**Changing Rooms**

by karabrynbooks

**Changing Rooms - Part 1: Arrival**

Susan pushed open the door. "Nice," she thought to herself, "nice". It was a word that was never far away. "Susan's nice," they would say with faint praise. Too "nice" to notice Mark's affair for months, and everyone else was too "nice" to tell her what they had all known about and murmured behind her back. That part was not nice.  
  
Still, this nice hotel room was going to be her home for the next week. When Katherine's hen party was arranged it seemed a perfect opportunity to get away from it all for a few days, and as she was here a day before the others she had some time to herself.  
  
She dropper her bag onto the bed and let the door close behind her. What to do now? The idea of getting away from it all was a good one, but there's not much point in getting away from something and getting into nothing. She went to unpack, and noticed her purse poking invitingly out of the side pocket. It was just the spark she needed: some retail therapy. After all, what was she going to wear on the nights out ahead?  
  
Susan took her purse and her keys and went back to her car. The hotel was on the edge of a small town and, and wherever there are ladies that leisure, there are bound to be shoes and clothes to satisfy their spending whims. Shopping sprees were not Susan's style, but then maybe it was time for a new style.  
  
She drove into the busy town centre and spotted a parking space outside a boutique shoe shop. "Perfect," she thought, "I can pick up a skirt and a top, and then finish up with shoes to match."  
  
The street proved a boutique shopper's dream with a row of small clothes shops all jostling for attention with their overly-made-up and underpaid teenage attendants and "unique" quirky décor. The slow walk to the end of the street revealed some promising starting points, so Susan turned around and walked into the first door. "Outskirts" was the name of the shop. "End of the high street, and they sell skirts. Of course," she thought. She'd only read the sign once and it was already a thin joke.  
  
The attendant glanced up with a half-smile that faded as she took in Susan's trousers, loose sweater and long coat. "You're not the type of person who shops at a place like this" her eyes seemed to say. That suited Susan just fine; she was happier under the radar and no meddling attention. Susan browsed a few racks and picked out a few skirts of varying lengths and styles.  
  
"Do you have somewhere I can try these on?" she asked the assistant.  
  
"Sure," the assistant said, "there's a changing room in the far corner, with a mirror in the back of it."  
  
Susan took the skirts into the room and pulled the curtain closed. She took off her coat and hung it up, unbuttoned and removed her trousers and put them on a hook.  
  
The first skirt was long and flowing. It was nice for a relaxed day around the house, but not really the style for a hen party. "Must not buy 'nice' clothes" she muttered to herself.  
  
The next few were rejected on the same basis: nice, and safe. The last skirt, an impulse pick-up was something different, however. It hugged her hips, tightened over her thighs, and finished a good four inches above the knee. It was a dark charcoal grey and said "talk to me, if you dare".  
  
Susan pulled back the curtain and stepped back to take a longer look in the mirror. Even the assistant seemed to notice a change in atmosphere. Susan looked at herself and realised that, yes, her legs were in good enough shape for a skirt this short. In fact, they really looked quite fine, even though her beige low-heel shoes did nothing to contribute to her calf line. That would be fixed later, though.  
  
She went back into the changing room and pulled the curtain closed before unzipping the skirt and pushing it down her legs onto the floor, then put it back onto the hanger. That one was the keeper, the rest she could leave.  
  
Susan picked up her trousers and took another look in the mirror. It seemed a shame to cover her legs now, but she wanted to save wearing the new skirt until tomorrow night with the girls. "No-one would see it under my long coat anyway" she reassured herself.  
  
Now there was an idea. If no-one would see the skirt under her coat, couldn't she just pretend she was wearing it? Her coat reached down to her calves, and if she kept it buttoned up then nobody would be any the wiser. Before she could change her mind, she pulled on her coat over her blouse, sweater and knickers, buttoned it to the bottom, and shoved her drab old trousers into the corner of the changing room. She strode out with the skirts over her arm.  
  
"I'll take this one, please, and leave the others" she told the assistant, who was more attentive now she was making a sale. Not attentive enough to notice Susan's lower legs were now bare, however. "Could you put the others back on the rack for me, please?" she asked, and left without waiting for a response. Why was she more assertive now that she was wearing less?

**Changing Rooms - Part 2: A New Top**

As Susan left the shop she glanced at herself in a mirror. Her legs looked good, or at least the few inches of calf you could see below her coat hem. There was a teasing flash of knee and almost some thigh as she opened her stride, but no-one would guess how bare she was beneath the long coat.  
  
"Well, that's the bottom half sorted," she thought, "now to pick a top." Susan looked at the next shop in line and read the name: "Top of the Tops". What was it with provincial towns and punned shop titles? Well, it was either very badly named or selling exactly what she wanted so in she went.  
  
The assistant here was cut from the same cloth as the one in Outskirts. They must have both been on the same disparaging glance training course, but again that suited Susan down to the ground. She could browse through the racks without being pestered or cajoled.  
  
"I'm not wearing a skirt" she wanted to say to the girl, but didn't, although the mischievous flash in her eyes almost raised a question from the teenage girl behind the till before being subsumed beneath the distraction of text messaging with friends.  
  
Susan thumbed through the racks with little clear idea of what she wanted. Semi-randomly she took a selection up to the counter and was gestured towards the changing room with a tilt of the head.  
  
"Thanks," she said. She didn't want to conduct the entire process through gestures and grunts alone.  
  
Inside the changing room she put down the bag containing the skirt and started to unbutton her coat. She stopped after the top two buttons were undone and looked at herself in the mirror. She continued unbuttoning slowly, but from the bottom, pausing each time to admire her reflection.  
  
She stopped at the last button, with the belt still fastened around her waist, and felt a thrill go through her. She put her hands on her hips and pushed a leg forward, revealing thigh almost up to her hip. "Looking hot," she whispered to herself, surprised at seeing herself in the mirror as if for the first time.  
  
"Feeling hot too," she thought. It was a warm spring day, but the heat was coming from inside as much as out. She hurriedly took off the coat, her loose sweatshirt and tired over-worn blouse. "This used to be a favourite". Now it was past its best and only deserved to be hidden behind layers and folds of cloth. "Just like I am," she thought. "No, just like I was," she corrected herself, suddenly standing straighter.  
  
As she straightened her figure seemed to jump out of the mirror. The reflection that had blended into the background of the changing room now deserved full attention. Even framed by faded cotton knickers and bra, her shape held up well, and Susan realised that this was the first time for years that she, and probably anyone, had noticed it.  
  
"Enough with the narcissism, girl." She rifled through the tops she'd brought in and held them up in turn. "Nice, nice… nice… safe… good for the office… also nice…" she dismissed them one-by-one. Then she paused at a bright, ruby-red top. It felt smooth as silk, although she didn't care to look at what man-made material might be producing that feel, and hung in flowing folds. She pulled the top over her head and held up the charcoal skirt at her waist. These worked together. She put the skirt back into the bag and stood straight in front of the mirror.  
  
The top was loose as it fell from the shoulders and narrowed at the waist. A plunging V-neckline emphasised the narrowing, and a slight billowing at the shoulders gave a hint of padding. The shape fitted her perfectly, and the ruby colour brought out the red of her lips and cheeks. The neck was wide and showed the smooth skin of her shoulders and chest. The cleavage it revealed was subtle and inviting and, with the V and the narrowing waist, it was impossible for the eye not to be drawn down towards it. As she stood straighter she felt the fabric tighten slightly over her breasts, but the cut brought it back to highlight her thin waist.  
  
This was the one.

**Changing Rooms - Part 3: Out With The Old**

"It is rather low cut, though", she thought. Doubts began to form, but resolve took over. "No. You look good. You can do this."  
  
She pulled the top over her head, put it on the hook and started to reach for her blouse. The tight collar and the faded white held no appeal and she felt a twinge of sadness at having to dress "nice" again, let alone then pulling the baggy sweater over the top. "Maybe I could wear the new top?" she thought. But no, this was a special purchase, for tomorrow night. And besides: no-one would be able to see it beneath her coat in any case. Now there was an idea.  
  
"Oh dear," Susan giggled. Well, it was just a bit of fun, wasn't it? If she kept her coat buttoned then no-one would know that she wasn't wearing a top underneath, would they? And no skirt, she reminded herself. And besides, her cleavage did look good, and the coat would show just enough neck to hint.  
  
She took another look in the mirror, as she stood there in faded bra and knickers. It was decision time. Before she could change her mind she stuffed the old blouse and sweater into the bin in the corner of the changing room and took her coat off the rack. "Okay, now just be careful," she said to herself as she buttoned the coat from top to bottom and tied the belt around her waist.  
  
She looked in the mirror again. There were a few inches of calf visible, but this was still "nice" Susan looking back at her. What leg you could see looked good, but you couldn't see the curve of the calf line, or the smoothness of the skin as it reached up to the knee. She bent down and undid a button, and then another. Pushing her right leg forward the coat split a couple of inches above the knee, but no more. It still showed no more than the skirt would have.  
  
"If people see a bit more leg as I walk, so what?" she thought. And she still had oversized knickers and a bra on beneath. Those would both have passed for a nineteen fifties swimsuit.  
  
The collar of the coat was tightly buttoned and felt restrictive compared to the freedom her legs now had. And besides, her neck and chest had looked good in that top, so what harm was there in showing just that much? "None at all" she said, slightly too loudly and undid the top button. "That's better," she thought, but the collar flapped untidily. "One more button, and then I can fold the collar down."  
  
She did so and formed the top of the coat into a V shape, mimicking the top she had chosen. She stood straight and looked back at the mirror, at her leg disappearing into her coat, and at her smooth skin framed by the coat's collar. She felt more feminine than she had ever felt, and stronger than she had felt for years.  
  
She picked up the tops and, after pulling the curtain back, strode up to the assistant, who was still busy on her phone. "Just this one please," said nice Susan, "and you can put the rest back for me" she followed, barely recognising herself. The teenager started slightly, and then remembered just in time that she was being paid to be there and took the instruction without complaint. She looked at the woman in front of her. Was her top this low-cut when she came into the shop? It must have been.  
  
Susan walked out of Top of the Tops with the bags containing her new skirt and her new ruby top. The door closed behind her and she stopped as shoppers passed by on the pavement in front of her. "Look everyone," she thought, "I'm only wearing underwear under this coat." No-one would know, but was it her imagination or did she just catch the eye of a couple of the men that passed?

**Changing Rooms - Part 4: Coffee Break**

"Time for a break, I think. This half-naked shopping is hard work." Susan smiled to herself. There was a coffee shop across the road so she started to make her way over. She could move quickly in her flat shoes, but suddenly the quiet provincial high street seemed busier, and the car bearing down on her was travelling faster than she'd thought. She took a long stride to get out of its way and felt the bottom half of her coat pull apart, almost up to the waist. As she looked around, likewise the driver's eyes were wide too. What could he see? "No matter," she thought, "I'm miles from home and no-one here knows me."  
  
She took shorter steps for the rest of the crossing and went into the coffee house. "Coffee Effete" was its name. "I don't get it" she thought, but then not everywhere had to be a pun. It was still a bad name; did they even know what "effete" meant?  
  
Susan reached for the door and caught a sight of her reflection in the glass. "Oops, showing a bit much there." The scuttle across the road had unsettled the top of her coat slightly and the edge of her bra strap was showing. She readjusted quickly, tightened the coat's belt so it pinched over her top and waist and went inside.  
  
A young man heard the door bell and came over to greet her. As he came towards her she saw his eyes flicker towards her neck and chest before dilating slightly as he concentrated on looking her in the eye. He must be fifteen years her junior and the attention brought a warmth inside.  
  
"Let me take you to a table" he said. He had a hint of an accent, possibly Spanish or Italian. The warmth grew again and Susan coloured slightly.  
  
"May I take your coat?" he asked. The colour grew stronger. "Er, no, no… thank you. I'll keep it." She stumbled over the words. "Do I look like I want to sit and drink coffee in my underwear?" She wanted to say. Maybe she should… what would the reply be?  
  
"Very well. What would you like?" he asked as she sat down, shepherding the coat around her legs lest it open to the waist.  
  
"I would like you to know that I'm dressed only in underwear beneath this coat," she thought.  
  
"A cappuccino please, and a slice of carrot cake," she said.  
  
"Prego." That sealed it: Italian. And was the slight nod of the head that accompanied it little more than a chance to try to peer beneath the top of her coat? Susan self-consciously tidied her collar again, but it was fine. "Remember, it's revealing no more than the top you'll be wearing tomorrow night" she thought to herself.  
  
She saw her waiter – yes "her" waiter – talking to the barista and gesture in her direction. There was something in that gesture, she was sure. It was something mischievous. It was flattering to be seen that way after such a long time, especially by two much younger men. Did they guess as to her current state of undress? No, they couldn't.  
  
The cappuccino and cake came, but was not accompanied by a flirt this time. A group of younger girls were now the main distraction for "the" waiter – no longer "her" waiter – and his barista friend. She was okay with that; she knew that men were fickle, and she was only having some fun herself. She could get some more attention by taking her coat off, that's for sure. Although she felt there was just as much chance of her faded underwear drawing amusement as lust, unfortunately.  
  
Yes, this was fun indeed. "Careful," she thought to herself "you don't want to get to much of a taste for this kind of weirdness." But was this "weirdness"? It felt too good to be weird. She felt like Marilyn Monroe, or as if she was on the catwalk showing off the latest lingerie collection. She would walk to the end, open her coat and strike a pose, and the cameras would flash. Except the cameras wouldn't flash, not whilst she was wearing this drab underwear beneath the coat.  
  
That was what was missing. Tomorrow night she wanted to feel sexy again, and to be sexy she not only had to look the part but to feel as if she was living it through and through. There was bound to be a lingerie shop along this stretch.  
  
Susan paid for her coffee, picked up her bags and left the shop with the next target in mind.

**Changing Rooms - Part 5: Lingering in Lingerie**

She looked up and down the street at the various signs. "Going Swimmingly" – that'll be swimwear then. "Gone Nutty" – looks like health food. "Stocking Filler" – held promise from the name, but turned out to be a small gift shop. And then it sparkled, like a jewel in the crown. "Of Corset Is". "Is it an underwear shop? Of course it is," Susan completed the joke for herself. Again, it was already not funny.  
  
Susan looked through the shop window at the faceless mannequins dressed in stockings, suspenders, bras with enough wire to leave scars for life, and knickers that may as well not be there. She didn't hold out much hope after all, but possibly they had something more tasteful inside. She couldn't see past the mirrored glass at the back of the window display so would have to go in to find out.  
  
As she went to push the door, again she noticed the collar of her coat had shifted slightly and bra strap was showing again. "Damn that thing," she thought, "I don’t want that old bra spoiling the neckline of my new top."  
  
She adjusted the collar again, and then knew instantly what she needed: a strapless bra. Something to give some lift and a bit more shape, but no annoying straps to show. With resolve and a clear goal she went into the shop.  
  
Thankfully, the inside was not the teenage boy's fantasy that the window display had hinted at. There was a range from neat, stylish, and sensibly sized underwear down to the gossamer thin pieces of tack that she imagined desperate men bought at the last minute on Valentine's Day. The window display was mirrored glass on the outside so it let plenty of light in, but shut out the prying eyes.  
  
The shop assistant was also a refreshing change from the teenagers. Obviously underwear requires much more hand-holding and the thirty-something woman came towards Susan. She was wearing a semi-transparent blouse with a gorgeous full-cup bra and cleavage to die for, sheer stockings and small, but completely opaque, shorts. Her inch-high heels shaped and lengthened her legs and she oozed sex appeal as she grinned a wide smil. Even with the heels she was shorter than Susan, but the way she was dressed (or nearly undressed) demanded attention. With her coat on over her old underwear, Susan felt curiously overdressed.  
  
"Hi there. Are you looking for anything in particular, or just browsing?" she asked.  
  
"Erm… a bit of both, actually. I'd like a strapless bra to wear with a low-cut top, and then some knickers that match. Nothing too full-on, if you know what I mean."  
  
"I know what you mean" she laughed, and headed straight for a rack on one side of the shop.  
  
"What size are you. About a thirty-four C, I'm guessing? Although it's hard to tell under that coat."  
  
"Wow. Bang on." Susan answered. And thought "Oh no, I am not taking my coat off so you can assess the size of my breasts."  
  
"Let's see… here you go for the bra. Try this one on. And for knickers, I think this pair would go well. A thirty-four around the waist too?"  
  
"Dead on again. I guess you've done this before." The assistant smiled as she handed the pair over to Susan. Both were more, shall we say, "exotic" than Susan's regular tastes. "This seems daft. I already have plenty of nice underwear at home…" she thought to herself. But this was more than "nice".  
  
The bra didn't sacrifice any functionality, but it certainly did have style. The cups were of a thin black mesh with a lace pattern across them that would not cover much that the imagination couldn't make up for. It looked perfect all in black, but could Susan carry it off?  
  
The knickers were black lace shorts, again made of a thin mesh and the lace pattern matched the bra. Well, if she wanted to feel sexy beneath her new clothes, these were certainly going to do it.  
  
"The changing room's back there. Give me a shout if you want a different size or anything else."  
  
"Thanks. I'll see how I go."  
  
Susan took the items to the changing room, put her bag with her new skirt and new top down, and again stood and stared at herself in the mirror. "Do I look sexy?" she asked herself. She wasn't sure… she had felt sexy, when she first walked out of a changing room without trousers or skirt on, and when she flirted with the waiter in the coffee shop with only a coat to cover her underwear. But now, the feeling was starting to fade.  
  
She sighed and her shoulders slumped, and the coat fell forward revealing her old bra strap again. She slowly undid the buttons and belt again, but this time it didn't feel sexy to reveal her legs, her chest and her midriff. The figure in the mirror looked like undressing was a chore rather than the slow revelation of a beautiful object.  
  
She flung her coat onto the stool in the corner and again looked in the mirror at the drab bra and knickers. She felt like she was at school and had forgotten her gym kit, and everyone would laugh at her as she was made to play netball in her underwear. The flat shoes even looked like she was wearing a pair of old plimsoles. She turned away from the mirror.  
  
"Who are you kidding" she said to herself as she slipped off her shoes, unclasped the bra and threw it onto her coat. She slipped out of her ever-so-practical knickers, letting them fall down her legs onto the floor before picking them up and tossing them onto her coat and bra. The coat that was brown when new was now a faded, murky grey. They knickers and bra had both been mixed in too many washes to stay white and virtually matched the coat. "Beige," she thought, "it is the colour of Susan."  
  
She took the lace shorts from the hanger and pulled them up over her waist. They fit perfectly, and the fabric felt gorgeous on her hands and against her skin. Then she took the bra, wrapped it around her and fastened the front. Her breasts filled the cups and even the wiring felt comfortable.  
  
She turned around and blinked in surprise. The mirror had again transformed her. Instead of pale grey cloth against fair skin, the black of the shorts and bra made her skin shine from inside. The shorts clung to the tops of her thighs, but moved with her as she moved her legs. The bra had given a small amount of lift and given her that extra half an inch of cleavage, and her nipples were in part visible and part hidden behind the lacework. She stood tall again and marvelled as she turned from side to side, eyes transfixed on her image all the time.  
  
"How are you doing in there?" came the assistant's voice from outside.  
  
"Great! Really Great! These fit perfectly."  
  
"Come out and let me take a look and I'll give you a second opinion, if you'd like."  
  
Come out? Come out of the changing room dressed in underwear that's so revealing she may as well be nude? Was she mad?  
  
"There's no-one out here, and at the back of the shop you can hear if anyone comes in and be behind the curtain in no time. We do it with customers all the time."  
  
Susan took a deep breath. "No", she thought, "I can't do it." But then she felt sad: no-one would ever see her like this, and that would be a shame. She pulled back the curtain and stepped out.  
  
"Wow! That really works!" exclaimed the shop assistant. Was that genuine, or did she always say that? Who cares.  
  
Susan stepped out of the changing room, and then stopped as she saw people passing by in the street only a few feet away.  
  
The assistant read her hesitation correctly. "Don't worry, it's one-way glass. They can't see inside."  
  
Ah, yes. Susan remembered. There was a thrill to standing there in exotic lingerie with a street full of regular shoppers walking past. Would it be so bad if they could see her? She saw herself in another mirror and turned again. This felt good and Susan felt her nipples harden slightly.  
  
"Girl, I think you've nailed that one" the assistant said. "I'd love to sell you something more expensive, but I don't think I can do any better than the way you look now."  
  
Susan stood and looked into the mirror. Yes, the whole sexy thing was back on again. This underwear beneath her new outfit would give her all the confidence she needed tomorrow night. She turned back to the assistant and walked over to the desk by the window.

"Well, thanks so much for your help… erm… " Susan leaned forwards to try to read the small name badge pinned to the assistant's bra strap.  
  
"It's Marian," the assistant helped here with.  
  
"Thanks Marian. These are absolutely perfect and I wouldn't…"  
  
Suddenly, the shop door opened behind her. Marian was right: the door made enough noise to get into the changing room, but that was if she'd stayed at the back of the shop. An ungainly run to the changing room in plain sight would do no good. Marian glanced at her and winked.

**Changing Rooms - Part 6: Unexpected Modelling Work (full)**

"How may we help you today, sir?"  
  
Sir? Sir?! Oh lord, open up the ground beneath me now, Susan thought to herself.  
  
Susan turned around. The new arrival was in his forties and smartly dressed. His eyes glazed as he tried to take in the sight of Marian and Susan standing together, the one in tall heels, dark, black opaque underwear barely covered by a sheer transparent blouse, and the other wearing only lace shorts and a strapless bra. There was too much to take in for him to notice that Susan wasn't wearing any shoes, or that she looked terrified.  
  
"I'm hoping to get something for my wife's birthday… I'm not interrupting anything, am I? I can come back later?"  
  
"No, not at all!" Marian said, "I'm just training up my new assistant here and perhaps we can help together?"  
  
Marian winked again and flashed an impish smile, and Susan half-smiled back. What a great way to save her embarrassment, by pretending she was just another member of staff! And the new customer had never been in a lingerie shop in his life, so maybe this is how everyone dresses inside one?  
  
"Great! Well, I'm looking for something… well, you know…"  
  
"Something adventurous perhaps, sir?"  
  
"Yes, that's the word. And I don't know where to start."  
  
"I presume this is just for the privacy of your own home?" Marian was good at this. Ask all the right questions and be one step ahead of the customer.  
  
