**Public Pajama Party (part 1)**

When my friend with benefits, Paul, asked me out on a date for Saturday night I was thrilled for several reasons. First, our relationship is pretty casual, we hang together some and occasionally have sex. He usually spends his weekend nights with his girlfriend so asking me out on a date at all was special, and being on the weekend it was even more special. The second reason I was excited about the date was because we were going to an out of town club that was having a pajama party. Paul told me the reason he was asking me to go to the party instead of his girlfriend was because I would be more fun for that occasion. What he meant was he knew that being out of town where nobody knew me I would want to wear something risqué and show some skin. Paul even arranged for his friend, Greg, to be our designated driver which meant we could make out in the back seat on the way home from the club.

I chose a pretty daring baby doll nighty to wear on the date. The nighty was pale blue with white lace trim and had a fairly short top with a g-string bottom. The top had spaghetti straps that attached to triangle shaped cups. Two inches of the inner edge of the cups was white lace through which a lot of the insides of my tits could be seen. I knew that when I twisted or made dance moves the loose fitting top shifted a little to provide nips slips visible through the lace trim. The top of the nighty only extended down to about mid hip with the bottom two inches being the white lace trim. That allowed the bottom half of my ass to be on full display with more of my rear visible through the lace. The top two inches of the g-string was lace which was racy but didn’t really show anything since I am clean shaven, but the opaque blue portion barely covered my slit. The nighty had a matching short robe that I wore in case I chickened out on wearing the revealing lingerie or felt it was inappropriate once we arrived at the club. I wore white stiletto heals with the nighty which added to it’s sexy appearance. Wearing slippers seemed too lame and any other shoes just looked goofy with the nighty. The heals gave me a somewhat more slutty appearance which pleased me.

When the magical night arrived not too many things went as I imagined they would. When Paul picked me up I showed him my ensemble then put on my long winter coat for warmth since it was early February. When we got in the car I was surprised to see that Paul’s roommates, Jay and Chris, were also coming with us. (Chris is also Paul’s brother who is only 19 but had a fake ID) It seems the guys all believed the pajama party would be a good place to see sexily clad girls and they all hoped to pick up an unattached girl. With a car full of guys that killed any notions of making out or having sex in the back seat on the way home. All of the guys were dressed in casual clothes with none of them wearing sleepwear. I began to think they were punking me and there wasn’t really a pajama party at all. Were they just tricking me into wearing something revealing to the club?

My next surprise was that our destination was just a bar about five miles outside of town. I was under the impression we were going to a nice dance club in another city. If I’d known we were going to a simple bar close to home I never would have dressed in such a revealing manner for fear somebody I knew might see me. The marquis sign outside the bar advertised a pajama party so at least I knew the guys weren’t punking me.

We planned to leave our coats in the car so we wouldn’t have to keep track of them throughout the night. Since I was scantily clad without my coat Paul asked his friends to drop us off at the entrance while they searched for a parking spot. I wasn’t wearing any hose so I felt a bit self conscious about my milky white legs. I became even more self conscious when we entered the bar and I didn’t see a single other person in sleepwear. There was just a moderate crowd in the place but everybody turned to gawk at me as we walked to the bar to get drinks. We could hear the thumping of base music coming from somewhere so we knew there was more going on elsewhere in the building. I felt awkward wearing my short satin robe, but I gradually started to like the attention I was getting.

A few minutes passed until the other guys joined us and we went down a stairway to another room where the pajama party was taking place. I was much more confident about showing off my untanned legs since the whiteness wasn’t as noticeable in the dim lighting and colorful flashing lights. I felt much more at ease when I saw many other girls in sleepwear. The girls in the bar were much more into the spirit of the party than the guys were. Probably more than 90% of the girls were in some kind of sleepwear, while less than 30% of the guys were. The guys that were dressed for the occasion were mostly wearing bath robes or sweat pants with t-shirts. The girls were wearing just about every style of sleepwear from modest to sexy. There were girls in modest full jammies, tank tops and low riding pants or short jammy bottoms. Sleep shirts, sleep slips, baby dolls, teddies, and gowns. I’d have to say that the guys were in nipple heaven with all nippies poking out against a lot of the sleepwear.

The party room was packed with people. The limited seating was all occupied and people were standing two deep at the bar. There was SRO around the perimeter of the room and the dance floor was very crowded. I immediately found my comfort zone as I took Paul out onto the dance floor. My fear of being seen by somebody who might know me soon vanished as I started having fun. As we danced I noticed a few other girls who were more scantily clad than I was in my short robe. That gave me more confidence and I became eager to shed my robe and show more skin. I untied the belt to let the robe fall open to reveal my nighty, but that wasn’t enough to satisfy my urge to show off. When we eventually took a break to get a drink I removed the robe entirely and handed it to Paul. He was pleased to see me more exposed but after a while he tired of baby sitting my robe. I assured him I wouldn’t be wanting to put the robe on again so he took it to the car while I danced with Greg. When Paul returned I was surprised to see him wearing only a t-shirt and snug fitting boxer shorts (the boxers that kind of look like biker shorts.) He laughed and said that he usually slept in his underwear so his attire was appropriate for the pajama party. Since I was getting more relaxed and exposing myself more he was doing the same.

With all of the body heat in the crowded room there wasn’t a problem with staying warm though scantily clad in the middle of winter. My nipples were hard most of the time but it wasn’t from a chill. When I moved the delicate fabric of the nighty rubbed gently against my nips to create a stimulating effect. My hard nipples were very obvious as they poked out against the thin fabric of the nighty. Unfortunately in the dim lighting my frequent nip slips weren’t very visible through the lace trim of the garment. However I was delighted to have my butt cheeks half on display below the short nighty.

