Party to Remember
by Sasha

Sun Jul 16, 2006 01:28
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Hi everyone.

My name is Sasha I just recently attended a party in which I was the only one in a bikini while everyone else were fully clothed.

Just last month, my friend Katie invited my boyfriend Steve and I to an afternoon party at her house. Since with the onset of summer it had been quite hot lately, I decided to take along a bathing suit and take advantage of Katie’s pool before the party started.

Considering that I wanted also to work on my tan at the same time, the suit I chose was the skimpiest string bikini I owned, consisting only of very thin strings and really miniscule triangles of cloth, which barely covered my ample breasts and more intimate parts. Lucky for me I just got a wax job in preparation for summer, otherwise my hair down there would surely be sticking out from the sides. In fact, the suit was so brief in the back, that I looked practically naked from behind , except for the string tied across my back and the thin strip of cloth, just about covering the crack of my ass, leaving the rest of my butt exposed to the world.

To be honest, the first time I tried on that suit I was both scandalized at how naked I looked in it but secretly delighted at how sexy it made me feel. So although I may have had initial misgivings about wearing that suit in public, I nevertheless decided to do so anyway, Since I honestly thought I would be done with swimming and back in my clothes long before any other guests would arrive, and it would just be Katie and Steve who would get to see me in it. And believe me Steve has seen me lots of times in much less than that suit. So has Katie for that matter, but that’s another story.

Having finally made up my mind, I wore the suit under my jeans and T-shirt and brought along a change of clothing and towel in a bag.

Since I had promised Katie we would help out in the arrangements, both Steve and I got to her place early. When we arrived, we found Katie busy fixing up the patio and pool deck and quickly lent a hand. I probably should have clarified it with Katie first, but seeing as the party was to be held beside the pool, I assumed we would be having a afternoon pool party complete with swimming and other water games. Goody ! ! ! I came prepared.

With our help Katie was able to complete her preparations in no time at all. Seeing that everything was taken cared off, Katie just told us to make ourselves at home as she left us to get dressed for the party. At the same time, Steve excused himself to take a leak and so I was left all alone outside.

Considering that we had just spent the better part of an hour exerting ourselves getting the place ready, I was feeling kind of hot and couldn’t help being drawn to the cool waters of the pool right beside me. Since I recalled Katie having told me to make myself at home, and truly believed that she had gone inside to change into a swim suit; I then and there decided to take a dip and quickly stripped out of my clothes and shoes , placing them neatly on top of my bag before diving in.

After completing a few laps I decided to take a break and just lazily float along on my back. It was then that I noticed Steve had come out and was lecherously eyeing me like a sexually deprived wolf ready to pounce. Not wanting to scandalize Katie with the possibility of Steve openly having his way with me, I tried to distract him by having his stow my clothes in the car, saying I didn’t want them to get in the way when the other guests arrived.

Although he hemmed and hawed, begging me to allow him one quick feel of my almost naked body first, he sullenly followed orders, after I gave him the special look which meant that I wanted it done yesterday, before flipping over to resume my laps. Being otherwise preoccupied, I failed to notice that not only had Steve picked up the clothes I had earlier worn, he likewise took my shoes, as well as the bag with my spare clothes and towel were in, leaving me with absolutely nothing, but the string bikini I had on.

I really don’t know how true this is, but Steve claims to have received an emergency call just as he had stowed my stuff in his car, requiring him to leave immediately. According to him, after he took the call, he honestly tried to tell me that he had to go, but came up short when he spied Katie coming going down the stairs from her room. He therefore asked her to say his good byes to me for him, instead of doing so personally.. From what I later learned, for a guy who was so much in a hurry to leave, the schmuck spent some time engaging Katie in some inane banter, before eventually taking off.

In the meantime I was done swimming and had already gotten out of the pool. It was only when I looked around for my towel to dry off with, that I realized it was gone along with all my other stuff.. I was about to look for Katie to ask if I could borrow a towel, when she came out to tell me that Steve had already left.

Since I was a bit pissed off by the news, I initially failed to notice that Katie wasn’t even in a swimsuit like me. She had put on this really chic cocktail dress, by Prada I believe, complete with extremely high stiletto heels and stockings. Once the disparity in our outfits finally registered, I woodenly asked her why she was so formally dressed for a pool party.

