**T-party**

by Donna M.

“Sex toys? Really, Lee, couldn’t you sell Tupperware or Avon or something?” my friend Mia said after I invited her to my party.

“Come on, it’s gonna be way more fun. I’m calling it a ‘T-Party,’ T for toys, not Tupperware.”

“I can’t. I’d be too embarrassed, and besides, I wouldn’t buy anything anyway.”

I said, “Why not? Don’t you have a vibrator hidden away for special… ahem… occasions? You should see the newest ones and what they can do.”

“I would never have one of those in my house. Justin wouldn’t approve.”

I didn’t know what to say to that. Whether they owned a vibrator or not, I assumed all women masturbated once in a while in spite of their husbands, or maybe because of them. Could it be that one of my best friends is that repressed? I knew it wasn’t a religious thing, though I better be careful anyway.

“You don’t have to buy anything. You’ll know just about everybody here, so there’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Look at it as an excuse for a girls’-night-in party. We’ll have a few drinks, let our hair down and share some laughs. What do you say?”

“I’ll have to think about it.” And that’s how the subject remained until I called her two days later and asked again, repeating much of the same spiel. She finally—and reluctantly—agreed to attend.

My husband took the kids out for the evening, and later they would be spending the night at his brother’s house. The kids were okay with it since they liked their Aunt Sarah and Uncle Lenny, who as a childless couple spoiled them rotten. Like a strange, adult slumber party, we ladies would have the house to ourselves. Most of my friends and acquaintances who were coming had arrived before Mia, and I saw how nervous she was as she was greeted by everyone.

Maggie recognized her embarrassment too, saying, “Oh, relax. You’re among friends, right? Let’s get you a drink.”

They walked to my bar set-up and mixed their drinks while I mingled and greeted a couple of latecomers. When everyone was there, I introduced Annie Smithers, the lady with all the toys. Annie was the regional sales rep for a firm which sells and distributes sex aids. Some were pretty wild, yet I trusted Annie to bring out things based upon everyone’s level of comfort with the topic; though my friends were all over the map with their apparent ‘wildness’ level when it came to the subject of sex. I’ve heard all the “girl” gossip, so I knew.

We mingled and munched and drank—and gossiped—for a while before we gathered in a semicircle on my living room floor around Annie and her bag of samples. She introduced some rather vanilla vibrators to us. When Annie pulled out a black penis-shaped one, Jan let everyone know, to much laughter, that she already owned one. I had to say, it was quite large. Annie spoke candidly about each toy’s features and how to get the most out of it. There was palpable anticipation amongst the ladies until Lena broke the ice by asking if Annie had any samples we could actually try out.

Annie smiled and said, “I thought you’d never ask.” She pulled some toys and lubes from another case, and then said, “Would you like me to demonstrate?” When everyone nodded vigorously, she dropped her slacks and her panties and sat back down on the floor. We were all suitably amazed by her brazen casualness among strangers. She giggled like a little girl and said, “This is my favorite part of the job!”

Her vulva and pubis were bald, as if recently waxed. She held up a rather daunting vibrator that looked like an alien’s weapon in a sci-fi movie. Besides its basic bullet shape, it had appendages and rotating rings with nubs on them. To me it spelled torture, not orgasm, so I was eager to see it in action. I looked around the room to notice that all my friends, even reluctant Mia, were anxious.

Holding up the bottle for all to see, Annie extolled the virtue of the lube within. “This is my favorite. It’s not oily or gooey. It won’t stain, and it’s the closest I’ve found to our own natural lubrication.” She poured a few drops onto her fingertips and with a flourish brought her fingers to her vulva. “Ooooooooooooo, the coolness feels heavenly when you first put it on.” She held the bottle out to us and said, “Feel free to try it. It’s just us girls, after all.”

Since I was the host, I figured I’d better participate, so following Annie’s lead, I stripped from the waist down, before taking the bottle from Annie and trying some myself. “Oh yes!” I proclaimed. “This feels great! It’s cool when you first put it on, then it warms up. Wow!”

Annie said to the others, “Lee has the right idea. We’re talking sex aids here, girls. We don’t have sex with our clothes on, do we? Take ‘em off, take ‘em off!” she said, laughing heartily. One by one, the ladies began to shed clothes, some faster than others. Mia was being coaxed to disrobe by Jan on one side of her and Maggie on the other. Except for Mia, I was happy that the rest of my friends were comfortable enough with each other to get naked like they were. I took the rest of my clothes off and sat back down.