As the night progressed I spent most of the time dancing my ass off. I occasionally took a break for a drink but I was exerting so much energy on the dance floor I only got a mild buzz from the alcohol. The thrill of showing off so much of my body in public was in itself intoxicating which seemed to magnify the buzz from alcohol.

Paul was my most frequent dance partner but I also danced with his three friends and with some total strangers. When guys saw me dancing with Greg, Jay, and Chris they assumed I wasn’t closely attached to Paul so they weren’t inhibited about asking me to dance. The dance floor was so crowded that one could barely move without bumping into somebody. I already knew that if I danced wildly enough I could make the thin straps of the nighty fall off of my shoulder. The nighty was so light weight and loose that when this happened the garment fell completely off of my tit. As I grew more daring I performed this maneuver several times when dancing with Paul, and at least once each when dancing with Greg, Jay, and Chris. Sometimes the strap unintentionally fell off my shoulder which was an extra bonus for me and my dance partner. Sometimes when the strap fell off my shoulder I would catch it quickly before I was exposed in order to just tease the guys by almost showing them something. Sometimes I would allow the garment to fall off my tit but quickly cover up after showing a quick flash. Other times when I exposed my tit I pretended not to notice and left it bare for quite a few seconds before pulling the strap back up. My dance partners had an unobstructed view but the dance floor was so crowded that the people immediately beside me were the only other ones in a position to see my bare tit. If those people weren’t paying direct attention to me they might not have seen anything. I performed the tit baring moves numerous times through the night so I’m sure at least some of the other people noticed it. I was having an absolute blast showing some T&A and dancing the night away.

The only down moment of the night came when I was near the bar with Greg and I ran into a co-worker. Rick is only 18 but had a fake ID like Chris. Apparently that bar wasn’t very diligent in checking IDs. Once we made contact there was no polite way to avoid him so I tried to act casual as I exchanged pleasantries with Rick. Rick was pretty loaded and wasn’t subtle about ogling my chest. He was practically drooling when he crudely complimented me on my hard nipples. That was embarrassing for me because I couldn’t pretend to ignore how sexily I was clad. I reacted simply by grabbing Greg’s hand and dragging him onto the dance floor to get away from Rick. Luckily in the crowded bar I didn’t have any further contact with Rick that night.

A slight disadvantage to wearing the ass revealing nighty was that my ass got grabbed by drunken guys quite a bit. At first I enjoyed the contact but after a few times it started to get tiresome. A few of the gropes were pretty rough and my cheeks got pinched a few times too which I didn’t appreciate. In the crowded bar I never knew who the culprits were. I guess the drunken guys thought that if it was on display then it was OK to touch it.

The highlight of the date came late in the night when I was dirty dancing with Paul. We had our thighs pressed into each other’s crotches and were grinding our bodies together salaciously. My pussy was already quite moist from the thrill of the moderate exhibitionism I’d been engaging in all night. I could feel his cock stiffening some as it pressed against my body and my pussy was becoming even more wet. He wrapped his arms around me and slid them up over my ass, pushing my nighty up to the small of my back. He then hooked his thumbs into the waistband of my g-string and slowly started working it downward. I thought he was just teasing me at first so I gyrated my hips in a seductive manner in order to encourage him to proceed with what he was doing. When he continued to pull the g-string down entirely off of my hips I gasped in surprise but didn’t offer any resistance. He stepped back just enough to remove his thigh from my crotch and pulled the g-string down to my thighs, then tenderly ran his hand up over my exposed mound, causing me to shiver with excitement. The dance floor was so crowded that I doubt if anybody could see that I was completely bottomless so I didn’t object to what he was doing. It was incredibly arousing to have him undressing me so boldly in public.

I whimpered in disappointment when his hands failed to linger in my crotch. He wrapped one arm around my waist and again pushed my nighty up to the small of my back to leave my bare ass fully exposed. He brought his other hand up to gently run his finger tips over my face, neck, and shoulder before slowly pushing the spaghetti strap off of my shoulder. My heartbeat quickened as the strap fell down over my arm to leave my one tit fully exposed. I began to wonder how much further he planned on undressing me. Our bodies were so close together that it concealed my bare pussy, but my bare tit was visible to the people immediately next to us. I was beginning to get dizzy with the excitement of being exposed combined with the nervous anticipation of what Paul was going to do next.

With my hands resting on his shoulders I gazed into his eyes as he ran his finger tips gently over my throat then moved them downward into my cleavage. My breathing became heavier causing my tits to rise and fall with each breath. He brought his tender touch onto my exposed tit to fondle it and I closed my eyes as I continued to gyrate my body in rhythm with the music. I sighed deeply as his finger tips twirled around my hard nipple but the sound was inaudible over the loud music. With Paul fondling my bare tit I couldn’t pretend not to notice I was exposed as I had done when flashing earlier. The way he was touching me felt so good, and it was so extremely erotic to have him exposing me in public that I didn’t offer any objection.

His hand left my breast and moved directly to below my waist where his fingers flicked briefly over my slit before reaching deeper into my crotch. He worked his finger between my labia and began exploring the inner folds of my pussy, causing me to whimper with lust. He found my clit and twirled his finger around it, causing me to quiver with arousal. I whimpered in despair when he stopped stimulating my clit but moaned with pleasure when he squeezed two fingers deep into my soaking wet pussy. As he slowly pumped his fingers into me he brought his mouth to my ear and told me to open my eyes. I did as he requested and gazed at the mischievous expression on his face. Paul’s eyes shifted to the side, then back to my eyes, causing me to glance to the side also. I instantly noticed that two couples at our side were watching our lewd activities. I had become so engrossed in how Paul was arousing me that I had been oblivious to anything else around us. Without turning my head I instantly glanced in the other direction to see at least one other couple staring at us. I suddenly realized that I was no longer gyrating my body in sexy dance moves. I was unconsciously undulating my pelvis in thrusts towards Paul’s hand in a lascivious manner. I instantly froze as I became aware of how slutty my actions were. The guys to our sides all wore lustful grins on their faces while the girls were giggling or laughing out loud at us. I was instantly embarrassed and a warm tingling sensation sweep over me as felt my entire body blushing. I whimpered to Paul “No, stop.” but I doubt if he heard me over the music. His fingers continued to wiggle around inside of me as he slowly pumped them in and out of my pussy. I pressed my body tightly against his and dug my fingernails into his shoulder as my body quivered with arousal. The couples watching us couldn’t actually see him masturbating me but from the placement and movement of his hand it was obvious what was happening. When he failed to stop stimulating me I regretted ever confessing to him that I had fantasies of forced public nudity. It was a fantasy that I found very arousing but one that I didn’t really want to come true in real life.

