**The Lingerie Party**

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It's strange how small, seemingly insignificant, events can send your life in a different direction. Over the past few months I have changed, as has my relationship with my husband, Jim. I guess it all started one Saturday when Jim, Lea (my two year old daughter) and I (Jill) were out shopping. It was a routine trip; I needed to buy some new clothes for Lea and a bra for myself. Jim wanted to keep us company and look at photographic equipment in the camera shop. After a couple of hours, we had got Lea's clothes, been to the camera shop, stopped for a coffee and were looking for bras. Well, to be more accurate, Jim was milling around the shop looking bored and somewhat uncomfortable and Lea was pulling at my trouser leg for attention while I tried to select a few bras to try on. I wasn't after anything special, just an 'everyday' bra.  
  
I selected a few, including a very pretty one that had caught my eye, and we moved to the back of the shop where there were some changing rooms. I like shopping at this store but it is quite old and the interior hasn't been refitted for a while. There are four or five changing cubicles each with a curtain for privacy. In front of the cubicles there is a small sofa where Jim decided to wait; Lea, however, wanted to come with me.  
  
Lea is going through that 'terrible two's' stage where she wants to assert her ideas and opinions. So, no sooner had I started trying on the bras, she wanted to be with Jim. Eventually, I told her to go and wait with him on the sofa outside and she slipped out. I could hear her talking with Jim as I removed the last of the everyday bras and placed it back on its hanger before taking the final bra I had selected. This one was much more special; it was made with a sheer black material embroidered with an intricate lace pattern and was more expensive than I could justify but I wanted to try it anyway. I put it on, adjusting the straps and my breasts within each cup, before looking at myself in the mirror. It was an elegant bra, which beautifully supported my breasts. I couldn't help running my fingers over then. My nipples, clearly visible through the sheer material, responded as I traced each areola. Twisting my body, I viewed them in profile, straining against the fabric. Before I got too carried away I removed the bra and replaced it on the hanger. To my horror, as I was putting my clothes on, I turned and saw that my cubicle curtain was open about five inches. Through the gap I could see Jim sat on the sofa and a man stood behind him in the doorway, both were watching me. I quickly closed the curtain and dressed, my face flushed with embarrassment. I hurriedly left shop and chastised my husband for seeing that the curtain was open but doing nothing about it. We drove home in silence.  
  
During the rest of that day, I couldn't stop thinking about what had happened; trying to remember what I had done after Lea had left the cubicle and inadvertently opened the curtain. I was certainly without my shirt for the entire period and bare chested for a lot of it. How much of me had been visible through the gap? Had they seen me rub my nipples or how erect they were when I took the bra off?  
  
Later that evening, when I was changing for bed, Jim hugged me from behind. I love it when he does this, I can feel his body pressed against my back and his strong arms wrapped around me. It feels safe and sexy. He whispered in my ear that he was sorry for not closing the curtain but he was caught up in the erotica of the situation. He said that I looked very sexy in the sheer bra and out of it. He added that he didn't think anyone else could see. His words and the kisses he was delicately placing on my neck were starting to turn me on.  
  
"Oh but they did." I whispered. "There was a man standing in the doorway, watching..."  
  
He didn't respond verbally to this, instead continuing to kiss and nibble at my ears. However, I could feel his penis twitch and stiffen.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry I didn't realise." he eventually mumbled.  
  
I took a gamble and, rubbing my bum against his groin so he knew that I was aware of his growing erection, I asked whether he was getting turned on by the thought of another man seeing my breasts.  
  
Jim froze, I think he was trying to work out the best answer.  
  
"Yes." he confessed.  
  
Surprisingly, I didn't feel angry with him for this. We have always been honest with each other, especially about our sexual desires, and each time I had replayed what happened over in my mind the embarrassment had been mixed with stronger and stronger feelings of naughtiness and arousal.  
  
"I think it turns me on as well."  
  
He slipped his hand down to my pussy, his fingers easily slipping past my lips.  
  
"I think you're right." he said, surprised to find me so wet.  
  
