

# Dinner is Served

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Zoë felt quite excited as she pushed open the door to the flat she shared with Esther. Tonight was the night of the dinner party for which they'd been preparing for ever such a long time. Ever since the last such party in fact. That one had been such a success that they could hardly wait to get another organised. She smiled at her reflection in the hall mirror as she slipped off the denim jacket she'd been wearing. It had been so much fun her pussy had been sore for a week. She could hear a chop chop chop sound coming from the kitchen.

“Esther! Is that you?” Zoë cried.

“Of course. Who else could it be? I’m just preparing the vegetables. Do you want to come and help?”

“I’ll have to change first,” Zoë laughed, glancing down at her smart casual cotton trousers and blouse. She wandered into the kitchen, where Esther stood with her back to her, busy slicing up the courgettes and aubergines. “Hey, you’ve hardly got anything on.”

Esther turned round to face Zoë. “What do you mean? I’m wearing an apron.” This much was true. The straps were over the shoulders and the bib came half way down her thighs, but from behind all Zoë could see was naked flesh and Esther’s pert round bum. “I’m just getting into the mood for the party.”

“*Ooh!*” Zoë sighed, taking her flatmate by her shoulders and resting her chin on her bare shoulder. “Just seeing you like this makes me feel pretty much in the mood already.”

Esther lay down her knife and turned round to face Zoë, so that the stiff cold

plastic of the apron, and its pictures of pre-Raphaelite nudes, were pressed against Zoë's blouse. She stood on her toes so that her mouth was the same height as Zoë's mouth and kissed her tenderly on the lips. "I know! Just having you here makes me feel pretty much in the mood already. But we haven't got the time. There's a lot of preparation to get through before the guests arrive. And besides, I don't want to be worn out before the party's even begun!"

Zoë laughed, and kissed Esther full on the mouth, while looping an arm around her bare waist. "You're so right. I'll prepare the dining room and everything else before I join you in preparing the food. I'm sure you can manage on your own for just a little longer."

The excitement just kept on building until the food was at last ready and placed in the oven, the carpet vacuumed and the places laid at the table for all the guests. Zoë counted the chairs. There were nine chairs laid out, and the tenth one could be pulled in should there be an extra guest. Zoë visualised her guests. Places for Adrian and Steve, Jane and Martin, Noelle and Mark, and, of course, Pauline who never seemed to have a steady partner but never seemed to have any difficulty in picking up casual ones. She totted it up. Four men. Five women. More women than men. Not that Zoë really minded. She'd never really been sure what her preference was. But as she thought about the feel and thrust of a good man's cock, she wasn't sure that the balance was really right. Anyway, how could she be sure that Adrian and Steve would willingly share themselves with the girls? And when she said 'girls', she really meant herself.

Bach's Adagio and Fugue trilled down the hallway in a rendition the German master would probably not have been flattered by. Zoë picked up the phone. "Hi! Who is it?" she asked breathlessly. This was always her biggest fear before a party. Someone ringing in to say they couldn't come. It was Pauline. Shit! Zoë almost said out loud. That girl was *so* fucking unreliable. No wonder she never kept her boyfriends for more than a week at a time. But Zoë needn't have worried. Pauline had met a man a few days ago at the office restaurant, and she'd invited him to come over that night. And then she'd noticed that the date clashed with the party, so she wondered whether she could bring him along. His name was Nigel.

Zoë smiled. If nothing else it evened up the numbers. Perhaps she'd get a bit of cock tonight after all. "Of course he can come. The more the merrier. But make sure you bring enough wine. We've only got the one crate in."

Pauline laughed on the other side of the phone. "And I'll bring a dildo as well. You'll love it, Zoë. It's a real wowser!"

Zoë could feel the juice between her legs loosen with anticipation. "As long as you bring yourself along. That's what really matters."

It took ages for Zoë and Esther to work out what to wear to the party as the food was slowly cooking in the oven. Zoë settled on a black blouse that opened ever so revealingly to reveal the swell of her relatively modest bosom, and a short skirt that rode quite high up her slim thighs.