As Paul continued to very effectively masturbate me my humiliation gave way to the overpowering arousal he was stirring up inside of me. The blush of embarrassment surely turned to the flush of excitement as I gradually surrendered to the pleasure of the public masturbation. With our bodies pressed tightly together I could feel his erection brushing my hip off to the side of his wrist. Without thinking I reached down to grasp his cock through his undies and began stroking it. In performing that move I turned slightly to the side which gave our audience a better view of what we were doing. Though our hands in each other’s crotches shielded my pussy from view, it was much more clear what we were doing to each other. In an effort to conceal our actions I raised my leg to wrap it around his leg. The move spread my legs wider apart and Paul took full advantage of the situation. He removed his fingers from my pussy and I felt my juices trickling down my inner thigh. Paul immediately worked three fingers back into my hungry vagina.

We were going at it so hot and heavy I’m sure we would have continued to climax had we not heard a girl scream “What a disgusting ho!” We had obviously offended somebody which caused my embarrassment to return. I immediately lowered my leg from around his, and took half a step back as I tried to pull his hand out of my crotch. He kept his hand firmly imbedded in my crotch forcing me to squirm in an attempt to separate us from each other. As I struggled with Paul I suddenly became aware that I was not bumping into anybody. People had been crowded elbow to elbow on the dance floor and were constantly bumping each other. I looked around to see that the people around us had pushed back into the crowd until there was nobody within a foot to a foot and a half from us. That wasn’t a very wide gap, but it was enough that people could stand back a little to get a better view of us. I had thought my lower body was somewhat obscured from view in the dense crowd but those immediately around us had a very good view of my totally bare ass. Instead of just three couples watching us we were on display to more than half a dozen couples that surrounded us. I twisted violently and was able to free Paul’s hand from my pussy. Maybe that was a mistake because my g-string was down about mid thigh leaving my slit clearly on display to the few people around us. I quickly grabbed the g-string to pull it up and smiled sheepishly as most of the people around us roared with laughter. I couldn’t help laughing myself as I threw my arms around Paul’s neck and suggested “I need a drink.” He seemed hesitant so I took his hand and proceeded to lead him off of the dance floor.

It was slow moving through the crowd and occasionally Paul pushed up against me and I felt the bulge in his underwear pressing against my butt. I then realized why he wanted me to lead the way. He still had an erection and he wanted to hide it behind my body. His erection was arranged in an upward position so it only somewhat tented his undies, but it was still a very obvious fully erect bulge in his shorts. When we reached the edge of the dance floor I decided to have some fun with him. I tried to stay a step or so ahead of him so people could see the hard bulge in his undies. I thought that was fair play for what he had done to me on the dance floor. Don’t get me wrong. What occurred on the dance floor was somewhat embarrassing for me, but it was also very exciting and extremely erotic. I was very glad that he had stretched my limits to expose me and finger fucked me on the dance floor. But I was in a playful mood and wanted to return the favor. As we passed by the tables some girls gasped and giggled as they stared at Paul’s crotch. I noticed that a lot of guys were leering at me with lewd grins on their faces. I wondered if we had been more visible on the dance floor than I thought possible. We were almost to the crowd at the bar when I realized the guys were all staring at my bare tit. I had been so concerned with covering my pussy that I had totally neglected to pull the strap back up onto my shoulder to cover my upper body. I quickly spun around to press my body against Paul, concealing my bare tit and the bulge in his shorts. I was shaking with laughter as I exclaimed “Why didn’t you tell me my boob was still hanging out?” Paul pulled me into his arms and shrugged “I thought you knew and were wanting to show it off.” That was actually a legitimate explanation since Paul is fully aware of my exhibitionistic tendencies.

Paul pulled the strap up onto my shoulder and I gave him a quick kiss on the lips before turning towards the bar. Paul stood behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist, pressing his hard cock against my ass to keep the bulge in his undies concealed. It was difficult to get close enough to the bar to get served so we decided to head for the upstairs bar. As we waded through the crowd we stayed in the position with Paul pressed up behind me. With each step his hard cock rubbed against my ass crack and I enjoyed the sensation.

The upstairs room wasn’t as crowded as the pajama party but there was a moderate sized crowd there. All the tables were occupied but there were lots of empty chairs at some of the tables. We didn’t want to intrude on anybody’s privacy to share a table so we headed for the bar. There was only one open stool at the bar which Paul gave to me while he stood next to me. I sat sideways to the bar so I could face my date while he stood facing the bar in order to hide his erection. I teased him mercilessly by saying things like “Why won’t you face me sweetie?…. Turn towards me so I can see your pretty eyes….. Are you trying to ignore me?” I was laughing the whole time because I knew the real reason he wouldn’t turn towards me. He would turn his head towards me when he spoke but would not turn his body. I was having a blast teasing him and I was also aware that we were drawing a lot of attention which also pleased me. We were the only two people in the room who were dressed for the pajama party. Even with Paul facing the bar his ass looked really cute in the snug boxers, and I had my entire legs and half my ass on display. We were drawing the attention of both men and women in the room.

