danced.  He seemed mesmerized.  The more we danced the more I got into it.  It wasn’t long before I was lost in the music and all but oblivious to everything around me.  My body was rocking and it felt like every movement was getting sent directly to my sex.  The excitement was bringing out my exhibitionist side and after a while I didn’t care who saw what. I’m sure my nipples and probably my  bottom came into view as I caught more and more people looking my way.

I was getting increasingly more excited by the moment and started to feel the early tingle of and orgasm building in me as I danced.  I was so lost in the moment that I no longer cared. Just as I felt my second tingle, the band decided to take a break.   Oh god, I was left wet and wanting.  We all headed back to our table.  I excused myself and went to the ladies room with Karen.

I used the opportunity to calm my overloaded body and clean myself up a bit. As wet as I was I needed a little freshening up before I sat down and left a spot on my dress.  Karen kept asking how I was doing and at first all I did was nod my head as I tried to get the words out my breathing was so fast.

When Karen and I got back everyone asked how I was doing.  I lied and told them I was fine even though my body felt like it was ready to explode.  I could feel my nipples pulsing under my dress.  At one point, Jim who was getting friendlier towards me by the minute, reached in and yanked my chain.  Literally.  The pull had caught me by surprise since I was looking down the table towards Sue at that moment.  I let out a little yelp in shock as the chain pulled hard on my most sensitive flesh.  He pulled them fairly hard, or at least it seemed that way to me, but somehow they stayed on.   The shock felt like someone had just squeezed both my nipples at the same time.

I slapped him and told him to keep his hands to himself just as the waitress returned with another round of drinks.  Everyone that had seen it seemed amazed that they stayed on which lead the conversation back to my jewelry and how they felt right there in front of the waitress.  She seemed puzzled at first, not being sure exactly what we were talking about.  Of course one of the guys filled her in and she got all curious asking me where I got them and how they felt.

I could see all the attention move to my chest as I carefully pulled back my dress so the waitress could get a look at my nipple clips.  She let out a notable gasp as I flashed my left breast in the middle of the club.  Luckily it was dark and only people close by saw me.

“Oh My God, Doesn’t it hurt terribly?” she asked.  “How do you get them on and off?”

Again I had to explain the whole process and how sensitive they’d become.  She seemed genuinely interested as she listened.  We went on for several minutes before she had to leave for another table.

I was just settling down from that little episode when the band came back and everyone decided to dance again.  I had gotten a little more accustomed to all the movement this time and it wasn’t as bad as previously.  I certainly knew they were there by the movement of my breasts.

We danced a couple of more times with the guys before deciding to call it a night.  Everyone was pretty tired except for me.  My little nipple clips had kept me nicely wound up all night.  I could have probably stayed out all night with those little guys keeping me nicely sexed up.  We took a cab back to the hotel and made our way back to our room sometime around 3:30 in the morning.

Now the adventure of getting my little friends off.   I don’t know which I wanted to get off worse, my nipple clips or my heels.  First, I slipped my dress over my head and hung it on the back of one of the chair as everyone started to get ready for bed.  By then my nipples were throbbing like you wouldn’t believe.  Without the dress to hold the little dangles close they bounced off my boobs with every step.  I guess I didn’t realize how sensitive my breasts had become since every time the dangle brushed my boob, I felt new waves of sensations spread through my body.

I sat on the bed and started to prepare myself for taking them off.  When Karen said, “Damn look at you girl.”  She noticed my swollen lower lips and how my clit was poking though my open pussy.  Self-consciously I closed my legs to hide the view I was giving her.

Sue walked out of the bathroom in her nightshirt saying “I just have to see you take them off.  Don’t tell me they don’t hurt like hell.”

I had to admit that they were plenty sensitive and that this was going to be the hardest part of the whole night.

I don’t have much in the way of modesty especially around other girls but it was a little difficult sitting in the middle of the room naked trying to get them off without going through the ceiling.  I used one hand to press hard against my breast with my nipple between my thumb and forefinger and then carefully….very carefully, twisted the clip off with my other hand.  I jumped at first and stopped, biting my lip to prevent me from screaming out.

I sat there on the edge of the bed trying to get up enough courage to try again.  Then after a couple of minutes I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and tugged the one on my right breast off in one motion.

Oh my, what a feeling when it was off.  I could feel my nipple pulsing as the blood rushed back in.  It felt so weird with one on and one off.  I quickly shifted position and did the same with my left breast. Wow,  now I felt the pulsing in both nipples.  I just leaned back and laid on the bed trying to think of anything but the pulsing in my nipples.  I had my eyes closed and was kind of in another world at least until Karen tweaked my right nipple with her fingertip.  I jumped up like I was shot and yelled “ Oh my God! What the hell are you doing?” as I started to rub both breasts with the palms of my hand. The rubbing actually felt good and I wished Bob was along to give it his extra special treatment.

Sue seemed ready to turn in but both Karen and Nichol seemed more interested in tormenting me as they both jumped on the bed and started attacking me - but that’s another story.

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