Esther was typically less modest, choosing a top that bared her arms and waist, and emphasised her much larger breasts. She chose not to wear a skirt or trousers, but

a strap-on dildo that dangled down onto her inner thigh. It looked quite realistic with plastic veins and a bulbous head. She combed her straight dyed-blonde hair, which framed her face and showed off the beauty of her long neck.

Zoë's own hair was bushy and dark brown, and showed off her own slim neck and angular shoulders. She gazed at her reflection. Her eyelids were light blue and her lips were painted a dark seductive red. Behind her she could see the dildo bouncing up and down, and swaying side-to-side as Esther vigorously combed her hair. God! Zoë could really do with a cock tonight! A strap-on might do, but it never felt as warm as a man's prick. And it never had that pulsing beat of the veins against her sensitive cunt-lips. Please let it be so!

The guests soon arrived. First were Adrian and Steve, dressed as always in jeans and tight tee shirts that showed off the rewards of their many dedicated hours in the gym. They kissed Zoë and Esther tenderly on the cheeks, and waltzed hand-in-hand into the living room where, as always, they were soon leafing through the pile of magazines stacked up on the coffee table.

Then there was Jane and Martin both dressed in leather. Jane just loved the sight of Esther's dildo. While Martin kissed Zoë long and lingeringly, his leather singlet brushing against the nipples under her blouse, Jane knelt down and playfully ran her tongue up and down the length of the plastic toy. But this was just foreplay. The couple strode into the living room and chatted to the two men who still held onto their magazines, and, as they always did, started riffling through the girls' CD collection to find some chill-out dance music.

Noelle and Mark arrived a few minutes later. Mark was wearing a shirt and tie, jacket and trousers: dressed more like the executive he was during the day rather than a partygoer. Noelle was rather more unrestrained. She wore a tight strapless dress that emphasised the heave of her breasts and the long neck that curved up to her inch-long hair.

The couples sat in the living room, nibbling on canapés, nachos and dips, with glasses of white wine and, in Noelle's case a glass of sherry. Mark pulled out a small packet and started skinning up a fat one on the cover of Business Weekly. Jane was spreading Esther's CDs about the floor and selecting tunes that she particularly enjoyed. Zoë wasn't sure she appreciated all Jane's taste. She was looking forward to when she could wrest the stereo off Jane and put on some restful jazz or some ambient drum and bass.

Finally, Mark's joint had been round the room a couple of times, the nibbles were mostly finished, and still Pauline hadn't arrived. This was only to be expected. The girl was so fucking unreliable! But Esther decided that it wasn't a good idea to wait, or the potatoes would get burnt and the vegetables too soggy. So the party adjourned to the dining room section of the living room, while Zoë slipped on a Nitin Sawhney album she thought would better suit the ambience than fucking Armand Van Helden.

It was only when the plates were set out and forks and knives were poised to tuck in, that the sitar sounds were interrupted by the strangulated sound of the Fanfare for the Common Man. It was the doorbell. Zoë leaped out of her seat. After all, Pauline

had been her friend longer than she had known Esther. She ran to the door, partly miffed at Pauline's lateness, but relieved she'd turned up at all.

Pauline was there at the door with that sweet winning smile that always melted Zoë's heart however undependable her friend was. She was wearing a smart trouser suit with a wide tie over her blouse and pushed forward by the thrust of her bosom.

“Hi! Meet Nigel,” she said, standing to one side so that Zoë could see her chaperone. Zoë smiled, but was slightly alarmed. Nice looking though Nigel was, he didn't really look the kind of guy you'd expect to find at the sort of party she and Esther were holding. He was well built, quite tall, with averagely short curly brown hair, a short-sleeved blue shirt and neatly creased trousers. This in itself was not what alarmed Zoë. After all, how did she expect her guests to dress? In fucking manacles and black leather hoods? What concerned Zoë were his disarmingly pleasant smile and his polite demeanour.

“Hello, Nigel,” Zoë said with as welcoming a smile as she could muster, but as soon as she could she gave Pauline a quizzical glare. “Shall we take your bottle into the kitchen so we can cool it in the fridge?”

As Nigel walked ahead into the kitchen carrying his bottle, Zoë whispered urgently to Pauline. “Does Nigel know what sort of party this is?”

Pauline smiled. “Well. Not really. I didn't want to put him off coming.” “Coming? Does he ‘come’ in any sense of the word? Has he, for instance, ‘come’ in you, Pauline?”