We were on our second drink before Paul finally turned to face me. His erection had softened some so it didn’t tent his shorts any, but I could still see the form of his semi hard cock under the form fitting undies. (Is there a male equivalent of the term ‘camel toe?’) We were laughing and flirting heavily while teasing each other about exposing ourselves. Paul reached out to gently stroke my cheek as he asked “Truce?“ (a truce to exposing each other.) I flirtingly responded “Mmmmmaybe.“ He lowered his hand to push the strap off my shoulder, causing my nighty to fall down to expose one tit. I shrieked loudly in mock surprise just to get everybody’s attention. I then reached out to slap him playfully on the chest as I exclaimed “You are rotten!” I then pulled the strap up to cover my tit, but not before I had left it intentionally on full display for three of four seconds during the exchange.

We eventually headed back to the pajama party with yet another drink. We took a position standing against a wall at the perimeter of the activity and just watched people as we sipped our drinks. Paul stood behind me with his arms around my waist while I moved in mild dance movements which caused my ass to rub against him. It didn’t take long before I felt the bulge in his shorts start to grow again. I began pressing my ass back against him as I gyrated my hips while he thrust his pelvis towards me. It was fun to be so naughty in public, and in the dark room the true intention of our actions wasn’t real noticeable. Paul was soon humping his fully erect cock against my ass as I gyrated seductively against it. I then heard him moan as he held me tight and pressed his bulge firmly against my ass while he orgasmed. Luck for me his cum was contained within his undies so he didn’t cum all over my backside. However, I did feel some dampness as his cum soaked through his undies. Lucky for him he was wearing black undies so the wet spot didn’t show too much. He headed for the bathroom to clean himself up and it wasn’t long before a stranger asked me to dance.

Though I was showing quite a bit of skin, my flashing on the dance floor was only observed by a few people directly next to me. There were plenty of other girls who were dressed provocatively and one in particular who caught everybody’s attention. I later learned that her name was Joann. She was probably in her late twenties, had beautiful long auburn hair, pretty face, and perfectly hot body. She was so gorgeous that the rest of us paled in comparison. She was wearing a slinky nightgown in a shimmering silver color that flowed over her body to accentuate her sexy curves. The gown had spaghetti straps and showed some cleavage as well as clearly displaying her protruding nipples against the thin fabric. The gown also featured a long slit up one side to high on her hip so one shapely bare leg was always visible. She was so stunning that she could have been a super model and every guy in the place was lusting after her. She was extremely hot and she knew it. She was constantly moving about the room to maximize her visibility and whenever she was standing still there seemed to be a small group of guys gathered around her to cater to her wishes. She was by far garnering the most attention of any girl in the place and I was envious of her beauty. But I was getting my fair share of attention so I wasn’t jealous, just envious. I was having far too much fun to harbor any ill feelings towards anybody. I mention Joann now because she fits into the story soon.

As closing time drew near there was still a good crowd in the bar but the dance floor cleared out some. With the dance floor no longer crowded my skimpy attire was much more visible and I loved the attention I was attracting. When they announced last call they turned up the bright house lights to fully illuminate the dance floor. I was delighted with the bright lights because it allowed people to clearly see the sheerness of the lace trim on my nighty. Though I didn’t flash my tits at that time I know my twisting dance moves were causing the nighty to shift and provide nip slips through the lace trim. I was having an absolute blast dancing with a stranger when Paul approached me and informed me that our friends were ready to leave. I resisted leaving because I was having too much fun showing off. With last call just being called the bar would be open for several more minutes. Most bars allow their customers to hang around for a half hour or so after closing before insisting that they leave. That meant I had close to an hour to show off my body more clearly in the brightly lighted and less crowded bar. I had a good buzz going and I wanted to take full advantage of the opportunity for exhibitionism. I knew I could convince our friends to stay a while longer. All I had to do was let the strap fall off my shoulder to expose my tit. I knew they wouldn’t deny my request to stay while they were staring at my bare tit. Unfortunately I didn’t get the opportunity to bribe them with nudity. Paul informed me that the guys had already gone to the car to warm it up for us.

I’d had a great time drinking, dancing and showing off so it didn’t bother me that much when I had to resign myself to leaving the bar. We went to the upstairs bar and waited at the entrance for the guys to pull the car around for us. The upstairs bar had cleared out a lot but there were still quite a few stragglers finishing their drinks. While we waited for our ride we stood at the main entrance with our arms around each other’s waists and our backs to the room which allowed my half exposed ass to be on display. I lowered my hand from Paul’s waist to gently caress his ass cheeks as I whimpered “I hate to leave just when it was getting easier to show off my body parts.“ He took the cue to lower his hand to caress my ass cheeks. We fondled each others asses for several seconds with his hand sometimes pushing my nighty up to expose my entire ass. Eventually he raised his hand back up to my waist, pulling the nighty up with it to keep my bare ass fully exposed to everybody in the bar. I was delighted and excited with the additional exposure. I guess I was intoxicated enough that I wasn’t even nervous about the exposure. I wasn’t even worried about getting in trouble for exposing myself. I thought the worst that could happen was to get thrown out of the bar and we were leaving anyway. In a taunting tone of voice I said “Is that all you got?” Paul responded to the challenge by reaching his free hand across my body and inside the cup of my nighty to fondle my tit. With our backs to the bar room nobody could see what he was doing but it was still extremely exciting for me to have him touching me intimately in public. His fingers twirled around my hard nipple as he sneered “Enough?” I just whimpered with arousal in response. I didn’t want to say ‘yes’ but I was afraid to say ‘no.’ He must have interpreted my lack of response as permission to continue undressing me. His hand on my waist slipped into the waist band of my g-string and pushed it down entirely off of my one hip. My body quivered with excitement as I recalled how he had pulled down my g-string and finger fucked me on the dance floor. Certainly he wouldn’t try the same thing here where we were much more visible. I surrendered myself to his will, allowing him to take the next step or not, while I was consumed with a combination of nervousness, arousal, fear that he would undress me further and hopeful that he would. I didn’t get to find out how far he intended to go because Greg’s car pulled up in front of the bar and we dashed out into the cold winter air half dressed.

