**Getting Married Set Me Free**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 7**

**Days 16 - 20**

I was expecting the following week to fall into a routine but several things happened that I wasn’t expecting. One thing that I was expecting was that several different delivery guys got a pleasant surprise and yes, I also went to naked yoga with Lucy on the Thursday evening.

Unfortunately the weather wasn’t very nice so I couldn’t top-up my all-over tan but I did spot a man looking at the back of our house from the wooded area at the bottom of the garden. When I saw him I deliberately did things in the rooms at the back of the house.

I had some fun with my girly toys and most afternoons I wore my Lush and texted Dylan to tell him that I was wearing it and each time he controlled it and gave me some amazing orgasms, a couple of times the Lush was helped by me holding my magic wand over my clit.

One afternoon Dylan escaped to somewhere quiet where he could video call me and he watched me as he remotely controlled the Lush to 2 very intense orgasms.

Dylan and I had been talking about me getting more exercise and some things happened that week to help me get that exercise, Firstly, previously we had gone to the bottom of the garden and looked over into the wooded area and seen the little track that had obviously been created by people walking through the trees, and we discussed how we could make a gap in our fence so that we could climb over, get on that track and jog along it expecting it to lead to the main park.

Well, one slightly dull and chilly morning I decided to do what we’d discussed about the fence so I put on some warm clothes and gone and modified the fence. It turned out to be quite easy and once done I got the urge to climb over to see what I could find.

I went back inside the house and changed into my trainers, a very short and lightweight tennis skirt and a thin tank top then went back outside and climbed over the fence.

I hadn’t taken too much of the fence down and as I climbed over it my bare pussy rubbed on a length of wood causing me to gasp and start thinking about my bare pussy.

I started walking, and as the track got wider I started jogging and soon found myself in the open space of the park. I jogged across the wet grass then onto the tarmac path. It may have been the middle of a morning at the end of summer, but there was no one else in sight.

As I jogged I thought more about my pussy. Okay, the little, floaty skirt was flapping about and I was sure that my pussy and butt were frequently on display, and my rock hard nipples were trying to drill their way through my top, but that didn’t feel like it was enough for me. I wanted to jog naked. So, after about 20 minutes when I got back to where I had started I went along the track to behind our house, took off the skirt and top and hung them on our fence.

Feeling daring, free and natural, I turned and started jogging along the same route for a second time.

The air rushing passed my nipples and pussy felt amazing and my brain started remembering me being on the beaches on our honeymoon. My brain was so full of those memories that I didn’t see the man with a dog until I was right in front of him.

After a split second of panic I decided that I’d brazen it out. I smiled at the man and said, “Morning,” and kept running, just as I would have done if I was fully clothed.

“Morning, not so nice today.” The man replied.

Seconds later, and a good few metres away, my brain started thinking that I had enjoyed the experience. I could feel the moisture between my legs as my pussy leaked my juices.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I didn’t see anyone else and was soon back on the little track to the back of our house.

Being a bit sweaty from the jogging I picked up my clothes as climbed over the fence before walking through the back garden to the house, not even thinking that someone in the nearby houses may be able to see me.

I immediately went for a shower and gave myself the relief that I so needed.

Another unexpected ‘new’ thing that happened that week was that I got a phone call from James, the boyfriend of Amber who runs the naked yoga classes. As soon as he gave his name I wondered if there was a problem with the payment for the yoga classes, but quickly James explained that he’d heard that I might be looking for a personal trainer.

“Err yes, is that what you are James?”

“As well as a stand-in yoga teacher, yes.”

“So where do you do this personal training James?”

“That’s up to the client Esther. I have access to a small room at the big leisure centre which I believe is quite close to you, but I also give sessions at the client’s home if that’s what they want.”

“Okay James, give me some details of cost and duration.”

He did, and as he was doing so I decided that I was interested. My first thought was that I could get James to come round to the house but I changed my mind and asked him if I could meet him at the leisure centre which is only a 10 minute walk away.

We sorted out the details, the main one being that my first session would be the Tuesday morning of the following week.

After I’d terminated the call I was thinking about my general health and fitness and that led me to remember what Bethany had told me about self defence lessons. I went and got the card that Bethany had given me and I phoned the guy and was surprised to hear that he too used the facilities at the local leisure centre and ran classes on a Wednesday evening.