“Well, not yet, sweetest. But I'm sure he will.”

Zoë screwed up her face. This could be embarrassing. But the die was cast now. There was no way back now that Nigel had passed the threshold. He wandered back to the girls, smiling appreciatively.

“You’ve sure got a nice place here. Esther. Or is it Zoë?”

“Zoë,” the hostess corrected him. “Yes, but it cost a lot. Property prices. You know. I couldn’t have afforded it by myself.”

“Oh. So that’s why you share with Esther.”

Zoë didn’t choose to correct him this time. “Come on, you two. Dinner is served.”

She pushed open the door to the dining room where the other guests were already eating. Zoë noted with relief that nobody was behaving in any way that might have alarmed Nigel. Indeed, the dinner party looked decidedly unthreatening, and plates of food were laid out for the two latecomers.

And then Esther stood up to greet her guests. Zoë felt a certain anxiety at this point. How would Nigel react as Esther walked towards them, her dildo swaying gently in front of her and a glimpse of nipple seeking to escape from her skimpy top? She regarded Nigel and noted that he had visibly blanched.

“Hi there, Pauline. Glad you could make it,” Esther said, kissing her on the lips. “And you must be Nigel?” She kissed him gently on the cheeks.

Nigel’s voice seemed to be failing him. “Er. Yes. That’s me. That’s who I am,” he replied uncertainly.

“Well, I hope you enjoy your meal. Pauline didn’t tell me whether you were a

vegetarian, but you needn't worry. Zoë's a vegetarian herself, so there's no meat here."

Zoë was sure that Nigel's anxiety wasn't caused by dietary concerns. But he took his seat between Pauline and Adrian, just opposite Mark and herself. She could see Nigel exchange worried glances with Pauline, but she merely smiled in that ambiguous way she excelled in and shrugged her shoulders.

The conversation over the meal was fairly unexceptional. Jane chatted about the nightclubs she'd been to and how she was beginning to get a bit old for that sort of thing. Mark discussed recent movements on the stock exchange. Adrian and Steve competed with each other to express the greater enthusiasm for some musical they'd seen. Esther presided over it all with her usual skill, ensuring that nobody dominated the conversation and that boring subjects weren't pursued beyond other guests' endurance. Zoë watched Pauline and Nigel chat, and was interested in observing how his expression alternated from interest in his partner to discomfort in his environment. Every now and then he would glance towards Esther, perhaps visualising her dildo under the table. Or perhaps regarding her nipple as it occasionally popped out from the cleavage of her top.

Adrian started chatting to Nigel, which at first troubled Zoë. Perhaps Nigel was gay himself, and this party would just disintegrate into two separate groups of exclusive homosexual preference. However, she could tell from Adrian's expression that Nigel was not even aware that he was being chatted up and that Adrian was getting nowhere at all with this little fishy.

“So, Nigel, you work at the same place as Pauline?” Zoë wondered, noticing that his companion was having a rather animated conversation with Martin about drugs and dance music.

Nigel looked at her gratefully. He had noticed that Adrian had shifted his attention to Mark who was much less choosy than him and had perhaps began to realise what Adrian liked most in a man. “Well, we share the same staff restaurant. I’m a systems analyst on the ZEN project...”

“‘Zen’? Sounds a bit mystical.”

“No, it’s just an acronym. It’s a fund management system.”

“Oh really,” said Zoë, regretting already this turn in the conversation. She glanced around her in the hope that she could change the focus toward some other conversationalist. She latched onto Pauline. “What do *you* know about ‘ZEN’, Pauline?”

“Bugger all!” Pauline laughed. “Is Nigel talking shop again?” She placed a firm hand on his upper leg, and Zoë could see him visibly jump. “I don’t know anything about ‘Zen’, but I wouldn’t mind trying out some Tantric Sex.”

At this, almost everyone on the table chortled and laughed in a way that alarmed Nigel even more. Even he realised that what she’d said wasn’t really *that* funny.

After the pudding and coffees, everyone was beginning to get a little nervous. How was it all going to progress to the next stage? A strange quietness descended on the party, broken when Esther stood up and announced she’d better clear up the dirty

plates.