When I dove into the back seat of the car I was shocked to find an additional passenger. The hottie, Joann, was sitting next to Chris in the back seat. I was absolutely stunned that Chris had been able to pick up Joann. She was by far the hottest girl at the bar and was out of everybody’s league. She could have had any guy she wanted so I didn’t understand why she chose Chris. Chris is ten years younger than Joann and in my opinion he is average looking and very immature. I guess I will never understand that mystery.

There was not room for four people to sit in the back seat of the small car, plus my coat and Paul’s outer clothing were pushed to the side of the seat so there was no place for even one person to sit down. I stood on the floor boards half crouched, half stooped over as I gathered up the clothes and clutched them to my chest. As Paul climbed into the car I had trouble keeping my balance and tumbled against Joann a little. Instead of helping me to regain my balance she acted annoyed and shoved me away. Once Paul was seated I sat down on his lap and tried to extend my legs across the other passengers. The entire procedure was awkward and clumsy for everybody and we were all laughing except for Joann who glared at me as if I was invading her space. She tried to push my legs off of her lap but there was no place for them to go beyond her knees. I ignored her since I was actually having too much fun to be aggravated by her.

The car door had been open the entire time we tried to get situated in the back seat so any pre-warming of the car was negated. I still had the jumbled mess of clothes in my arms so I tried to hand them off to Jenna so I could straighten my coat out to cover me. She immediately shoved the clothes back into my chest which started to piss me off. I avoided any confrontation with her and pushed the entire pile of clothes past her to Chris. Chris accepted the clothing which allowed me to grab the collar of my coat and tug on it to untangle it from the pile. It took a few seconds to secure my coat which I immediately pulled up to my neck to warm myself. I felt Paul’s hand press into my crotch and I remembered that my g-string was still down off of one hip. I was pretty sure that my pussy hadn’t been on display while we got situated in the seat since I had been in a crouched position and holding the loose clothes most of the time.

On the short ride home Paul and I made out passionately with him fondling my tits and fingering my pussy, but nobody knew what we were doing with my coat covering us. When we got home I continued to clutch the coat to my neck as I climbed out of the car and dashed through the cold winter air and into Paul’s apartment. With my back to the others I tossed my coat on a chair and pulled up my g-string.

**Public Pajama Party (part 2)**

As soon as we arrived at the guys’ apartment Jay sat in the easy chair and began rolling joints to cap off our night. The rest of us took positions around him that facilitated passing the weed. Paul, Chris and Joann started to sit on the couch until Joann made a big fuss about not wanting to sit on a stained cushion. Chris traded places with her and the problem was solved. The couch sits three people comfortably but you can squeeze four people onto it. Paul asked me to sit next to him but I declined. By now Joann was starting to annoy me and I knew if I squeezed onto the couch and invaded her space she wouldn‘t be happy. I was tempted to sit on the couch just to piss her off but I took the high road and said “That’s OK, I don’t mind sitting on the floor.” I kicked off my heals and sat down on the floor with my legs tucked up beside me. By cheerfully accepting a subservient position I was actually accentuating the contrast between Joann’s and my personalities. I took the roll of the wholesome earthy barefoot girl that didn’t mind sitting on the floor, which made her look more like a prissy bitch for complaining about sitting on the old stained sofa. (OK, maybe flashing my T&A all night wasn’t wholesome, but at that moment I know I displayed more exemplary behavior than she.) Paul joined me on the floor and Greg took Paul’s place on the couch which made a circle convenient for passing the joints.

When we started smoking the weed Chris and Jenna were constantly whispering to each other. They only took a few hits before heading off to the bedroom. The conversation quickly turned to the couple who had just left us. Gregg and Jay were just as astonished as I was as to how Chris had managed to pick up the hottie. Paul was the only one of us who didn’t act surprised and he seemed to be very proud of his brother for scoring big.

We were all drunk and feeling jovial, including our ‘designated driver,‘ Greg. The subject of conversation soon turned towards me as the guys boldly teased me about what a shameless skank I had been by exposing my T&A repeatedly at the bar. I never expected the guys to approach the subject so openly and I know it made me blush. I pleaded innocence and claimed the exposure was accidental. Jay laughed and said “Yeah, right. You didn’t know your butt was hanging out in that skimpy nighty.“ I had to confess “Well, yeah, but that’s not showing anything more than my thong bikini in the summer.” I insisted that the boob flashes were accidental but the guys were skeptical. I laughed as I proclaimed “I couldn’t help it, this nighty just keeps falling off.” As I spoke I rolled my shoulders and twisted my body as I leaned to the side, causing the strap to fall off my shoulder and again expose my tit. The flash was intentional but I made it look accidental to demonstrate how easily the nighty could expose me. I quickly covered up as we all laughed at the quick flash. Even after covering up, Jay and Greg both kept staring at my chest. I think my nipple was probably visible through the lace trim of the garment which kept the guys focused on my boobs. I pretended not to notice the guys ogling me so I could keep my nipple exposed and enjoy the thrill it gave me.

