**Holly and Rosie's Brilliant Night**

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Halloween is always one of my favourite times of the year, for a variety of reasons. For that reason I desired to write this. I have ideas of where to take this story line and pairing but I'm a little busy with other projects right now. Make sure to comment and let me know if you want to see more of these two (I really do love to hear from you). (Also I didn't know quite what genre to put it in so it's in exhibition and voyeur because fuck it XD) I hope you enjoy.  
  
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Brrrrrrr. I shivered. Why does the spookiest, fancy dressiest day of the year have to be at such a cold time of the year? "Go to Halloween in a toga, Holly. You'll look fantastic as Athena, Holly. You're an Ancient History student so you can absolutely pull it off, Holly. You totally won't die of hypothermia on the way there." Stupid, don't they know Athena is Greek and a toga is Roman? I clutched my hands to my bare arms and attempted to rub away the goose bumps that had emerged. The clear night sky twinkled above me, the wind from earlier in the day having blown clear any clouds that could have kept in some warmth. The only reassurance was that the Halloween party being thrown by a friend of a friend was only a road away. My white bed-sheet toga swished around my legs and clung to smooth skin as I turned the corner and headed towards where I could see bright lights streaming through a window. As I turned a breeze rolled up the street and I clasped my hands over my stomach. Against this cold this outfit would never normally be warm yet my take on it was even less protective. Underneath my toga I was...less than adequately clothed. To put it lightly.  
  
Wearing a toga without a bra is not the most novel thing in the world. It is a hard outfit to pull off with a bra unless you make sure you place the sheet perfectly over your shoulders. It was more the fact that I had taken my knickers off too and replaced my only items of clothes with a red jewelled and lubed butt plug. Yeah. Nothing butt a jewelled butt plug and a bedsheet would be separating my naked body from all the other partygoers. It was a pretty foolish plan when examined rationally but seen as I knew my confidence increased when I was turned on, it kinda didn't seem like the worst idea to take me out of my shell. I knew that I always livened up when I arrived and started socialising. I just needed something to get me there and keep me there for the first half an hour or so.  
  
Of course, when wearing a toga there isn't a convenient place to hide a butt plug if I wished to remove it half way through the night. The only convenient place is exactly where it is designed to go. Being a lesbian at university was definitely a more tolerant community than the larger world but so far that large centralised community hadn't afforded me with much actual physical success outside of a few dates and drunken make out sessions. With my butt filled and my skin being caressed by the soft sheets I was surrounded with I felt a comfortable sexual warmth giving me the power and confidence to socialise and possibly allow me the freedom to flirt more than I would normally permit myself. All I had to do was make sure I wasn't leaving a trail of sexual drips behind me on the pavement. Easier said than done.  
  
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The party had been progressing well and the sexual excitement from the butt plug, pressing my almost nude form against people and just the sheer knowledge of how little I was wearing were actually proving to be effective ways for me to turn excitement into confidence. The alcohol I had consumed certainly helped me along but not being a heavy drinker I hadn't got myself too drunk early on. The party consisted mainly of students either dancing in large, dark garden or chatting in the ever so slightly quieter kitchen. I had spent most of the party in the kitchen talking to friends I already knew, whilst interacting with a wider group who knew my friends in various ways. Most of them had come because of some relationship they had with Jenny. Jenny had a unique ability to draw people to her and bring them along for the ride and I was no exception. Being close friends throughout my first two years at university had led us to be as thick as thieves most of the time. However, when it came to parties I certainly followed where she led.  
  