"Actually, not just… we're having some photos taken, just for us… and, erm… well, something that looks good. It's going to be a surprise present."  
  
Susan's eyes widened slightly. If she had met him in the street, would she have guessed that the man who walked in was interested in having some erotic photos of his wife? Probably not. But then, would he have guessed she had been only in her underwear beneath her coat? Definitely not. The world was getting stranger, but more interesting by the minute.  
  
"Excellent. I know exactly the type of thing, sir. So you'll be after the stocking, suspenders, corset type look…."  
  
"Yes, yes! Exactly!" The new customer was relaxing now Marian had managed to list exactly what he wanted without him having to.  
  
"Okay! Let's get you started. What sort of size is your partner, sir?"  
  
"My wife…" he said smiling, "she's, erm, pretty much the size of your colleague here." He indicated Susan standing next to Marian.  
  
"Is that in build and shape as well as height?"  
  
This gave him the permission he'd been looking for to look Susan over closely from head to toe, and toe to head, and head to toe again. Susan saw his eyes dwell on her breasts, knowing full well that her nipples were on virtually full display.  
  
"Yes… yes, pretty much. As close as I could tell anyway. And she's a similar age, too. She's quite a bit younger than me, in her late twenties."  
  
Susan had passed thirty some years ago and appreciated the unwitting compliment.  
  
"Well, if it's to be a surprise, then we can't just have your wife in here trying things on. But sizing of this kind of thing is really quite specific, so let me make a recommendation, if I may," Marian said.  
  
"Absolutely, please do," he replied.  
  
"You really want to be sure you've got the right thing, otherwise your wife may not like what you've chosen. Plus, as I said, it needs to fit well… not just well, but perfectly… So we'll pick out an outfit, and then when we have it all worked out we can get your wife to say "okay" to it and try it all on? How does that sound?"  
  
"Well… I was really hoping it would be a surprise…"  
  
"Oh, don’t you worry – it sounds like the whole thing will be quite enough of a surprise." Marian had obviously dealt with many like this before. "Don't you agree?" She turned to Susan.  
  
"Absolutely." Susan replied blindly.  
  
"Okay then, let's do what you say. You're the experts."  
  
Susan didn't feel like an expert, but did her best to nod along as if this was the obvious course of action.  
  
"Great!" said Marian, "Okay, if I pick a few things out…," What did that look on her face mean? What was coming next? "…then we'll get my colleague here to model them for you, and you can pick the one you like!"  
  
"What!" thought Susan, almost fainting as the room span. She wanted to say "I am not modelling lingerie for a stranger…" but no sounds came out. The charade of assistant and trainee and gone on too long to turn back, and Marian was increasingly enjoying herself.  
  
"Fantastic! Perfect!" the man said, far too enthusiastically. A young attractive woman modelling underwear just for him? He might just become a regular customer here. Susan could see his head spinning.  
  
Susan turned towards Marian and tried to plead with her eyes. Marian smiled. "Don't worry, this'll be fun." she whispered and, as she did so, she ran put her left hand on Susan's right shoulder and ran her fingers run down the small of her back. Susan was surprised that her nipples started to harden again. What did that touch mean, and why did it feel so good? Marian pretended not to notice, but her smile was even more impish than before.  
  
Marian turned walked over to some racks. "Okay, are we going for black, white, or something else, sir?"  
  
"Erm, white, please… I think white."  
  
"Absolutely. So let's see… sheer stockings, panties, and this corset… we'll go for an overbust, shall we? Rather than a separate bra?"  
  
"Erm… yes?" came the reply.  
  
"Okay, so corset… here we go. Nothing crass and over-the-top…" even Susan almost laughed at this as the whole thing sounded quite crass to her, "…these are all sheer satin with just some vertical lines in the pattern to slim the waist. Sound good?"  
  
"Sounds great. Yes!"  
  
"If you can take a seat here, give us a few minutes then we'll be back and show you how it looks."  
  
Susan felt the room spin again. This day was no longer going as she'd planned.

**Changing Room - Part 6: Less is More**

Marian took Susan's hand, led her to the back of the shop and into a small office and turned to address her.  
  
"I think we just need a bit of highlight now… Some lipstick and eye liner to set the whole thing off" she said.  
  
"I can't go through with this. I'm sorry, I'll just have to get my things together and go." Susan said with panic in her eyes.  
  
"Don't be silly!" Marian said, "He's already seen most of you for a start, and you'll be wearing even more next time you go out. And besides, the only way out of here is through the shop, and are you going to explain the situation to him?"  
  
Susan had no answer. The only way out was to wake up, because this had to be a dream… there was no way this was really happening, not to Susan.  
  
Marian took out a small make-up box. "We're going to need some fairly trashy red lipstick on you… This one will do it… There, that's got that. You carry it well, actually. Now hold still while I line your eyes and add a touch of mascara. Your skin is really great, do you know that? Very milky and smooth." And there was that touch again, on the neck and shoulder this time.   
  
She held up a mirror for Susan.  
  
"Oh lord do I look cheap."  
  
"Not at all! And it's exactly what he'll want. Now, here's the gear so get yourself into the changing room again and I'll keep our man occupied. You do know how to put a corset on, don't you?"  
  
"I'll work it out."  
  
"Oh, and borrow my shoes too…" Marian kicked them off. "They're not great, and red won't really match the white outfit, but they've got a heel and I don't think he'll be looking at colour."  
  
Susan picked up the shoes as well as the stockings, panties and corset and took them into the changing room. She pulled the curtain closed and stared at the mirror again. It all felt like a dream, and she was just a passenger, unable to stop this journey. "Well, the faster it goes, the sooner it'll end," she thought and unclipped the strapless bra, slid down the lace shorts and put them on their hangers.  
  
She took the white knickers and pulled them on. They were pure white, but only partially opaque. The lack of patterning left little to the imagination as they clung to her skin. Next she rolled the stockings on, one at a time. She had to admit that this felt good. The material was so sheer and the slight grip on the tops of her thighs was as welcoming as it was unfamiliar. She ran her hands up and down her legs, feeling their touch and the fabric on her fingertips.  
  
Susan picked up the corset and wrapped it around herself and did the hooks as best as she could. At least, it looked okay in the mirror, and felt snug but not overly tight. She wasn't going to crack her ribs for a stranger anyway, but then if she'd been asked earlier she'd have said she wasn't going to parade around half-naked for a stranger either. She hooked the stockings onto the corset in the only way that seemed to make sense. How had she gotten to this age and never done this before?  
  
Finally she slipped her feet into the shoes. The heel was only an inch but she could feel her calf muscles having to work already. Standing tall she turned around and looked in the mirror. It really didn't look like Susan looking back. The corset had squeezed her waist yet further, and with the extra height she looked even thinner than ever. Her calves were shaped now and, really, her legs were totally glorious.  
  
Susan even had to admit that, in this outfit, the lipstick and eyeliner were as important as the shoes. She felt more attractive than she had ever felt before, albeit slightly slutty in the outfit. Still, it was fun to play the part in the privacy of a changing room. It didn't feel like it was going to be fun to do it in front of a strange man.  
  
She turned around and walked out of changing room, realising that this was the first changing room of the day that she'd left wearing more clothes than she'd entered with.  
  
Marion's smile widened again. "Well, well… let me just check the back… oh we can do another hook of this corset tighter here… "… pull… " …and here… " …pull... " and you look good enough to eat, girl." Susan couldn't think of what to say, but Marion took her by the hand and led her out into the shop where the customer was seated by the counter, facing towards them.  
  
"Here you go", she said to the customer, "Now, what do you think?"  
  
It didn't need words to tell what he thought. His eyes were wide, mouth open and trying to form words but unable to. He started to stammer.  
  
"See…" Marion whispered to Susan. She spun her around by the waist. "Notice how the corset has really accentuated the waist and these delicious curves around the breasts and neck." She stood close behind Susan and ran her hands down Susan's sides and breasts as she described each part. Susan could feel her breath on her neck as she spoke and her nipples hardened again at the touch.  
  
The words probably went into the poor man's head, but they were never processed. Nodding was all that came back. Susan suddenly realised what power this was. This man had a twenty-something wife, and she had just made him forget her, for at least a few moments. She turned side on and walked a couple of small steps, careful not to misstep in unfamiliar heels, before turning and walking back and then striking a pose with one leg cocked and hand on hip.  
  
Marion could not have been smiling more, and were her nipples harder now as well?  
  
"What do you think?" she asked her mark.  
  
"Absolutely… stunning… that's it… that's it… Oh, I need to show Mary this… I really do."  
  
With that he took out his phone and, before Susan knew what was happening, snapped a couple of shots of her. That was not part of the plan and her face started to drop again. Marion moved in front of her and whispered in her ear "So what? He'll remember this day for a long time, and has no idea who you are." As she passed their breasts brushed and they both felt hardened nipples touch. When Marion moved away the customer took another photo.  
  
"Great," she thought, "so now he has a photo of my turned on nipples pushing through sheer corset material. And I dread to think the detail that's being shown down below…"  
  
"I think he likes it!" Marion said, as the man in the chair leaned forward and put his arms across himself, trying to hide the bulge in his trousers.  
  
"Yes… yes… let's do whatever… whatever we need to do next. Do I need to pay a deposit or something?"  
  
Susan almost laughed again; he looked like he was about thirty seconds away from making a deposit.  
  
"Yes, please," said Marian, "my colleague here will get changed as I think it's nearly the end of her shift, and if you can just stay there for a couple of minutes I'll sort some paperwork out." She winked at Susan again. There was no way the man's erection was going to let him stand up just yet, and she knew it.  
  
Susan turned and walked back towards the changing room and pulled the curtain behind her again. It was over, and it was amazing. A stranger had a photo of her dressed in heels, stockings and corset, with bright red lipstick and black eyeliner. What could he have seen through those panties? Certainly her nipples here hard in some of the photos, and she hoped she wasn't giving away too much more. Oh, screw it.  
  
She savoured the undressing, pretending that the mirror was an audience as she slipped out of the shoes, rolled down the stockings, and slowly unbuttoned the corset. She heard the man's voice in the shop and then the front door opened and closed. So that was it; a photo the like of which she had never appeared in before had gone out the door. And so be it.  
  
Finally she stepped out of the panties and looked again at the mirror. Even without the corset her waist was thin and her breasts were firm, and even without the heels her legs where long, smooth and elegant. The red lipstick and eye makeup brought the glow to her face that the contrast with the bra and shorts had given. She felt good again, and nothing like the Susan of only a few hours ago. That was not a Susan that would stand and admire herself naked in front of the mirror.  
  
"Don't get carried away with yourself now" she muttered. That had never been necessary before, though. But perhaps one day of getting carried away was allowed.  
  
"Are you okay in there?" Marian's voice asked.  
  
"Oh yes… fine… just putting my things back on."  
  
"No need to on my account!" she heard a laugh, "just come out as you are". So she hadn't imagined the meaning behind the touches, the winks and the teasing smile. Susan was flattered, but that was not somewhere she wanted to go right now. Right now?... Wait, no.  
  
She looked at her clothes, or what was left of them. The knickers, bra, and coat sat piled on the stool. Back to beige it was, then, and back to being unsexy "nice" Susan. Or could she wear her new bra and lace shorts for the rest of the day? That would feel so good, wearing that and nothing else under her long coat. That would feel so good. Maybe she could…  
  
But no, she would save them all for tomorrow night. Something that special should be saved and savoured, and, besides, it's not like anyone else would see them anyway.  
  
"Oh dear," Susan thought to herself, "bad Susan. No Susan." And then she started chuckling. Because of no-one could see them, why wear them at all?  
  
"Are you having fun in there? Dare I ask?..." Marian's voice came from outside.  
  
"Just buttoning up!" Susan lied, still standing there naked. Quick, before she could change her mind, she picked up her old knickers and bra and shoved them into the flip-top bin in the corner of the changing room. She looked herself in the eye in the mirror. "You're really doing this" she whispered, and picked up the coat, put her arms in the sleeves, and carefully buttoned up all but the top two and the bottom two buttons. With the belt tied it was also secure, and she looked down at her old shoes. "Not long for you" she thought as she slipped them on, wishing she could take Marian's stilettoes instead.  
  
She picked up her new top, skirt, the strapless bra and lace shorts in one hand and the corset, stockings and panties in the other. These she handed back to Marian who was waiting the other side of the curtain.  
  
"Not quite my style," she said, "but the bra and shorts certainly are."  
  
"Well girl, you looked gorgeous in all of it," she said as she smiled wistfully.  
  
"Thanks", Susan smiled back, "I'll just pay for these and get out of your way."  
  
"Oh, don't you worry about that," Marian said, "This afternoon has been well worth it, so you can have those for free."  
  
"Thanks… for everything." Susan said. Marian wasn't exactly sure if she knew what she was being thanked for, but took it all the same.  
  
"Well girl, if you're around here again then I hope you'll come by. We'll see if we can make someone else's day, as well as mine."  
  
Susan walked past her towards the door. As she walked, she could feel her coat rubbing against her bare thigh, the belt holding it tight against her stomach, and as the fabric moved up and down she could feel it on her nipples. Now was not the time to have second thoughts, but maybe she could retrieve her knickers from the bin?... No, this was in motion and there was no going back. And anyway, no-one saw her knickers or bra before, so why should anyone see that she wasn't wearing any now?  
  
She opened the door, turned and exchanged a last look with Marian, before stepping out onto the pavement and into the mass of normal, fully clothed people.

**Changing Rooms - Part 7: And Now The Shoes**

It was mid-afternoon now, and a relatively warm Spring day. Most people would take their coats off on a day like this, she thought, but why not get undressed from the inside out like she had, eh? It made perfect sense, or at least it seemed to at the moment.  
  
A gentle wind blew; not enough to disturb the careful arrangement of Susan's coat, but she could feel it move between her legs, and if she stood just so the air would find its way past her collar and towards her breasts. It felt marvellous.  
  
"Okay shoes," she thought, looking down at her feet flat on the pavement, "you're the last thing to go."  
  
She knew there was a shoe shop next to her car so she headed back. "Well At Heel" it was called. She was starting to become immune to the shop names.  
  
Conscious of how much a wrong slip might expose, she walked in small steps down the street, with her arms by her side to hold her coat fast, only stretching out a leg and revealing a long, smooth thigh when there was no-one nearby.  
  
She reached Well At Heel, and her car was parked right outside the door. "Shoes, then back to the hotel" she said to herself. She made sure her coat was properly covering everything, and pushed open the door. As she walked in she noticed again that the coat had shifted slightly, but this time there was no bra strap to give her away. "Skin. It's just skin. We've all got it," She told herself, but rearranged the collar just the same.  
  
She was back in the world of teenage shop assistants, although rather than disparaging looks these seemed to be pretending to be actively occupyied any part of the shop that a customer wasn't currently in. "They're obviously not paid on commission," she thought.  
  
She started looking at the rows upon rows of shoes. What to choose? She'd never been one for footwear and she knew what she liked, but still not what to get for tomorrow. "I have a dark grey skirt, and ruby red top," she thought to herself, "What will go well with that?"  
  
The answer was simple: Marian's shoes. They would go well with that outfit. She looked up and down the display, and there they were. Not exactly the same as Marian's, but they were close enough. They were nearly ruby red with just over an inch of heel. She picked one up and looked at them; the shoes were the right style and colour, but the wrong size.   
  
Susan waved over one of the teenage girls. "Do you have this in a size seven?" she asked. The girl took the shoe and walked slowly off to the store room. A few minutes later she came back with a pair and handed them over.  
  
Susan bent at the waist to put the shoes on the floor in front of her, holding her collar close to her all the time to stop her coat falling forwards. Bending at the knee could also be very bad, if her coat opened, especially with so many mirrors around.  
  
She slipped her foot into the left shoe as the teenage girl stood and watched. It fit perfectly, and the right followed. She was now another inch taller. She turned and looked into the mirror; these were fabulous. More importantly, they made her legs look fabulous. She took a few steps from side to side and stopped side on, stretching a leg forward and revealing a little more of her shapely calf and thigh. These were the last piece for tomorrow night.  
  
"I'll take them," she told the girl. Susan looked down at the flat, beige shoes that she'd been wearing all day, all month, all year. She couldn't bear the thought of putting them back on. "I've left every other changing room with one item less," she thought, "but I'm not sure I want to go barefoot, even across the pavement to the car." But she wasn't going to go back to those beige shoes again.  
  
"I'll wear these home, and you can throw the old ones away."  
  
Susan paid and then stood admiring herself in her new ruby stilettoes. Her shopping day was done and she had everything she needed for tomorrow night, and she'd had some fun too. She tittered inwardly at how easy it was to shop whilst almost completely naked.

**Changing Rooms - Part 8: The Final Curtain**

She looked around the shop. The handful of clientele were trying on shoes, pacing up and down in them, or just browsing racks. Why was no-one looking at her now? Could they not see how good she looked in her new shoes? Didn't they know she was naked sexual creature underneath this coat?  
  
Of course they didn't know. A flash of leg or a hint of cleavage might get a passing admiring look, but she wasn't showing any more skin than many of the other women, and certainly not as much as she had shown an hour ago, despite her covered nakedness.  
  
She looked in the mirror again. Of course they weren't looking at her, because she was still beige. Her coat was beige, and it made her skin look beige. The bright red lipstick, the ruby red shoes and the dark eyeliner had too much to fight against and were defeated by the dull coat. If you looked closely you might be able to see a sexy, young woman inside, but you had to decide to look closely in the first place.  
  
That was the solution: the coat had to go. But she didn't want to buy a new winter coat, not on a warm day in May. Her mind span again and the world started to feel like a dream. "Am I thinking what I'm thinking?" she asked herself. She was. She a hundred of miles from home and no-one in the town even knew her name. The old Susan had come out of the hotel this morning, but it was going to be the new Susan that went back this evening. The new Susan, with all traces of the old shed and discarded.  
  
She put down her bag with her new skirt, her new top, her sexy new bra and black lace shorts and stood looking at the mirror. She took her car keys out of her purse and put them both down on the seat next to her. She stared again at the mirror. "I dare you," the reflection mouthed.  
  
"I accept " she mouthed back at it.  
  
Susan looked around again. There were a few women, alone, looking idly at racks of shoes probably identical to the ones they already owned. There were one or two men buying shoes that looked identical to the pair they were already wearing. There were one or two couples, with the woman trying to engage the man in the decision-making process, whilst the man calculated his responses in order to exit the shoe shop in the shortest possible time.  
  
She untied the belt of her coat. The two ends hung down, and the coat slumped lower, no longer held up onto her hips. It revealed another inch of cleavage as it did so, but nothing more.  
  
Staring at the mirror, she reached down and unfastened the bottom button of the coat, and then another. No-one looked around to see what she was doing; it was just a woman unbuttoning her coat.  
  
The buttons were undone nearly up to her crotch, but the coat still held closed by the three buttons fastened around the waist. Maybe she could walk out now, very carefully, without showing too much? Some leg she would show, but nothing more than you'd see on a hot summer's day.  
  
Susan didn't walk out. She stood stil, looking at the mirror, idly as if a spectator. She unfastened the top button, and then the second, and then the third and final button. With her hand pressed on her stomach the coat was still held closed. She felt the fabric move across her nipples and it sent a shiver down her spine. She could still walk out, but she didn't.  
  
In one smooth movement she opened the coat and shrugged it off her shoulders. She watched in the mirror as it slid onto the floor revealing the slim, firm naked body underneath. The shoes, the lipstick and the eyeliner made her skin glow. Her nipples were hard again and she felt giddy.  
  
She turned to one side and admired her left, and then her right calf in the mirror. The shoes had shaped them to perfection. She imagined a tongue running up the inside of her leg, from ankle, to knee, to thigh, and then teasing. She closed her eyes briefly as a wave pleasure washed over her at the thought.  
  
She looked at her breasts silhouetted in the mirror. They held their shape well, the nipples pointing forwards. She imagined a touch of lips, circling each nipple, working their way up her chest and neck. Her eyes closed again for a moment.  
  
Her attention was completely devoured by the figure in the mirror, imagining everything it had to offer, and imagining it being taken. Then, with a start, she heard a noise and her attention snapped back. She remembered what others were starting to notice: she was a naked woman, in stilettoes, standing in front of a mirror in a shoe shop.  
  
She looked around at the faces that were looking back at her. She looked at the women, shopping alone, staring with a mixture of judgement and envy. How many of them wished they were her, here, right now, naked and on display? They may wish, but they never will.  
  
She looked at the men, shopping for uniform shoes. Their looks were amazed, but coveting. Not one of them would say "no" to her at the moment, and not one of them thought of anything except his desire for her.  
  
She looked at the couples. She looked at the men, pretending not to stare with desire, pretending not to admire, pretending not to compare the figure in front of them with the woman beside. She looked at their partners and all she saw was jealousy and suspicion. It was time to leave.  
  
Susan picked up her bag full of new clothes, her purse and her car keys. She turned and walked towards the door. People moved back as passed, staring all the while. She stretched one leg in front of the other, taking short steps as if walking a thin white line. At each step the heel hit the ground with a satisfying "click" before the toe followed. She felt her hips sway as her legs crossed slightly in front of each other, and her breasts bounced with the rocking of each step.  
  
As she approached the door, it was opened for her by a smartly dressed man who smiled at her. She tilted her head and smiled back, before he remembered his wife beside him and tried to conceal the exchange. Pausing in the doorway, a cool breeze caressed her naked body. She unlocked her car, crossed the pavement towards it and stopped, looking left and then right down the street. Anyone who was walking towards her was slowing to a stop, and anyone who was walking away started to turn to see what the fuss was all about. She paused for another second to take it all in before opening the door, throwing her bags in the back, and climbing in.  
  
Suddenly, the reality of being naked, inside a car on a busy shopping street hit her. She put the key in the ignition, started the car and pulled away before prying eyes could approach the windows. She glanced up at the mirror and saw a wide, impish smile reflected back. This had been a good day.

**The Hen Party**

by Kara Bryn

**The Hen Party - Part 1: Lunch**

Susan walked into the hotel's restaurant right on time at 12:30pm. Katherine had sent her a text message to say that the rest of the girls were arriving throughout the morning and that they had lunch booked, a spa afternoon at the hotel, and then a show in the evening. It all sounded very sophisticated, and, if she were honest, not at all like Katherine, especially considering this was her hen party. Perhaps she was settling into the idea of a tame married life on the near horizon. Susan had her doubts about that.  
  