The conversation drifted off onto several different tangents for a while until Gregg and Jay got the munchies and headed to the kitchen. Paul and I moved to the couch and started making out. His hands were all over me, fondling my boobs inside the nighty and trying to undress me. He shares a bedroom with his brother and since Chris and Joann were in the bedroom we had no where to go for privacy. A couple of times I interrupted our passion to suggest we go upstairs to my apartment. But, Paul ignored the offer and kept on being very aggressive in making out with me. He was still in his underwear so I don’t know if he just didn’t want to bother getting dressed to go outside or what. It wasn’t long before he tried to pull my g-string down and I was having trouble stopping him. I love to show off but taking a chance of getting caught fucking on the couch was more than I was willing to risk. In order to prevent him from removing my g-string I shifted position and climbed on top of him to straddle his lap. That still didn’t stop him from trying to disrobe me. He pulled the back of my g-string down entirely off of my ass before his attempt stalled. He then concentrated on the front of my body by pushing the front of the g-string to the side in order to give him access to my pussy. He worked his finger into my slit and I loved the sensations he was creating in me but I knew this action was also too risky with two guys in the next room. I pressed my crotch firmly against his lap to prevent him from achieving deeper penetration and he responded my raising his hands to push my nighty up so he could fondle my bare tits. I proceeded to give him a very crude and basic lap dance which was nothing more than us dry humping each other. I ground my crotch against the bulge in his undies as he thrust his bulge up against my pussy lips.

We were going at it hot and heavy until I heard a voice behind me exclaim “Holy shit!” I spun my head around to see Chris staring at us while wearing nothing but his tighty whities. I then noticed Jay and Gregg standing in the doorway to the kitchen ogling us with huge grins on their faces. It was obvious that Chris had just walked in on us but I got the impression that the other two guys might have been watching us for a while. I was surprised to find we were no longer alone and even more startled when Paul leaned forward and I felt myself falling backward from his lap. I threw my arms around his neck and clung tightly to him, trapping my nighty up above my bare boobs as I pressed my chest against his. Paul continued to lean forward and shift his position until his legs were centered beneath him. He then cupped his hands over my ass cheeks and rose up from the couch. With his hands supporting my ass I couldn’t slide my feet down to the floor so I wrapped my legs around him as he slowly walked towards the bedroom. My ass was on full display to the guys but I wasn’t too concerned about that since it had been mostly exposed all night long. However I did wonder if my pussy was also on display from behind since the g-string was pulled down and to the side and my legs were spread wide apart to wrap around Paul. The doubts about my exposure were soon answered when I felt one of the guys reach into my crotch from behind and run his fingers gently over my lips. I squealed in shock as the guys all laughed and Chris drunkenly proclaimed “That’s the only part of her we haven’t seen tonight.” I don’t know which guy touched me but I assume it was Chris due to his comment and because he was the only one I thought was impertinent enough to molest me. I didn’t appreciate Chris taking advantage of me but I couldn’t help but shake with persistent giggles at the odd circumstances. With the nighty trapped above my chest the sides of my boobs were visible along with my ass and pussy. I might as well have allowed Paul to strip me naked while we were on the couch. Paul seemed to be enjoying my humorous humiliation and delayed our progress towards the bedroom. Chris continued to tease my lips as he brought his other hand up to fondle the exposed outside of my tit, saying “ Wanted to touch these cookies every time they popped out tonight.” It suddenly occurred to me that Paul didn’t know how intimately his brother was touching my pussy. I gasped “He’s trying to finger fuck me!” Paul exclaimed “Hey now! I didn’t ask to share your woman.” Chris backed off and crooned “Oooooooh…” We then continued our trek into the bedroom where we found Joann still laying on Chris’s bed.

We were both in a very playful giddy mood and totally ignored the girl. Paul set me down on his bed and immediately pulled my nighty top off. He then pulled his t-shirt off as I reached for his undies. Before I could pull his undies down he roughly pushed me back on the bed, grabbed my g-string and pulled it off. He then dove onto the bed and buried his face in my crotch. At that point I was relieved to be away from the other guys and finally in the bedroom, and I was delighted with the sexual activity we were engaging in. I was having so much fun that I didn’t worry about Joann still being in the room with us. I assumed she would be decent enough to allow us some privacy or she might be embarrassed by our action and leave the room. As Paul proceeded to tongue my pussy I became so enveloped with pleasure that I wasn’t concerned with Joann.

I had been enjoying varying states of arousal all night long so it didn’t take long for me to reach a hightened state of sexual excitement. I was very vocal and physical in informing Paul how appreciative I was with his performance. I writhed on the bed squealing and moaning as I directed him “Oh yes… that’s it… mmmm… right there… oooooh… don’t stop….” Within a few minutes he had me on the verge of orgasm. I’m sure he could tell how hot and ready I was due to how wet my pussy was and the way I was gyrating on the bed. I was just about to cum when he raised his head and started to move up my body. I screamed “NO!” and threw my hands to the back of his head to force his face back into my crotch. He willfully resumed tonguing my pussy for several seconds then brought his tongue up to twirl it around my clit. A squealing gasp escaped my lips as my body quivered in orgasmic spasms. I was just beginning to cum when Paul again rose up from my crotch. Before I could even react he had moved up my body and hooked his arms under my legs to spread them wide apart as he raised them up into the air. In an almost automatic reflex I reached down between my legs to grasp his cock. I was a little surprised to find him already rock hard without me performing any foreplay on him. Without hesitation I grasped his cock and guided it towards my soaking wet pussy. I moaned with pleasure as he slowly but effortlessly slid his manhood into my eagerly waiting love canal. He began pumping into me slowly at first until I begged him in gasping whispers “Faster… harder…“ The orally produced orgasm had begun to subside almost before it began and I desperately wanted it to resume. Paul roughly pounded his hard penis deep into me in steady rhythmic fashion, causing me to squeal softly with each thrust. I begged him “Harder… faster… faster…“ but he continued the steady pace. It felt delightfully exquisite to feel his cock sliding in and out of me, driving me crazy by keeping me on the verge of orgasm. The pleasure was intense but I knew it could be so much better with just a little more of the right kind of effort.