In this group, Maggie was the ‘body.’ Her D-cups were firm and high, and put the rest of us to shame. She swears they’re real. I leaned toward her and playfully lifted one of her breasts looking for a surgical scar. She grinned, pushed my hand away and said, “Now, Lee, you believe all those rumors?”

I laughed and replied, “The devil made me do it. Isn’t envy one of the seven deadly sins?”

Annie was preparing to use the crazy vibrator in demonstration when Maggie cupped one of my breasts and said, “You need not envy me, lady. Yours are pretty nice, especially those amazing nipples.” As I scanned the room, I realized my nipples were more prominent than everyone else’s. That was cool, yet having Maggie compliment them was cooler. Mia kept her top on but was finally persuaded to strip from the waist down, though she gulped another drink so she wouldn’t flee in panic.

The sample bottle of lubricant found its way back to Annie. She rubbed some of the liquid on the tip of the vibrator, and said, “This model is so amazing, especially what it can do in stimulating the g-spot and clitoris at the same time.”

Lena interrupted her, saying, “What’s a g-spot?”

That solicited giggles from many of the women. Annie said, “Now, now, ladies! We’re all friends, so that’s not the way to act. I’ll bet that some of you who laughed don’t really know that much about it either.”

She was probably right.

Like a professor, she explained the Gräfenberg Spot, even pulling out of her bag a couple of drawings of female genitalia as a visual aid. On one drawing that was a cross section, she pointed out where the g-spot was in the vagina, and its relationship to the clitoris. I wasn’t the only one mesmerized by what she was saying. I suppose our relative ignorance was an indictment of society’s Puritan repression of everything sexual. Why don’t we women know more about our own bodies? Annie powered up the vibrator and went to work on herself. She used it on the outside of her for a while, massaging her clitoris, before sliding the thing into her obviously very wet vagina (not all from the lube, I realized). The rest of us were spellbound watching Annie ramp up to orgasm. She kept the thing buried, the vibrator’s extended nub working her clit at the same time all the rotating elements were working her insides, including, presumably, her g-spot.

I heard several gasps from the assemble women as Annie climaxed. I think I gasped as well. She threw her head back, and made bird-like sounds which steadily increased in volume until her vulva began to noticeably throb, orgasmic contractions not directly caused by the vibrator still buried within her, but surely a result of its use. Most of us—me included—had never seen another woman climax before, and perhaps as I was, we were all silently comparing our own orgasm experiences to the one Annie just had.

Jan, in a hoarse voice, said, “I’ll take one of those.”

Several of us laughed, though a couple of my friends were too busy masturbating to respond. I could see that Annie was pleased with the overall reaction, never mind what must have been a great orgasm. I found it arousing to be in a room full of naked and semi-naked woman, and I thought of myself as being straighter than straight.

“Let’s try some others,” Annie said gleefully while pulling more toys from her bag.

Her goodies weren’t just vibrators and dildos. She demonstrated a full line of bondage toys, like leather cuffs and ball gags. The butt plug with the cattail drew much attention, which precipitated Annie launching into a presentation on anal sex. “How many of you have been penetrated anally?” she asked, as nonchalantly as asking us if we were married or not.

When Maggie was the only one who raised her hand, everyone stared at her while she looked around the room, returning the stares. “What’s the big deal? You mean none of you have even tried it?”

We remained silent, until Lena said, “Okay, my husband talked me into it once but it hurt like hell, and I’ll never let him do it again.”

“Ne jamais dire jamais,” Annie said with a tiny laugh. “Never say never, because often we don’t know what we’re missing, ladies.” She pulled a small bottle from her bag, explaining that it was special anal lube, made to relax the anus for pain free penetration, “Painless unless your husbands or boyfriends are hung like a horse, and if that’s the case, send them to me.” We all joined Annie in laughter. Obviously, none of us had husbands like that.

Jan added to the merriment by saying, “Why do you think I own one of those big black dildos,” which solicited more laughter, all of us having seen how huge the toy was.

Annie showed us an assortment of butt plugs that we passed around among ourselves, each of us wondering how in hell they’d feel but certainly not willing to go out on a limb and offer to try one out in this setting.