At first, Katie just gave me this rather quizzical look before asking me wherever did I get the idea she was throwing a pool party. She then stated matter of factly, that what she had planned was a simple out door afternoon soiree, to be attended by around thirty or so friends. She did say though in a rather amused tone, that I was free to attend the party in my swim suit if I wanted to.

Before I could react, the doorbell chimed, ushering in the arrival of the other guests.

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As the other guests entered, I started to develop this sinking feeling that I would be the only one at the party in a swimsuit. In fact, as they started pouring in, I couldn’t help but feel just how inappropriate my outfit was for the occasion since all the other female guests came fully covered, in the most fashionable of clothes and shoes. How I envied the confidence they exuded strutting about dressed to the nines in all their finery.

Although most of the other women were in dresses like Katie, I noticed that quite a number opted to be in pants and shirts, with some even sporting a light jacket to protect them from the sun’s rays. I surely must have looked downright indecent standing there in their midst, barefoot and all but naked in the briefest of swimwear, and a string bikini at that.

As you may have guessed, my unconventional apparel came as an equal shock to the other guests. Without exception, both men and women just stopped in their tracks once they caught a glimpse of me. With the men openly ogling me from head to toe with watering mouths agape, taking in the full extent of my state of undress. While the women would likewise be equally staring, some with amused expressions etched on their faces, while others of obvious displeasure or disdain on theirs.

When the initial shock eventually wore off, I tried looking around for my bag of clothes forgetting for an instance that Steve had already taken them. However, since it was obviously nowhere in sight, it finally dawned on me that Steve had left with it, abandoning me at the party with absolutely nothing to cover up with.

In near panic at the sudden realization of my plight, I frantically scanned the area in search of Katie, hoping to be able to borrow something from her to wear. Finally catching sight of her across the pool, I furtively tried to wend my way towards her through the crowd.

Although I did my best to completely block out my surroundings, I could not help but feel utterly humiliated and terribly ashamed at the situation I found myself in, while on my journey.

Despite all efforts to avoid eye contact, I could nevertheless sense the carnal desires going through the minds of all the men around as they lewdly gazed upon my nude flesh. Neither could I avoid being affected by the hurtful and scathing remarks of some of the women, which I could not help but overhear. From what I remember, the words “shameless whore”, “slut” and “biotch” were some of the kinder adjectives used to describe me, along with other even more colorful terms.

But what really made this trek most traumatic was the fact that I had to squeeze my way through the other guests, oftentimes causing their fine clothes to brush against my bare skin. Without question, this multiplied my feeling of nudity ten fold as it clearly underscored the extreme disparity in our party wear. My bare foot even got accidentally stepped on by one of the girls, and I could not help but rue that while my toe may have terribly hurt from the experience, the other girl must have not felt a thing through the thick soles of her boot.

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It took me a while to reach Katie.

For one, being the consummate hostess, Katie never stayed still, but had been busy bustling and flitting about the place greeting and seeing to the needs of her guests. Moreover, the crowd that separated us seemed reluctant to make way for me. Accordingly, I was forced to take a long circuitous route to get to Katie, seeing as I had to go around quite a number of people blocking my path and make a few detours along the way. Oh yes, I felt the touch of quite a few hands of both men and women all over while I was on my trek, with my ass being the target of choice. Good thing nobody tried to undo the strings of my bikini, otherwise I would have really been in trouble.

When I finally caught up with Katie she was having an animated discussion with a group of girls. As she had her back towards me she failed to notice my presence as I sheepishly approached. On the other hand, the girls surrounding her, all mild acquaintances of mine, caught sight of me immediately and as to expected, openly gawked at the practically naked girl in their presence.

After I was able to catch Katie’s attention, I tried to pull her aside in order to talk to her in private. For one reason or another, Katie refused to budge and so in order for the others not to hear, I was forced to really get up close to her and in a whisper, beg her for something decent to wear. In desperation, I also confessed the circumstances how I ended up dressed this way through no fault of mine, in an attempt to gain her sympathy.