I asked Caleb for more details and he told me that classes were small, usually 6 or 7 people, mainly girls but sometimes a young man or two. Then I asked Caleb what I should wear for the classes.

“Whatever you wear when you go out to the pub or a club, that’s the times when young ladies are most likely to need the skills that I teach so it’s best that you wear what you would wear on a night out.”

That seemed a little strange to me but I decided to go along with it and arranged to go on the Wednesday evening which was the next day. When I told Dylan that evening he smiled and said,

“You do realise that this Caleb will be teaching you how to drop guys to the ground and that you’ll be practising in pairs so you’ll probably end up on your back some of the time.”

“So?”

“Short skirt, no knickers.”

“And?”

“And it will make things more interesting for the guys there.”

“I guess that it will be their lucky day then.”

“Okay Esther, your decision. Actually, that will fit in well with my Rugby training, We’ll both be out on Wednesday evenings so it’s less time for us to be apart.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day I woke up the usual way, with Dylan’s cock slowly sliding in and out if me, then had the rest of the day to think about the evenings self defence class, or more importantly what to wear for it.

Well not quite all day because I sent Dylan a text and he drove me crazy with my Lush. It was on for going on for an hour and I had 4 orgasms before Dylan turned it off. Shortly after that he phoned me and apologised for leaving it on for so long, apparently his boss, Henry, had called him into his office to discuss something and it had taken a long time to get away from him.

I told Dylan that it was okay, that I could have just pulled it out if I wanted to but I hadn’t and had really enjoyed myself.

I had a meal waiting for Dylan when he got home but there was no time for and fun before we both had to leave.

Caleb didn’t seem at all surprised when I turned up for the self defence lesson wearing a mid thigh skater type skirt and a baggy, low-cut blouse. I was sure that he could tell that I was braless but at that point he wouldn’t have known that I was knickerless as well.

There was 2 guys and 3 girls there when I arrived, all were around my age but I noted that both guys looked a little whim-pish, me guessing that they were there to try to get some confidence.

Caleb quickly got started, explaining to us that the best defence is our 2 feet, to run like hell.

Then he explained that we were there to learn what to do as well as practise, but not to the extent of hurting anyone, if we were attacked.

He then explained the various ways that you can trip someone and get them on the floor without much effort.

Then Caleb asked for a volunteer so that he could demonstrate. No one seemed eager to volunteer so I did. Within seconds I was on my back on the mats without even realising what had happened.

I heard a couple of gasps from the girls and saw the guys staring at me with open mouths. At first I thought that it was because of how quickly I’d gone from standing to flat on my back, then I remembered what I was and wasn’t wearing. I looked down my body and saw that my legs were far from closed and my skirt was up around my waist.

“What?” I said.

“You haven’t got any knickers on.” One of the guys said.

“Caleb told me to wear what I normally wear when I go to the pub.” I replied. “So I did.”

By that time my brain was thinking about my exposed pussy but I wasn’t there to put on a show so I got to my feet and said,

“Can you do that in slow motion please Caleb, so that I can see what you did.”

Caleb shook his head and said something about not expecting me to be knickerless but he came over to me and started the move again. This time I watched him carefully and he caught my hand before I hit the mat, depriving the others of another look at my pussy.

“Right then class, pair off and all of you try to do that.”

Caleb also told us to select a different partner for each exercise so that we got a variety of aggressors.

I got paired with one of the girls, one wearing shorts, and we both tried the move. It was quite easy actually and first the other girl was on her back, then I was again. Again ending up with my skirt around my waist and my legs spread wide. This time Caleb was stood at my feet and one of the guys was just getting to his feet and most of the people stared at my pussy again.

Moves to put the aggressor on the floor continued and my pussy got put on display a good few times before Caleb moved on to ways to break a hold that the aggressor had on you. He showed us a few ways and we practised them but he came to one where the aggressor has a hold of you lapels or blouse.

I again volunteered and Caleb grabbed hold of my blouse. As my arms went up inside his I felt the buttons on my blouse pop open. When Caleb’s hands were off me my blouse was open, pulled right up and my little tits were on display.

Caleb looked down at my chest and I could see him smiling. I could also hear one of the guys moan and I wondered if he’s just cum in his pants.

Not mentioning my exposure Caleb told us to get into pairs again and try it. I fixed my blouse then saw that I was paired with one of the guys and I guess that he gripped my blouse too hard because as well as hearing the buttons pop I felt the fabric rip as it was raised up above my head..