I overheard Mia say, “How could anyone think anal sex isn’t a disgusting perversion? I’m sure Justin wouldn’t want to do it anyway.” Annie heard her too, for she winked at me and Maggie before repeating her earlier comment about what we were missing. Then she pulled out of her bag two more surprises; a strap-on rig, and a long fluorescent green double-dong.

Holding the strap-on rig aloft, Annie said, “Men would never admit it—God forbid they would be thought of as gay—but many like deep anal stimulation, particularly the prostate.” She showed us another chart, this time a male cross-section, pointing out where the prostate gland was and explaining its role in sex. “If you’re not ready for anal sex, maybe your hubby is.”

Echoing what seemed to be her theme for the evening, Jan asked if it came in a larger size. Annie assured her it did, demonstrating how the attached dong could be changed out for a thicker one. Maggie, sitting next to me, seemed to move closer and closer until our bodies were touching. As Annie was showing us the strap-on, Maggie had placed her hand on my thigh and was slowly moving it upward. The toys and the sex talk had aroused me, but Maggie’s intimate touch brought me to a whole new level. I glanced at her and our eyes met. The way she was touching and looking at me told me a lot. I’d never slept with another woman. I’d never even considered the possibility. Nevertheless, as her hand inexorably moved up my inner thigh and my state of arousal kicked up a notch, the possibility increased. As Annie fastened the strap-on harness in demonstration of its use, Maggie’s fingertips reached my labia. She moaned, finding me wet.

Maggie leaned toward me and whispered in my ear, “I’m horny…would you use that on me? Or would you rather I demonstrated it on you?” She lifted her hand to show me how wet her fingertips were.

While Annie was preparing to show us some more toys, I crawled to her and whispered, “Can we use that?” pointing to the strap-on rig she’d just removed.

Annie looked at me, and then glanced toward Maggie, probably assessing whether our usage would help or hurt possible sales. She must have figured it could be a plus, for she then smiled and nodded, saying “Go for it.”

I strapped on the unit’s harness and got behind Maggie as she sort of hunched down on her knees with her legs spread. I worked to overcome the embarrassment of having my circle of friends staring at us, no doubt knowing what was about to happen. I positioned myself closer and with the big dong in hand, began to slide it into her. She was so naturally lubricated by this time (“I’m horny…”) I had no problem entering her and sliding it in deep. She moaned loudly.

Since I’m not a man, I had no idea how to work it from this end. Basically we were both kneeling, with me spooned behind her. I was slightly lower on my haunches and she was essentially sitting on me, or more accurately, upon the strapped-on appendage. Maggie did most of the work, moving rhythmically up and down. Her mewling sounds weren’t mistaken by anyone in the room. Annie stopped talking, as we now had everyone’s full attention.

Mia muttered “Oh my God!” as Maggie and I moved faster in our rhythm. Mimicking a man’s lower voice, I bellowed “I’m gonna cum…sweet Jesus, I’m gonna cum,” as I pantomimed a man’s ejaculatory quaking.

Quite a few of the ladies tittered in laughter when I did that, though not Maggie. She was too busy cumming for real.

When her shuddering subsided, she collapsed onto me. “Thank you…thank you…thank you, Lee. Damn, I needed that!”

Lena was quick to say what the others were probably thinking, “I can’t believe you two did that, especially in front of all of us.”

Annie quickly added, “I applaud both of you for being so open. We women have repressed our sexuality way too much, and if my toys can help change that, then I’m happy no matter how much I sell.”

Mia then said, “But what Lee and Maggie did was…wrong.” I felt Maggie tense, ready to speak up, but I stopped her, figuring I could answer my best friend more tactfully than Maggie would.

“Now Mia, that’s what Annie’s talking about. We’re all adults here, and consenting adults can have fun with sex without there being any right or wrong. We’re all here to learn about these sex toys so maybe we can bring them into our love lives, livening things up a bit. I bet we all could use a little livening, right?”

“Maggie sure got livened up,” Jan chimed in, which got us all laughing again, even Maggie.

Mia said, “Okay, but all that anal stuff is a little too sick for me.”

That’s when quiet little, petite Rachel said, “It’s not sick, Mia.” She then turned to Annie and said, “Can I try one of those plugs, maybe the one with the tail on it. I think it’s kinda cute…and sexy looking. I bet my husband would love to see me with that.”

Mia tisked while Annie happily pulled the anal plug from her bag and gave it a quick disinfectant wipe. Probably to piss-off Mia, Maggie said, “I’ll help you put it in, if you’d like.”

