Where's the Party

**Dormouse**

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It was mid-evening, still light outside after a warm summer’s day. The doorbell rang. I got up and went to the front door. There was a naked woman standing there, as if this was the most normal thing in the world on this street at this time of day.

She was not young, not old, late thirties I guessed. Working my way down, medium length black hair, simply styled, pleasant face, firm breasts, average size, a thin strip of bush, and nice legs.

“Is Glenn here?” she asked, looking round me. “Where’s the party?”

“There’s no party here,” I said. “And I don’t know anyone called Glenn. I rather think you’ve got the wrong house.”

“You’re pulling my leg,” she said. “Glenn! Glenn! Are you there?” she shouted into the house. I wondered if the neighbours would hear and start looking to see what was happening. What would they think if they saw me talking to a naked woman standing on my doorstep?

Determined to find the party, she barged past me. Her breast brushed across my arm as she passed, sending a shiver through me.

“Okay, so there’s no-one here yet,” she said looking around. “But where’s Glenn?”

“I told you, I don’t know anyone called Glenn. Have you been drinking?” Something about her suggested she was less than sober.

“Would I be walking around the streets dressed like this if I hadn’t been? Or do I mean not dressed like this. No, that doesn’t make sense, either. Can you be dressed if you’re not dressed?”

She climbed the stairs, still looking for Glenn and his mythical party. Watching her from behind as she climbed the stairs was a pleasant experience. Her back was as interesting as her front.

She came back downstairs.

“When are the people due to arrive?” she asked. “Can I have a drink while I’m waiting for the others?”

“Tea or coffee?” I asked innocently. She gave me a look.

“Got any beer?”

I looked in the fridge. There was one bottle of beer on the shelf.

“I think you’ve probably had enough to drink for one evening,” I said, as I looked in the drawer for the bottle opener. I deftly took the cap off and handed her the bottle.

She went into the living room and sat down on the couch. I took the seat opposite her. She rested backwards with her legs apart, showing me everything down below. She saw where my gaze was focussed and demurely brought her legs back together.

“Oops, naughty me,” she said.

Neither of us spoke for some minutes as she consumed her beer. She was fascinating to watch. Occasionally she scratched a breast or flicked her hair. As she moved, her breasts bobbed slightly. She was the centre of my attention.

Finally, she stood up. “You’re right,” she said. “Glenn isn’t here. His party must be somewhere else. I’m going to look for it.”

She made her way towards the front door.

“Do you want me to find you something to wear?” I asked. “I can probably find you an old t-shirt that’ll fit.”

“Don’t be silly,” she replied. “I want to arrive at the party like this. It’s a surprise for Glenn. Besides, I got here like this, I can leave like this no trouble. You’ve been a dear.”

She stood on tiptoe and gave me a kiss on my cheek. Then she turned, opened the front door, and walked out. I went to the doorway to make sure she got away safely. When she got to the road, she turned round.

“Same time next week?” she asked.

“Can’t make Tuesday,” I said. “Better make it Wednesday. I’ll e-mail you to confirm.”

She turned back and walked off down the street.