She looked around the restaurant and saw Katherine seated between two other women at a table set for eight at the far end of the room. She didn't recognise the other pair. Although she was Katherine's oldest friend, she'd long since moved to London and most of her friends had stayed north, their social circles separating over time. She wasn't put out at not having been asked to arrange the hen party; she only saw Katherine once or twice a year so inevitably she'd formed more close friends.  
  
"Susan!" Katherine hollered across the restaurant at the top of her voice. She hadn't changed at all, Susan thought.  
  
Susan walked over, smiled, and they embraced briefly. They weren't the same people that they once were, but they still felt close. The other two women looked on with a hint of suspicion: who was this new arrival that was pushing into their friendly circle?  
  
"Ladies, I'd like you to meet Susan. We've been mates since… I dunno, we were five or six, I reckon? Susan, this is Hilary and Samantha."  
  
"Sam," the shorter of the two girls interrupted, smiling. The dynamic might be upset, but it seemed like she was going to make the effort to bond. The day could go well after all. Susan and Hilary exchanged a more muted "hello" as Susan sat down. Not everyone can feign openness, she thought to herself.  
  
"Looking forward to the day?" Sam asked her.  
  
"Most certainly," Susan replied.  
  
"Has Katherine told you what's in store for the afternoon and evening?"  
  
"Oh yes. It sounds really nice. Lunch, a massage, and then an evening show," Susan replied.  
  
"Yeah... I'm especially looking forward to tonight." Sam flashed a fiendish smile. So she must be the one who'd organised this; Katherine's new best friend. But what had she planned for Katherine's evening that merited that look? Well, I'll stay on the side-lines of whatever it is, Susan thought.  
  
Katherine's friends kept arriving over the next twenty minutes while the group continued to chat, more introductions were made, and they sipped at Prosecco. Susan was a watchful participant in the group, dropping in and out of conversations as she assessed the dynamic. The others all knew each other well and she didn't want to go charging straight into their group and rub someone up the wrong way.  
  
She looked up at the television in the background which was tuned in to the one o'clock news. Half paying attention to it when she was out of the conversation. It was the usual mix of talking heads, economic charts and vox-pop interviews. "Nothing much has changed since yesterday morning, then," she thought. But that wasn't quite right. "Well, maybe something has changed," and an involuntarily smile formed on her face as she remembered her prolonged strip of the previous day.

**The Hen Party - Part 2: A Story To Tell**

"It looks like Susan has a secret joke to share!" she heard Sam say, catching the smile on Susan's lips. Susan would have to watch that one's wicked side, even if she was just trying to bring the group together.  
  
Susan coloured slightly, and improvised quickly. "Oh, I was just remembering something that happened when Katherine and I were out on the town what… fifteen years ago, was it Katherine? You'd just turned eighteen, I think."  
  
Katherine laughed, remembering. Phew! The diversion worked.  
  
"Oooohhh yes… that stag party we met."  
  
Sam's pencilled-on eyebrows rose slightly. "Tell us more," they encouraged Katherine.  
  
"Well," Katherine continued, "we'd been out for a few hours in the evening, drinking as much alcopop as we could fit in us… you know what it's like, as soon as you're allowed in the pub without having to fib about your age, you go a bit mad…"  
  
The others nodded and laughed. "Yeah, but some of us grow out of it, eventually," someone said, bringing more raucous laughs. So they were that kind of crowd.  
  
"Oh I've seen what you call growing out of it, Wendy!" Katherine retorted. Definitely that kind of crowd. "But anyway… there was this group of… maybe eight lads, was it? Now we was well out of it…" which was almost true, as Katherine certainly was with the amount she'd drunk. Susan was as "out of it" as Susan got, even at that age, which was to say mildly tipsy after two drinks.  
  
"Well, these lads sees us coming down the street, and I was wearing these stilettoes and a short skirt, and this top that I don't think I could fit over one boob nowadays…" which brought more laughs and a smile from Susan, "… and they start looking at each other and talking and looking at us and stuff. And I was thinking like 'bring it on lads', wasn't I Susan?"  
  
Susan nodded encouragement.  
  
"And Susan was going to try to cross the road, I reckon, to stay away from them, but I wanted some fun wiv 'em, and they looked harmless enough."  
  
"So anyway, they came up to us and a couple of 'em were as bold as anything and they were like 'show us yer tits ladies!', because we were all sophisticated like in that town…" Katherine paused for effect and the others laughed again, but there was more concentration and a couple of the ladies were leaning forward getting caught up in the story. Katherine had always told it well.  
  
"Well, they were like 'show us yer tits!' And I went 'nah, lads, you wouldn't know what to do wiv 'em.' And they liked that, and the one who fancied himself at the front pointed at my chest and goes 'I reckon there ain't much there to look at anyway' And that was cheeky, but I was a lot smaller in them days, weren't I Susan?... and most of the time I didn't even need a bra, and I didn't have one on that day neither. Well, they stay up by themselves at that age, don't they?"  
  
Katherine was in her element now and had everyone's attention. They didn't even look at Susan to check if this matched how she remembered the encounter.  
  
"So then, I said 'And how do I know if you can do anything wiv 'em even if I showed yer? Show us what you got and maybe it'll be your lucky day'. And the flash one he really liked that an' all and he turned round to 'is mates. 'She wants to see what we've got lads,' he said, 'Fair's fair, I s'pose. Let no-one say the Buckmiester doesn't strike a fair deal.'"  
  
Susan remembered it all well, and was always amused remembering "the flash one" referring to himself as "the Buckmiester ". Anyone who refers to themselves in the third person, by the nickname that probably only they use, really needs to think long and hard about their self-image, she thought.  
  
Katherine continued.  
  
"Anyway, with that, 'im and another two, 'cos the rest were too chicken, stepped forward and quick as a flash they grabbed their trousers and boxers and yanked them down to the knees, and there were three sets of meat and two veg looking at us."  
  
The ladies around the table responded with laughter and half-cheers.  
  
"Well I looked 'n I said 'Looks like you've all had too much to drink there, lads. You ain't doing nuffink with them limp things'."  
  
The group erupted with howls of loud laughter and the rest of the restaurant looked over with a mixture of disapproval and "girls will be girls" smiles.  
  
"Well, I looked at Susan, and she looked like she'd seen aliens or something, but she couldn't stop staring none the same, could you girl?"  
  
The group looked at Susan now, who blushed and looked down at the table to deflect attention away.  
  
"And I thought… or maybe it was the alcopops that thought… yeah, why not? So I lifted me top up to my neck, exposing my little pancake tits to these lads, and they clapped and cheered and everything. And I said to Susan 'come on mate!', 'cos I wanted her to join in, but she just went redder 'an a beetroot. 'That's yer lot', I said, and pulled my top back down, and I think the lads reckoned they'd gotten their money's worth and they went off cheering and singing and like."  
  
Katherine laughed at the memory. "Oh, Susan… I'll never forget your face. I reckon it was the first time you'd ever seen a man's tackle. How did we ever end up as best mates, eh?"  
  
Susan smiled. She really had no idea, but she always had a great time with Katherine, and whilst being embarrassed in front of her new friends she was still enjoying listening to the story now.  
  
Sam looked at her. "Maybe we can bring Susan out of her shell later," she said with a wink. Susan really would have to look out for Sam trying to get her "out of her shell", whatever she had planned for Katherine.  
  
"I've been trying to do that for years, Sammy, it won't happen. Susan stays buttoned up and puts us all to shame," she said, clinking Susan's glass with hers, and nearly knocking it over in the process. She'd obviously been at the bar for a while before Susan arrived.  
  
The group quietened as no-one could think how to follow Katherine's tale. Then one of the girls suddenly spoke up in surprise: "Oooh, look at that on the telly". They all looked around at the local news that was showing.  
  
"And finally… shoppers were treated to an unusual sight yesterday as a naked woman walked out of a shoe shop into the busy street, got into her car, and drove off, apparently still naked. This grainy CCTV footage from inside the rear of the shop, which we've pixelated in part, shows her removing her coat, which appeared to be her only item of clothing, and then stopping to admire herself in the mirror wearing only the high heeled shoes that she'd just purchased. She then walked out past astonished shoppers and got into her car. Her identity remains a mystery and the police have said that no crime was committed and they will not be investigating. However, if the woman in question wishes to retrieve her coat the shoe shop has it in their lost property department."  
  
The newsreader turned to his co-host. "Somehow I don't think she'll be revealing her identity by turning up to collect the coat." They both laughed as the broadcast came to a close.  
  
Susan felt colour fill her cheeks. Thankfully her face was never clear enough in the CCTV shots to be recognisable, but she'd never thought about the possibility of her exhibitionism being recorded on camera.  
  
"The strangest things happen in the smallest towns!" Hilary said. They all turned away from the television and looked at each other smiling.  
  
"Well, just look at Susan," Sam said, "A few grainy shots of a naked woman on the telly and she's turned the brightest shade of crimson I have ever seen. Ladies, it looks like we really do have a prude to convert this evening!"  
  
"Oh lord…" thought Susan.

**The Hen Party - Part 3: Pampered**

The spa was booked for the group for the afternoon, with massages in half hour slots. Susan had the 4:30pm slot, which meant she'd been done by 5pm and then would have an hour to get ready for dinner and the evening show.  
  
Susan knew she could get from her room to the spa without going through reception, so she threw her clothes on the bed, put on the hotel dressing gown and slippers and shuffled down the stairs, through the corridors, and through the door to the spa area. A young woman in plain white cottons greeted her, but something about her expression told Susan that all was not quite as it should be.  
  
"I'm here for a four-thirty massage. Room three thirty two," Susan said.  
  
"Oh… yes! We have you booked in," the young woman replied, looking down at her schedule, but then the uncertainty showed again, "but there is a small change. We've had a couple of overruns."  
  
Susan looked at the clock. She could wait a short time, but she needed time to be ready for the evening. On the other hand, she really didn't want to miss out on the massage.  
  
"What sort of wait are we looking at?" she asked, "Fifteen or twenty minutes?" She was hopeful.  
  
"Unfortunately, we're a good forty five minutes behind at the moment, I'm afraid."  
  
That was bad news. That would mean she wouldn't be finished until nearly six, which was when the group where planning to meet, and Susan would need at least half an hour to get ready. Her shoulders sunk in disappointment.  
  
"Well, there is one alternative," the woman continued, "we do have another masseur, and a room, available, but both of our female masseurs are occupied, so you'd be given your treatment by Brett."  
  
Susan's face dropped to compliment her shoulders. She wasn't sure the hands of a strange man on her body would be the relaxing treat she was hoping for. The attendant tried to reassure her.  
  
"Oh, he's very good, and he takes women's sessions all the time, actually. But we usually like to be clear about what you're getting when it's booked, just in case." She leaned forward, and lowered her voice. "To be honest," she said, "we get much better feedback from our ladies who have Brett than any of the masseurs. If it wasn't against hotel rules for me to book a session myself I don't think I'd ever leave," she said with a wink, "We get a lot of repeat bookings for Brett".  
  
Susan smiled back. What was it with this town and the cheeky girls trying to get her into compromising situations with a wink and a smile?  
  
"You can keep your swimsuit on throughout, if you'd prefer. The massage is almost the same."  
  
Now that was what Susan had forgotten: a swimsuit. The hotel had recommended wearing one down to the massage, which the customer could remove if they wished, but she'd forgotten those instructions and hadn't packed one. She felt a bit daft, naked under the dressing gown.  
  
She was about to call the whole thing off, but another wave of disappointment halted the words as they formed. She'd been looking forward to the massage more than the rest of the weekend, and she knew she'd be in a worse mood for the whole evening if she just went back to her room and stewed for an hour before getting ready. She made a sudden resolution.  
  
"Okay, let's go ahead with Brett," she said, forcing her face to brighten, thinking "What harm can it do? This Brett will be a professional. He'll have touched hundreds of women's bodies and many of them will have been much younger and firmer than mine, I'm sure."  
  
The young woman smiled, relieved that she didn't have an unhappy customer to deal with.  
  
"Great! If you'll just come through here," she disappeared through a door and Susan followed. A pristine white massage table was in the centre of the room, and Brett was standing at the other side.  
  
Susan had never watched any pornography, but in her mind the vision of Brett standing before her was what a masseur would look like in any of those predictable setups. She felt a flutter as she took in his lean, tanned, muscular frame beneath the white cotton.  
  
"I'll just leave you now," the young woman said, "and Brett will take it from here." She went back out through the door, leaving Susan and Brett alone.  
  
"Hi there," Brett said, "Hopefully you've had the situation explained." Susan nodded. "You can keep your swimsuit on if you'd prefer, but, honestly, I think you'll have a much better experience without it. The oils can work on you and they're as much a part of the deal as the hands." Seeing Susan weighing up her options, he continued, "Either way, if you'd like to take your gown off and make yourself comfortable on the table however you'd wish, and if you're removing your swimsuit I can step out for a minute while you do."  
  
Susan felt giddy at the thought of just taking her robe off now and hoping Brett liked what he saw.  
  
"I'm… I forgot about the swimsuit, but I'm really not sure about lying uncovered on the table. Do you have a towel or something that I could put around myself? "  
  
Brett smiled, and Susan melted a little. Maybe his hands on her skin would set her at ease after all, but she'd feel better shrouded in the towel.  
  
"Sure," he interrupted her train of thought, "I'll get something. Just a second."  
  
Brett went out of the door and she heard a door open and close in the corridor before he returned with a large white towel. "This should cover you plenty. I'll just turn around while you wrap it around yourself and get comfortable on the table."  
  
Brett turned his back and started to pick some bottles from the shelf. Susan glanced around to check there were no mirrors to give her away, put her room's key entry card onto the table, stepped out of the slippers, undid her gown and tossed it onto a stool by the table.  
  
She paused for a second. "Would it be so bad if he turned around now?" she thought, her naked body wanting to move towards him. But instead she quickly grabbed the towel and wrapped it tightly around her chest, folding it into a tight knot. It covered her from cleavage to calf, and she realised she'd exposed more flesh to the world whilst wearing the robe.  
  
"Okay, I'm ready. Face up or face down first?" she asked.  
  
"Face down, please, to start with," Brett replied, turning back.  
  
Susan climbed onto the table and lay on her front, resting her head on the pillows.  
  
Almost immediately she could smell the oils, and then suddenly Brett's hands were on her shoulders. She tensed.  
  
"Wow. There's a lot of tension here. Let's get the nervousness out of you first, and then we'll get to the longer term problems… just relax."  
  
That was easier said than done, but as Brett worked away she found herself starting to drift. His strong hands tended her neck, shoulders, and arms. Apart from Mark, this was the most a man had touched her skin for years. Brett was nothing like Mark, though. She could feel the strength of his hands and his arms, strength that was controlled, measured and tender. She could imagine him holding a butterfly without crushing its wings, or crushing a rock with his bare hands depending on his mood. This was nice, and Susan drifted into private fantasies involving Brett, a shortage of clothing, and a desert island.  
  
The hands left her shoulders and started to work on her legs. "I hope he likes them", she thought. They were probably her favourite part of her body. She felt his hands move up and down on the calves, and each time they did the towel pushed slight higher. It had started above her ankle but soon it was up to her knee, and then halfway up the back of her thigh. He's a professional, she thought, and of course he needs to move the towel around to reach more of her legs. "It feels good. Just go with it," she reassured herself as she drifted back into the dreamy state and restarted the fantasy in her head.  
  
"I just need to turn you onto your back now." Brett's voice brought her back to the room.  
  
She started to push herself up onto her elbows and suddenly felt Brett's arms under waist and knees. He effortlessly lifted her clear of the table and deposited her back down on her back in a single smooth movement. She felt like a ballerina being lifted and spun in the air. "Maybe once I'm done with the desert island fantasy I'll be in a naked ballet next", she thought to herself.  
  
The towel was bundled tightly around Susan's chest, and Brett continued to work on her legs. She felt his hands move up and down her thighs and closed her eyes. Then she felt a tingle… a finger reached a part of her thigh that a man's hand had not touched for a long time. Brett was moving higher with each pass, but this time she didn't tense her body at the surprise. It was wonderful, and she drifted again, imagining his hands continuing to reach even higher, higher, pretending that there was no towel to stop him. And maybe he was naked at the same time. Her eyelids kept drooping and she saw Brett smile at her. He was reading the mood, and moved back to her shoulders again.  
  
"We're getting somewhere now," he said, still smiling.  
  
This time, with each pass of his hands across her shoulders and chest, the towel was pushed down a fraction at a time, the fingers that moved just beneath it increasingly slackening the knot. Soon she could feel the cloth barely covering the top of her nipple. Brett worked oil into her chest and around the top of her breasts and she tried hard not to tremble as his hands passed across each time, but, with her eyes closed, she couldn't help the smile on her face.  
  
She heard a soft voice close to her say, "Let's do away with this, shall we?"  
  
"Mmm hmm…" was the noise that seemed to come from her, and she felt a hand undo the loose towelling folds across her chest and the towel dropped down the sides of the table. She felt the cool air as it was removed wash over her bare nipples and across her stomach. She felt embarrassment at her bared privates and tried not to show it, but she could feel the heat in her face and was sure Brett would be able to read it.  
  
He continued to work up and down with his hands, this time taking in the full length of her body. She felt a finger pass over her nipples and massage around them and they leapt erect. As he moved down to the tops of her thighs she began to tingle. In her dreamlike state she wondered how far he would go, silently hoping that he would keep going further and further, closer and closer, but there was always one place that his hand never ventured, no matter how she many wordless wishes she formed.  
  
"I need to turn you back again," he almost whispered, and this time she didn't bother with moving as he placed an arm under her back and legs and scooped her up again. At the same time he pushed the towel into a heap on the floor beside the massage table so she was lying face down upon the soft cotton. He continued to explore the back of her body. She was incredibly turned on. "And he can probably see it" she thought to herself. " I don't care," she followed with. She opened her eyes slight, and her eyes focussed on a point on Brett's trousers just below his belt, only inches away.  
  
"Maybe he'll take the belt off next…" she thought, another fantasy coming to mind. But she was disappointed to notice that there wasn't even the barest hint of a bulge in his trousers. Susan inwardly shrugged: he was a professional, after all, and probably did this dozens of times a week. Why should her body be a turn-on? The thought dampened her arousal somewhat, but as a result she relaxed yet further. She drifted into a half sleep as Brett continued.  
  
Time passed, and she had no idea how long the massage had lasted. "I'm done now I'm afraid. I hope you enjoyed it," he whispered.  
  
"Mmm hmmm…" her throat managed to produce, but her eyes were unwilling to open.  
  
"I'll give you some time to recover," she heard his voice whisper, "and when you're ready, your dressing gown's on the stool so you can head back to your room... But there are no more sessions this evening, though, so no rush if you want to doze for a while."  
  
"Mmm hmmm…" she replied as her eyes closed again.  
  
And with that, Brett left the room leaving Susan face down, naked and almost asleep upon the table.

**The Hen Party - Part 4: Back to the Room**

She didn't know how long she had been dozing when she heard the door open. She tensed in fear at who might be coming in, and relieved that it was only the female attendant who'd shown her through the door earlier. She would only be able to see Susan's naked backside and her breasts from the door, and Susan was getting used to her nakedness and too relaxed to care at the moment.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry…" the young woman said, "I didn't realise there was anyone still here. I'm just tidying up. Won't be a second."  
  
"You go ahead…" Susan replied as her eyes closed again. She heard movement for a bare minute and then the door closed again, followed by the sound of the laundry bin being wheeled away down the corridor.  
  
"I really should make a move soon," she thought to herself, slowing bringing herself back to consciousness. A few minutes later she was ready to open her eyes and started to sit up. She looked towards the stool for her robe, and then started: it was empty. Her slippers weren't next to it either. She turned her head and scanned the room: they were nowhere in sight. She looked at the floor where the towel had fallen, but it too was gone.  
  
"I'm just tidying up," she heard the assistant repeat in her head. "Oh lord," she thought to herself.  
  
Susan's realised that her bath robe, slippers and towel had all been collected for cleaning. She looked around; there wasn't even a towel in the room. "My room's three floors up!" she thought to herself in panic, "and it seems I'm locked out of it anyway!" As another thought sprang into her mind. She looked at the table and, to great relief, saw her room key card was still there. At least she could still get into her room.  
  
"Okay Susan. Move fast before someone comes," she thought to herself. She grabbed the keycard and swung her legs off the massage table. Listening to check all was quiet, she pushed open the door and peered out. The corridor was deserted, and there were no lights showing through the frosted glass above each of the other treatment rooms. There were no staff members to summon for help, but at least there appeared to be no other guests either.  
  
Susan spotted what looked like a store cupboard down the hallway. That must have been where Brett fetched the towel from. She checked both directions again and tiptoed across the cool wooden floor to the storeroom door. She turned the handle and pushed; nothing happened. The storeroom was locked.  
  
This was getting worse by the minute, she thought. Her mind picked up speed as she ran through her options.  
  
First, she could wait until someone from the hotel came along, explain the whole thing whilst hiding behind the door showing only a blushing face, and they'd bring her a bath robe or something. But then, that might not be until morning, and what if someone came along who wasn't a member of staff? She knew there was a stag party staying in the hotel, and the pool was just down the corridor so it wasn't impossible that a group of young men would traipse past. She wasn't sure she could face that possibility, so option one was off the table for now.  
  
Second, there was the elevator back to the top floor. She knew it left from just outside the door to the spa, and it stopped right opposite the door to her room. But there was also no guarantee that no-one else would get into it along the way, and there weren't many places to hide a naked woman in a six foot square elevator. So option two didn't seem promising either.  
  
Thirdly, then, there was the stairway. It was only a short run from the top of the stairs to her room, although she had a couple of corridors to navigate to get to the stairs in the first place. She'd be able to keep lookout all along, though, so in terms of potential surprises this was the lowest risk option.  
  
If stairs was the best plan then she'd better start off now before people started coming and going for the evening. She wanted to minimise the chance that she'd be scampering naked past someone's room just as they opened the door to go out for dinner.  
  
Still on tiptoes, she headed towards the spa's entrance and peeked through the glass window in the door. The corridor the other side of the door was clear so she pushed it open. The lift doors where open on her left, so there was no chance of anyone popping out of there in the next thirty seconds. That was one worry struck off the list.  
  
Susan went through the door, listening with every fibre of her being and ready to jump back into the spa if she heard a noise. She heard a click which made her start and turn around, but it wasn't someone emerging from a room, it was the spa door closing behind her. The door could be pushed open by the handle from the inside, but from the outside, at this time of day, only a key card from reception could unlock it. Retreat was no longer an option. Susan swallowed hard.  
  