Without hesitation—and quite a shock to all of us who know her—Rachel bent over with a smile and offered her tiny ass to Maggie. Maggie lubed up the plug with the special numbing formula, and cautiously worked it into Rachel’s anus. Except for a barely-heard groan, Rachel took the insertion with delight. She stood and pranced around us all, the little tail dancing about as a real animal’s tail might. Rachel was quite the sight; this usually meek, little woman bopping around; her small, pointed breasts bouncing lively and her new ‘tail’ doing the same. She went off in search of a mirror, while Lena said, “If that doesn’t turn Bob on, nothing will.”

When she came back to join us, Rachel said, “What do you think? It feels interesting, I guess, better than I would’ve imagined, and I think it looks sexy. You know, it’s making me horny, too.” She turned to Annie and said, “Can I try out one of those whirly vibrators?”

After Annie handed her the demonstrator model, Rachel went to Mia and asked if she could “help” her with it. Mia was aghast, and begged off, though that didn’t seem to bother Rachel at all. Maggie whispered to me, “You think she has a secret thing for Mia?” I was wondering the same thing, thinking how natural it might be for the shy, petite woman to secretly lust after the equally shy yet so much more buxom lady. Jan offered to assist Rachel. She couldn’t very well sit down with the butt plug in her, so she curled up sideways on the floor and Jan began to use the vibrator on her.

The sight of two women who weren’t normally lovers actually engaged in a sex act stirred me, and more than likely was heating the pussies of everyone else too, including Mia, whose expression slowly changed from its earlier revulsion to one of awe. I chuckled to myself; maybe there was hope for her after all.

Rachel’s orgasm was pure delight to watch and hear. She was louder than I’d ever been. Annie looked to be extremely pleased, probably ringing up sales in her mind. Yet that wasn’t the best part. Some of my friends, who I thought I knew well, began to pair up. Annie quickly parceled out some of her demo toys, and gals got to work on each other.

Maggie was shocked. She turned to me and said, “Do you believe this? I never would have thought…”

I told her I couldn’t believe it either. Who was the repressed prude now? I never considered that my friends would sexually respond this way. Pair after pair of them proved how wrong I was. My living room became a surreal landscape of writhing bodies. The only ones not thusly engaged were me, Maggie, and Annie Smithers. Annie sidled up to Maggie and me, telling us how gratified she was in seeing how “open” we all were. I responded by saying it was all a surprise to me. Annie thought that was hilarious, and we shared a hearty chuckle.

As some of them climaxed with various levels of noise, Rachel, still proudly wearing the tailed butt plug, crawled up to Mia meowing like a cat and joined her and Maria as they tentatively explored the use of one of Annie’s more bizarre vibrators. With a louder purr and without any hesitation, Rachel nudged Maria away and went down on the startled Mia. Mia looked at first as if she’d push Rachel away but didn’t, and Rachel gleefully introduced her to the joys of cunnilingus. Rachel was into the whole ‘cat’ thing, for she purred throughout, and licked Mia’s pussy in long laps as if she were really a cat licking up spilt milk.

This spectacle spurred another of my friends, Bonnie, to don the strap-on and get behind Rachel. The most unbelievable threesome ensued. Bonnie fucked Rachel like she could really get off on it. Rachel looked great with her ass being slammed while that silly butt plug tail swung wildly. And Mia was humming like a tuning fork as Rachel’s tongue did its magic.

“Goddamit, this is hot,” Maggie cooed. The next thing I knew she was dining on my pussy. I curled up in a sixty-nine position with Maggie and returned the favor, though not before Rachel screamed in orgasm and then threatened to use the strap-on with Bonnie as a sort of returned favor.

Enough pheromones were being emitted into my living room to get even the most frigid woman horny. Not saying that she was frigid, mind you, but Mia had made the most amazing transformation of all. Now that Rachel was preoccupied with Bonnie, Mia cornered Annie and was in the belated process of trying out many of her wares. True to her nature, Annie was an enthusiastic ‘teacher,’ as she steadily morphed into an ardent participator.

One after another of us climaxed with various moans and squeals, with perhaps Mia being the loudest.