“Oh my gawd,” the guy said, “I’m so sorry, I didn’t realise that I was holding your blouse that tight.”

“That’s okay I said, I shouldn’t have swung my arms up so hard.”

But the damage was done and my little tits were on display again. After letting everyone have a good look for a good few seconds I pulled my blouse back down and I saw that all the buttons had ripped off, and bits of the fabric around the button holes were ripped. I pulled the 2 sides of my blouse together and then loosely tied the 2 front tails.

I had similar exposures each time that Caleb showed, then got us to try different ways of getting free and inflicting some pain. Amazingly, no one said anything about my tits and pussy getting displayed so often but everyone also got to see the knickers of the 2 other girls who were wearing skirts. At one point when one of the girls was on her back on the floor Caleb said,

“When some moron is attacking you the last thing that you want to be thinking about is your modesty.”

That seemed to have a bit of an effect on those 2 girls and I noted that they both stopped pulling their skirts into their intended place most of the time.

All too soon the lesson was over and Caleb came over to me and asked,

“So who recommended this class to you Esther?”

“Bethany, the Fashion Emporium shop owner.”

“Might have guessed, she’s sent a few girls to me. Don’t get me wrong, I firmly believe that girls should be able to wear whatever they want, and I love seeing scantily clad girls, but unfortunately, there are too many guys out there who don’t respect girls, hence these classes. Did Bethany tell you about the course fees? I keep them low because I hate it when I hear about a girl getting attacked.”

Caleb went on to explain the costs and more details of the course. I signed up for the full course. Just as I was leaving Caleb said,

“Esther, don’t think that you have to wear jeans and sweatshirts for the rest of the classes, you wear what’s comfortable and what you would go out in.”

“Thanks Caleb, I will, see you next week.”

As I walked home I thought that I was going to enjoy the rest of the course and I started thinking about what I could wear the next week. I also thought about the couple of minor injuries that I had acquired during the evening and wondered if I’d be a bit sore in the morning.

I was just about to get into the shower when Dylan arrived back home. As I half expected, he had mud all over him and a smelly kit bag which he left near the washing machine. We had a joint shower then dried each other before Dylan carried me to our bed,

Whilst I rode him we talked a little about our evening but the conversation never ended as after we’d both cum I went down on him to get him hard again before he spooned me and we went to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the Thursday it was the naked yoga with Lucy. Amber was back and she really pushed us, making us stretch at angles that I never thought that my body would do.

I was getting more and more nervous about our upcoming party. Dylan still wouldn’t tell me what costume he’d got for me, and looking back I should have guessed because he came home with a Huntsman’s outfit on the Friday evening. Tall boots, white breeches, red jacket and a horse riding helmet. I joked about the riding crop that had a flat, leather bit at the end.

**Day 21 – Saturday**

Anyway, on the Saturday we got everything ready and by 8 p.m. I was still in the dark about my costume and I was getting more and more anxious. I watched Dylan put his outfit on and when he was ready he asked,

“Are you ready to see your outfit now Esther?”

“I’ve been ready since you first told me that you were providing my outfit, what is it?”

“Kneel at the bottom of the bed, lay forwards and spread your knees Esther.”

“Have we got time for you to fuck me Dylan, some of the guests could arrive at any minute?”

“I’m not going to fuck you Ester, well not right now, please do it.”

I did, and wondered what on earth Dylan was going to do. He went away and came back a minute or so later.

“Dylan, what are you doing?” I asked as I felt Dylan finger me and then rub my juices all over my slit and butt. Dylan said nothing as I felt his fingers enter my butt.

“Dylan, I thought that you said we didn’t have time for this?”

Again Dylan said nothing then I felt his fingers withdraw and the something cold being pushed into my butt.

“Is that a butt plug?” I asked as I felt my sphincter close on the narrow part of the plug, but something wasn’t right, something was tickling the back of my thighs.

“Okay Esther, you’ll be ready as soon as you put this mask and some heels on, get up”

“What?” I asked as I got to my feet. “You’re not expecting me to wear just a butt plug, who or what could I be?”

It was then that I felt the furry, bushy tail hanging down from my butt. Before I could say anything Dylan said,

“I’m the huntsman and you are the Foxy Lady that I will be chasing all night.”

“Oh my gawd Dylan, I don’t know whether to laugh, cry, frig myself or jump on you.”

“I don’t want to make you cry Esther, but I’m sure that you’ll be doing all the other things before the night is over.”