Susan continued down the carpeted corridor, past a couple of room doors, to where it turned towards the staircase. In her heightened sensory state she could feel her toes sink into the weave and she felt every individual fibre that she touched. As she passed beneath an air conditioning grill the cool air washed over her body, bringing small goose bumps and causing her nipples to firm slightly. She reached the corner and peered around it gingerly. The door to the stairwell was in sight.  
  
She craned her neck further out and looked down the corridor and realised the flaw in this plan: she was staring straight towards the reception desk where a young man in a tie sat staring straight back down the corridor, idly tapping his pen with a bored expression. It might make his day to see a naked woman dash past into the stairwell, but she had no intention of doing so. It was time for a rethink.

**The Hen Party - Part 5: Elevated Senses**

Time for a rethink was all well and good, except there wasn't going to be much time to think as she started at voices coming from one of the rooms she'd just passed. "I'm just going to head up to the sports bar, hun," she heard a male voice saying, "you follow when you're ready". Someone was on their way out into the corridor and she really didn't want to be here when they did.  
  
"Wait for me. I'm almost ready… I'll be literally thirty seconds," she heard a female voice reply. Thirty seconds in getting-ready-speak meant she had maybe a minute. She rushed back to the elevator, no longer on tiptoes, and turned to dash inside. Her way was blocked: the lift doors were no longer open and the display above read "one". Someone had called the lift to the first floor.  
  
She pressed the call button. "Please, please, please," she muttered, but nothing seemed to happen. After a few seconds the down arrow lit up and the lift was on its way to her. She could have kissed the little illuminated button, which would certainly have been a strange sight to behold.  
  
The lift came to a stop and she simultaneously saw the turning of the door handle from the room from which the voices had come. The lift doors started to open and she realised too late that someone may already be in there looking out, but she was in luck and Susan leapt in just as she saw the room door open.  
  
"Hun, the lift's here, come ON…" she heard the male voice say. Susan remembered another negative point for the lift escape she was now committed to: the elevator opened straight onto the bar on the next floor up, so the couple were heading straight towards her. It was strange how difficult it was to think clearly when you were running around a hotel in the nude. No, actually, it wasn't strange at all, she thought as her heart raced. At least the stress had taken the hardness from her nipples so that if she was discovered it wouldn't look like she was doing it for kicks.  
  
Susan pressed the "doors close" button franticly but nothing happened. How close were the couple to the lift doors? Then she remembered why it wouldn't close: because she hadn't chosen a destination. She pressed the "two" button and immediately she went back to punishing the "doors close" button.  
  
"Okay, I'm ready. Let's go up," the woman's voice said as she heard the room door close. The footsteps were no more than a few feet away and she pressed herself against the side of the lift, hidden in the recess beside the door hoping to stay out of sight for as long as possible. She wondered why, though, as it would be futile trying to hide as soon as they stepped into the lift, she thought.  
  
At that moment the doors slid closed before the couple reached them and her shoulders slumped in relief. She was on the way up to her room, and once she got to the second floor she only had to cross the corridor, swipe the card, and run in. There were only a few rooms up there, and it was on the top floor so there should be little passing traffic.  
  
She stared at the digital display as it changed from "zero" to "one". She willed it to move faster, but it seemed to stick at "one" for far too long. Susan felt the elevator slow and stopped without the number ticking over. Floor one was the bar, and doors were about to open onto it.  
  
Susan pressed her back against the inside of the lift, making herself as flat as possible again. She could feel the cold metal against the backs of her calves, her thighs, her buttocks and her shoulders. She would be just out of the sight of anyone looking straight at the elevator, but she knew someone was about to get in and there would be nowhere to hide. Her key card was only an inch across and wasn't much to hide her naked body behind. She kept her arms by her sides to stay as much out of sight as possible, ready to put her hands across herself as soon as someone stepped in.  
  
The doors opened and she heard Sam's voice coming from the bar. "Of all the people," she thought to herself, "it had to be Sam that was about to discover her, didn't it?" Was it better to be seen naked by someone you knew or by a stranger? Her exposure yesterday had been thrilling and empowering, but she had been anonymous. Being discovered by Sam would be none of these things. Katherine would hear about it, and when they returned home she knew that, no matter what the promises, stories would spread. The evening might be easier if Sam didn't think Susan was such a prude, but this was not the way Susan wanted to change her mind.  
  
Susan shivered in fear and closed her eyes, bracing for the inevitable.  
  
"Okay, up to the rooms to get ready, then we all meet back in reception at six o'clock," she heard Sam say. And then, "Oh shit, I've got to book the cabs... I'll go down to reception. Crap, this lift's going up. It'll be quicker to take the stairs."  
  
Susan felt relief and hope, and remained frozen flat against the cold metal praying silently that she had heard correctly and Sam would not step into the lift and discover her there. There was a chance she was going to get away with this after all. She opened her eyes, and saw a slender arm reach forward and press a finger on the lift call button on the wall outside, preventing the doors from closing. If the owner of that arm made another step forward Susan would be seen, but what was it doing? Was Sam holding the lift for someone else? Fear rose again.  
  
She heard Hilary speak. "I'll go up by myself and see you down there at six, then." This was even worse: Sam would have teased Susan endlessly about her accidental nudity, and the gossip would spread like wildfire, but if Hilary saw her it wouldn't just be fun and teasing. Hilary would judge. Hilary would sneer. Hilary would have a hold over Susan, and Susan was afraid of how she would use it.  
  
"Nooo… come down with me", Sam pleaded, "We can flirt with the young man on reception some more! It'll only take two minutes." Susan pleaded silently along with her, "Yes, yes, go with Sam!"  
  
Susan didn't hear a response, but after a pause the finger was removed from the call button and she heard two pairs of heels turning away. After what seemed an age the doors closed, with no-one getting into it.  
  
"Now, how do lifts work again?" she wondered. The couple on the ground floor had wanted to come up to this floor, but surely it would take her up to the second floor before going down? She had pressed the "two" button, hadn't she? The lift still remembered that she wanted to go up another floor, didn't it?  
  
The lift started to move, but Susan's stomach was turning and she couldn't tell in which direction it was moving. Again, her luck held and the lift indicator ticked over to show "two". The doors slid open to reveal… nothing. She ducked her head around the door recess and looked through the doors. There was no-one waiting for the lift, but she couldn't tell if there was anyone in the corridor. It didn't sound like anyone was.  
  
Her room was directly opposite. Never before had she been thankful for a hotel room located opposite the elevator. Then the lift doors started to close again… it would head down to the ground floor to pick up the waiting couple. Susan leapt out into the corridor… and stared straight at a middle aged man in a suit fumbling in his trouser pocket for his key card. He was maybe twenty feet from her and facing away, thus depriving himself of the story of when an attractive naked woman had jumped out of a lift at him. But the lift door had closed behind Susan and again there was no retreat.  
  
If there's one advantage to being naked, it's that there are no pockets in which to search for a key card. Susan swiped the card and, after what seemed like an age but was actually less than a second, the red light on the detector panel turned to green. In one motion she pushed down the door handle and barged her way inside. At the same time, the man in the suit started to turn around to acknowledge his fellow resident. He caught a flash of Susan disappearing.  
  
"Was that woman…? " he thought to himself, "…Don't be daft." He cursed the predilection of the male mind to interpret any partial glimpse of a female in light clothing as young, naked skin. "It was probably some middle-aged frump all in beige," he thought to himself, and then brightened. "Still, at least my imagination is more interesting than this dull reality. Travelling for work is such a grind." He went into his room and had already forgotten about the possibility of what he'd convinced himself he hadn't seen.  
  
Inside her room, Susan pressed her back against the door and then sunk to the floor in relief. "Let's never do that again," she said to herself out loud.

**The Hen Party - Part 6: Arrival at the Club**

The evening had thus far proceeded smoothly. Susan had gone down to reception at six o'clock, trying not to show the pride she felt at the appreciative gazes bestowed on the outfit she'd bought the day before. The charcoal skirt was zipped tightly up the back and hugged her hips and thighs, just as she remembered. She felt unbelievably sexy in her lace shorts beneath them, and the material of those was so thin and delicate there was no hint of a line through her skirt.  
  
Her bright ruby top tapered gently down to her waist before settling over the top of her skirt and onto her hips, and the wide V-neck led the eye down from her the smooth, pale skin of her shoulders down, over the rise of her chest and then closed just as her cleavage came into view. This in turn was enhanced by the strapless bra which invisibly shaped and lifted her breasts, and the cut of the top hugged the underside as it closed in around her thin waist and stomach.  
  
The ruby shoes matched the shirt and the heel both lengthened and shaped her legs. It was amazing what a couple of days could do to change a person, but she felt she could admire her legs in the mirror for hours. The smooth calf, the soft curve into the knee, the firm thigh that drew the eye up and up until it met the hemline of the skirt which finally said "You have seen enough. Be happy that you reached this far." This really was a new Susan.  
  
A hint of the old Susan still remained, however, although she felt it was a healthy restraining balance. She had planned for her legs to be bare when she had bought the outfit, but when she looked in the mirror the effect was perhaps just a little too inviting. She wanted to feel attractive, and some attention and appreciation was welcoming, but this just said too much about being available.  
  
She had put on a pair of tights, but they clamped the shorts to her skin. It didn't feel as comfortable, and certainly nowhere near as sexual, but she wasn't going to go out with something covering her. She looked in the mirror and was moderately satisfied with the result until, turning to her left, her mind was changed for her as she saw a ladder around a finger length long forming on the inside of her right thigh. That could be all the way down to her feet by the end of the night. That answered that question then, and the skirt and then the tights came off again.  
  
She rummaged through her bag. When she'd packed it she'd randomly picked up a bundle of things from her underwear draw at home and thrown them in. There must be another pair of tights in here, surely, and with some sifting she found them. She pulled the sheer fabric carefully out of the bag – one laddered pair was enough for an evening – and unravelled it in surprise at how small the pair was. And then she realised that it wasn't tights at all, but it was still a surprise: she didn't even know that she still owned any stockings. Susan chuckled to herself: lady luck had worked some magic here and had packed with the new Susan in mind. Or maybe she should be known as mistress luck.  
  
She was feeling excited at the thought of wearing stockings, and she was lucky when a hunt through the bundle of clothes located the matching leg. She pulled on one stocking and then the other, examining them as she did. She had bought them for a night out years before, but was never brave enough to wear them. They were clear of ladders and a pleasant creamy brown colour, only a little darker than her skin. At the top, just below where the weak elastic would be hidden behind the skirt, there was a delicate pattern that, like the lace on her underwear, only she would know was there but would give her inner sexuality a boost. She put the skirt back on, slid her feet into the shoes and again looked at herself in the mirror.  
  
"You are so ready for this," she had said to herself. Even Sam had smiled winked at her, again, when she had arrived downstairs, so maybe she had changed her mind about her being a prude and the evening would go more smoothly.  
  
Raucous laughter brought Susan's focus away from her reminiscing and back to the group of girls around the restaurant table at which they were seated.  
  
"Right, ladies. We need to pay up here," Sam was saying, "And then on to the show!"  
  
Some of the girls whooped, and Susan realised that she had never even asked what the evening show was. She assumed some kind of a cabaret club, or maybe something burlesque, since that was all the rage at the moment. Judging by Sam's tastes it was unlikely to be the ballet, she smiled to herself, remembering one of her fantasies on the massage table from earlier that day.  
  
The group left and walked through the streets for ten minutes. Susan recognised the shoe shop she had stepped out of, naked, just the day before, and hoped that nobody in the small town would recognise her. They probably weren't looking at her face, she thought, but that was another thing she hadn't really thought about, that she would be out here again the following night. But then, the whole thing wasn't exactly planned, was it?  
  
They turned down a side street, Susan in conversation with one of the quieter girls discussing how they both knew Katherine, who else they knew, and all the other things you go through with a new group, when she heard Sam say "This is the one!" and the group trailed through a large doorway. Susan caught a glimpse of the neon "Live shows!" sign on the wall outside. It was looking more burlesque by the minute, she thought.  
  
Inside did nothing to change her mind, although she thought the girl on reception was wearing rather too little, even for an exotic club. Susan looked down at her black stilettoes and followed her thin, bare legs upwards until, just barely low enough, the lace hem of a black apron covered the front of the girl's pelvis. This gave just enough cover to the front, but her sides were bare except for the string that tied the apron. Susan could see that there was nothing else beneath. "Much as I hate the things, surely they could at least have included a g-string or a thong in the uniform?" Susan thought to herself.  
  
She wondered what was covering the back and, as the girl turned, she saw the answer: nothing at all. At least it wasn't a cool night, Susan thought in sympathy. The apron looked feather light and it would only take a breath of wind to lift it an inch, or just a brush past a table, and everything would be on sight. Bending over was certainly out of the question, but the girl seemed unphased by her level of exposure. "Well, it's just a job to her, I suppose," Susan thought to herself.  
  
From the waist up her outfit was possibly even more scant. Her only cover was a wide lace collar, as if from a Victorian era, so wide that it only just balanced on her shoulders. The curve of the neckline dropped low as it swept across the girl's breasts. The Victorians would have had a few more layers on beneath, however, whilst this girl had none.  
  
Susan wondered why they bothered with the lace collar at all, since its open pattern revealed more pale flesh and nipple through it than it covered. The collar itself was two or three inches broad to cover the nipples, but the way the stiff fabric fanned down over her breasts, rather than falling over them, meant that as she handed each of the girls in the group their entry ticket it lifted to reveal the entire side of her breast and the nipple that was being hinted at through the lace.  
  
Susan was nervous about what was to come, but the girl's outfit was certainly erotic in the way it never fully concealed but still teased between revealing and hiding. "It gets us in the mood even before we go in, I suppose," Susan thought. She turned around and saw that the frontage of the club was full-height glass. Not a man who walked past could help himself from looking in, both eyes and step lingering as long as they dared, or just plain stopping and gaping, depending on the observer's demeanour.  
  
Susan tore her eyes from the attractive young woman and followed the others through the door.

**The Hen Party - Part 7: The Evening Show**

Inside the club it was little different. Young girls, mostly either side of twenty, she guessed, were dressed in the same outfits as the one on reception and serving drinks, but she was pleased to see that there were also male waiters. They were dressed only in black bow ties and white aprons tied around the front, also bare around the sides and back as the girls were. At least that was more equal. They were all tanned, well-toned and, although possibly made of plastic, they were certainly easy on the eye. She couldn't help to try to get a glimpse under their aprons as they moved around the room, although to no avail. Considering what the girls were showing this didn't seem quite equal after all, but then again it rarely was.  
  
The guests inside the club were mixed between men and women and formed groups around standing tables, arranged more sparsely as the room opened to a stage at the end. "We've got some space booked over here," she heard Sam shouting, and followed the group over to a free table near the front.  
  
The next hour passed without much sign of a show as the group talked, and Susan was overcoming her nervousness at the venue and starting to enjoy having drinks served by muscular, semi-naked men. Possibly she was relaxing into the group, and Sam hadn't singled her out for any special attention now that she was "dressed to the nines", as she'd been told. Possibly, or more likely, having a few drinks inside of her had relaxed her mood as well.  
  
The first few shows soon started, confirming her burlesque suspicions. There was partial nudity, women in bustiers and corsets, or just with tassles on their nipples, and some impressive acts with knives, fire. As the girls around here whooped and cheered Susan looked on more fascinated by a culture that she'd never been part of than aroused by any of the show. She had shown the townsfolk more than this yesterday, she smiled to herself. The last act left the stage and the lights came up to a level where they could see each other again and the group went back to talking and trying, fruitlessly, to engage the waiters in flirting. Sometime later the lights dimmed again and a compere with a microphone walked onto the stage.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen," the voice came over the speakers, "and especially the ladies…" Whoops and cheers from Susan's group. "I know you've been waiting for this act… yes, yes, lads at the front, you'll get your show after this one,… " which brought a mixture of boos and cheers from what appeared to be a stag party at the front of the stage. "Ladies, we have three wonderful men for your centrepiece show tonight. This is a show I can guarantee you'll remember for a very long time and, I don't want to give too much away, let's just say that nothing will be left to the imagination…" More loud whoops and cheers from the hen party and Susan worried for her hearing the next day.  
  
"Male strippers , then," she thought to herself. Well, this could be fun enough. She'd never seen any before, and if they were proportioned anything like the waiters then this would be good to watch.  
  
"But before we start," the compere continued, "I understand we have a hen party here tonight?"  
  
The group cheered again and Sam's jumping and waving arms attracted the attention of the compere.  
  
"Now, ladies, I'm sure you want to be part of the fun, and it just so happens that we need an assistant tonight. One of the boys, can you fetch the hen up on stage for me?"  
  
A tall, muscular man in sailor outfit came out of the wings, down the stairs and walked towards the group.  
  
"Katherine? Where's Katherine?" Sam was shouting, jumping up and down next to Susan and looking around her. The man worked his way towards them, ready to grab his prey.  
  
Sam spotted Katherine first. She was in an armchair at the back of the room in the lap of what must have been a twenty year old boy. She had her arms wrapped around him and they were locked together at the mouth, arms moving up and down the others body as they writhed.  
  
"Wahay! Katherine's pulled!" Sam shouted.  
  
"Lord help her future husband," Susan thought to herself.  
  
Sam looked back at the man in the sailor's outfit again and her eyes flashed, making up her mind quickly. "This prude is the one you want!" she barked, and Susan felt a hand in her back push her forward. Before she could escape the "sailor" hooked one strong arm beneath her knees, another under her back, and then carried her, through the audience, up the stairs onto the stage, ignoring her protestations on the way.  
  
The compere had left the stage and there were now two more men, in identical sailor outfits, who had joined the first and were standing either side of a chair in the centre. Susan was put down onto the chair, facing the audience. "Why me?" she thought to herself, "and how do I escape?" Maybe she could just run off now? But then another tale of "Susan the prude" would follow her forever.  
  
Suddenly the music started, the lights over the audience dropped and those shining onto the stage brightened. The men started moving around her to the beat, and, she had to admit, they moved well. She was captivated by the agility of their bulky frames. If she was going to be the prop that they performed their act around, it was time to just sit and bear it. With the light in her eyes she couldn't see the audience in any case, so why not pretend that this was a private show just for her and enjoy it?  
  
One of the sailors stopped in front of her. With exaggerated movements he removed one sleeve of his jacket, and then the other, and then threw it off the side of the stage, baring a wide chest, a six-pack of muscles down his stomach for Susan to admire. He turned around to face the audience.  
  
Susan could hear the cheers from her group; the audience was till there alright, but they were looking at the sailors, not at her, and that was just fine. Susan kept her eyes on their bodies too, part fascinated, and also not wanting to make eye contact with one of them in case they read it for confidence and tried to get her to dance or something. Playing the meek and timid one wasn't an act, it came naturally.  
  
The second and third stripper did the same, and she had to admit that she was starting to enjoy this show. Their bodies were fantastic, and she had a feeling she was going to see more. She wasn't disappointed as, soon after the shirts, the trousers were to follow. Each in turn stopped in front of her and tore off the slacks that were held together by Velcro down the sides, revealing a large bulge in a tight and meagre thong. Susan couldn't help but stare with a blush on her face as they moved before turning to face the audience. This only gave her a view of tight, muscular buttocks and thighs which her eyes lapped up to the same degree.  
  
The three men in shoes, thongs and sailors hats continued to move, and Susan kept her eyes locked on their bodies. She could pick out almost every muscle in their bodies and imagined what it would be like to run her hands across them, touching the mountains of their chests and feeling their strong arms around her.  
  
"Wooooo, go Susan!" she heard from the crowd, either from Sam or one of the others. The audience were still there allright.  
  
The men were still circling Susan when the two either side of her stopped and the one behind placed his hands on her shoulders. They were strong yet gentle, and they moved from side to side along her shoulders, feeling her skin and then the cloth of the ruby top. Then the hands moved down her front, passing over her breasts and her stomach. Her nipples jumped inside the strapless bra and she tingled inside. Her breasts hadn't felt the touch of a man for many months before today and now it had happened twice, although the massage parlour was something entirely different to this. There was more intent here; the intention to arouse, and to entertain both the crowing mob out there and her up here. She shivered slightly under the strong hands.  
  
The hands held her waist for a second and then moved back up, pressing firmly against her breasts again as they passed over. Despite herself, Susan's head rocked back unconsciously in pleasure, and the hands moved back to her waist again. They gripped her, and then she was raised to her feet and twisted around to face the male stripper who had been standing behind her, running his hands over her torso.

**The Hen Party - Part 8: Some Familiar Hands**

Susan looked up into the stripper's eyes.  
  
"Brett!" She said in surprise. No wonder those hands had felt so good.  
  
He smiled. "You're doing great. Just go with it!" he shouted over the music, turning her around to face the audience again.  
  
This was quite good fun after all, a slightly intoxicated Susan thought. Sam was probably wishing she'd come up here herself.  
  
Brett had taken the chair away and was now strutting his stuff to the audience in front of her, whilst the other two largely naked sailors stood on either side. As she was watching him, they each took one of her wrists, raising them so her arms stretched vertically above her head. They stopped their, each holding her by a firm grip. There was so much strength in those hands it was pointless to try to resist anyway. They started to walk a wide circle around her and she was forced to spin with them clockwise and then anticlockwise to the music. She was getting more attention than she wished, but it was still good fun.  
  
They stopped the spinning as she was turned back to face the audience again with Brett standing behind her again. As when she was in the chair, she felt Brett's hands reach around her and onto her shoulders. Then they slid down her sides, the fingers and across the sides of her breasts, over her waist and her hips. The hands stopped and then retraced their journey, except this time they slipped inside her top, lifting it slightly to bare an inch of stomach to the crowd, before sliding down again and letting the fabric fall back to her hips. The audience cheered more excitedly than ever, and Susan shuddered at the touch of Brett's fingers on her waist.  
  
The hands again moved up and then down again, repeating the movement and each time reaching slightly further into her top. Soon she felt the large hands up her top cup her breasts through her bra. She went slightly limp at the touch, and the hands moved around the front and back, caressing her back and her breasts in smooth motions. Why couldn't Brett have done this in the privacy of the massage table rather than here in front of all of these people? She would have enjoyed it then. Although that wasn't to say that it didn't have its pleasurable aspects even now.  
  