I thought I was becoming a bit delirious as it seemed like my slight squeals and gasps were echoing in my head. I gradually became conscious that the echoes weren’t in the right rhythm which seemed to stir my curiosity. My conscious thought became slightly more clear until I realized the echos were not coming from me. There were other people in the room. I couldn’t see very well in the unlighted room but I could make out shadows and silhouettes in the darkness. It was suddenly obvious that Chris and Joann were fucking in the other bed, I was initially stunned that our privacy had been violated. I then became disturbed that our sexual activities might be observed by the other couple. For just an instant I felt the need to stop our activity and cover up. Almost immediately I realized that wasn’t possible. With my body bent in half with my legs over my head and Paul hovering over me I was helpless to move. I then became a bit angry with the other couple for not giving us the privacy we had given them during their first sexual encounter. None of the emotions of surprise, shame, anger lasted more than a second or two as the pleasure Paul was creating in me distracted me from any ill feelings. The sweet feeling of vulnerability swept over me as I surrendered to the circumstances. As Paul continued to fuck me I squealed a bit louder than was automatic just to drown out the sounds of the other couple.

After the initial distraction of the intrusion it didn’t take long to regain the level of arousal I had been enjoying. Since Paul had already cum once that night (in his shorts at the bar) he seemed to last forever during the current session. Eventually he responded to my pleading of “Faster…. Harder….” He gradually increased the tempo of his thrusts until I was so enthralled with the activity that I was no longer even aware of anybody else in the room. The intensity of my arousal grew stronger and stronger until my orgasms exploded inside of me. Wave after wave of gratifying pleasure swept through my body in a seemingly never ending stream of orgasms. It seemed like I was cumming for an eternity until I became aware of an additional gush of warm cum flooding my already soaked pussy. Ooops… things had progressed in such a passionate flow of events that we had neglected to use a condom. Oh god, how great it felt to experience his warm cum inside of me and trickling out of my pussy and running over my asshole. He continued to thrust his cock into me a few more times before unhooking his arms from my legs and collapsing beside me. My body continued to convulse in spasms of lust as my orgasms continued for a short time. My orgasms eventually subsided to occasional aftershocks causing mild quivers throughout my body.

It took us a few minutes to catch our breaths and for our heartbeats to return to a normal rate. We gently kissed and caressed each other as we enjoyed the afterglow of our accomplishment. While we lay in each other’s arms we listened to the wet slapping of bodies in the next bed, Joann’s soft squeals, and Chris’s rhythmic grunts. I was no longer alarmed nor upset with the presence of the other couple. Paul and I whispered between ourselves and giggled at the sounds of sex coming through the darkness in the room. The other couple finished their sexual encounter shortly after ours. They then proceeded to talk in soft voices that were louder than a whisper. They seemed to forget there were other people in the room. We could clearly hear every word they spoke and the silly terms of endearment they exchanged. Paul and I were both shaking as we tried to stifle our laughter. Eventually I couldn’t contain myself any longer and giggled out loud. The other couple immediately fell silent and you could almost feel the tension in the air. It was obvious that they weren’t pleased with being laughed at but I was feeling so relaxed and sexually satisfied that I didn’t care.

Paul soon fell to sleep and not hearing a peep from the other bed I assumed the other couple had also drifted off to sleep. I should have been exhausted from the energetic sex, but it actually exhilarated me and I didn’t feel the least bit sleepy. Quite a long time passed with me just enjoying cuddling in Paul’s limp arms until I was certain the others were also asleep. I wanted to get up to clean my pussy, and also drink some water to hydrate myself to avoid hangover symptoms in the morning.

I couldn’t find my baby doll nighty in the dark so I made my way to the door in the nude. I opened the door enough to see the rest of the apartment was dark and silent, indicating everybody had gone to bed. I made my way to the bathroom where I cleaned up, then headed for the kitchen in the dark. When I got to the kitchen I turned on the lights so I could find my way around. There was an open box of crackers on the table so I nippled on them as I downed a couple of tall glasses of water to prevent dehydration from the alcohol I had consumed. While I lingered in the kitchen I was amused by the fact that I was buck naked in the guys’ apartment while they all slept. It was mildly exciting to think I might get caught if anybody got up for some reason. Since everybody had probably gone to bed an hour or so ago I wasn’t too worried about them waking up this soon. However it was still a bit titillating to imagine I might get caught. I tarried in the kitchen for quite a while to enjoy the mild risk I was taking.

I finally headed back towards the bedroom but when I got to the kitchen doorway I froze in my tracks. The light from the kitchen shed enough indirect light into the living room for me to see a body laying on the couch. A panic swept through my body which disabled me from moving for a few seconds. When I recovered from the initial shock I noticed the fully clothed body was Greg who apparently was spending the night rather than drive home. He was totally still and I could hear his deep steady breathing which indicated he was asleep. I breathed a sigh of relief then giggled to myself about the scare he had given me. The titillating sensation of roaming the apartment in the nude returned a bit stronger than before since the risk seemed a bit stronger now. The risk taking was fun and seeing Greg on the couch had startled me to a kind of exhilarating high.

In the dim light I noticed the ashtray on the end table had a good sized roach on it that was left over from when we had been toking before. Wanting to prolong my daring adventure I curled up in the easy chair with my legs pulled up next to me and fired up the partial joint. The chair was positioned perpendicular to the couch so I could watch Greg sleeping. Of course if he woke up he would see me too, but that was the fun of taking the risk. I took a few hits off the joint then put it back in the ashtray. I proceeded to stare into space and let my mind wander in stoned tangents. I don’t know how long my mind got lost in stoned thoughts before I realized I was absent mindedly twirling my finger around my hard nipple. OMG, I couldn’t believe I was getting aroused again. The sex with Paul had been amazingly satisfying so it was unbelievable that I was getting even mildly excited again.