I just hugged Dylan.

I put some heels on and did my hair, putting it in a ponytail, then put the mask on and went to find Dylan, As I walked about the tail tickled my thighs. I found Dylan in the kitchen and I said,

“I can’t believe that I’m doing this. Oh my gawd, are your mother and father coming?”

“I doubt it, but brother John said that he’d call in and maybe bring a couple of his mates on their way to a pub somewhere.”

“That’s okay then, John saw my pussy when he came here the last time.”

“I doubt that my parents would come, different generation, they wouldn’t want to put a dampener on things.”

I poured myself a glass of wins telling Dylan that I needed a bit of Dutch courage. His response was to come up behind me and put his arms around me. It felt nice as his left hand tweaked my nipples and his right hand gently rubbed little circles around my clit.

I quickly drank half the glass of wine and was just about to tell Dylan to stop teasing me when the doorbell rang. As I put my glass down and started walking towards the front door I said,

“I can’t believe that you are making me do this Dylan, but I’m really pleased that you are.”

“Tally-ho Foxy Lady.” Dylan said and I felt the riding crop swat my butt.

I was feeling quite nervous, but quite excited as I opened the door and saw a Bride and Groom. The Groom was in a suit and bow-tie and the Bride was wearing white heels, white stocking, white suspender belt, white garter, white see-through G-string, white soft mesh totally see-through bra, and a veil.

I think that all 4 of us said “Oh my gawd!” at the same time and I quickly realised that it was Lucy and Tom stood in front of us.

Lucy spoke first,

“You look amazing Esther, I hope that you don’t mind us coming as a Bride and Groom, I know that it’s only a few weeks since you 2 were married but we left it to the last minute and this is all that we could think of.”

“I wish that you’d been dressed like Lucy at our wedding.” Dylan said.

“That really would have given my mother a heart attack.” I replied.

“I love your outfit Esther,” Tom said, “Is that a bushy butt plug that your wearing? Are we all going fox hunting later, or is Dylan going to demonstrate the use of that riding crop later?”

“Maybe,” Dylan said, “come on in guys, and don’t leave your coat outside Lucy.”

We went inside and to the kitchen where I got Lucy and Tom a drink and I took another gulp of my wine as the other 3 started talking. The doorbell rang again so I went and opened the door to Captain Picard and Seven of Nine, a.k.a. Oscar and Ellie.

“Wow Esther,” Oscar said, “you look amazing, are we going to hunt you down and ravish that amazing body of yours later?”

“If you are lucky Oscar, welcome, come on in. Ellie you look amazing, you do realize that that grey catsuit is a bit see-through and that I can see everything don’t you?”

“Yeah, I wanted one that felt very soft and this fine mesh is just that. I doubt that any of the guys will complain about it being see-through. Oscar said that he couldn’t ever see any evidence that Seven of Nine wore any underwear so here I am. Besides, they’ll spent all their time looking at you. Was that outfit your idea or Dylan’s?”

“Dylan’s, but he knows me so well, I really like it.”

I led Oscar and Ellie into the kitchen, took another gulp of my wine then went to answer the doorbell again. This time it was Darth Vader and Princess Leia, a.k.a. TC and Daisy.

“Bloody hell Esther,” Daisy said, “I thought that my outfit was revealing. TC loves that he can see my tits under these swirly things, and see my slit when he stands beside me, but your outfit covers nothing.”

“It covers part of my butt. I seem to remember that the fabric that hung down the front of Carrie Fisher’s outfit was wider than yours?”

“It was s lot wider to start off with but TC kept getting me to cut some more off it. It’s only 3 centimetres wide now. TC couldn’t keep his hands off my pussy on the way over here.”

“Come on in, you must be hot in that helmet TC, and watch where you’re sticking that lightsaber.”

“Which helmet are you talking about Esther?” TC replied, “Do you think that this lightsaber would make a good dildo?”

“TC stop it.” Daisy said as she thumped his arm.

“Sorry,” TC replied, “I guess it’s too early to talk about dildos.”

TC got another thump to his arm and I smiled at the thought of a lightsaber lighting up my insides.

More people arrived and I was very impressed with all the fancy dress outfits. Apart those that I’ve already mentioned, Fred Flintstone and Wilma, Adam and Eve, Barbie and Ken, a Doctor and Nurse, a North American Indian and a Squaw, a Hawaiian beach party couple and a handful of unimaginatively clothed people arrived.