The hands continued to move up and down across her front and back inside her top, cupping her breasts from time to time and sometimes reaching even higher and tracing a finger down her cleavage and over the front of the strapless bra. The hands under her top paused at the front of her chest and she felt a tightening around her sides, followed by a release and an unexpected freedom. Brett's hands emerged from beneath her top, her bra in one hand. He had worked out that the strapless bra fastened at the front and had unhooked it while she was distracted by his touch. He raised it triumphantly to the crowd, who cheered at the top of their voices, and then tossed the bra to the front of the stage. She tried to turn around, to try to say "No, I don’t want this," but the hands holding her arms above her prevented her from moving, and the music was too loud to make a protest heard.  
  
Within moments Bretts hands started their movement again, moving down from her shoulders, and then back up her top, but this time instead of bra cups they passed over breasts that were bare beneath the ruby fabric. Susan momentarily forgot how horrible this whole experience was again, lost in the pleasure of how good his hands felt as they softly massaged around her nipples.  
  
Bretts hands moved down again, but rather than stopping at her hips they moved further this time, stroking up and down her thighs and legs. But the tight skirt which showed her figure off was also her best defence now, and there was no space for his large hands between the hemline and her thighs. The fingers moved up and probed the waistline, which was also held tight. The audience had seen her bra, but she was covered and they could see nothing more through her top. Her lace shorts were out of reach within the tight skirt, in case they had ideas of displaying those as well.  
  
"They can go back to their act now," Susan thought to herself with relief. She was thankful not only for avoiding being made any more of spectacle of, but she was also so aroused that, frankly, if Brett had been able to touch bare skin closer to her pelvis she feared she might orgasm right there on stage.  
  
Defeated, the hands moved around her waist to her back and then moved upwards, which arched slightly in response. She felt the back of a hand run down her spine, sending more tingles through her body. Her back arched even more as the finger moved lower down her back and she felt the pressure along the line of her buttocks, still moving down as it did. Her senses were absorbed by the sensation and then she was surprised by the feeling of hands on bare skin on her lower back. She realised that with the movement down her spine and buttocks Brett had grabbed the zip of her skirt and opened pulled it down, and now, with space to work with, his hands moved around her waist again, prising the unzipped skirt away from her body, continuing downwards and pushing the skirt over her hips and down her legs. She looked down and saw it fall to the floor at her feet, exposing her lace shorts and stocking-clad legs. Fear gripped her.  
  
Susan knew the thin lace shorts did little to hide her most intimate parts from the howling audience below her. She wanted to bring her hands down in front of her, but they were still restrained by two strong hands, one holding onto each wrist. She had little time to feel how bad about her predicament had become, however, as Brett's hands, free of the skirt, moved up the outsides of her thighs again, up over the bare skin between her stocking tops and her shorts, and sent another shiver through her.  
  
The hands passed over her hips and into her top again. They followed the curves of her waist in, and as the fingers continued and ran over the sides of her breasts her eyes rolled. The hands paused and she anticipated the downwards movement, but when they resumed their movement instead of going down they kept rising, rising up her sides, passing over her underarms, and Susan felt them pushing her top with them as they went. The fabric moved up over her breasts, exposing the bottom of them to the crowd below, and then stopped. The audience were going wild and Susan could feel the edge of the fabric just covering the bottom of her nipples. This was too far.  
  
Susan felt embarrassment rising higher again as she was held there, waiting for what seemed an interminable time whilst her breasts were just an inche from being fully exposed before the hands moved back down. But when Brett's hands did start moving again they continued upwards, not downwards, and she felt the air on her nipples as they came into view. "Enough is enough!" she thought to herself, and tried to twist her body around and express "no more" to the hands that held her.  
  
Maybe the hands interpreted the writhing as pleasure, or maybe they just didn't want to listen, as they again continued up along her raised arms, taking the top over her eyes and up over her head. The grips on her wrists shifted for a moment as the top was passed over her hands and she saw the ruby red fabric thrown onto the stage to join the bra. Her slim, curvaceous figure was displayed on the stage in black lace shorts, stockings and red heels, arms still raised above her head, and the crowd loved it.  
  
The one thing Susan wanted to do was to cover her breasts with her hands, to hide them from the hundreds of eyes that she knew were staring at her, but she couldn't. She wanted to run from the stage, but the firm grips continued. Hands passed around her waist and she twisted and turned, hoping still to convey some sign of distress and say, with her body, "Stop, please stop," to the men who had her under their power, but the crowd only took her writhing under Brett's touch as contortions of pleasure and cheered even louder.  
  
Brett's hands again moved up, onto her chest and over her bare nipples which, despite her embarrassment, were still hard. With her hands raised above her head Susan's breasts were lifted into shape, nipples pointing horizontally. Brett's hands then moved down her front and over her pelvic bones and she dreaded what was coming next. As they moved over the front of her pelvis she felt for the touch, and realised that she was feeling hands through fabric and was thankful that her shorts were staying on. She shuddered from the touch, more turned on than she had felt for years, but glad that Brett was going to go no further in exposing her. The pain of humiliation was fighting against the exhilaration of being touched so intimately, yet so publicly, but this had already gone too far.  
  
Brett's hands left her body and he came out from behind to stand in front of her, his large frame giving temporary respite from the examining, gaping gaze of the audience. He put his arms around her neck and pulled her close. Despite her anger at him, she took the cover that the hug provided gratefully, but also in relief that Brett's work here was done. Held tight, she could feel the bulge inside his thong pressed into her stomach and noted with disappointment that, for the second time today, while she was undressed he was still soft. Running his hands all over her body, whether here or in the massage parlour, was just a job for him, as much as the revealing outfit was for the girl out front.  
  
Despite this, and despite her exposure to the crowd, Susan was still turned on. In an impulse, she leant her head forward and upwards and pushed her lips onto his. He allowed the kiss, but she felt little encouragement as her mouth lingered there, and even whilst being kissed by a topless woman there was no stirring to be felt from Brett's barely covered penis pressed against Susan's stomach. She moved her head back and looked into his eyes as his strong hands moved up and down her bare back and pressed onto her lace-covered buttocks.  
  
She looked him in the eyes, hoping he would take pity on her and end the act quickly. "When's the thong coming off?" Susan spoke loudly, forcing herself to smile. Brett looked blank. "'Nothing left to the imagination' we were promised," she continued into his ear.  
  
Brett smiled and whispered back. "He wasn't talking about us," he said, and Susan felt his fingers slide into the waistband of her lace shorts. She trembled as his hands move downwards, pushing the shorts off her hips, over her bare thighs, past her stockings, and then onto the floor to pool with her skirt around her feet. As he pulled her shorts down Brett sunk to his knees in front of her and then slid his hands back up to hold her at the waist, pulling her forward so her groin pressed against his chest, concealing her from the crowd. She wanted to be released and to run from the stage, but she also wanted to push her pelvis forward, to try and feel her clitoris press against Brett's bare skin.  
  
Brett leant forward towards her arching body touched his lips to her stomach. Susan's eyelids fluttered at the wave of pleasure that pulsed through her, throwing her head backwards again as her part of her urged him to go lower while another part willed the ordeal to end. She waited for another kiss, but instead of placing his lips on her again Brett released his hold and then stood, moving to one side and exposing her to the view of the crowd.  
  
She could hear even louder cheers and whoops, a mixture of both male and female voices, and again the pleasure she had just felt from Brett's lips was being subsumed by the panic of having her body, naked except for the shoes on her feet and the stockings that remained on her legs, exposed to the hundreds of people looking up at her.  
  
"This must be coming to an end," she thought, "Please let it end." The two men beside her finally brought her arms down in wide arcs and placed her hands onto their muscular shoulders, who knelt as they did so. Her arms were around their necks and their hands held hers tightly to each shoulder. She could feel her bare buttocks against their shoulders as they crouched on one knee.  
  
Then she felt their free hands push between her legs just below the knee, and then each gripped an ankle. A slight push forward put their shoulders under her, and with a lift from the ankle and she was suddenly aloft, balanced on the shoulders of these two god-like figures.  
  
Susan felt giddy at the height and the exposure, but was held securely by the hands on her wrists and ankles. Unfortunately those hands also prevented her from either covering her breasts or her privates, and she was unable to even close her legs tight as her ankles were held firmly. She was held there for what seemed like an age, realising that audience were staring up at her vagina and swollen labia, clearly able to read her state of arousal. She felt a wave of shame wash over her and was sure the bright red of her face would be obvious even under the bright lighting.  
  
Brett was on the floor in front of her, kneeling and prostrating himself, as if he was worshipping a queen seated on a throne formed of granite-like muscle, held high over her audience by her slaves. She was demonstrating her power over subjects by demanding that they look at her naked exposed body, judge it, and find their own bodies wanting. The nakedness, the embarrassment, but also the power and the undivided attention conflicted within her.  
  
Suddenly, the music reached a crescendo and the sound of the audience cheering and clapping below filled the room. The men held their position for a few more seconds before the lights dropped and the entire room was shrouded in uniform semi-darkness. For the first time Susan could make out the silhouettes of the audience below and she felt her embarrassment rising. Maybe this would be bearable if it were an anonymous crowd, but she thought of Sam, Hilary, and even Katherine down on the floor, looking up at her in her powerless state as she was stripped of everything except her shoes and stockings. She wanted to be away from that place as fast as possible.

**The Hen Party - Part 9: A Familiar Face**

The act finally over, Brett left the stage and the men holding Susan lowered her to her feet. One of them scooped her up in two strong arms and carried her to the front of the stage. She was handed down to one of the semi-clad waiters who deposited her on the floor in front of the stage. She was still giddy and he held her while she balanced on her stilettoes and, as she steadied, he turned and left. She looked around her, increasingly terrified at her exposure. Where were her clothes? Where was the hen party?  
  
Wherever she looked all she could see were predatory male eyes looking at her naked body. It was the stag party that had been braying before the act and they were standing all around her.  
  
"Looks like it's Christmas time for us, lads!" she heard one of them shout, and she rushed a hand over her groin and an arm across her breasts to cover herself. Maybe it was too late for that, but it was instinctive, and she needed to communicate "no" to them. They eyed her up and down and one started to approach. "I think it's time we treated the lady to a slow dance! Come 'ere, luv." Susan started to look for an escape route.  
  
"Back off! She's with me!" she heard an assertive female voice behind her. The boy raised his hands in surrender and backed away. Susan turned around and saw a wide feminine smile and sparkling eyes looking back at her.  
  
"Marian!" she shouted in relief. At the sight of a friendly face she forgot her nakedness and leapt towards her, putting her arms around her neck and pressing their bodies together. Marian wrapped her arms around her in return and, to Susan's surprised, pressed her lips to Susan's in a kiss. Susan realised that, despite everything, she was still hugely aroused. Her kiss with Brett had been so unsatisfactory and the need that had been created in her earlier had not been fulfilled.   
  
She wasn’t quite sure why, but she released her tension and allowed the kiss to happen. Her aroused state was carrying her along with the moment and, when she felt Marian's mouth move open her lips followed and Marian's tongue entered, flicking and probing. Marian's hands ran down Susan's bare back, along her spine, stopping at the tops of her buttocks and pulling their pelvises against each other in a close embrace. Her touch was nothing like Brett's had been; it had none of the strength and power, but feminine fingers knew exactly where to exert pressure and where to glide lightly across skin.  
  
For her part, Susan held Marian tightly around the shoulders and savoured the feel of their lips moving together and across each other, the delicate tongue teasing and probing, forgetting that it was a woman that she was kissing and that she really wasn't into that kind of thing. A long, caring kiss was just what she had needed. As with the feel of the hands on her back, the kiss was nothing like that she had shared with the few men she had experienced. Although her body wasn't reacting in the same way, the passion was still a turn on and the delicacy and tenderness felt delicious. She was giddy again but was held by Marian to keep her balance.  
  
"Go for it girls!" a boy from the stag party shouted from behind, starting to form a circle to watch the spectacle.  
  
This brought Marian's attention. In the heat of the moment and her own arousal at the show she had also forgotten that she was sharing a passionate kiss with a naked woman in a room full of stag and hen parties. This brought her back to the immediate problem of Susan's undressed state.  
  
Marian glared over Susan's shoulder at the boys. She grabbed Susan's clothes, which were in a bundle at the edge of the stage and, taking a small step back, she couldn't help but glance over Susan's pale body from head to toe and back again.  
  
"Let's get you out of here, girl," Marian said, and started to pull Susan towards the door. She wasn't quite able to think clearly either.  
  
"But I'm not wearing anything!" Susan protested looking around, eyes still staring at her and fear returning.  
  
Marian suddenly laughed. "Rubbish! Those stockings really suit you!" she said. Susan softened only slightly. It might be entertainment for the woman who was clothed, but standing in the nude made it feel much more serious.  
  
"But much as I love your outfit," she continued, still joking, "It is a little cool outside now and we don't want you to catch a chill."  
  
Susan reddened again and looked back at Marian. From the way she had dressed for her night out, this club was obviously her type of thing. Tall, shiny black boots stopped just above the knee and, although she was at least two inches shorter than Susan, and Susan herself was still wearing an inch of heel, the razor thin heel of the boots brought their heights close together.  
  
Marian's thigh was bare, but only a few inches were visible before disappearing beneath a tight black leather skirt that clung to her legs and then stretched over her wide hips. Her top was also black and was zipped from the bottom, but only until a little over halfway up before it fell open to reveal the top of a full-cup opaque black bra and Marian's spectacular cleavage. Over the top of this she was wearing a rather masculine dark grey suit jacket which had a subtle pin stripe in a lighter grey. With the permanently cheeky smile she carried off a mixture of tomboy and ultra-feminine sexuality.  
  
Marian removed the jacket from her shoulders, revealing the long sleeves of her black top, and helped Susan into it, at last providing her with some defence against the staring eyes. She buttoned it and, despite the long V of the neck, it kept her breasts covered and, from eye level at least, you could only see thigh and stocking tops beneath it. Compared to her state only a moment ago she felt fully dressed. Susan felt cheap that "Well, at least they can't see my vagina" was her new minimum standard of decency. Marian took Susan by the hand and began to lead her through the crowd towards the door.  
  
"But my friends?" she thought, hesitating. "The friends that put me onto the stage and left me to be stripped naked" she followed the thought with. She was sure Sam knew exactly what was going to happen as soon as the act started, and in fact she had probably planned the whole thing, except she had intended Katherine would be the victim. No, she did not want to see those "friends" again this weekend.  
  
Marian misread the resistance against her pulling arm. "Do you want to stay and put the rest of your things back on, girl?" she asked, "You're pretty well covered, to be honest, and I only live around the corner. And it's gone two in the morning so there's almost no-one around anyway."  
  
Susan shook her head. "Just get me out of here," she said, and, with Susan's clothes under her arm, Marian led them through the door, past the raised eyebrows of the girl on reception, and into the street.  
  
Marian was right: the street was deserted, but Susan didn't want to hang around just in case. She might have felt covered momentarily when she put the jacket on inside, but the cool air out here reminder her that she was anything but.  
  
Led by Marian, they turned left then, after fifty yards, left again down an alleyway. Susan could see the high street up ahead. "But won't the high street be full of…" she started to say, but Marian had stopped beside a door and was taking keys out of a zipped pocket in her top.  
  
"We're here now," she smiled reassuringly; "I live above the shop."  
  
She opened the door and gestured for Susan to go inside, and couldn't resist looking down at Susan's long, stockinged legs as she passed.  
  
"Just take those gorgeous legs up the stairs" she said with a wink.  
  
Susan started up.  
  
Marian started to follow her. "The flat's not only convenient," she said as Susan was near the top, "but it's got really great views too."  
  
"Great views? Of the high street?" Susan turned around questioningly to see what Marian meant, and then realised that the jacket might be covering a lot at eye level but Marian was looking directly up at her naked rear end. This would have embarrassed her beyond belief a few hours ago, but now she couldn't help but laugh. Her eyes welled at the relief of laughter and at finally being safe inside Marian's flat.

**The Hen Party - Part 10: Marian**

Susan turned the corner at the top of the stairs and found herself in the combined kitchen, dining room and living space that formed the main area of Marian's one-bedroom flat. She wandered over to the island unit that separated the kitchen from the dining area, her shoes clicking on the wooden floor.  
  
"Take a seat, girl, and I'll get us something to drink. I think you need it." Marian smiled affectionately at Susan.  
  
Susan hopped up onto one of the breakfast stools, conscious of the touch of the fabric on her bare behind, but as the front the jacket fell over her thighs and she closed her legs together tightly she felt covered and comfortable enough. She leaned one elbow on the island unit beside her.  
  
"What'll it be," Marian asked, "I have some white wine in the fridge, I could open some red, some brandy if you're after something stronger… probably some odd liqueurs from a holiday somewhere, but I can't promise what they'll taste of…"  
  
"I think white wine. If I get sober I'm going to start remembering too much," Susan replied, her mood dropping, and then paused and thought. "Actually… could I have a cup of tea?"  
  
Marian laughed. "That sounds more like the girl who came into my shop yesterday," she smiled again, "although maybe not the one who went out." She winked, and Susan giggled, remembering the day. She mentally compared the events of yesterday with those of the evening.  
  
She had to admit that parts of the evening had been thrilling, even though she was sure that in the cold light of day she would only remember the embarrassment. Being naked in front of a crowd was certainly a turn-on, as she'd already discovered, although she would rather not have had anyone who knew her to see her like that. But even without her party being the in the audience, tonight had not been on her own terms; she had been helpless from start to finish. Yesterday, however, really had been fun, especially at the lingerie shop with Marian and the way both girls together had toyed with and teased the male customer. That was real power. Tonight she had felt exploited.  
  
Marian started the kettle and pulled out two mugs, throwing a tea bag into the bottom of each.  
  
"I only have green tea. I hope that's okay," Marian said.  
  
"Green tea's fine," Susan said.  
  
Marian stopped and looked at her. "You know, I don't even know your name?" Marian said.  
  
It had never occurred to Susan that the woman who had seen in revealing lingerie yesterday, and had seen every part of her today, who she had shared a passionate kiss with, didn't even know her name. She laughed, and then paused for a moment: do I give her a real name or a fake one?  
  
"Susan. My name's Susan," she said. She trusted Marian, and was no good at keeping up pretence in any case. Sooner or later she'd slip up and have the lie exposed, so it was best to stick to the truth.  
  
Marian came around to the front of the island unit and reached out a hand in greeting, which Susan took.  
  
"I'm very pleased to meet you Susan," she said, holding her hand lightly in mock greeting. Susan laughed. Then, leaning forwards, Marian kissed her on the left and then the right cheek, and then suddenly pecked her on the lips  
  
"It's my French ancestry," she said. "The cheek kissing, I mean. The last one was my own improvisation. I couldn't help it." The smile and mischievous look never seemed to leave her face, and Susan wasn't sure how she would have felt after the events at the club without them.  
  
Marian went back around the counter and poured water into the mugs and then returned to place them on the counter within reach.  
  
"You're not from around these parts, are you? I think I'd remember you. I'd remember these gorgeous legs at least," she smiled, and took another excuse to look down at them. Susan enjoyed the flattery.  
  
"No, I'm not," Susan replied, "Just up from London for a long weekend. It was a hen party, and I've taken a couple of extra days to try and relax, to get away from things, and it's kind of misfired."  
  
"Was it your clothes that you were trying to get away from?" Marian asked. Susan laughed. A realisation dawned on Marian's face and she looked straight into Susan's eyes. "That was you that made the naked dash from the shoe shop yesterday, wasn't it?"  
  
Susan turned a deep crimson as she blushed and her eyes fell to her lap. What on earth had she thought she was doing? This was all going to become a huge regret once she had her perspective back. If she had gone out tonight dressed as nice, normal Susan she was sure the male strippers would not have gone as far with their act. But then, maybe she could have done more to fight them off.  
  
Marian took the excuse to put a reassuring hand on Susan's thigh. "Enjoy it, girl. You've made my weekend twice already." She put the other hand on the back of Susan's neck, leaned in and touched her lips to Susan's again. This wasn't the "nice to meet you" kiss from moments before; this was more like the kiss in the club.  
  
Susan started to move her hands up to push Marian back, but then halted in thought. This was a pleasant sensation, and ever since she felt Brett's hands had been on her breasts on the stage all she had wanted was to share a tender kiss with someone. Marian had just rescued her from the club and she felt a deep connection with her already. Besides, they had already done this once at the club, so that was another taboo already blown away. Her lips responded to Marian's as their mouths sealed.  
  
As they kissed, the hand on Susan's thigh moved up the outside of her leg, over the lacing of the stocking, onto bare flesh, and then pushed just under the side of her jacket to come to a stop on the rump just below her hips. Without deciding too, Susan's hands reached around Marian's back and pulled her towards her slightly and, unexpectedly, her nipples hardened and she felt pleasure as they rubbed gently against the rough fabric of the jacket. Susan was suddenly conscious of her nakedness beneath the jacket again. "No really Susan," she thought to herself, "what on earth are you doing?"  
  
Marian felt the change of mood again and pulled back, although she left her hand on Susan. Marian savoured the touch of her fingers on the bare skin and then, turning her hand over, she rubbed its back down the top of the thigh and over the elastic and lace of the stocking.  
  
"This isn't quite fair on you, is it girl?" Marian said, "Maybe we need to balance things out a bit."  
  
Susan moved to say something, although she didn't understand the statement and had no idea how to respond, but Marian's slender finger touched her lip and silenced both the voice and the thought. Marian gave her the increasingly familiar smile, with all the reassurance and mischief that it contained.  
  
She walked back away from Susan a few steps and turned around to face her. Her eyes locked on Susan's and she paused for a few seconds before slowly reaching up for the zip of her tight black top. She grasped it and slid it down over her full breasts until, undone, it fell apart under its own weight to reveal the flat stomach that Susan had seen through her sheer blouse yesterday. The opaque black bra, which was almost like a sports bra in the amount of support it seemed to give, only emphasised the already impressive cleavage.  
  
Marian slid her arms out of the long sleeves and she threw the top onto a chair and stood as Susan stared on, unsure as to how to react. Should she protest? "No, no… this isn't what I want, just take me back to the hotel," she thought. Or should she move towards Marian? Was that what Marian wanted? Was that what Susan wanted?  
  
She did neither of those things. Curiosity prevented the protest, and fear and uncertainty kept her rigid on the stool.  
  