This was Pauline's cue. She smiled broadly and stood up in front of Esther and boldly grasped the dildo protruding from her crotch. "Oh don't worry about that, Esther. I'm sure we can sort that out in the morning." She then angled her face towards Esther whose mouth almost immediately made contact with Pauline's lips. And then the two began kissing each other, their arms around each other, and Pauline seizing Esther's dildo and employing it as if it were real.

And following the two girls' example, the party came to its second phase. Adrian and Mark and Steve collapsed on the sofa in a mass of testosterone charged urgency. Noelle and Martin fell onto Jane. And there was Zoë looking around at the three groups with which she could so easily engage herself, but concerned also about Nigel. What would he do?

He was still sitting at his chair at the table, staring in disbelief and surprise as his date for the night was divesting herself of her clothes and taking Esther's dildo into her mouth. He had a half-empty glass of wine in his hand, which he held up halfway towards his mouth, but he was not sure what to do with it. Zoë stood up from the armchair where she'd been sitting, daintily stepped over Noelle's bare outstretched legs on the carpet and picked up the leather trousers that she'd pulled off. She walked over to Nigel, carrying the trousers over her arm, slyly unbuttoning her blouse as she strode forward.

"Was this the sort of party you thought you'd be coming to?" she asked with a smile.

Nigel looked up at her. His face was contorted with a mixture of embarrassment and excitement. He stuttered. “I didn’t... I had no idea that... And Pauline... She’s...”

Zoë pulled open her blouse, letting free her breasts, and then tugged it off and left it by the side of Noelle’s trousers on a chair. She stood opposite the seated Nigel, topless and herself slightly embarrassed to be presenting herself so shamelessly. “Pauline’s just sex mad. As we all are. So, come on Nigel. Let’s see what you have to offer!”

Nigel went an even redder hue. “I’m not sure... It’s not quite... If I’d known...” And then without another word, he suddenly stood out of his seat and rushed straight out of the living room and into the hallway.

“Shit!” snarled Zoë. This was what she’d been afraid of. Nigel was a real party pooper. She looked around her. The three men were busy on the sofa. Adrian had Mark’s penis deep inside his mouth, while Steve was probing his tongue around the puckered hole of Adrian’s anus. Esther had pushed her dildo into Pauline’s cunt and the two girls were pretending to enjoy something that was clearly relatively uncomfortable and unnatural, while their mouths continued to grapple. The third group on the floor was actually the most completely unclothed. Martin’s penis thrusting away into Noelle’s cunt while Jane was kissing her husband with one arm around Noelle’s bare back. Which group should Zoë join? She knew that the one where she’d be most welcome would be with Pauline and Esther. But Esther could have her any time. It was cock that Zoë wanted. And the only one not so far answered

for had just left the room.

Zoë sighed. She pushed open the living room door and strode into the empty hallway. She eased the door shut behind her, obscuring the portentous sounds of Orbital and the groans, grunts, giggles and occasional shrieks of her guests. Where the fuck had Nigel gone? And should she just count her blessings and join Pauline and Esther? After all, a dildo mightn't be a cock but it was a hard thing that might just about satisfy a soft place.

“Nigel! Where are you?” Zoë shouted, knowing full well that he was most likely to be skulking in the kitchen. She pulled off her skirt. It had been *so* uncomfortable. And she’d got no further use for it. She wandered through the open kitchen door, wearing just her knickers, to see Nigel sitting disconsolately on the stool with a glass in his hand that he’d just refilled with the red cooking wine that Esther had left on the breakfast table. “What are you doing here, Nigel?”

He glanced up at Zoë with a slightly pained expression. He smiled wanly, but tried not to stare directly at Zoë’s breasts. “I’m not sure. I don’t know. Waiting for Pauline, I suppose.”

Zoë laughed. “Then you’re going to be waiting for a fuck of a long time then, Nigel. Pauline’s usually the last to leave any party.”

Nigel sighed again. “I don’t suppose I can wait for ever then. I wasn’t expecting this. I don’t know what I was expecting. Certainly not this, anyway.”

Zoë strode right up behind Nigel where he was sitting and put her arms around his neck. “Well, Nigel. ‘This’ is exactly what this party’s all about. Don’t you think

it's fun?"