With a fair bit of dancing and greeting hugs I had managed to get myself thoroughly worked up. This was taken to another level when Jenny, sharing our wine bottle decided to take things up a notch by giving the bottle and very elaborate and obviously experienced blow job in front of everyone. For the life of me I have no idea how she managed to keep it appearing as a joke but I quickly acknowledged her fixed eye contact on a boy in the group I hadn't caught the name of as she drew her head and lips up the bottle and releasing the top with a light "pop" between her lips. If I knew anything about Jenny, it was that she was a fairly unstoppable flirtatious force. That poor boy wouldn't stand a chance even if he was reluctant. Which judging by his grin he wasn't in the slightest. Jenny's slightly larger breasts than mine were far more on display than my sheet wrapped ones in her Daenerys Targaryen-style white dress but together we made a pretty great pair in our light outfits.  
  
It was most likely that great pairing that made her encourage me to attempt my own bottle blow job after my attempted witty response of "Oi, get your own alcohol to blow".  
  
"Oh, sorry babe." She said leaning close to me and putting a hand on my chest, most likely for the benefit of the surrounding boys' imaginations. "I forget you get awfully jealous. Don't worry. From now on this bottle is yours alone to give a great big blowjob with those beautiful lips". She continued while raising the bottle towards my lips, her face only a few inches from mine. She was really playing up the 'are they secretly a lesbian couple' game tonight. Not that it was entirely ineffective on me. Jenny knew that I could resist her little more than any of the guys. Our drunken kisses had only heightened that part of our relationship but despite her actions I had become convinced she was simply a flirt. As I said previously... that didn't mean that her intoxicating form close to me wasn't effective. I was putty in her hands and eager to impress so it was no surprise when I graciously accepted her pressing the bottle to my lips and begun my inexperienced but enthusiastic blow job. The only other difference besides experience was that my eye contact was not focused on the crowd of guys and girls we were teasing, but on the beautiful confident friend staring back at me.  
  
As my lips slid up and down the cool bottle and my tongue occasionally dipped onto it, Jenny pushed it slightly in and out, adding to the show. At this point the attention, erotic contact between me and Jenny and already effective butt plug had turned me into quite the turned-on mess and I could feel my nipples stiff against the underside of the sheet and my thighs squeezed tightly together hoping to trap the steadily flowing juices being drawn out.  
  
I popped my lips from the bottle and gaze a gasp suddenly requiring air. I could tell my face was flushed and desperately sought for something to say to break the stunned sexually tense silence beginning.  
  
"You know, I think you can keep that bottle. But I will go grab another bottle from your bag for us. I know you are never satisfied with just one at a time." I said waggling my eyebrows suggestively.  
  
The round of laugher and Jenny's appreciative and admiring smile in response to my retort had me riding a high as I walked away from the group towards one of the hosts rooms to retrieve a previously stashed bottle. It was as I burst out of the main throng of people in the kitchen into the hallway that I brushed past a flurry of bright white, deep black and luscious brown. With as quickly as she passed me I lacked the opportunity to take in her face yet following her as she disappeared into the crowd allowed me a glimpse of an entrapping figure clad in a black bodysuit with white skeletal features mapped along her form. Her brown hair flowed down her back with a tight braid pouring from both corners of her head to meet in the middle, providing a resting place for a number of small fake spiders.  
  
I'll admit, although I was drawn to the care and intricacy of her braid, my eyes were also drawn to her long, toned, high-heel clad legs and clearly defined behind shimmying and swaying away from me. Before I could even shout out the exquisite apparition had disappeared into the crowd and I was too busy replaying her image in my mind to think to chase after her. After a few moments I manage to shake myself free of my reveries and retrieved the wine bottle. My walk back towards the kitchen began with difficulty as my legs still wished to press my thighs together and elevate the pressure that had built inside my core. The pressure that was beginning to spill over my lips and inner thighs hidden beneath my sheet.  
  
When returning to my friends with my mind still focusing on the beauty that had passed me and my hand tightly clenched around the bottle I had almost forgotten the butt plug wedged deep within me and my lack of underwear. A quick bump from behind while making my way through the crowd quickly reminded me of my sexual predicament and only pitched my horniness into second gear.  
  