As we all eventually put our clothes back on, Annie took our orders. Of course, among other items, Rachel ordered the tailed butt plug. My friends filtered out to return home; all pleasantly sated and dreaming of their new toys. When only Annie and Maggie remained, the three of us went to work cleaning and sanitizing the demo toys that had been used.

While we were packing things up for Annie, she said, “I don’t have to tell you what a successful party this has been. I thank you, Lee, and I can’t help but marvel at how refreshingly open you all are about your sexuality.”

“I must admit I was a bit surprised by some of my friends, like Mia, opening up like that.”

“Yes, Mia did come out of her shell. I hope she can get beyond her inhibitions with her husband like she did with us.”

“I’m sure I’ll hear all about it, one way or the other,” I said. Maggie and I helped carry stuff out to the car, and we gave Annie a big kiss of thanks before she drove away.

At the curb, Maggie said, “Hubby and the kids are gone all night, correct?”

“Yes, they are. Are you asking because you want to spend the night?”

“Are you inviting me?” We walked back into the house and without much more talk, we got undressed. I urged Maggie into the shower. Our shower was foreplay. In my bedroom, I pulled out my very own double-dong, similar to the fluorescent one Annie had shown us. It was one of the ‘gifts’ I got for hosting the party, though I never dreamed I’d really use it as intended.

Maggie loved the toy. We buried the thing in each of us right up to our cervixes and met in the middle, rubbing our vulvas together.

“Oh, Leeeeeeeeeee, I’mmm cummminggggg!” Maggie cried out, and I felt her convulsions like an earthquake tremor that traveled through the rubber-like material and into my vagina.

We made love several times throughout the night. Later I’d think about the ramifications of sleeping with a woman, sleeping with someone else besides my husband, and our friendship. This night I’d rather think about the sublime orgasms.

Over coffee in the morning, Maggie was reserved yet forthright in explaining her desire for me, which had been building for a long time, as she told it.

“I had a great night,” I said, “but you know this can’t be an ongoing thing.” She said she understood, but her face said she didn’t. I valued her friendship, so I’d have to be careful.

Over the next few days, I heard from my friends who had attended the party. To a woman, they were embarrassed by what they’d done; all worried, as I was with Maggie, that there would be long-term consequences to our little orgy. I assured each one that I certainly wasn’t bothered by their actions, reminding them that Annie wanted us to open up and try new things, which we undoubtedly did in spades. Both Lena and Jan extolled the virtues of the bigger toys each of them ordered, which made me wonder if their husbands would soon feel neglected. Mia was nearly too descriptive the next time we spoke following delivery of her toy order. She told me about how eager Justin had become when she introduced toys into their bed. She also hinted that she may be fooling around with Rachel on the side.

All very interesting, but I had my own stories to tell, though I kept them to myself. You see, I bought one of those tailed butt plugs too. I surprised my husband one night when I pranced into the bedroom naked, with my ‘tail’ wagging. It turned him on so much he managed to get it back up for a second pop. I also bought some of that desensitizing anal lube, and when I told him that the next morning, with the butt plug out, he gleefully re-plugged my butt with his impressively hard cock.

Even better, Annie Smithers called a couple of weeks later and asked me to visit her place. I assumed it was to plan the next party, or maybe to involve me somehow in her business. It didn’t surprise me when I got there to be introduced to her partner, Erika. Was there any doubt she was a lesbian? The surprise came when, soon after I arrived, Erika made a pass, with Annie right there. That’s when I knew why I was invited. I was somewhat flattered to be thought of as the final piece to a threesome. Before my toy party I would never have considered myself bisexual, but between Maggie and now these two, I’ve become a new woman.

They led me to their bedroom, where they undressed me slowly and provocatively. I reveled in their attention, now much more than flattered by their desire for me, an older woman, wife and mother. When Annie whispered to her mate, “Didn’t I tell you how hot she was?” I forgot that pride was also a deadly sin.

They made love to me, and then after I’d cum a few times, I reciprocated and loved first Erika, then Annie. For some strange reason, or maybe it was just my limited experience, Erika had a taste and texture all her own. She was also a screamer. Annie was less vocal, but quite multi-orgasmic. Annie got out the mother of all vibrators, one she hadn’t shown at my party. With Erika at the controls, I think it was only seconds before I was squealing in orgasmic delight. Regardless of whether I ever do this again, the sonic memory of the three of us cumming will always be imprinted on my mind.

I went home to my family, exhausted yet completely satisfied. I can’t wait for my next T-party.