Marian held her gaze all the while, no trace of uncertainty in her eyes, and then, putting her hands behind her back, Susan heard a slow unzipping. As the hands returned to the front around Marian's waist they pushed the back of the skirt open and then downwards over Marian's bare thighs, pulling it over the boots and letting it fall onto the floor. Marian stepped out of the skirt and flicked it to one side with her toe and then stood, staring at Susan and with her hands on her hips, remaining just above the band of her opaque, black, canvas panties. She smiled again, more coyly than before, and Susan felt a flutter inside. She knew what Marian was doing: she was trying to level the terms between them, to restore the balance after Marian had seen her naked whilst she herself had been clothed.  
  
Susan wanted to say, "I understand, there's no need to do this," and then they could just drink their tea and she would call a cab to take her back to the hotel. But she also wanted to stay, to bask in the privilege of seeing the woman in front of her peeling the layers of clothes from her body, to be the sole recipient of Marian's display. She could not leave when she was enjoying the feeling of being wanted this much.  
  
Still holding Susan's eyes, Marian reached behind her back with both hands. Her cleavage sprang open as the clasp of her bra was undone, her large breasts no longer held tight by the elastic, but one hand kept the cups in place. Marian's giggled, preventing the bra from dropping with her forearm across both breasts, and then she pulled the bra out from under them and threw it to one side. Her hand and forearm still covered her breasts and she brought her other arm across it so that a hand covered about a quarter of each breast and concealed each nipple. She tilted her head to one side in a coquettish manner and bit on her lip, and then giggled some more. Susan couldn't help herself and laughed back and Marian's face raised a question. "Shall I move my hands?" it said. Susan made small tilt of the chin upwards as she indicated at Marian's hands, as if to say "Away with them".  
  
Susan was rather enjoying this game, carried along with Marian's playful air.  
  
Marian obligingly moved her hands away and Susan couldn't help but stare. Her breasts were fantastic inside the bra, but outside they were unbelievable. They were natural, yet still held their shape despite their size, or at least they held it as well as can be expected for a woman in her thirties.  
  
Marian's eyes stayed fixed on Susan's, watching the reaction she was getting. She smiled as she saw Susan's eyes track down her body. Marian had never been especially thin, and she certainly wasn't tall, even in heels, but she knew what the curves of her breasts, the narrowness of her waist, and then wide hips did to men. She knew what it did to men, but she did not care, of course.  
  
She retained the coquettish look, put her hands on her hips and took a few small steps from side to side, eyes fixed on Susan's all the time as her breasts bounced slightly. Susan laughed again and Marian made a mock-disapproving face at her. "Why are you laughing at my beautiful naked torso?" her expression indicated, and Susan giggled even harder. Marian stopped still and then turned to face Susan again. The hands remained on the hips and then slid down as she put her thumbs into the waistband of her black panties. The coquettish expression turned into the questioning one again, half-comic and half serious.  
  
"These as well?" the expression was asking. Susan hesitated. Was this still play? Regardless, it was still fun. Susan's head tilted again as she lifted her chin up and down a fraction. "Away with those things," it said. "Did I just do that?" she thought to herself.  
  
Continuing the act, Marian shrugged, pushed her waistband out with her thumbs, pushed down an inch, and then paused again looking up. More comic seriousness: "Are you sure? Do you really want me to do this?" a raised eyebrow and a tilt of the head asked. Susan was now fully enjoying the play act and tilted her head again, possibly too eagerly. "Just get on with it," it said.  
  
Marian pulled the waist of her panties wider and then down over thighs, over the tops of her boots, and let them fall past her heels onto the floor. As she had done with the skirt, she stepped out of them and kicked them to one side before standing, feet eighteen inches apart, hands on her hips, as if confronting Susan.  
  
Susan gaped at Marian's body, incredulous that this beautiful woman had slowly stripped and teased just for her, unasked, unpressured and of her own free will. She stared at the naked body in front of her, the confident pose, legs slightly apart, hiding nothing, yet eyes challenging. Susan realised that now, although she was the one sitting there covered by a jacket and stockings, revealing little more than a hint of chest, it was the woman in front of her, dressed in only a pair of thigh high black boots and a smile, that was holding all of the power in the room. For the second time in two days, Marian had taught her the power of the female body, and she had taught it slowly, assuredly and thoroughly.

**The Hen Party - Part 11: After the Show**

Marian could dominate with her power even in her nakedness, Susan thought. Her full figure, her smile and her confident eyes defied disapproval, yet Susan knew that, even after all that had happened, if the position were reversed she would be standing there weak, afraid and wanting to cover herself. In their last few months together Mark had paid no attention to her body and her confidence was low.  
  
She felt deflated again and her shoulders slumped, and she looked at Marian with nervousness and self-doubt. Sensing her work was not yet done, Marian walked slowly towards her, taking steps as Susan had done when the left the shoe shop yesterday with one foot placed in a line in front of the other as if she were on a catwalk. Her left hand remained on her hip, completing the picture as her right swung gently by her side. Her hips rocked up and down as she moved. She was beautiful, and Susan looked at her, uncertainty in her eyes and butterflies in her stomach.  
  
Marian stopped inches away from where Susan was sat on the stool, their eyes nearly at the same level. She took Susan's right hand and in her left and placed it on her waist and leaned in as if to kiss again.  
  
"Do I want this?" Susan thought. "I don't know," her mind raced inside. "Do it," a voice in her head said, "Admit it: you've always wondered," it goaded.  
  
"No way!" another voice said, "You're Susan the prude. Nice Susan! You don't do this kind of thing!"  
  
Susan had no idea which voice was the angel and which was the demon. Perhaps the angel was saying "no" to stop her doing something that she would regret, or did the demon want her to stop lest she experience something new? Whichever it was, she objected to an inner monologue calling her a prude. Her lips pursed slightly and they met Marian's. She felt Marian's left hand leave hers, but she kept her hold on Marian's waist. Marian draped both arms around Susan's neck and Susan's free arm completed the embrace at Marian's waist. She felt the soft skin under her fingers, the thinness of the waist, and the graceful curve into the back. As their lips and tongues moved and teased each other her spine tingled at Marian's light touch on the back of her neck.  
  
Marian pulled closer and Susan could feel her pubic hair brush against a stocking-covered thigh. Her pelvis pressed forwards so as to feel the fine material against skin. Then, Marian pulled back slightly, and Susan assumed it was over, however Marian was only moving around to Susan's front. As they kissed Susan had relaxed on the stool and Marian pushed easily between Susan's knees, her wide hips splaying Susan's thighs as she again moved forward to kiss.  
  
Their lips continued to touch and part and Marian laid her hands gently on Susan's jacket collar and then downwards. Susan shuddered as she felt her breasts being massaged gently through the fabric. Marian's hands continued down over her waist and hips to rest on her thighs, holding their sides as her body moved even closer towards Susan's.  
  
Susan was increasingly lost in the display of passion, reciprocating the energy that Marian was bestowing upon her through the movement of her lips. Susan's hands moved up Marian's back and, as Marian had done to her earlier, she traced a finger down her spine. She felt the body in her arms arch as she continued down to the top of her buttocks. Marian was too breathless to continue the kiss further and her head fell back, savouring the moment. Susan took the opportunity to plant a gentle kiss on her throat, and then another, rewarded each time by a sharp exhale of breath. "Keep doing that," the gasps said.  
  
Susan leaned back slightly and looked at Marian, who lowered her head and returned her gaze with eyes full of lust. She looked down at Marian's breasts and, unable to contain her curiosity, moved her hands up to place one on each, a palm over each nipple. Marian's eyes rolled back and Susan felt the softness of the breast, the hardness of the nipple, and the coolness under her hand. She had never felt another woman's breasts before, and stories she had heard from men were right: when the breasts weren't party of your own body, the way they felt really was quite unlike anything else. It was hard to tell how much was the texture and the temperature difference between the cool breasts and her warm palms and how much was the reaction that touching them produced.  
  
Marian's chin was raised slightly with her eyes still closed, a smile of pleasure on her lips, and Susan moved her hands round and down behind the small of Marian's back. It arched in response. She leaned forward to the chest that had closed towards her, down as far as she could reach, pushed out a tongue and licked at the nipple. She kept her eyes up at Marian's face to see the reaction. Marian trembled and the smile widened, her hand reaching around the back of Susan's head to mesh her fingers with Susan's short blonde hair. The sensation and the reaction were both pleasurable to Susan, the hand said "Do not move away, please. Not yet."  
  
Satisfied, Susan placed her lips onto the teat and sucked ever so gently. She felt Marian's knees weaken and her balance start to fail. Susan's hands were around her waist and supported her, and Susan continued, enjoying the quiet groans of pleasure and the trembling breaths that Marian was powerless to prevent. Leaving the nipple with a final lick of the tongue, which almost brought Marian to her knees, she moved to the other breast and gave it the same treatment. She suspected Marian had experienced a small orgasm, but such was the shudder she felt that she was worried that if she continued any further the woman's legs would fail her entirely. She raised her head again and pulled Marian closer in an embrace.

The Hen Party - Part 12: A Friend in Need

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They held the embrace for a minute, wordlessly exchanging thanks for what the one had given the other. Susan's nipples were still solid against the inside of the jacket, and there was no doubting that this was not a usual situation for her to find herself in. Her responses had been largely out of curiosity, she thought, but she felt close to Marian, and she had to admit that kissing a woman's naked breasts, and seeing the reaction those kisses brought, was highly erotic. She had been turned on by Brett's hands in the massage parlour, and again on the stage, and she had had to release the build-up of tension somehow.  
  
Marian moved back slightly and looked at Susan. The coquettish act was entirely gone and the face a more relaxed smile. Marian's expression, and her exposed body, left nothing hidden, and Susan felt nothing but warmth for the woman in her arms.  
  
Continuing to look Susan in the eye, her expression then changed slightly again. The mischief returned and she put her hands lightly on Susan's shoulders and then, moving down the jacket, she straightened the folds of the collar, as if getting her smart for a day at the office. It was as if to say "Look at you, all dressed up in your smart clothes," and Susan laughed a little again as Marian's eyes sparkled. Their gazes still locked together and she felt a movement and realised that, with one hand Marian had undone the top button of the jacket.  
  
"I should stop this now," Susan thought, but said nothing. "It's not like she hasn't seen it all before," she thought to herself with an inward shrug, and then laughed slightly at how thin logic could be used to justify what she was feeling. She was on a journey she couldn't control; seemingly a slave to events, but this time it was a consensual one.  
  
Marian took the laugh as encouragement and another button popped open, and then the last. Marian mimed an "Oops" and put on a naughty schoolgirl face, making Susan giggle again. The rigidity of the jacket sitting on the tops of Susan's thighs kept it closed.  
  
Marian placed her hands on the top of Susan's thighs and leaned forwards, and again their lips met. As Susan's head started to spin again, she felt the hands move up her thighs, cross over the elastic of her stockings and onto the bare skin at the top of her thigh. They continued upwards over her hips and waist and the jacket was pushed open in the process, exposing her breasts again. The kiss continued and she felt delicate fingers beneath her nipples. This triggered a small pant from Susan.  
  
The fingers touched her nipples now and with a gasp Susan's head fell back, breaking the kiss. Marian leaned further forwards and pressed her lips on Susan's throat and neck. Susan was overwhelmed by a tenderness of touch that she had never experienced before. Mark would always "get straight to it", as he would say, and there was very little foreplay or, on reflection, very little time for anything that she might enjoy. Her breasts had been touched, of course, but never so tenderly, with so much concern for her enjoyment rather than the one doing the touching.  
  
The hands on her breasts then moved upwards again, onto the fronts of her shoulders, pushing Susan backwards. Her elbows moved instinctively behind her and fell onto the countertop of the island unit against her back, and she found herself leaning slightly backwards on the stool. Marian's delicate touch moved outwards across her shoulders and pushed the jacket off those and down her arms, exposing the upper part. The fabric bunched at the sleeves and stretched across Susan's back, restricting her movement. Her head still back, the kisses continued on her exposed neck, shoulders and chest, and each touch of Marian's lips elicited a small exhalation of breath from Susan.  
  
Marian pushed yet closer and her hips forced Susan's thighs outwards. Her feet slipped from the rungs of the stool and hung free, unable to reach the ground. Through the stocking material she felt her calves touch against the cold plastic of Marian's thigh-high boots. She looped them around the backs of Marian's legs, savouring the feel through the sheer weave of her stockings and locking Marian in place.  
  
Then, head back, eyes still closed, and with Marian's hands on her bare shoulders, Susan felt the teasing lips move down her chest. As they did their touch became lighter and lighter and Susan anticipated every contact as it came. Suddenly a wave of pleasure radiated outwards as her nipple was flicked by the tip of Marian's tongue. Susan groaned. She wanted to reach out and pull Marian closer, but as she tried to do so Marian's hands her shoulders resisted the forward movement and kept her in her semi-reclined position. Her elbows were supporting her on the countertop and the tight folds of the crumpled jacket around her arms prevented her from shifting position. Her chest pushed forwards, craving more contact with the mouth that had just savoured it. The lack of freedom served only to heighten the pleasure, knowing that there was nothing she could to prevent the tongue, and then the lips, and then the mouth from massaging first one breast and then the other.  
  
There was a pause and, as the waves of ecstasy receded slightly, Susan was able to bring her head up from its prone position and opened her eyes to see Marian's cheeky smile and sparkling eyes looking back up at her. As she held Susan's gaze, her head moved forward again, her mouth slowly approaching Susan's right breast. Susan tensed in anticipation as the lips came closer, closer, closer, before the tongue darted out and swirled around the nipple. Susan's head fell back in ecstasy and her weight shifted even further back onto her elbows as her back arched, sliding her hips forwards on the stool and pushing her breasts towards Marian.  
  
Sensing her prey was now helplessly unbalanced, Marian's hands now moved down from Susan's shoulders and each settled on a breast, massaging, touching and stroking. Susan savoured the touch. Brett's hands had been sure and strong, but had lacked passion. Passion was not lacking here. The gentle touch as the fingers and palms caressed, the occasional feeling of long, polished nail on skin, and the subtle scent of perfume constantly reminded Susan that the hands upon here were those of a woman, a seductress who had her totally in her power. The feeling of transgressing what she had always thought to be forbidden only heightened her arousal.  
  
As the hands moved in unpredictable swirls around her breasts, the lips continued downwards towards Susan's stomach. She felt a kiss above her belly button, and then another onto it, and then one just below. The gentle kisses kept coming, each a fraction of an inch below the last, and a whimper escaped Susan's mouth each time. The whimpers became louder as the lips continued lower, until the touch just above her pubic line was almost a yelp. Susan found herself panting, unable to control her breathing and dizzy from both the touch and too much oxygen.  
  
Susan tried to sit forward. "No, stop this. I'm not like this," years of habit were telling her, but she was leant so far back on her elbows, her arms constrained by the tightness of the jacket and her buttocks barely balanced on the edge of the stool, that she could barely have lifted herself even without the distraction of waves of pleasure convulsing her frame. The hands still pressed on her breasts and defied what small effort she could muster and she was held still. Perhaps she also lacked the inclination to make the kissing stop.  
  
She held her breath after each kiss, waiting still for the next touch of lips against her stomach and pelvis. She could feel breath against her skin and arched her back in anticipation, but the touch didn't come as expected. Suddenly, a wave erupted over her body as the tip of Marian's tongue touched her clitoris. The spasm almost took her off the stool and Marian barely held her laughter as she held her steady. Quickly, the tongue touched again, and this time along with the spasm came a small yelp. The flicks continued and the yelps became louder. As the teasing continued Susan felt the hands move down her breasts, over her stomach, along the tops of her thighs, over her stockings, and down over her calves to grip her ankles. Her naked body was held prone, completely at the mercy of the lips which continued to stimulate her. She wasn't sure how much more of this she could take.  
  
The hands released her ankles passed inside her calves as she felt Marian kneel. Susan's knees squeezed against her shoulders and her calves wrapped around her waist. For a moment the tongue stopped and Marian's arms encircled around Susan's thighs, palms on the tops of her stockings. The hands ran along her thigh, moving up towards Susan's pelvis. The crooks of Marian's elbows were beneath Susan's knee, and as Marian pushed her torso forwards and her hands up Susan's body her legs were raised yet further. Her calves pressed against Marian's bare back and the tongue returned to Susan's clitoris again.  
  
With each touch the yelps grew yet louder, and Susan was able to think of nothing other than the waves emanating from between her legs and coursing through her body. She tried to move her arms forwards to make this impossible pleasure stop, but her strength was failing and her body slipped even further backwards until her shoulders were on the counter top, her buttocks barely touching the stool as her back arched. The jacket sleeves bunched around her forearms and the rest lay crumpled beneath her back. It restricted the movement of her hands as effectively as if they had been tied. She was helpless again, her body a plaything of the woman whose tongue was teasing between her legs. The difference from this evening was that this time Susan had given her permission.  
  
The yelps became more breathless, and increasingly rapid, as her body pulsed. Finally Susan exhaled a long, shuddering moan as the strongest orgasm she had ever experienced came to an end. Her hips slumped and the massaging stopped. One final kiss on her clitoris spent another spasm through her that almost threw her onto the floor and a smile sprang to her lips. Marian unravelled her arms and allowed Susan's legs to lower again and stood in front of her, looking at the arched body that was balanced on the edge of the stool. Susan was laying almost horizontally, her back curved onto the counter top and her legs, still in their stockings, cantilevered out and downwards before bending at the knee where her lower legs hung. Marian took in her luscious calves, her slender ankles, and her delicate feet that were held in the red stilettoes waving an inch above the floor.  
  
She looked admiringly at the lithe naked form, fighting the urge to begin again. Susan's eyes flickered open and she saw Marian's smile was wider than ever. In her prone position Susan felt exposed and helpless, yet with Marian she was relaxed and happy to remain so. She made no effort to cover herself but just continued to lay there, soaking up the admiring gaze.  
  
Eventually Marian spoke. "Hey girl," she said softly, "why don't you drink your tea, and then maybe it's time we got some sleep, huh?"

Bottom of Form

**A Lazy Sunday Morning**

by Kara Bryn

**Part 1: Awakening**  
Susan opened her eyes and blinked at the light trying to push its way past the curtains. It was already a glorious late spring day outside, but what time was it? And come to think of it, where was she?  
  
Disorientation faded and Susan began to remember: she was in Marian's bed. She closed her eyes again remembering the events of the previous evening. "Oh lord," she said to herself, "how did you get yourself into this?"  
  
She sighed, and then looked over at the other side of the large double bed. It was empty, and she couldn't remember if Marian had slept there or not. The crumpled sheet seemed to indicate it must have been beside her, she thought, or at least she hoped so, not wanting to force her new friend out of her own bed.  
  
"But is Marian a friend?" Susan wondered. Had Marian taken advantage of her vulnerable state last night? Susan thought about it for a minute. Yes, she had some regrets, but they about the events that occurred before she had returned to Marian's flat. More importantly, when she probed her feelings, Marian felt like a friend.  
  
Susan heard a noise through the bedroom door and then a smell of coffee. Marian was already up and busy and Susan looked over at the clock. It was nine o'clock; not as late as she had feared.  
  
She lay there for another minute, thinking that, possibly, she could just stay there forever and never have to face the world again. The bedroom door opened slowly and Marian's face peeked through, smiling at seeing Susan awake.  
  
"Hey, girl," Marian said in a soft voice, "I didn't wake you when I got up, did I?"  
  
Susan shook her head, smiling back. Still with a hint of sleep and free of make-up, Marian's face was a beautiful a sight to start the day with. Her tousled hair somehow conveyed the mixture of tomboy and feminine that described her personality.  
  
Susan felt the duvet down at her waist and, becoming self-conscious, went to cover herself with it. Then she felt the cotton nightdress she was wearing against her skin and realised not only was the thought irrational the action was unnecessary. Marian saw the movement start and then stop.  
  
"I lent you one of my nightdresses. You wear it better than I do," Marian said with a wink. Susan had no recollection of getting ready for bed, let alone getting into it.  
  
"I slipped it over your head while you were barely conscious," Marian paused and then continued, "Well, it wasn't like I had to get you undressed first, was it?" Susan couldn't help but laugh and the tension between them was cut off before it started. Susan thought for a moment and then reached a hand down under the duvet to touch her thigh. Her stockings were gone, so either she or Marian had removed them. She looked to one side and saw them thrown onto a chair. Marian followed her gaze and surmised what was going through Susan's mind. She shrugged with a smile, as if to say, "What's a girl to do, eh?" Susan didn't mind.  
  
Marian sat on the bed next to her, also wearing a similar cotton nightdress. "How are you feeling this morning?" she asked.  
  
Susan wasn't sure how to answer. She had had a few drinks, but not really all that much, and apart from a hint of a dry mouth she wasn't hung over. But Marian wasn't asking about her physical state, and Susan couldn't sum up what was going through her mind. She had barely been awake long enough for the memories to start coming back.  
  
"You had a big night, didn't you?" Marian continued, "I was just hoping that you didn't regret all of it too much." She looked for the reaction and, for the first time, Susan caught a hint of vulnerability behind Marian's usually confident eyes.  
  
Marian looked more nervous the longer Susan thought. Susan smiled at her, glad to be the one providing reassurance for a change.  
  
"Some things, I wish hadn't happened. At the club…" She thought some more, and then continued, "They went too far… and some people knew me."  
  
Marian paused, also in thought and her face more serious than usual. "No, that would be too much, if you weren't prepared for it. Some fantasies should stay a fantasy…"Another pause, and then the smile returned to her face. "Although… there was more than one fantasy fulfilled last night," she continued, the smirk instantly bringing the cheeky Marian look back again. Susan blushed, turning Marian suddenly serious again.  
  
"But the rest?" Marian asked, "Was that… do you wish we… that it hadn't happened?"  
  
Marian kept her eyes on Susan, looking anxiously for her reply. She stayed quiet whilst Susan thought.  
  
"No… no, I don't think so. It wasn't how I saw the evening ending, but… just don't worry about it, hey?" Marian smiled, not entirely satisfied with the response but relieved at not having transgressed a boundary that couldn't be forgiven.  
  
Susan still wanted to define some limits on her relationship with Marian, though. They needed to get things into the open and not muddle along in uncertainty.  
  
"It was fun, and nice…" Susan said. Marian's eyes sparkled. "More than nice…" Susan giggled, remembering Marian's touch and the way she had masterfully brought her to climax. But she needed to be clear. Marian was listening carefully.  
  
"The thing is, you know that I… I had a boyfriend before… worthless shit that he was," Marian laughed, releasing some tension, "and I'd never thought about… you know, women have nice figures, and men are all lumps and… I just don't… I'm not sure I'm…" She started to tail off, groping for words.  
  