Instead of jumping in to help me out, Katie remained silent, giving me this long contemplative look. Just as I was getting concerned, Katie’s face lit up with this most mischievous of grins and without batting an eye, just shook her head and said “NO”.

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Stunned and caught completely off guard by her response, I stood there speechless and in total, absolute shock, slowly digesting the dire consequences of that simple word. (n.b. Katie later told me I looked so cute cowering before her, just like a frightened deer caught in the headlights of an incoming car.)

Having my last remaining hope so cruelly shot down, I was now at a loss on what else to do. However, just as I was about to burst into tears, Katie again did the unexpected by taking me into her arms and kissed me on the lips in front of everyone.

Please don’t get me wrong. I’m not into girls or anything. In fact this was the first time I ever got kissed on the lips by another girl. But, I must confess I made no effort to break away from Katie, and allowed her to have her way with me, as she pleased.

For one, I was caught completely flatfooted by the suddenness of her move. I therefore would not have been able to stop Katie from kissing me even if I wanted to.

Moreover, truth to tell, I was getting aroused and feeling hot all over, again compliments of Katie who just could not keep her hands to herself. All the while we were kissing, her hands never remained idle. They were continuously roaming the full expanse of my naked flesh, which she caressed and fondled to her heart’s content. It was obvious Katie was trying to turn me on.
Her constantly moving hands even paid special attention to my ass lingering there a while to grope and knead the firm muscles of my exposed cheeks. Katie even had the audacity to slip a finger down my crack and gently tickle the entrance of my nether hole with its tip.

As could be expected, thanks to the intense pleasure my body was experiencing from Katie’s ministrations, I lost all sense of inhibition and started kissing Katie back with equal passion; totally unmindful and oblivious to the fact we were not alone, but right in the middle of a party.

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It was Katie herself who broke our kiss.

Just as I was really getting into it, she inexplicably stepped back and ceased all physical contact. To my despair, her timing could not have been any worse, since I was just about to cum when she decided to stop. Naturally, my body was in dire need for further stimulation, but despite my fervent whispered pleas for her to go on, Katie just stood there with both arms draped across her breasts, smugly looking back at me.

As I was left hanging on the threshold of an orgasm, I lost all ability for rational thought, that I was willing to endure the extreme humiliation of having to play with myself in front of all these people, just to get off. However, just as I was on the verge of debasing myself further Katie thankfully intervened.

As I was about to take up where Katie left off, she suddenly stepped in and firmly took hold of one of my wrists. She then gave me this conspiratorial wink before resolutely making her way towards the center of the crowd, pulling me along like an errant child.

Since catching our torrid display earlier, the rest of the guests stood by quietly, eagerly awaiting what would happen next. In fact, the silence was so telling that one could clearly discern the clip-clopping echo of Katie’s heals on the floor as she strode, followed by the slip-slapping sound my bare feet made as I shuffled along in her wake.

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Unlike my earlier passage, the crowd this time offered no hindrance, graciously giving way to Katie and me. This enabled us to get to the center in no time at all.

We must have presented quite a study in contrast as we stood there side by side. A tall, blond, stylishly dressed Nordic beauty confidently towering over a shorter but equally beautiful brunette of Asian descent, who was clearly embarrassed to have to be standing there practically naked in only a string-bikini.

Since we already had the undivided attention of the crowd, Katie proceeded to make a speech. She started of by thanking her guests for accepting her invitation and spent the next few minutes talking about the importance of friendship, which drew a polite round of applause from her audience.

Since Katie had never let go off my wrist, I was forced to remain in the public’s eyes all through out her speech. Thus, much as I would have wanted to escape to the shadows, I had to endure the ignominy of being at the front and center of things, (un)dressed the way I was.

I was miserably fidgeting about, looking down at my feet all the while Katie was talking. Since I was busy trying to think of a number of ways to kill myself, I almost didn’t catch Katie calling out my name.

My curiosity suddenly piqued, I began to follow every word Katie was saying. She started off by saying we had known each other in college and had remained close ever since. She then said that in all our years together I had proven to be a true friend of hers, recounting several instances in the past when I helped her out, including with today’s preparation. Thanks to Katie’s kind words I began to feel so much better that they even brought tears of joy to my eyes for a change.