Tracey, the Hawaiian girl, was only wearing a grass skirt and 2 half coconuts that looked painful and although my outfit was definitely the briefest, all the girls there were wearing very skimpy outfits that frequently revealed the skin and ‘interesting’ bits under them.

The party progressed much the same as Lucy’s and Tom’s party although there were lots of accidental and not so accidental flashing going on with none of the girls getting upset.

I was really enjoying being virtually naked with all those clothed people around me.

Just as Dylan invited everyone to tuck-in to the food that we’d got ready, Dylan’s brother, John, and a couple of his mates arrived.

“Bloody hell Esther,” John said when I opened the door, “I knew that you weren’t exactly shy about your body, and of course I’ve seen the photographs that you and Dylan have up on the walls, but I never expected you to be naked.”

“I’m not quite naked John, I’ve got this mask and this tail on.”

“Like they make any difference. I have to say that you look better in the flesh Esther. You know I would never have expected you to change like you have, you look amazing.”

“Thank you John, and who are these two?” I replied looking at John’s mates.

“Sorry, this is Mick and Sam. Earth to Mick and Sam, this is Esther, my sister in-law.”

“Oh, sorry,” Sam said as he shook his head, “you said that she wasn’t the shy type John, but bloody hell man, this is awesome.”

“Relax guys.” I said, “it’s only a girl’s body, you must have seen one before.”

“Not like yours Esther.” Mick said.

“Come inside guys, I’ll show you where the booze is.” I said as I smiled and turned and went inside.

I then led the 3 guys into the kitchen and left them to get their own drinks. As I went back to Dylan I looked back at the 3 guys and saw that they were more interested in staring at the scantily clad girls that were in the kitchen rather than getting a drink.

The party continued for about another hour or so and I was enjoying the attention that I was getting. I was also enjoying watching the guys drooling over the amount of visible girl flesh that normally isn’t exposed.

Both Dylan and I had had enough alcohol to make us happy and Dylan danced behind me with his hands around me fondling my little tits and sometimes letting his hands go down to my pussy. I wasn’t the only girl that was getting consensually groped and everyone appeared to be quite happy.

At the end of one music track Dylan switched the music off and announced,

“Okay everyone, last week at Tom and Lucy’s party we had a finger fucking competition and you might be disappointed that we are not going to have a repeat of that.”

Dylan paused for a couple of seconds as I heard a few groans. Then he continued,

“However, tonight we are going to have a pussy eating competition.”

After a second of shock I cheered, just like quite a few other people were doing.

“Not wanting to risk any damage to any of the amazing outfits that you girls are wearing, any girl who wants to get her pussy eaten should take her fancy dress outfit off and come over to the tables.”

There was another deadly silence for a few seconds before Lucy, Ellie and Daisy were the first girls to start stripping. Within seconds just about all the girls there were stripping.

“Wow,” Dylan said, “I wasn’t expecting so many. I’m going to have to change the format of the game. Firstly guys, please can you clear the tables, including the kitchen table and bring it in here. Next ladies, would you like to put your bare butts on the edge of the tables and lean back. If there isn’t enough room on all the tables you can use the sofa and arm chairs.”

I’d pulled the butt plug out and removed the fox’s mask (which I was happy to get rid of), and as I looked around I saw around a dozen naked girls moving to the tables. I also saw a lot of drooling guys, especially Dylan’s brother and his mates Mick and Sam and I wondered if they were still virgins. I grabbed a place on the sofa between Lucy and Ellie.

When all the girls were settled, most with their legs spread wide ready. I looked around and saw that with the exception of one girl. There wasn’t a pubic hair in sight and that one girl only had a few short ones in a line from her slit to her navel.

Dylan announced the rules.

“Right guys, when I say so go and go and stand in front of a girl. If all the girls are taken don’t worry, your chance will come. I’ll do the timings and when I blow my whistle you have one minute of pussy eating. The whistle will be blown when your minute is up, Then I want you guys to move to the girl on your right and wait for the whistle to start eating that girl’s pussy.

Guys, the gap between your desert courses will be 3 minutes which will give the girls time to cool down a bit.”

Ellie spoke up,

“Can you make that 3 minutes just 1 minute please Dylan, I’ll have gone off the boil by the time 3 minutes is up?”