My erotic mental state was only made worse by what I saw as I approached my friends. A beautiful brunette cloaked in a black bodysuit covered in white skeletal designs was talking to my friends, but as I approached a piercing gaze fixed me from above the skeletal bandana covering her mouth. Her brilliant blue eyes pierced straight through the room to close in on my eyes sending lightning bolts to every extremity of my body. That was only the first wave of her attack however, because as I neared she pulled her bandana down to flash me a smile just as white as the bones cladding her body but five times brighter and infinitely warmer. It was as if Halloween had suddenly revealed it had disguised the sun amongst the guests of this party.  
  
The sunny and sexy skeleton revealed her name to be Rosie. Apparently, she knew me from a few lectures we shared although had never spoken to me. I was forced to be brutally honest and inform her that I hadn't noticed her before in lectures but softened the blow with a little light flirting by revealing how I wish I had noticed her from day one. She seemed to appreciate my honesty and implied compliment, so I figured that I was handling myself rather well despite the hammering of my heart.  
  
Our conversation was progressing well as people came and went from our group. It turned out that Rosie knew Jenny from some other social group and their back and forth allowed me to not be too overwhelmed by her presence. It was still flattering that I seemed to have gained a lot of Rosie's attention and Jenny seemed to pick up on this as they both took turns in bringing me into the conversation. Finishing off the new bottle of wine and a small glass of southern comfort and coke had led me to be a lot flirtier with Rosie and I was loving the butterflies that were stirred whenever her eyes fixed me with a slightly impressed and playful look.  
  
During a lull in the party where Jenny had gone to briefly talk to another group of friends, and my own group had formed its usually pairings and trios, Rosie and I had a quieter moment to ourselves.  
  
"So, tell me-" Rosie said as she leaned towards me ear conspiratorially "-are you wearing that toga...traditionally?"  
  
As she pulled back I saw her eyebrows raised in a mischievous manner.  
  
"Traditionally? What do you mean?" I replied slightly confused and looking at my outfit. To be honest I had only followed a guide on YouTube for how to wear the toga properly, but I didn't think there could be too many methods to do it.  
  
Her mouth curled into an impish grin. "Well to quote the Ghostbusters 'Kinda makes you wonder doesn't it. Whether she's naked under tha-"  
  
Her eyebrows rose far higher and her grin far larger as I began to choke on my drink and splutter as she rubbed my back gently to help.  
  
"-Well you know \*cough\* the Romans actually wore tunics underneath, \*cough\* in reality most women wore the Stola as \*cough cough\* a woman wearing a toga begun to be associated with \*cough\* prostitution."  
  
She continued to smile curiously at me as her softly traced my back over the soft white material and occasionally dipping over the bare skin of my shoulders.  
  
I could feel myself blushing and I was certain it was apparent. Was she just being flirtatious, or did she know?  
  
"Oh really? My mistake. In archaeology we usually focus on different time periods. You sound like quite a Roman expert, I'm impressed. Love a girl who can just absorb knowledge like that. I bet those prostitutes were rather lax on that tunic rule though... What do you think?"  
  
As she had been talking her hand had been slowly descending to the top of my butt. Her hands moved around as if tracing the line where underwear would cover, had I been wearing any. I shivered as her little fingers jumped from one cheek to the next. Only a little way above the butt plug peeking between my cheeks. So close to being discovered.  
  
I sighed gently before I could stop myself as the shiver flew up my body. The slight, undoubtably sexual gasp that had escaped my lips and the fluttering of my eyes clearly indicated something far more than usual excitement from flirtatious touching and Rosie looked at me with a mixture of concern and that every present playful intrigue.  
  
"I-I need to get some air" I managed to whimper.  
  
She carefully escorted me outside to stand on the balcony watching over the crowd of partygoers dancing in the garden.  
  
"I'm sorry. I think I might have been coming on a bit strong. You seemed into it but I think you might-" Rosie began apologising. Genuine concern was present on her face as she placed one hand on my burning forehead and started to remove her right hand that was still on the small of my back.  
  