Unfortunately, to my horror, Katie went on to lie that I had even offered to ensure the success of her party by dressing up in only a bikini to spice up your otherwise boring, run of the mill afternoon soiree. She thereupon ended her eulogy by thrusting me forward with the pronouncement that never was there a truer friend in the whole world than me.

For my part, having been again caught unprepared, I just stood there in front of everybody, utterly confused on what to do next.

Fortunately for me, it seems Katie was able to fool all the people this time. Her speech ended to thunderous applause and loud shouts of approval from the audience, both of which were directed to me. In fact everybody now wanted to personally congratulate me at once and I found myself once again swarmed by all these finely dressed people, hugging and buzzing me on the cheeks, lauding me no end for being a true and loyal friend. I guess a lot of the guys just wanted a free feel too.

As things finally started to settle down, I suddenly realized that I was in a bit of a pickle here. If I followed through with what Katie said about me, I would have to party on in just a bikini and make it appear I was thoroughly enjoying myself. The very idea of which made me sick just thinking about it.

On the other hand, if I even balk at having to remain in this indecent attire for the party or ask for something to cover up with, then Katie’s speech would be taken for a lie and her for a liar. Something which I didn’t want to happen to her.

All things considered, I really did not have much choice but to go along with the charade. Without a doubt, if the truth ever got out that I was in a bikini only by accident, due to the stupidity of my boyfriend; I would surely turn into a laughingstock and lose everyone’s respect. No, I much prefer the high regard people seemed to have of me now as a result of Katie’s lies, thank you very much.

The die having been cast, I resigned myself to the fact that I now had to party on wearing only this stupid bikini and pretend I was thoroughly enjoying myself in the process. You know, me having to grin and bare it. Oops, sorry I meant bear it, me forgets I was already bare.

So for the rest of the party, I did just that. I freely mingled with the other guests, talked to quite a few, ate, drank and did everything else people usually do during an afternoon soiree, except of course I did it in a bikini. I even got asked to dance by a number of guys. Some fast but slow numbers mostly. You’d be surprised just how many more slow numbers were played, you’d think this was more than a funeral than a soiree.

Early on I must admit I was quite concerned of the possibility of being molested on account of what I was wearing. But luckily for me this proved to be unfounded since except for a few off-color jokes and mild sexual innuendoes, the guys were generally well behaved. Of course it helps having Katie or some member of her posse hovering close by at all the times.

Katie did have one more trick to play on me before the party ended. Just when night was about to fall, she came down from her room carrying this beautiful white full-length silk dressing gown, asking me in this most insincere of voices whether I was feeling cold in just my bikini and whether I would like to borrow it. Of course, since I was on to her game, I forced myself to smile back at her and decline the offer, telling her just as sweetly I was just fine the way I was.

She did continue trying to tempt me, by leaving the gown draped over a nearby chair in full view of me, just like what you see in the movies when medieval torturers would leave a piece of bread just out of reach of a caged starving prisoner. I am proud to say, I passed the test.

The party was without question a resounding success. It also lasted much later than usual since no one wanted to go home. I wonder why?

After all the other guests had left, Katie once again hugged me tight and thanked me over and over again for all my help. She did kiss me too on the lips, but it never approached the passion of her earlier one.

Well, like the good friend I am supposed to be, I offered to help her clean up, which she gratefully accepted, offering in turn to drive me home when we were through. This came as a great relief to me, since I had only a bikini on, I was starting to worry how I would be able to get home without getting into trouble with the police or even worse.

While I was busy doing the dishes, Katie excused herself to change into something more appropriate. She thereafter came down comfortably wearing a long sleeved sweatshirt, jeans and sneakers. As I came to expect, she had conveniently forgot to ask me whether I too wanted to change, and brought nothing for me to wear when she came down.

True to form, Katie didn’t lend me the silk gown she earlier offered or anything else for that matter, for the ride home. She told me since I had been exposing myself to the world practically the whole day, there was no reason for me to be so modest, now that there was just the two of us. Being too tired to argue with her, I just got into her car dressed as I was.

Fortunately, as it was late, nobody seemed to be on the streets or awake in the boardinghouse I lived in and I was able to make it to my room unseen.