I stopped playing with myself long enough to decide I needed to increase the risk I was taking. I fired up the roach again then got up from the chair to stand over Greg. I leaned over close to his head and gently exhaled the marijuana smoke into his face. I thought his head moved a bit but it might have been my imagination. I took another deep hit and held it in as long as I could, then with my face just inches away from his I slowly exhaled

the smoke into his face again. My heart jumped into my throat when his head moved slightly and he smacked is lips a little. When he didn’t stir further I breathed a sigh of relief and returned to the easy chair where I took a final hit before putting the roach back in the ash tray. The risk of waking Greg was titillating and I wanted the sensation to continue. I draped one leg over the arm of the easy chair to spread my legs wide then proceeded to touch myself erotically. I gently fingered my lips and clit with one hand while I teased my nipples with the other. I played with my body for quite a while which slowly aroused my desires. However after the crazy sex with Paul, the self gratification wasn’t quite as satisfying. I would much rather fuck Paul again than masturbate. I stopped touching myself and imagined scenarios where the guys would catch me masturbating in the nude.

I don’t know how long I let my mind wander before my head nodded down and I jerked it back up to realize I had briefly drifted off to sleep. I giggled to myself as I imagined falling asleep in the chair naked and spread wide open to be found in morning by the guys. It was definitely time to head back to bed before I did do something stupid. I took one last risk and kissed Greg gently on the cheek which didn’t awaken him. Then I headed back to bed where I quickly fell asleep curled up next to Paul.

I awoke to find myself alone in the bedroom. I had fallen asleep a couple hours later than everybody else so it was natural that I would sleep later also. In the sober light of day it seemed like modesty was more appropriate than the night before. Paul’s clothes from the night before had been brought in from the car and were piled on the floor in a corner of the room. My short robe was mixed in with his clothing on the floor. The robe covered more than the skimpy nighty so I put it on with nothing underneath then ventured out into the apartment. Paul and Jay were in the living room watching SportsCenter. Gregg was gone and Chris had apparently left to take Joann home. I was starving and asked what the guys had to eat. It was a rhetorical question because I knew their cupboards were not usually well stocked. I told them if they went for supplies I would cook them breakfast so the guys headed across the street to the convenience store. While they were gone I began feeling a bit frisky so I pulled the top of my robe open enough to show some cleavage. The guys returned with eggs, milk and bread so I proceeded to make a simple breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast.

While we were eating Chris returned and all the guys were exceptionally congratulatory towards him for scoring with the hottest babe in the bar last night. The male bonding ritual was kind of gross and immature to my way of thinking but I kept silent and tolerated it. The guys asked Chris all sorts of personal intimate questions about Joann as if they were living vicariously through his actions with her. Chris admitted that she was a great lay but had a terrible bitchy personality. I was pleased to hear that as I had taken a bit of a dislike towards her. However Chris said she was so smokin that he would definitely be fucking her again. Somebody asked if she looked as good naked as she did in the slinky nightgown. Chris admitted that the night before the room had been dark and in the morning he had only gotten a quick glimpse of her in the nude but what he saw was hot. I didn’t want to defend the bitch but the objectifying of her was annoying me some. I finally spoke up to say “You guys are all dogs.“ Chris turned his attention to me and said “Now bros woman here looks damn good naked.” I assumed he was referring to the T&A I had flashed the night before. I sneered “You’ve never even seen me totally naked.” Chris countered with “Yeah? This morning Joann was curious about you and pulled your covers back to check you out. What could I do? I had to look, it’s in the man code.” The guys all laughed but I suspected he was just teasing me. I scrunched my nose up and said “Yeah right.” Chris seemed to take my attitude as a challenge to prove his statement. He said “We’ve all seen your T&A so describing that won’t prove anything. Did you guys know she is completely bald down there?” His knowledge of that didn’t prove anything, Paul could have told him that. Chris continued “You must have cleaned up after sex last night because your hootch was clean as a whistle. Not a flake of dried cum anywhere on your body.” I gasped in astonishment because there is no way he could have known that without a prolonged visual inspection of my private parts. I was stunned that Chris even mentioned seeing my naked body as I slept. Had he kept his mouth shut I never would have known that he had seen me totally naked. I instantly felt angry with Joann for taking liberties in exposing me to Chris, but at the same time I was excited that he had seen me completely naked.

My stunned reaction convinced the guys that Chris was telling the truth and they all began to tease me about the incident. Jay light heartedly insisted that since Paul and Chris had seen me naked I should show him my wares too. The guys teased me mercilessly and I felt myself blushing bright red. The night before I had willfully flashed the guys for fun, but to be taunted and coaxed to show more in the current situation was somewhat disrespectful and mildly humiliating. The guys were just having fun with me but their juvenile insistence that I full expose myself to them was a bit annoying. I decided it was a good time to make my exit.

I pretended to be angry as I went into the living room. The guys followed me and continued to tease me as I put on my heals and picked up my coat. Paul started to walk me to my apartment but I pushed him away in mock anger and said “Don’t bother.” My ploy worked to make him step back so as not to obstruct anybody’s view of me. I stood by the door as I sneered at the guys “I hope you’re all happy that it came to this.” Then I turned my back to the guys, suddenly bent over, stuck my ass out and flipped my short robe up to my waist to moon the guys. As I mooned the guys I shook my hips to wiggle my ass at them. Since I wasn’t wearing any panties the position allowed the guys to clearly see my pussy lips from behind also. The mooning was intended to be a playful show of disrespect but I also got a thrill from exposing myself to the guys and I hope they got a thrill too. I stayed exposed for four or five seconds then straightened up, threw my coat over my shoulders and fled from the apartment before the guys could stop me. I quickly ran upstairs to my apartment to end the fun night of pajama partying.

The next time I saw Paul he commented on how I had exposed my pussy while mooning them. I pretended to be shocked as if I didn’t intend and didn’t know I had been so brazenly exposed. After all a girl has to maintain at least a little perception of innocence.