Nigel was clearly struggling in his conflict between libido and what he considered to be decency. "It's just not. I mean. It's not. I was expecting a dinner party. Not an orgy."

"An orgy is when there's more than two people involved," Zoë reasoned. "There aren't more than two people here in this kitchen."

"But in the living room. And besides... I don't even know you. I came here with Pauline. And I thought..."

"Don't say you didn't think that you and Pauline wouldn't...?"

"Well, I thought it might be possible. But not usually until you've been seeing each other for a while. And... What are you doing?"

"Don't be alarmed, Nigel. I'm just examining the wares," smiled Zoë, who had sunk down to Nigel's knees and was unzipping his flies. She was glad he'd not worn jeans. They were a fucking pain to get open: so tight and all those fiddly buttons!

"I'm not sure you should be... I don't really know you..." stuttered Nigel as Zoë's hand delved into his front and tugged at his underpants.

It wasn't quite as easy to get at his cock as she'd thought, so she undid the top buttons at the waist and pulled the trousers fully open. And then she saw what Nigel had had to offer. Fucking hell! Jackpot! She'd struck gold. She'd been right to follow Nigel into the kitchen. What a fucking monster!

"You're very... Very... Well ... Endowed, Nigel!" she managed to say as she slid out the floppy but still massive weight of his prick and the corresponding large

testicles. “Has anyone told you that?” She looked straight up at Nigel’s face above her.

Nigel’s face was contorted by the battle still going on in his mind. “My last girlfriend used to say she’d never seen one any bigger.”

“Well, Nigel. I’ve seen a lot of cock in my life. A lot of fucking pricks I can tell you. But I’ve never seen a prick like this before. How come your girlfriend’s not still with you?”

“It just didn’t... you know... she was... it was a while back... Hey! What are you doing with your teeth?”

Zoë didn’t answer this time. She was far too preoccupied in running the large thick meat of Nigel’s cock in and out of her mouth. God! It tasted good. Just like a piece of meat should taste. Hot. And firm. And twitching. And so much of it. With that strange smell that gave it an odour which really switched on her juices. Oh God! Oh God! She seized the waist of Nigel’s trousers and pulled them and the underpants down below his knees, while stretching a hand up up up his smooth muscled torso to the hairs of his chest. Nigel’s prick was responding. Getting bigger. And stiffer. And harder. The glans was shining as the foreskin pulled all the way off and a trail of saliva drooped like a washing line between the glans and Zoë’s lower lip.

Zoë pulled herself up onto Nigel’s chest, rubbing her nipples against the fabric of his short-sleeved shirt. The shirt buttons slid over the perspiration of her skin. “Come on big boy. Off with your clothes!”

“I’m sorry? I mean. What do you think...?”

“Shit! Stop fucking moaning and get on with it!”

Weakly and defeated, Nigel undid his shirt and pulled it off, while below Zoë pulled his trousers and underpants off, and (because she really hated the sight of it in porn films) she made sure his shoes and socks were also off. And then, when Nigel was good and naked, and his prick standing proudly out from the centre of his body, swaying slightly from its own weight and majesty, and only then, Zoë pulled off her knickers so that she was totally naked. Her short trimmed crotch waiting and prepared for Nigel’s invasion. She stood back to admire Nigel. Fuck! What a dick! She wanted it in her. And she wanted it in her now!

“Come on, Nigel! Give it to me!” she commanded.

“What? Here? In the kitchen?”

“It’s hot and ready! We’d don’t want it to go off the boil do we?”

Zoë needn’t have worried about that though, as became obvious in the next few hours. What fucking planet did Nigel come from? Wherever it was, Zoë wanted to go there. Not only was his prick so fucking enormous that it almost tore her vagina apart, well practised though it was by Esther’s fist and fingers, but it just stayed big and hot and thrusting and willing. It just never seemed to give up. And as Nigel became less concerned with decency and more with passion, it just went on and on. Pounding and pushing into her. That prick just went on and on. Zoë soon lost count of the number of times she’d come. Well, as she’d got to learn, there were so many different flavours of orgasm, and those you got with a man were often those strange moaning, whimpering ones, often bypassing the G-spot and the clitoris and just

swelling out the inner cavities.