I was overcome with a lust to have Jim's cock inside me. We collapsed on to the bed and fucked, urgently. Then, over the next hour or so, as we sucked, licked, fingered and screwed each other, we talked about what Jim had seen and therefore what the other man would also have seen. We fantasised about doing it again. There was talk of going to a bikini shop and trying on the tiniest bikinis they have, of whether I should shave or not before modelling the outfits for Jim and anyone else in the shop and ways other people could watch me change. It turned into one of the most charged love-making sessions we have had for a long while.  
  
For the rest of the week, that evening stayed with me as a little knot of excitement in my stomach. It was there when I met with a friend, Claire, for lunch. As we chatted away about what had been going on in our lives since we last spoke, I couldn't resist telling her about my accidental exposure in the shop and confiding that, on reflection, it was quite thrilling. Although, I left out Jim's response later that evening and our subsequent fantasies. We had a good giggle about this and a story she recounted of her loosing her top while riding a tube at the water park.  
  
As we were saying goodbye, she paused and said,  
  
"Jill, you know I hold lingerie parties to earn a little extra money. I'm holding one at my house in a couple of weeks time but, unfortunately, one of the two women who usually models for me can't make it. It's possible to do the evening with one but things run a lot more smoothly when you have two. That way one can change while the other is strutting her stuff in front of the customers. How would you feel about standing in for her?"  
  
I wasn't sure what to say. I had never done anything like this before.  
  
"I don't think I'm really model material."  
  
"Nonsense" she responded. "You have a fine body and anyway my customers are ordinary people, like you and me, and much prefer to see models like themselves rather than the commercial twiglettes you see in the glossy ads. Anyway, give it some thought and let me know. I think you would find it fun."  
  
That evening, in bed, I told Jim about Claire's request. The idea of me parading in front of a room of strangers in underwear seamed to appeal greatly to him and we ended up having another delicious session of love-making.  
  
As we lay recovering, Jim asked whether I was going to help Claire out. I said I was nervous but he assured me that it would be fun.  
  
"If I did it I probably ought to trim my bush so it doesn't peak out." Jim likes me unshaven down there. He took me in his arms again.  
  
"Why don't you shave your lips as well." he whispered in my ear before sliding down my body and bringing me to climax with his tongue.  
  
The day of Claire's lingerie party arrived. I had a long bath, partly to try and calm my nerves but also so I could shave my legs and trim my bush. I took Jim at his word and shaved my labia. It has been a while since I was last bare down there and I had forgotten how good the sensation of being smooth was.  
  
I arrived at Claire's a little later than we had planned. She was in a bit of a flap, the other model had had to cancel, her husband, Mike, was still bringing boxes of lingerie in from the garage and people were already arriving for the party.  
  
"Sorry to do this to you on your first time Jill, but, if you are okay with it, we will do the show with just you. It just means you will have to change quickly." She then explained that Mike was unpacking the lingerie in their spare bedroom. He would provide me with the items in the right order and then I could go and change into them in their bedroom before coming down and modelling it for the customers.  
  
"That sounds fine." I said trying to calm her.  
  
"Here, lets have a quick glass of wine before we get started." Claire said, handing me a large glass.  
  
As we stood drinking, I noticed that, as well as the women that were taking their seats either side of the cat-walk shaped space that had been left in the middle of their living room, a number of men were also sitting down. I mentioned this to Claire.  
  
"Oh, I don't stop husbands and boy friends from coming; after all, it is usually them signing the cheque and benefiting from the products." she smiled "It's not a problem is it?"  
  
"No." I replied weakly, the knot in my stomach tightened.  
  
"Okay, I think everyone is here. Shall we make a start? Go and find Mike upstairs and he will give you the first outfit."  
  
As I entered the spare room, Mike appeared from behind a stack of boxes.  
  
"Hi Jill, I'm so glad you're helping us out. I take it that Claire has explained that we are not as organised as we usually are for these events. Anyway, if you give me your measurements, I will start getting the clothes out for you."  
  
Mike jotted down my vital statistics on a scrap of paper and then retrieved a set of silk pyjamas and matching robe.  
  