"You're not a lesbian, is that what you're trying to say?" Marian laughed, having let the fumbling continue enough.  
  
Susan gave a nervous laugh, and then continued, still in thought. "I realised that I didn’t want to call someone a lesbian when they hadn't told me they were. It seemed a rude assumption, somehow. That's stupid I know."  
  
Marian crumpled at the waist laughing. "Oh girl, you really are from a more innocent time. Here's a tip: when a woman dresses you up and admires you in lingerie, kisses you naked, strips in front of you and then puts her tongue between your legs, you're on pretty damn solid ground in assuming she's a lesbian."  
  
Susan laughed as well, openly and without nerves despite this being a wholly unfamiliar thing to be discussing for her.  
  
Marian was still laughing. "Look, I was making some coffee and came in to see if you wanted some. Sound good? Or more green tea?"  
  
"Coffee would be great, thank you," Susan smiled affectionately.  
  
Marian stood, still chuckling and shaking her head as she left the room. If only she didn't have to share the treasure that was Susan with the rest of the world.  
  
Once the door was closed Susan decided she had better start moving and prepare to face that world again.

**A Lazy Sunday Morning - Part 2: Coffee and Chat**

Ten minutes later Susan was standing in the single living space of Marian's flat, looking idly out of the window onto the shopping street below, coffee cup in hand. She was still wearing the nightdress since the only clothes she had were the ones she went out in last night. She didn't feel like wearing those right now. And besides, the soft cotton was much more comfortable to hang around in.  
  
Marian was sat on one of the breakfast stools, also still in a cotton nightdress, and was studying her guest. Whenever Susan looked at her she would smile faintly, or avert her eyes as if also in thought, and when her eyes were unmet she went back to admiring the curve of Susan's hips under the slightly translucent cotton and taking in the long, smooth legs below.  
  
Marian wanted to walk over to Susan, put her arms around her, and tell her to stay, to move to this town, or perhaps they could both live in London. In her fantasy, Susan would say "yes" and she would pull the nightdress over Susan's head, and Susan would do the same to her, and they would make love again. She wanted to do all of those things, but she knew that the reaction would not be as she wanted. She saw that Susan was deep in thought, and Marian was going to wait to see what the result would be. The silence was not uncomfortable for either of them and all that could be heard for five minutes was gentle sips at the welcome morning coffee.  
  
Susan turned and, as she had to, broke the silence first. "I didn't really think about it, about how you felt, because you were asking if I regretted last night… But I hope I didn't do anything wrong… by leading you on, I mean, and letting it happen." Susan looked at Marian, and her eyes met the wide smile.  
  
"Oh don't you worry about that, girl, I enjoyed every minute of it. In fact, I'm glad I recorded it all on my hidden camera," she joked, making Susan laugh yet again.  
  
"Seriously, though. I know how a female body reacts depending on who touches it, and I saw how yours reacted under the hands of that stripper on the stage as well."  
  
Susan blushed. "Brett. His name is Brett," she interrupted.  
  
"Well, well, well," said Marian, "You do work fast, don't you?" Marian raised an eyebrow.  
  
"But still, I know women aren't your thing… not completely, anyway," she looked coy, "And now I'm skirting around the word for no reason. Look, it was pretty obvious you weren't a lesbian from the start..." Her expression then changed from serious and back to play acting again as if she was conducting a job interview and an idea had suddenly struck her. "Although…. have you ever thought about becoming one? You've got a real talent." Another wink was given and another laugh drawn.  
  
"Seriously, though, last night was fun, real fun, and I knew what I was doing, even if not exactly sure how far it would go. I could tell that, maybe on most days, you'd just fold up and cringe if another woman's lips touched your body like that, but then that wasn't a normal day, was it? And the world is rarely black and white, especially when it comes to relationships between people."  
  
She paused, trying to form words around the thought, and then continued again. "You needed someone, and I loved the feeling of being needed. Maybe I could have been stronger too, but it's been a while, and… what the hell, it just didn't feel wrong. Did it feel wrong to you?"  
  
Susan thought and answered honestly. "Some part of my mind thought it was wrong. Some part of it still does. I'm thinking, that if my friends knew about this, I'd be embarrassed about it… I don't know why that is, because you're right: it didn't feel wrong at all. Old ways of thinking die hard, and the feeling about how I'd be judged if people knew…"  
  
"You know what?" Marian said, setting her chin sternly, "You should screw whatever everyone else thinks. Some people saw you naked last night? Screw them. Some of them thought they knew you? Screw them too. You want to keep what we did last night a secret? You do that; it's your secret and I won't tell anyone. But you want to tell them all? Go ahead, and if they don't like it, those people can get screwed too. Sideways. Twice." The logical argument was wrapped up in comic effect, but Susan knew what she meant. And Marian was managing to convey a serious message and reduce the tension in the room at the same time again. She wasn't quite finished yet either.  
  
"In fifty years' time, when we're old and wrinkly, and those beautiful breasts of yours are down to your waist, and mine are swinging on the floor, what are you going to remember? Are you going to remember all the things you've done, or all the things you didn't do because you were scared about what people might say? I want 'Je ne regrette rien' on my headstone."  
  
Susan laughed, put down her coffee, walked over to Marian and put her arms around her in a hug. The woman had a rare talent to make everything that had seemed lost suddenly seem okay. Marian returned the hug. Susan pulled back with a hint of tears in her eyes.  
  
"You know," Susan said, "if I ever do decide to become a lesbian, I couldn't think of anyone better to be one with."  
  
Marian laughed, holding Susan's hands in hers. "Coming from you, that's virtually a marriage proposal. Which century were you teleported from exactly?" she teased.  
  
"Listen. I need to get ready and open the shop downstairs. We get a lot of tourist trade in this town on a Sunday, and people buy things that they might not have expected to when they went out in the morning." Susan knew what she meant, having found her way into Marian's shop in exactly the same way. That was less than forty-eight hours ago but felt like a lifetime after everything that had happened.  
  
Susan stood straighter and said with a smile, "I'll get out of your way then."  
  
"Oh, no rush at all, girl. You can chill here for as long as you like. And I want to have a shower first and there's only one bathroom so you'll have to wait. Unless you want to share it with me," she said, putting on a seductive expression with a small bite of the lip. She looked coyly at the ground and sneaked a look at Susan's legs at the same time, half as a play act and half because she just wanted to. Then she laughed, making it clear to Susan that she really was just joking.  
  
"I'll be out of there in ten minutes, so you just hang here. And there's more coffee in the pot, some muesli on the counter over there, and just help yourself to anything else. Back in a sec."  
  
And with that she turned around and, holding her nightdress down with her hands on the hem, she playfully half walked and half skipped towards her room, leaving the bedroom door ajar behind her. Maybe if she didn't close the door completely Susan would change her mind and accept the invitation after all?  
  
Susan smiled as her friend disappeared out of sight and within a few seconds she heard the shower running. She turned her attention back to the window and watched the increasing numbers of people passing by on the street below. "How many of those people saw me last night?" she wondered. Then, with a shrug, she dismissed the thought. Maybe Marian was right: screw what they thought.

**A Lazy Sunday Morning - Part 3: Parting**

While Marian was in the shower Susan decided to help herself to more coffee and some breakfast. Sometime later Marian emerged in her work clothes, which, of course, equated to almost nothing. So far Susan had only seen her in black, but today she was in all white. She was wearing a delicate lace blouse with long sleeves, which was largely transparent in any case, and a white corset beneath.   
  
Below the waist she was also more covered than previously in the shop. A short, white lace miniskirt fanned across her hips and, although of transparent material, it was made up of more than half a dozen folds and formed an almost opaque layer, preventing eyes from penetrating to the knickers and any bare skin beneath. Emerging from the bottom of the miniskirt were suspender straps attached to white stockings. Finally, her shoes were also white, and the small heel was slightly more practical than the stilettoes that she had thus far worn.  
  
"The Sunday clients are often a bit more conservative," Marion said, "and I don't want to surprise anyone who comes in unprepared."  
  
Even with all that Susan had been through over the past forty-eight hours, this was still not her definition of conservative. The outfit was erotic and sensual because of the figure beneath it and the promise it concealed. Other than Marian's ever-impressive cleavage and an inch of thigh showing above her stocking, there actually wasn't much skin on display.  
  
Marian went into play acting mood again and pretended to greet a customer. "Why, hello again, reverend. Are you shopping for your wife today, or is this for yourself?" she asked the imaginary person in front of her, reaching out as if to shake a hand. Susan laughed at the play and Marian revelled in the attention.  
  
"But how do I look?" Marian asked, eyes sparkling, and she twirled around on her tiptoes. "One never forgets one's ballet lessons. All eight of them," she laughed.  
  
"You look… absolutely fantastic… No man will be able to resist," Susan replied, and a shrug from Marian reminded her that she cared not at all, "And a lot of women wouldn't be able to resist either, of course." Marian laughed again and then said, "Let's put that to the test, shall we?" She performed her catwalk act again as she approached Susan, one foot in front of the other, one hand on hip and the other swinging in exaggerated freedom.  
  
"Here we go again," Susan thought as Marian draped her arms around Susan's neck. Susan didn't know what to do with her arms and didn't want to send the wrong message by placing them around Marian, although part of her felt it would be the natural thing to do. But Marian kept her body away from Susan's, sensitive to the fact that the mood was very different that morning. "Now you be good while I'm out at work," she said looking up at her. "Seriously, though, you hang out here as long as you like. I'm going to put a key on the counter so you can lock the door on the way out. And…" Marian's expression turned coy again, "…it's up to you, but you can put it through the letter box on your way out, or, if you want, you could keep it and let yourself back in later, maybe."  
  
Marian looked hopefully up at Susan's eyes. Susan wasn't sure herself, and so Marian could read no clear response.  
  
"Oh, and I've put some clothes on the bed for you to borrow, so you don't have to run around in your evening gear all day. Unless you're planning to run around the town naked again, of course," she said, reminding Susan of her first day in town. "All of my trousers would be too big around the hips, but I've picked a couple of skirts out and, oh what a shame, since your legs are longer they'll probably show more of them. I feel heartbroken, but you'll have to make do," she looked down, feigning disappointment, and drawing a giggle from Susan.  
  
"I've left my card under the key too, so you have my number if you need it. So you can't forget who I am either," which wasn't likely. She straightened again before continuing.  
  
"Now, I could stand here hugging you in my underwear all day," she said, "but I've got some male eyes to pop and some wallets to prise open downstairs."  
  
Marian smiled, and then pulled Susan in for a closer hug. Susan put her arms around Marian's shoulders and returned the embrace, full of feelings of warmth for her new friend. "You be good, you hear, girl?" Susan heard, and as she moved back she saw tears in Marian's eyes. A lump rose in her throat and she tried to make a conciliatory sound, but nothing could form. She could feel tears in her eyes too and hoped Marian would head out quickly before either of them broke down.  
  
Marian smiled wistfully and leaned her head towards Susan's and then, on tiptoes, planted a kiss on her forehead. "Look after yourself," she said in a soft, low voice.  
  
On a whim, Susan leaned forward and touched her lips to Marians, wrapping her arms around the smaller woman's back. Marian's eyes closed and their lips lingered, pressed together, mouths closed and enjoying the gentle touch. She felt Marian's body start to move towards hers, Marian now lost in the embrace, and Susan broke the kiss before it went any further. Marian smiled and mouthed "Thank you", before turning and strutting towards the door, picking up her purse and wallet along the way.  
  
"I've left this flyer for an arts fair in town on the counter for this afternoon. There's a card for a taxi to take you back to the hotel too."  
  
Susan considered not going back to the hotel until she was sure that everyone had checked out and left, but Katherine would probably be sending out a search party soon. They had arranged for brunch at a local golf club before they all had to head their separate ways and Susan didn't think she could get away with avoiding it. Marian continued.  
  
"The arts fair is quite a hippy progressive thing that happens once a year and is a bit up itself, but it'll pass some time and you'll have some fun. It's not particularly conventional, shall we say. But I have a friend doing a piece there. She's called Lucretia. She's short, wiry, cropped dark hair, and has a look in her eyes that makes you think she might freak out at any moment. She does all kinds of feminine expressionist stuff. I said you'd swing past and say 'hi'." Susan nodded. Awkwardness was being masked by rambling as Marian tried to say goodbye.  
  
She opened the door and looked at the key on the counter and then back at Susan. "Think about it, girl; the key… you can keep it, in case you need somewhere, or want to come back."  
  
Susan smiled, unsure. "I'll see you again, somehow and somewhere," she said by way of avoiding a direct answer.  
  
"You make sure you do," Marian said, "but, you know, try to keep your clothes on next time, will you? Sheesh, some people." Susan laughed and felt the tears well again. Marian made a big deal of rolling her eyes, forcing the smile to follow the joke and cover how she felt now that their ways were parting. Susan watched as the door closed, leaving her alone in Marian's flat.

**A Lazy Sunday Morning - Part 4: Brunch**

Susan took her time to get ready and then put on the light pleated skirt and plain white blouse that Marian had given her. She'd also been left some underwear and the bra was inevitably slightly too large for Susan, although she loved the feel of the smooth material, and somehow even with her breasts fully encased in the cups she felt more attractive in it than any of her usual underwear. She resolved to make a change to her wardrobe as soon as she was home. Finally, she put on the red shoes she had worn the night before.  
  
On the way out Susan pulled the door closed and then wondered what to do with the key. It was very tempting to keep it and return later; she loved being with Marian and somehow, when they were together, everything had seemed to be all right. She couldn't imagine letting another woman touch her as Marian had last night, and especially not be comfortable about it. Perhaps she could return and let herself in before the shop was due to close? Marian would come up and her face would light up to see Susan there again, and feeling wanted made Susan feel warm. Perhaps she would prepare herself and announce calmly as Marian came in that she was wearing nothing beneath a jacket. Or she could sit naked in the chair, reading a book as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and then Marian would lean over and kiss her and Susan would slowly remove her seductive white lingerie.  
  
"What was it like to be a lesbian?" she wondered. "Maybe I've been one all along and never known it?" But she did know it, and she knew that, no matter how pleasant some of her experiences with Marian might have been, she would never feel the same as if a man's hands were touching her. It would need to be a man who cared about her as much as Marian did, who made her feel better when everything was going wrong, and who could change her mood with a joke and a smile. She knew what she wanted as much as Marian did and she quickly made her decision. It would be too tempting if she carried the key for the day and, sooner or later, she would end up hurting Marian if she saw her again so soon. "We'll meet again," she said as she pressed the key through the letterbox as if she were touching a kiss from her lips.  
  
Susan took a cab to meet the rest of the hen party for brunch and, stepping out of the cab and outside of the golf club, she braced herself to enter the restaurant. She felt like running and hiding rather than going inside. She was sick to her stomach and terrified at the thought of the eyes that would be staring at her, judging her after seeing her stripped naked the night before.  
  
As she stood frozen to the spot, a car pulled up and out stepped the one person Susan didn't want to see right now: Hilary. They both forced a smile. There was just something all wrong about the chemistry between them and Susan couldn't put her finger on why they couldn't get on.  
  
Hilary could have put her finger on it, though. She was jealous of Susan's close friendship with Katherine, she was jealous of the way she looked and she was jealous of her flash marketing job in the big city whilst she was doing the same job for half the wages. She was glad that she'd seen the woman taken down a peg or two at the hands of the male strippers the night before. As if to confirm her views on the woman, Hilary even suspected that Susan had enjoyed being stripped, although it was beyond her how any woman could enjoy being put on display as they had at the end of the show.  
  
Susan's heart sank. There was no running away now.  
  
"Hello Hilary," Susan said, "is everyone else here already?" It was just a normal Sunday morning and there was nothing unusual about it, she pretended to herself.  
  
Hilary ignored the question. "We were wondering where you'd gotten to last night," she said, "But someone saw you leave in the arms of some girl. We thought you must have pulled."  
  
What had Susan done to deserve the thinly veiled spite? She ignored it, but Hilary spoke again before she could reply and try to change the subject.  
  
"I don't blame you for leaving in a hurry. I'd have been mortified, held up there like that, with all my bits on view."  
  
There was no attempt at reassurance; this was purely gloating. Susan felt her face going red despite her best efforts, although she realised that it was more from anger than embarrassment. Who was this frumpy woman to judge her, she thought.  
  
"No, I could never have gone through with that," Hilary continued," I guess they try to pick someone that they think might go along with it."  
  
This was not going well, and Susan wished she'd just stayed at Marian's flat instead of coming to meet the rest of the girls. But if flight was not an option, she could certainly fight when she was forced to.  
  
"I thought the guys picked someone they think the audience would want to see," Susan replied, pointedly staring at the rings around Hilary's waist that were being squeezed together by her undersized dress. Before Hilary could think of a reply Susan turned away and walking towards the door to the restaurant, rather pleased with herself. She wouldn't object to seeing Hilary humiliated, but she would certainly not want to see the body beneath that dress, and she was sure that few of the audience last night would have done either.  
  
Susan held the door open for Hilary, smiling in response to the thinly veiled contempt she saw on her face as she passed.  
  
Hilary continued to where the other girls were sitting. The pair were the last to arrive.  
  
"Hilary!.. Susan!", came Katherine's voice, the second name louder than the first. Susan forced herself to walk over to the group, her stomach knotted tight than ever. She surveyed the eyes looking at her.  
  
Sam's eyes were still full of the slightly inane mischievous look she's seen the day before. As far as she was concerned, someone being humiliated was all just part of the fun of being on a hen night. She would have preferred it was Katherine, but Susan's embarrassment had almost made up for it.  
  
The other girls eyed her with a mixture of sympathy, glad that they weren't the target of the strippers, and suspicion that she had somehow been elevated above them, emboldened by her nakedness. "Do you think you're better than us now?" they seemed to ask, but they felt solace in a shared judgement that she had given in far too easily; she may have an attractive body but she lacked a strong moral fibre.  
  
Susan tried to remember Marian's voice in her head: "Screw what they think", she thought.  
  
Katherine's eyes were full of compassion and concern for her friend. The Susan she knew would have hidden and cried for the night and the memory would scar her forever, and Katherine feared that this was what had happened. However, this was no longer the Susan she knew, not entirely, although she didn't know it yet. She stood up and hugged her long-term friend: "How are you doing, kiddo?" she whispered in Susan's ear.  
  
"Good, good," Susan replied, and almost meant it, eyes moistening at the concern Katherine was showing for her. Katherine misinterpreted the tears for unhappiness and hugged her again, "Don't worry. After brunch we can all go home." She was angry at Sam at putting Susan in a position that she was not strong enough to deal with, the poor girl.  
  
Susan sat down, feeling alone as the group went back to talking, no-one quite sure of how to deal with her, and none of them confident enough to take the first step. She occupied herself by watching the stage area that was set up with a microphone and banners being unfurled. "Arts Weekend Fundraiser" the banners read. It had something to do with raising money for a local bird sanctuary.  
  
The girls ordered brunch, and inevitably the conversation turned to the night before.  
  
"I never thought we'd get you separated from the poor lad you had pinned to that armchair," Sam teased Katherine. "I don't think he'd ever been so close to that much cleavage. You did warn him about the risk of suffocation, didn't you?"  
  
The girls laughed. "Jealousy will get you nowhere, Sam", Katherine replied, "Sometimes you just want to see if you've still got it, and some of us just never lost it." Sam laughed.  
  
"I know someone who's definitely still got it," Sam decided to turn her attention to Susan, "I think everyone in the room saw that." Sam was focussed on keeping gossip going and stirring up trouble. Somehow it wasn't meant maliciously, even if the results were the same; it was just the way she was.  
  
The other women couldn't maintain eye contact with Susan as she looked for support, and even Katherine couldn't think of how to save her friend's embarrassment.  
  
"Those men really did put you through it, it looked so hard to endure…" she heard Hilary's voice, pretending to empathise. "Was there any part of you they didn't touch?"  
  
The group quietened, sensing the conflict and not sure how to react to it. Susan reddened, again with anger more than embarrassment. "You know they wouldn't have touched your body with a bargepole," Susan thought to herself, but wasn't going to sink to Hilary's level.  
  
She was saved by a male voice coming over the loudspeakers. "Ladies and gentlemen. We know you're all here for a nice Sunday brunch, but let's remember that the event is to raise money for the bird sanctuary, and they really need the money this year since their grants were cut."  
  
Susan had no idea that they were there to raise money, and from the expressions on everyone's faces nobody else had either. Sam obviously hadn't done much research beyond finding a nightclub within which to put Katherine in a compromising situation. She had booked brunch at the golf club but hadn't looked at what else might be going on there that morning. Susan looked around and noticed that they were the only female group in the room as well. In fact, they were the only women there at all. Every other table was filled with small groups of men, most of who were well over fifty, and even the few younger men looked like they had prematurely aged to fit in with the club.  
  
"We have some fantastic prizes to give away too," the voice continued, "So you can get something for your donation at the same time. First up, we have this bottle of champagne, donated by 'Wine Not?', the bar that I'm sure you're all familiar with. So let's start the bidding at, say, thirty pounds. Do I hear thirty? Thank you, sir. Thirty-five?...Thirty-five pounds anyone?..."  
  
Susan's attention turned away again, as did the other girls, their curiosity sated now that the auction had started and they had no interest in bidding.  
  
"And there were so many people taking photos too," Hilary continued where she'd left off. She wasn't going to stop pushing until she got a rise out of Susan  
  
"You're just jealous, Hilary," Sam interjected, "Susan looked so good naked and you know you'd not have carried it off." Sam winked at Susan, continuing her role as either "social enabler" or "shit-stirrer", depending on your point of view.  
  
"But poor Susan," Sam continued, "It's a shame she's such a prude or she might have enjoyed it more." Now Sam was talking about her as if she wasn't even there, and Susan's face maintained its bright red colour.  
  
"I mean, just look at her now. Bright as a beetroot just remembering it! Poor girl," Sam continued patronisingly.  
  
Susan stood. "I'll be back in a minute," she said, walking towards the toilets to compose her thoughts. She felt like hitting Sam, and then following that by suggesting that the restaurant help her to poison Hilary.  
  
Inside a cubicle she slumped against the door with her head back and her eyes closed. "It'll all be over in an hour," she thought to herself, "They'll head home, you can relax for the afternoon, and you'll never have to see them again."  
  