“Sorry Ellie, that’s the whole idea. Three minute gaps will delay you cumming and give the guys time to get round as many girls as possible. We’re not looking for the best pussy eater tonight, we’re looking for the girl who cums first and the girl who cums the most times. If a girl decides that she can’t take any more she can just close her legs. We’ll keep going until all girls have cum at least once.”

Ellie spoke up again,

“When we’ve all cum can we reverse the roles so that the girls can give the guys blowjobs?”

“I hadn’t thought of that Ellie but it’s a great idea. Let’s see how the first game goes. Okay girls and guys, are you ready?”

Dylan blew the whistle and the guy in front of me (Leo) dropped to his knees and leant forwards to my pussy that was already wet with anticipation. I gasped a little as Leo’s tongue touched my pussy. Just as I was starting to think that Leo knew what he was doing, the whistle blew and I cursed Dylan and thought that one minute of pussy eating just isn’t enough.

I turned my head to Lucy and said,

“These 3 minute breaks are going to be a killer, I’m going to give Dylan hell later.”

“You mean that you’re going to fuck his brains out Esther.” Lucy replied.

“That as well.”

The 3 minute break just about killed the arousal that Leo had started but Jacob managed to start my motor running again during his one minute eating my pussy. When the whistle blew for the second 3 minute break to start I groaned in disappointment. I also heard a couple of other girls groan.

As I looked around at the girls legs that were spread and up in the air I also saw that all the guys were looking down at the nearest pussy. I saw lots of bulges and one guy rubbing his cock over his trousers and also quite a few phones being held up.

My arousal didn’t recede as much during that break, nor the next ones, in fact it was slowly building but teasing then withdrawing is only good for so long and some of the girls were trying to get Dylan to blow the whistle long before the 3 minutes was up.

It was Daisy who was the first to shout after around the sixth guy had had his one minute of my desert.

“OH FUCK, I’M GONNA CUM.”

“Oh, oh, ooooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Daisy had just about returned to normal when the whistle blew for the next round of deserts for the guys.

I looked up and saw that it was one of Dylan’s brother John’s mates, Sam, and I somehow managed to say,

“Remember Sam, what happens at these parties stays at these parties so no posting of photos or videos on the internet.”

“Yeah, sure, whatever you say Esther.”

The whistle blew and Sam tucked into his next desert.

By then I was getting close to the edge but when I looked up at the next guy I saw that it was Dylan’s brother John who said,

“I’m going to enjoy this sister in-law. Is this incest.”

“Who cares?” I replied just before the whistle blew.

I don’t know if Dylan had been giving John tips on how to be a good pussy eater, or if it was in the family genes, but John’s tongue on my G-spot, his left hand on my right tit and his right hand rubbing my clit, quickly took me over the edge and I screamed,

“OH FUCK!”

My body started jerking and shaking but John somehow managed to keep going until the minute was up. Something that Dylan is also good at doing, but because of the whistle John couldn’t keep going and take me to multiple orgasms like Dylan does.

I somehow managed to register the smile on John’s wet face as he stood up and moved in front of Ellie who looked like she was annoyed with Dylan for blowing the whistle.

On it went as one by one, every girl announced that she was cumming and some of the girls. Including me, let it be known that we were cumming again. Just as I orgasmed for the sixth time and the whistle blow, I heard Dylan announce that the ‘competition’ was over and that all 15 guys had had 2 deserts from each pussy.

“Jeez,” I thought, “have I really had my pussy eaten by 15 guys, twice!”

As my latest orgasm subsided I took stock of my pussy and was pleased that it wasn’t sore. As I got to my feet Dylan came over to me and asked if I was okay.

“Hell yeah, that was awesome.”

Dylan kissed me then turned and asked the girls to put a hand in the air if the guys had given them an orgasm.

All the girls hands went up.

“Good,” Dylan said, “it was all worth while then. Now keep your hand up if you had 2 orgasms.”

Only one girl took her hand down.

“Keep your hand up if you had 3 orgasms.”

Four hands went down.

This went on and soon it was only Daisy and me with our hands still up in the air.

“Keep your hand up if you had 7 orgasms.” Dylan said.

I took my hand down and Daisy was declared the winner. As the cheers died down, Ellie spoke up,

“What about a blowjob competition?”

Dylan thought for a second then asked,

“Who would like to take part on a blowjob competition?”