"Here you go. You can change in our bedroom down the corridor."  
  
I shut the bedroom door, stripped and put on the pyjamas and robe. Both were of a cream silk with hundreds of tiny hearts all over. As I passed the spare room on my way downstairs, Mike called out to me.  
  
"Is that a good fit?"  
  
"Fine thanks." I replied.  
  
"Okay, I think Claire is ready for you. Just walk down the stairs, wait at the bottom while Claire describes the item then walk down the stage area and back, remove the robe and walk again. Then come back here as quick as possible to collect the next items."  
  
I could feel my unrestrained breast bounce with each step I took down the stairs, my nipples tightening as they rubbed against the cool fabric. As I entered the room it fell silent. Claire smiled at me and started to describe the outfit and then I was walking through the room, all eyes on me. Before I knew it I was hurrying up the stairs and collecting the next outfit from Mike.  
  
In the bedroom, I discovered it was a red nightdress in a sort of light velvety material with what looked like wide transparent bands in it. When it was on, it hugged my figure and I realised that it, in fact, had two stripes of transparent material; one that started at the back and one at the front. Both spiralled around the body like a candy-cane or barber's pole. Each band clipping the underside of a breast before continuing to the hem. The spirals were arranged in such a way that my decency was preserved but it was very plain that I was naked beneath the dress.  
  
I caught Mike eyeing my breasts when I returned the previous outfit; soon, there was a room full of people doing the same.  
  
The next outfit was another nightdress. White, this time, in two pieces; a pair of thin panties and an equally thin gown. The lacy top supported my breasts with therest of the gown hanging beneath it. A split up the front meant that, while standing still, I was covered. However, as I moved this split opened, revealing my naked stomach and legs and the dark shadow of bush through the panties.  
  
As I walked into the spare bedroom, Mike's eyes went straight to my crotch. I could feel the fabric of the gown brushing my outer thighs. It was open and he was therefore now looking at the outline of my bush. A thrill went through my body. I handed him the red nightdress and went downstairs.  
  
This item concluded the night attire section of the show and we moved on to the bra and panty sets. My initial nerves had gone, replaced by arousal. This series of clothes started with boy shorts and progressed; each item getting smaller and smaller and thus showing more and more of my body to the audience and also to Mike. After modelling each set, I returned to the room where Mike was. As I crossed the room it was obvious he was checking me out. I watched the route his eyes made over my body, imagining what he could see. He was seeing no more than those gathered in the other room had just seen but this was different, I knew him and we were alone. Being exposed in front of the audience was thrilling but doing the same in front of Mike felt wickedly sexy.  
  
I slipped into the next outfit. It was a sheer high cut thong in black with a quarter cup bra. I looked at myself in the mirror, up to this point the outfits had covered my breasts and pussy, perhaps only slightly but they were covered. There was no avoiding it, with this outfit my nipples and most of breast were on display and, due to the transparency of the panties, so were my hairless labia. I took a deep breath and set off to expose myself to everyone.  
  
Eyes darted to and fro between my breasts and pussy. By this stage I was feeling very horny and hoped that I wasn't creating a wet spot on the panties. As I walked back towards the stairs I even caught Claire looking. As I reached the top of the stairs I heard her announce to the audience that there were just two more items to show and that these came from the more risqué section of the catalogue.  
  
Like the others, Mike's eyes were all over my body as I entered the spare room. I purposefully stood with my legs slightly parted to allow him the chance to see as much of my pussy as the panties permitted. He passed me the next outfit and, as he did so, I thought I detected the beginnings of a bulge in his trousers. What he had handed me was a pair of crotchless panties and a peekaboo bra. In front of the mirror I could see that the bra covered more of me than the last. However, my nipples were escaping from vertical cuts in each of the the bra cups. The panties were a different story; a slit in them ran from above my clit to beyond my anus. My inner labia are quiet fleshy and protrude, not least when aroused, and now they were clearly protruding beyond the fabric. Before leaving the bedroom, I ran a finger along the length of the my pussy, fluffing up my lips and making them glisten with my own wetness.  
  