But this was not a satisfying outcome. Sam would be happy to keep at teasing Susan, and would almost forget it all straight afterwards, but not Hilary. Hilary would feel that she had won; she will have cowed Susan into submission and her superior air would only increase as the hour ticked by slowly. She would continue to denigrate Susan's self-image purely to bolster her own. Susan really had to stop this teasing from the two conspiring harpies and try to regain some standing amongst the group.  
  
She went back to the restaurant and returned to her seat at the table again. "I'm sorry, Susan." Hilary really was trying to drive her advantage home, "I know the whole thing is really embarrassing, especially for someone like you."  
  
"What do you mean, for someone like me?" Susan replied, suddenly confronting Hilary with strength in her eyes. Hilary froze at the vigour of the response.  
  
"A prude, of course!" Sam interjected.  
  
"Keep out of this," Susan thought, and then realised that Sam would crank things up as much as she could. Maybe she could turn the dim-witted girl to her advantage. "I could do anything that Hilary's prepared to do," she said, turning her stare away from Hilary to look straight at Sam.  
  
The tension, and the excitement, of the group rose, and Sam smiled, happy whenever things were starting to get out of hand and she was at the centre of it.  
  
"Well, I'm not letting myself get stripped like you did. I may not be a prude, but I'm not that easy," Hilary said, although Susan sense the direct verbal attack was being used to cover her weakness. Their eyes met again and stayed locked on each other as the others stared on, unsure how to prevent what was turning into open warfare.  
  
"I know what!" Sam said, "How about this: I pick a man, and you have to go up to them and kiss them on the lips. The one who doesn't do it is the prude!"  
  
By Susan's reckoning, that was a pretty infantile idea, but about what she expected from Sam. It was about as risky as flashing your knickers to the boys at school, not that she had done so, and it seemed a pointless display that proved nothing.  
  
"Okay," Hilary said, "But Susan goes first. We know she won't go through with it so I don't see why I should." Their eyes were still on each other.  
  
"Okay…" Sam said… "That guy, over there. The one with grey hair who's just won that set of golf clubs." The auction was still ongoing, oblivious to the confrontation happening in its midst.  
  
Susan stood. "I've got a better idea," she said, and walked across the room. She strode straight past the man that Sam had indicated. "See," Hilary said, "I knew she'd chicken out. She is such a prude."

**A Lazy Sunday Morning - Part 5: The Auction**

Susan walked up onto the small stage and, pulling the compere aside, whispered something into his ear.  
  
"Well, this is surprising, ladies and gentlemen. It seems we have a new lot." Susan stood, smiling at the hen party with a look of satisfaction.  
  
"This wonderful lady standing next to me has said that she has something to sell. That something is a kiss, delivered onto the lips of the highest bidder."  
  
Susan was pleased with this plan. Even if Hilary followed her, she was confident that her kiss would demand a higher price than Hilary's. Susan will have shaken some of the prudish image the group seemed to have of her and Hilary would be humbled.  
  
"Let's start the bidding at… I don't know, twenty pounds. Is that too cheap?" he looked at Susan and she shrugged. "It'll do," the gesture said. "Twenty pounds, ooh straight in there, the gentleman at the front… twenty-five? Twenty-five?... yes, thirty?..." The bids rose another five pounds, but then slowed and the auctioneer increased the price by one pound at a time. Eventually the kiss was auctioned for forty-one pounds to an elderly gentleman in the centre of the room.  
  
She walked from the stage towards the man, forming a mental image of how Marian had walked to her seductively and mimicking it as best she could, one hand on her hip, one swinging freely and legs crossing each other as she stepped forwards. The audience's voices were raised and the elderly man had a smile on his face as she stopped in front of him, put a hand under his chin to raise it, and left a lingering kiss on his lips. He burst out in a large grin and laughed with his friends at the table. Susan could hear the hen party chanting: "Su-san! Su-san! Su-san!" This was working!  
  
Susan walked back to the stage and stood next to the compere as the room applauded, and she laughed in relief. She looked over at her group and saw Hilary, fuming, staring back. The group goading her, she stood and, with obvious reluctance, walked onto the stage. Susan whispered into the compere's ear again.  
  
"Well. It seems that we have a second kiss to auction from this woman… this lady coming onto the stage now! So if you missed out the first time, then you have a second chance."  
  
Hilary lurched heavily onto the stage and the crowd cheered.  
  
"We'll start at the same price, shall we? Twenty pounds. Do I hear twenty pounds?…" The bidding went on, noticeably slower than it had been when Susan's kiss was up for grabs, but, with some encouragement from the auctioneer, it reached thirty-six pounds. Hilary looked at Susan, satisfied that she had come close enough to be able to claim things were equal, and then walked into the audience to dispense her kiss.  
  
Hilary appeared satisfied, but Susan was not. She whispered with the compere again. He looked at her with surprise and disbelief.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, it seems like we have something of a competition going on here, and another lot for our auction. It appears that both of these ladies are willing to auction another kiss, but this time, and I don't really believe this, but this time the girls will remove some of their clothes first, so the kiss will be given in their underwear. So that means…"  
  
Hilary glared at Susan who gave her a look meaning "Back out now. I dare you." The crowd recovered from their shock and started to raise a cheer of encouragement and excitement.  
  
"Yes that does appear to mean…" Susan started unbuttoning her blouse, "That they will be removing their clothes, and then… Well, isn't it getting warm in here?" Susan finished unbuttoning her blouse and threw it to one side to reveal the elegant cotton bra that Marian had lent her. "Woooo!" she heard from the hen party, now thoroughly forgetting anything except the confrontation being played out between the two women in front of them.  
  
The compere paused, unable to speak as he stared at Susan undressing next to him.  
  
"You can do this," Susan said to herself as she unzipped the side of the pleated skirt and let it fall to the floor. She then kicked it to one side and then stood in Marian's white knickers and bra, with one hand on her hip and one arm by her side. Someone in the crowd wolf whistled.  
  
"Goooo Susan!" Susan heard Katherine shouting, and she looked at Hilary defiantly as the larger woman climbed back up onto the small raised stage area.  
  
"Since the ladies are putting it on the line for us, let's start the bidding a little higher, shall we?" the auctioneer said, "Do I hear forty pounds… Forty pounds there…" The bidding rose; sixty pounds… sixty-five… and then it crept higher until it finally closed at seventy-three pounds.  
  
This time the winner was a slightly younger man, probably in his late fifties. Again, Susan did her best catwalk stride between the tables, all eyes on her as her hips swung and then, stopping in front of the man, who was starting to look slightly nervous now that a young woman in her underwear was standing confidently before him, she draped her hands around his neck and, bending at the waist, she leant in and hissed him on the lips. Her eyes never left his, but his eyes fell to her chest as she leaned in towards him, unable to take them off her cleavage as her chest fell forwards. Lingering for a second, she smiled, stood straight again and strode back onto the stage to resume her pose, one hand on hip and one leg bent slightly at the knee.  
  
Hilary fumed besides the auctioneer and Susan glared at her triumphantly. Hilary was now in a quandary as to whether to continue, but the thought of being beaten by this thin, weak prude standing near her was impossible to countenance. She reached around her back for the zip at the top of her beige dress.  
  
"Let me help you," Susan said with a smile, and stepped behind her, grabbing the zip and sliding it down Hilary's back. The crowd cheered at seeing one half-naked woman undressing another, and Susan smiled back before resuming her position.  
  
Hilary pulled the straps of the dress off each arm, exposing white bra cups, a bulging cleavage, and large, heavy breasts. She continued to pull the dress down, tugging it over the folds around her midriff, struggling as the fabric held onto her hips, and then finally down her legs and onto the floor. She stood, slightly breathless from the effort, and Susan noticed she was wearing a particularly unflattering g-string. Susan was not looking forwards to seeing that backside strutting into the audience below.  
  
Hilary appeared disappointingly unashamed at standing on the stage in her underwear. "No matter," Susan thought, "When no-one wants to buy this frump's kiss her attitude will change."  
  
The bidding restarted at forty pounds again and then rose, but again more slowly. Finally, Hilary's kiss was sold to another elderly gentleman for sixty-four pounds, which Susan greeted with a mixture of satisfaction that it was less than hers but also disappointment that the difference was not greater.  
  
Hilary stepped awkwardly from the stage and walked towards the man. Emulating Susan's actions, she leaned forwards and the large, heavy breasts swung down, pressing against the man's chest, much to his delight. A large toothy grin broke out and he reached his hands out to grab Hilary by the waist. She turned away before he could put his hands on more than a roll of flesh.  
  
Hilary stood on the stage and smiled a bitter smile towards Susan. She turned to walk back to the hen group that were on their feet and cheering.  
  
Susan grabbed the compere's arm quickly and leaned towards his ear. "Topless," was all she said, looking at him to make it clear he understood. Hilary heard it as well, and turned to look at Susan. "You wouldn't dare," her expression said. "I am daring," Susan's look replied.  
  
"Erm, are you sure?" the compere asked.  
  
"Totally," Susan replied with a smile. He shrugged.  
  
"Gentlemen… and ladies at the back…" he spoke into the microphone, "I thought we were done here, but we have two more lots to auction. We have these two beautiful ladies up on stage," Hilary smiled at the flattery, "And they obviously care so much about our bird sanctuary that they're making a final donation. One more kiss each, and I'm sure you'd love to have another kiss with them as they are, but we have something even better. This time they will be removing their bras before…" The cheer from the men at their tables rose, drowning out the rest of his sentence.  
  
Taking a deep breath and mustering her courage, Susan reached behind her to start to undo her bra strap, when suddenly Hilary moved quickly and then stood, holding her bra high in the air before letting it drop to the ground. Her large breasts fell, pointing downwards and outwards. However, the men in the crowd cared only for their size. Breasts are breasts and the male mind is almost always happy at any sight of them.  
  
Hilary looked at Susan, obviously pleased at having seized the initiative.  
  
"I think we have to start higher here again… Do I hear sixty pounds… sixty?..." The price rose and, as it started to slow, Hilary put her hands under her breasts, lifted them and gave them a jiggle that wouldn't have been out of place in a slapstick comedy from the nineteen seventies. Susan heard woops from the hen party, and the bidding quickened again. It finally stopped at eighty-seven pounds.  
  
The look on Hilary's face was insufferable as she walked over to the winner, again an elderly gentleman. Susan couldn't help but stare at the sagging behind that rose and fell, barely covered by the g-string, and wrinkled her nose at the view that the room was treated to as Hilary leant in for her kiss. Then, instead of walking away, she stayed leaning forwards and pulled the man's head into her chest, clamping it between her breasts. The crowd cheered again, although it was doubtful the old man could tell what was happening whilst he was engulfed in the pillowing flesh.  
  
Hilary returned to the stage as if triumphant. "Let's see you try to match that," she was obviously thinking, staring at Susan's much smaller breasts, still held by the ill-fitting bra.  
  
"Well, that really was quite something, and is going to be a tough one to follow…" the compere said, "So let's start the bidding at sixty pounds again."  
  
Susan unclipped her bra and tossed it onto the floor, standing confidently with both hands on her hips, shoulders back and chest pushed forwards as the men cheered again. She was barely conscious of the fact that she was doing something that, two days before, would have been unthinkable to her. All eyes in front of her were on her chest and she lapped up the attention.  
  
The bidding closed at ninety-two pounds. There was satisfaction at having exceeded Hilary's total yet again, but it was only by five pounds. Susan felt slightly deflated as she walked over to the auction winner, who was another elderly man sat with a friend. Susan approached him and he grinned in anticipation but, rather than leaning in, she sat carefully across his lap. "At least I won't crush him in the process," Susan thought as she draped her arms around his neck and reached in for the kiss.  
  
She felt old hands clasp around her waist. "The dirty old man!" she thought, then realised that there was no reason he wouldn't enjoy the touch of a woman's bare skin as much as any other man. She reached down to take his hand in hers, and then she raised it, pressing it onto her breast.  
  
The audience cheered and Susan stood up, leaving the old man smiling and laughing. "I remember that feeling. From a long time ago," he said. She smiled as the audience continued to cheer and shout.  
  
She returned to the stage. "Let's hear it for both of these ladies!" Applause followed, and Susan realised that Hilary was actually enjoying the show now. This hadn't gone to plan, even if she'd beaten Hilary in every auction round so far.  
  
"I'm not done yet," Susan thought, determination in her eyes. "One more," she said to the compere. He laughed, and then motioned his hands to quieten the audience.

**A Lazy Sunday Morning - Part 6: The Final Lot**

"Okay people, the last one went so well, that apparently we're going to have one more auction. I feel like the luckiest man alive here, stood between these topless beauties, and they're going to sell one more topless kiss each before we finish for the afternoon."  
  
Susan moved towards him and put her hand over the microphone, pushing it away from them. "Not topless. Everything." She said, with a serious stare. He glanced down at her white knickers.  
  
"Everything?... are you sure?" he asked.  
  
Hilary glared again, not believing that Susan was going to push things this far. The alarm in her eyes gave Susan strength. "Absolutely," she replied, "But auction first and then they come off. And set the starting price at… twenty pounds."  
  
"Let's see if Hilary takes the lead this time," Susan thought, knowing full well that she wouldn't. The auctioneer shrugged, having already passed the point of disbelief.  
  
"It seems that I have the wrong end of the stick, I'm afraid," he said to the audience. Disappointment rippled across the room. "We're not going to be selling two topless kisses after all…" There were more disappointed noises. "This time, after the bidding has closed, the girls are going to remove their last items, and…" There was no way his speaker system could compete with the noise that erupted.  
  
Susan stood looking out at the audience, one hand on her hip again. They were here audience now. She was about to strip naked in front of them and she could feel the power she had over the room full of men. She could sense the tension and anticipation and wondered what else she could make them do, if she put her mind to it.  
  
She looked at Hilary who was visibly less confident, and Susan felt more energy course through her veins. "Let's see you enjoy this," she thought.  
  
"Su-san! Su-san! Su-san!" she heard the hen party chanting, and she raised her arm and waved across at them, her breasts shaking as she did so, conscious that not a pair of eyes in the room would be looking at anything else.  
  
The compere took control of proceedings. "Now, just so that everyone has a chance here, we're going to start at twenty pounds." Immediately a hand was raised, and the bidding climbed, and climbed, and climbed. Finally, the total reached one hundred and forty five pounds.  
  
"Couldn't they just go to the club in town for twenty quid?" Susan thought with a smile, but that wasn't really what they were buying. The tale of the naked woman who had kissed them one day at the golf club was going to be worth every penny for the man that could afford it.  
  
Wearing only the white cotton knickers and red shoes, Susan strode again to the auction winner. This time it was a much younger man, probably only just thirty, which Susan would guess more from the nervous look in his eyes than the way he looked or dressed. With hand on hip, Susan held his eyes as she approached him, although his eyes soon dropped, unable to match her gaze. More wolf whistles came from the group around.  
  
Stopping two steps in front of him, she waited until his eyes were lifted to hers again. Susan smiled. It was a smile of kindness and reassurance, and then she bit on her lip seductively, trying to channel the confidence she had felt from Marian when the woman had stripped for her the night before. The boy's pupils dilated as he sat, dead still, frozen in place in the chair.  
  
Still holding his gaze, and with a coquettish tilt of the head, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers, pausing again. "You're really going to do this," she convinced herself.  
  
The man's eyes were unable to avoid scanning down her body and, as they did so, she pushed the knickers downwards over her thighs. His jaw went slack as he stared and more cheers erupted from the group around her. Half the room were standing to get a clear view.  
  
Susan let the underwear fall to the floor around her feet and then stepped forwards again to stand with legs slightly parted and hand on hip. Then, she leant forwards towards the young man, his expression a beautiful contradiction of embarrassment and anticipation.  
  
She placed her hands on his knees but, instead of continuing to lean forwards, she pushed his knees apart and slid down between them. Then, with her forearms on his thighs, she continued to press forwards into him. She felt her breasts against his trouser legs as she arched her body against his. She could feel he was rock hard and she continued press against him as she slid up his body, feeling his hard penis pressing into her chest, her stomach and then her pelvis. She stopped there and delivered the kiss to him, letting it linger and revelling in feeling of helpless pleasure. He was, meanwhile, concentrating on not ejaculating at the touch of the beautiful naked woman between his legs.  
  
Susan felt a pulse against her pelvis, and decided it was time to save the poor boy from further embarrassment and. She stood to stand before him again. His eyes were unable to focus on her as he sat there limply. She turned away, and then walked confidently back to the stage again where she stopped, legs crossed slightly over each other and one hand on her hip again.  
  
If Susan had seen the look that Hilary had given her she might have feared for her life once the day was over; it was filled only with hate and malice, but Susan no longer cared. She devoured the attention lavished on her by the entire room. It strengthened and invigorated her. Although she was mildly aroused by her nakedness in front of the probing eyes, she was mostly intoxicated by the sense of domination she had over every man present.  
  
Susan crossed her arms under her breasts and turned to face Hilary with a half-smile and a raised eyebrow. "Follow that," she thought.  
  
"Well, that's… that was… quite something," the compere stumbled over his words. "We've… we've still got one more lot to auction. The second beautiful girl next to me will do the same, and I'm sure, if you're regretting missing out on the… Well, here's your last chance… It is the last chance, isn't it?" He looked at Susan questioningly, who nodded and laughed, gesturing at her naked body with her hands to mean "I don't have anything left to sell!" His eyes followed her movements, grateful at the excuse to look her up and down, and then suddenly embarrassed as he had done it so obviously.  
  
"Yes, this is the last lot in the auction, so now we've recovered slightly… " Susan looked at Hilary, daring her to pull out now, but Hilary was not to be outdone. She stood with one hand on her hips, trying to emulate Susan's pose. Susan raised her chin, proud of her naked body and conscious of how poorly Hilary stood in comparison.  
  
"Again, let's start the bidding at twenty pounds… twenty pounds… do I hear twenty pounds." The auctioneer looked around the room.  
  
"Let's have another from that one," someone shouted, pointing at Susan. Hilary reddened and her body tensed. Susan smiled and shook her head. "It ain't gonna happen," her look said.  
  
"Come on boys, this woman here's prepared to strip to nothing, and all I need to hear is twenty pounds."  
  
The silence was unexpected, even by Susan, and suddenly things were working out better than Susan could have hoped. No-one would pay even the small donation to see Hilary naked. Susan looked over at her, feeling entirely victorious in the fight that she had never wanted to start in the first place. Hilary stared back at her, and deliberately ran her eyes down and up Susan's naked body, before mouthing "Whore!" at her.  
  
Hilary was beaten, but somehow still felt superior at keeping her sexuality hidden, albeit solely because nobody wanted to see it. "Maybe I should bid the twenty pounds myself," Susan thought, and then she heard a voice from across the room.  
  
"Twenty pounds!" the voice shouted. The voice was different: it was a woman's, and she saw Sam jump and wave her arm.  
  
"With friends like that," Susan thought, "who needs enemies?" She could barely stifle a laugh as Hilary glared at Sam.  
  
"The ball's rolling!" the auctioneer shouted optimistically, "Now, twenty-five. Do I hear twenty five pounds?"  
  
There was nothing but silence.  
  
"Twenty-one pounds. This is all for a good cause, remember." This made it sound even worse for Hilary; no longer was the prize of seeing her naked a motivation for buying, and the auctioneer was selling her body purely on the basis of how much good it would do for the charity.  
  
Still no more hands were raised nor a sound made by the audience.  
  
"Sold… I guess… to the, erm, woman, at the back, for twenty pounds."  
  
He looked at Hilary and shrugged. "I tried my best," he seemed to say. No-one who dared make eye contact was spared Hilary's glare and she turned to walk towards the hen party. Sam, however, had other ideas, and had rushed up onto the stage. This had gone on for long enough without anyone paying attention to her and she wanted to be in the middle of things.  
  
"What are you waiting for? Get 'em off!" she squawked at Hilary, pointing at her g-string. Hilary continued her glare and then bent to pull the thin fabric down between her legs, uncurling it from between her buttocks and letting it fall to the floor at her feet. She walked towards Sam, who stood with her chin forwards and her eyes closed as if expecting a kiss under the mistletoe. The audience laughed at the comic act and Hilary leaned forwards and pecked her on the lips.  
  
"Was that it?" Sam said loudly. She turned to the compere and grabbed the microphone. "Can I get a refund?" she said into it.  
  
The audience erupted in howls of laughter. Susan joined in the laughter while Hilary fumed. Susan walked over to Sam, and they looked at each other, mischief reflected in both their eyes, although only Susan realised the import of the moment.  
  
"No refunds," Susan said, loud enough for the microphone to pick up, "But we'll happily replace any defective goods."  
  
She wrapped her arms around Sam and, as Sam's eyes began to widen in shock, she planted a full kiss on her lips. Sam started to move away, but Susan was stronger and held her, running her hands down Sam's back, imagining how she had kissed Marian the night before. She pulled Sam's waist towards her so their pelvises pressed together. Susan moved her lips across Sam's as if they were engaged in a deep, Hollywood style romantic kiss.  
  
The crowd cheered and shouted, and she could hear the hen party whistling and whooping at the back of the room. Susan maintained the kiss as long as she could. Unlike kissing Marian, she felt no arousal from the act, although she was turned on by the feeling of performing naked in front of the audience.  
  
Eventually she broke off and stood back. The men at their tables were still going wild. Sam's face had turned red. "I hope I didn't embarrass you," Susan said, "And who's the prude now?" she almost followed it with.  
  
"More! More! More!" the audience chanted, as Susan noticed Hilary, clothes clutched to her, retreating out of the front door.  
  
Susan had made her point and Hilary had left defeated. She turned from Sam, whose eyes were still wide, and she walked back to the table to the other girls. She knew all eyes were on her still as she walked.  
  
Katherine smiled at her as Susan took her seat.  
  
"Erm, kiddo, you know you're not wearing any clothes?" she pointed out helpfully. Susan looked down at herself as if she had never noticed the fact.  
  
"Oh, those things," she said, shrugging it off, "Let's finish brunch first."  
  
Katherine laughed, but was speechless for once.  
  
Susan looked around at the eyes of the other women, all incredulous as they reassessed the confident woman who had re-joined them. Susan absorbed their gaze and then looked around the room.  
  
"Excuse me, waiter," she said, raising an arm, "Do you think you could bring me my clothes? I appear to have left them on the stage over there." She pointed for the benefit of the dumbstruck waiter, and then turned back to the group.  
  
"And could someone pour me another glass of Prosecco?" she asked no-one in particular, wearing nothing but a relaxed smile.

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