The only person in the room who didn’t have a hand in the air was Dylan. He laughed then said,

“Okay, let’s have a 10 minute break to get a drink, and to see if some of the hard-ons in the room will go down. It will also give me a chance to work out how we’re going to do this. I’ll blow the whistle in about 10, and hey girls, don’t bother putting your clothes on yet, whatever I think of will be better if you are still naked and there will be less chance of your costumes getting jizz all over them.”

Dylan grabbed a couple of bottles of beer out of the fridge and came over to me. Giving me one he again asked if I was okay.

“Hell yes,” I replied. “all these guys looking at my naked body really turns me on.”

“Good, after everyone has left I’m going to fuck your brains out until the sun comes up.”

“Let’s hope that it’s a cloudy day then.” I replied.

Dylan smiled but I could see that his brain was deep in thought.

Oscar came over to us and said,

“Great idea a pussy eating competition Dylan. A great way to get the girls naked.”

“Thanks Cap. You just gave me an idea.” Dylan replied then blew the whistle.

Going back into the Lounge he announced,

“Right guys, if you want a naked girl to give you a blowjob stand in a circle facing out and drop those kecks. Ladies, those of you who want some cocks in your mouth go and stand in front of a guy.”

They did and as Dylan expected there were more guys than girls so Dylan got the girls to shuffle so that there was no 2 guys side by side without a girl standing in front of them.

“Now ladies, I see that there are a couple of girls stood in front of their man so ladies, please move clockwise 2 guys.”

They did.

“Right, similar timings to the pussy eating. Girls, when the whistle blows you have one minute to do your best. When the whistle blows, get up and move one guy clockwise and wait for the whistle to blow to start on the guy now in front of you.

Guys, please let the girl blowing you know when you are about to cum so that she can tell you where she wants your load. When you are done you can pull your kecks up and go and get a beer. The winner will be the last guy to shoot his load over or in a girl.

Oh guys, I know that you’ve had blue balls for quite a while but please try to hold it so that as many girls as possible can taste your meat. Are you ready?”

I dropped to my knees and saw Oscar’s cock millimetres from my face. It was circumcised just like Dylan’s, but in it’s soft state it wasn’t as big as Dylan’s.

The whistle blew, my mouth opened, my hands went to his balls and Oscar appeared to get an instant erection.

“Oh that feels good Esther.” I heard Oscar say but I was concentrating on my tongue work doing just what Dylan tells me he likes.

All too soon the whistle blew and I let go of Oscar’s balls and backed my head off his cock.

“Nice,” Oscar said, “thank you.”

“You’re welcome Oscar.” I replied as I moved one guy clockwise and saw TC who said,

“I’ve wanted to do this ever since Dylan first introduced us Esther.”

“But I was a different girl back then TC.”

“On the outside maybe, but I could instantly see what Dylan saw in you, and we were both right, you look totally awesome Esther.”

“Thanks TC, how many beers have you had?”

“Not enough to keep that down.” TC replied as he looked own to his cock.

I looked too and was pleased with what I saw, a rock hard, circumcised cock about the same size of Dylan’s.

“So I see TC, it does look quite edible.”

After the 3 minutes the whistle blew, I dropped to my knees with an open mouth and got on with blowing TC. This time though, my left hand went to TC’s bald balls but my right hand went to my clit.

Again, the one minute wasn’t enough for either TC or myself to cum and I got up and moved one guy clockwise. This time it was Sam, one of my brother in-laws mates.

“Remember Sam, “I said, “what happens at these parties stays at these parties.”

“I know Esther and you have nothing to worry about.”

I dropped to my knees and looked at Sam’s cock.

“Nice.” I said, but what I thought was that it wasn’t as nice as Dylan, it hadn’t been circumcised and there were rolls of skin just below the purple end.

Again it wasn’t long enough for either Sam or myself to cum (I’d played with my clit whilst sucking Sam’s cock), and when the whistle blew I got to my feet.

“Thanks Esther.” Sam said as I moved clockwise.

On it went and it wasn’t until I was sucking the fifth cock that the owner, Tom, said,

“I’m going to cum Esther, where do you want it?”

Instead of backing off and telling him, I just sucked harder and Tom let loose with his cock in my throat. The whistle blew and I withdrew but Tom hadn’t finished and I got a couple of blobs in my cheek.

Tom’s cumming in and on me, together with my finger work on my clit, was getting me close to cumming, and I was still up there when I moved clockwise to the next guy only to find that it was my brother in-law, John.