Zoë didn't want to lose Nigel. She knew what Pauline and Noelle would do if they caught a glimpse of a dick like Nigel's. It'd be in their cunts as quick as you could blink. After just quarter of an hour of kitchen pumping, Zoë facing the breakfast table, while Nigel fucked her from behind, not in her arse of course (it probably didn't even cross his mind to try), but in that weird angle that was only possible when a prick was good and hard and your cunt was just juicy but not so totally wet that things slid out. Then, sweat running down her neck and pasting her eyelids, she grabbed Nigel's still erect prick and guided him out of the kitchen and into her bedroom, or the one she shared with Esther, and the two collapsed on the double bed that dominated the room.

And then it went on. Fucking. Screwing. Screeching. Occasionally pausing. Collapsed in each other's arms. But not for long, until the incorrigible Nigel was up and going and back in the welcoming recesses of her cunt. Slap. Slap. Slap. Zoë moaned. And groaned. And sighed. And shrieked. And still it went on. Was there any way that Nigel would stop? Most men couldn't keep this kind of fucking going on for much more than half an hour. And usually once they'd released their come (usually deep inside her), the fun was over just when Zoë was just beginning to get to the next stage in her abandon and passion. But not this one. In fact, Zoë wasn't at all sure whether Nigel had come at all. She didn't pause to wonder what this might mean for his feelings for her. In fact, she wasn't sure she really cared. Nigel was her fuck toy. And for as long as he fucked her, he was the best toy a girl could ever hope for.

“Hey, Zoë! We wondered where you'd got to!”

Zoë arched her head behind her, Nigel astride her and still pushing away into her bruised, battered and still willing vagina. There was Pauline and Esther, naked, arm in arm, no strap-on dildos now, and a glimpse of Jane and Martin fully clothed in the frame of the doorway. “Hi there, Esther,” she said weakly. “I just got carried away.”

“And I can see why,” remarked Pauline, regarding the semi-erect penis that had been snatched so rudely out of Zoë’s vagina by Nigel’s embarrassment at being found out. “Fuck! If I’d known I wouldn’t have let anyone else get their hands on my man. Hey Nigel. What say you we finish our date together?”

“Shit, man!” suddenly remarked Martin who wandered in, leaving Jane standing at the door. “If I’d known I’m sure we’d have stayed a bit longer. But we don’t want to miss our taxi. Fuck! That’s one big dick! I’m real choosy with the dicks I’ll go for, but that’s one I’d make a definite beeline for.”

This remark clearly alarmed Nigel. He jumped up and raced out of the door past Jane who watched his swinging penis as it went by with wide-eyed fascination. “My clothes!” He gasped. “The kitchen!”

The next thing Zoë saw was Nigel running back past the door down the hallway, fully clothed. He briefly poked his head through the door. “I’ve got to catch the last train!” he gasped, and the next sound was the flat door slam behind him.

Zoë, Pauline and Esther watched Nigel’s frenetic activity with incredulous silence that lasted perhaps another twenty seconds after the door had closed. Then they burst into hoots of laughter.

“Did you see his face?” chortled Esther.

“Martin, you bastard. You cunt. If you hadn’t said that we’d have had a real piece of meat to finish off our dinner,” said Pauline with laughter that belied the aggression of her words.

“Well. I was only speaking the truth. Wasn’t I, Jane dear? After all, I must be the only guy who had no dick this evening. And the only girl too, seeing’s I’ve dipped my piece into every sushi dip this evening ’cept Zoë’s here! But you’ve had a real boner to contend with, haven’t you?”

Zoë smiled. She’d wanted cock. And she’d got more cock than she could ever have hoped for. And all from one guy. And no sharing, either. And now, when the last of her guests had gone, and the taxis weren’t going to be that long in arriving, her repast would be completed with the love and affection of Pauline and Esther in the sweaty, disordered sheets and blankets of her bed. And not just love and affection, but fists, fingers and long stiff rubber.

Zoë smiled. She could hardly wait till her next party. She and Esther would begin planning it before the sun rose and the weekend began. But she wasn’t sure whether she’d invite Nigel along. In fact, she wasn’t sure whether he’d even come to the party. Or even, on reflection, whether he’d even come at this party.