As I walked up and down the living room, it would have been entirely obvious to all those present that these were crotchless panties. However, before leaving, I decided to pause at the base of the stairs and lift one leg up on to the steps. This had the effect of opening up the slit in the panties and my pussy for all to see. After holding this pose for a short while, I returned to Mike, my heart thumping.  
  
Mike was pleased to see me and I again stood with my legs slightly parted for his benefit. He handed me a bundle of rubber with what looked like a tube of toothpaste. There was a definite stiffness in he trousers and it was growing.  
  
"It goes on the inside" he said with a smile.  
  
I wasn't sure what he meant but rushed off to change. When I got into the bedroom and unravelled the costume it became clear; I was holding a rubber bra and panties and a small tube of lubricant. The lubricant was apparently for the rubber dildo that was attached to the crotch of the panties. My heart began to thump hard. I didn't have time to think; outside, everyone was waiting to see the next item. I stripped and pulled on the top. The material squeezed my breasts creating a pleasant sensation. I picked up the panties stepped into them brought the head of the dildo up to my pussy. This was a new experience. I don't own a dildo, having always been happy using my fingers when I needed release. I rubbed its tip along the length of my pussy before inserting it. I was surprised how wet I was and, as a result, how easily it slid in. I pulled the rest of the panties into position; their elasticity held the dildo firmly inside me and felt as though it was compressing my whole pussy around it. It was a novel but delightful feeling of fullness. I picked up the lingerie from the last set and placed the unopened tube of lube on top. After taking a couple of steps down the corridor I realised it was going to require a great deal of concentration not to collapse with an orgasm during my cat walk. The plastic phallus within me seamed to stay still while my whole pussy rotated this way and then that around it with each stride. I swear I could feel each of the vein like ridges moulded onto its shaft. I handed the clothes to Mike, secretly hoping that he would see that the tube of lube was unopened.  
  
"Good fit?" he enquired with a wry smile.  
  
"Yes, very." I replied in a slightly more wavering voice than I had wanted.  
  
As I stepped into the sitting room, Claire smiled and introduced the clothes.  
  
"In our final ensemble for tonight, Jill is wearing a new addition to the range, a matching latex bra and panty set in black, although it is also available in red."  
  
I was mid way through my cat walk down the runway when Claire continued.  
  
"As some of you may have guessed from the way our model is walking, these are not just ordinary latex knickers. Each pair has a dildo attached to it, which can be worn either internally, as our model has chosen, or, by reversing them, externally, should you so desire. Jill, would you mind demonstrating this feature?"  
  
It wasn't so much a question as a stage direction and I found myself complying. I stood in front of everyone there, turned towards them so they could 'see the feature', and slowly peeled the knickers down. The material came away revealing the base of the phallus within me but this was soon followed with a squelchy plop that left a void in my pussy. Flipping the knickers inside out, I pulled them back on. Where the dildo had once been hidden, it now protruded in front of me, wet with my juices. I did another circuit of the cat walk. With each step the phallus bobbed up and down, its base rocking unbearably against my now swollen and highly sensitive clit. I was acutely aware of my lips, lubricated by my own wetness, moving against the latex.  
  
After showing off the outfit, I walked straight into Mike's room and stripped in front of him. In my crazed state I needed him to see me; I needed him to have the knickers, still slick from my arousal.  
  
It took all my effort to walk normally, albeit naked, back to my changing room. I shut the door and couldn't hold out any longer. My body slumped against the door; simultaneously, I thrust one hand towards my wet crotch while the other twisted my nipples. The first orgasm crashed over me; almost immediately it was followed quickly by a second. I bit my lip during both, trying to stifle the screams to a whimper. I still wasn't satisfied but quickly dressed. I desperately needed to get home to Jim.  
  
Claire was busy taking orders. I tapped her on shoulder and let her know I was going. She gave me a hug and thanked me for my efforts. She gave me a second hug and whispered in my ear.  
  
"Get off home to Jim. From what I just saw of it, your cunt is ripe for a good fucking."