“Oh my gawd,” I thought, “I’m about to give my brother in-law a blowjob. I hope that Dylan doesn’t mind.”

I looked around and saw that Dylan was looking at me. He could see John with me in front of him and he was smiling so I looked back at John. He too was smiling.

When the whistle blew, something made me suck harder and move my fingers on my clit faster and it only took a few seconds for me to hear John saying something but I was about to go over the edge myself so I didn’t reply, only suck harder, push my head further onto John’s cock and slide 2 fingers into my hole whilst frigging myself like there was no tomorrow.

John orgasmed first, closely followed by me. John withdrew his cock and stood there as I trembled and shook and was pleased that I was on my knees. I vaguely heard the whistle then I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard Ellie say,

“Take your time Esther, the guy on John’s right shot his load into Tracey so you’ve got nearly 7 minutes to recover.”

It didn’t take that long and when I got to my feet I saw that half the guys had gone.

“I guess that us girls being naked and them eating us had left their blue balls ready to explode. No staying power some guys.” Tracey said.

I smiled and thought,

“Maybe, but Dylan can last for hours and when he does unload into me it doesn’t take long for him to be ready for more. I’m looking forward to him fucking me until dawn.”

Things got a bit slow for the girls but the remaining guys didn’t really stand a chance of lasting for much longer. I managed to have one more turn, sucking Harry’s cock before he too unloaded into my throat before we were left with just Freddie who hadn’t cum yet so he was the winner.

“Well done Freddie mate, but I’m guessing that you don’t want to leave things like they are?” Dylan said.

“Not really.” Freddie replied.

“Okay girls, who would like to help Freddie with his blue balls problem?” Dylan announced.

Most of the girls put a hand up, including me, but Dylan chose the 2 girls nearest to Freddie and said,

“He’s all yours girls, suck him dry.”

Daisy and Jill were the luck girls and they quickly knelt in front of Freddie and took it in turns to give him a quick suck whilst a hand from each of the girls played with his balls. When he couldn’t last any longer he shot his load over the faces of both girls before collapsing onto a chair that someone put behind him.

“Well done mate.” Dylan loudly announced, “and well done to all the girls, I hope that you enjoyed your deserts, now lets get active and do some seductive dancing with your partners.”

Dylan put some music on and came and danced with me. There was some lively songs and some slow ones and I could feel Dylan’s cock wanting to burst out of his Huntsman’s trousers. When we stopped dancing Dylan and I got talking to Oscar and Ellie and Oscar was making suggestion about special events and themes for future parties and Rugby Club events.

His first suggestion was a clit rubbing contest, similar to the Dylan’s pussy eating competition but the guys would only be allowed to rub the girl’s clit. His second idea was to make the annual Rugby Club’s Christmas Dinner a CMNF event. His third idea was to have a spanking competition. As soon as he said that last one he asked me if Dylan had spanked me yet.

“Yes he has.” I replied.

“And did you cum?”

“I did.”

“Esther also got spanked at my boss’ summer barbecue in front of all my workmates and their partners.” Dylan added.

“And did you cum in front of all Dylan’s workmates at that do as well Esther?” Oscar asked.

“I did.”

“Ellie likes being spanked as well don’t you luv?” Oscar continued.

“Yes I do Oscar, now don’t you think that we should go home now? You’ve had a lot to drink and you have to be up early in the morning.” Ellie replied.

“Are you going home like that Ellie?”

“No Oscar, I’m going to put my Seven of Nine catsuit on, I don’t want to get arrested.”

“Hmm, let’s go. Great party Dylan, Esther, I’ve never seen Dylan so happy, good on you naked girl.”

It was shortly after that that girls started to get dressed and people started to leave. Tom and Lucy were still there when the last people left, Dylan having told them that they could crash at our place.

“I’ll leave you 3 to get better acquainted. It’s your turn with these 2 beauties Dylan. I’ll crash on the sofa.”

“We have a spare bedroom Tom.” I said.

“Nope, the sofa will be great thanks, it will be easier for me to remember all the naked girls if I’m down here.”

Lucy gave Tom a goodnight kiss, him fingering her pussy whilst they kissed. As Dylan and I headed up to the bathroom I was a little nervous and I was still nervous as Lucy and I got into the bed, but as soon as her hands started roaming all over my body the nervousness disappeared and we started pleasuring each other. Then Dylan joined us and we had a great threesome that lasted for hours.

\*\*\*\*\*