I quickly grabbed her hand before she had a chance to release me and looked into her eyes. I could feel the flush of my cheeks and the burning temperature that was now unmistakable in the cool air as we held each other.  
  
I ever so slowly moved her hand downwards from my back. The slow sweeping movement against the material as we slid down made it clear that I was not wearing anything beneath my sheet. Her eyes were refuelled with an intense twinkling as she appeared to comprehend my situation, and in some unspoken way my motivations. My strong grip as I moved her further down let her know by some un-verbalised means, the power and confidence I was being given by the secret I was sharing with her. Her fingers encased in mine finally strayed far enough down and my increased pressure on her fingertips forced them to close around a solid object between my cheeks.  
  
Her eyes grew wider and the fire burned brighter as she understood the true nature of my outfit. Her smile flickered from realisation, to excitement, to a kind warmth in recognition of how closely a guarded secret I had shared. The red jewelled buttplug she was currently grasping was buried inside of me and I was nude at the party aside from the sheet encasing my body.  
  
Her middle finger pushed slightly. I gasped and moved to steady myself against her as she increased the pressure. My hands had released hers and one clutched onto her hip while the other grabbed the playsuit material that was covering her back. The left hand that had been holding my forehead had moved to my cheek as our faces drew closer and her thumb and forefinger on her right hand began moving the plug almost imperceptibly back and forth.  
  
Our first kiss was magical as I felt my body melt against her when our lips connected. My eyes had long since closed and every sensory system in my body focused on the places the two of us were joined and the warmth of the incredible woman who I was sharing such a moment with. The soft pressure gradually increased as our lips pressed together before breaking slightly as we both adjusted. The slight taste of raspberry flooded over my tongue as it gently pushed against her lips, begging for entry. I was granted entry quickly and the warm wetness of her mouth granted me a sense of erotic perfection as our tongue's slide against one another, our hands roaming and grasping for contact.  
  
The two of us didn't so much as break our kiss than gently drift apart, our bodies still attempting to connect. It was as though some small rational part of our bodies had reminded us of our requirement to breath while the rest of our bodies were explaining that they had discovered a new requirement. We stood embracing each other with faces barely millimetres from each other, breathing heavily. I noticed the slightest swirls and lighter patterns that were contained inside her dazzling blue eyes while I have no doubt, she was noticing details that she had never needed to recognise in another person. The energy I felt between us, and the mutual understanding, was like nothing else and it was no surprised in our connected state that we both decided we didn't require more breaths but connecting our lips against was essential.  
  
We continued our kiss as time slipped around me and all I felt was her. The cold air around me isolated me from the world and all I knew were the places of warmth and humanity that she occupied with me. The next time our lips parted both of our tongues still hung out of our mouths, curling slightly as if still wrestling with one another. She blinked twice, and I sensed her gain some kind of rationality, or at least the capability to speak.  
  
"Listen" She offered, as if I would do otherwise. "I don't know what I want from this. I have no plan, no idea, and there is so much more I want to know about you. But.." Her eyes broke from mine for the first time in a while and looked towards the stars that had emerged. My eyes followed hers and we stood together looking at the stars. Taking the wideness of the universe in for an infinite moment.  
  
Our eyes returned to each other.  
  
"Come home with me. I need to be with you now. Right now. There's nothing else I want now. But I need to make something clear. The dates. A relationship. That. I want. Later, we can discuss dates. Yes?"  
  
What could I answer?  
  
My lips melted against her.  
  
With our faces intimately joined we expressed all the things words never could.  
  
"Fuck yes."  
  
The smile we shared lit up the darkness and an intense giggling followed us on our path through the crowd, out of the house, and down the street. My hand never left hers as we abandoned the other party-goers. Stars and streetlamps twinkled and glowed alongside each other in a brilliant, warm radiance, cloaking the pair of us as we ran away together into the night.