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Author: Max (max@cherishdesire.com - <http://www.amazon.com/Max/e/B00522U99I>)  
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Author: Max (max AT cherishdesire DOT com,  
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DRAFT - The Costume Party  
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written by Max  
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MF  
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Jenny arrived at the party at half past eight. Her holiday costume was sculpted to her body, and as she moved the lace slithered across her skin. The white ruffle laid over the tops of her breasts, the red satin wrapping around her nipples and tied in the back with looping straps. The top swept down into sheer red silk skirt that made the highlights of her thong and garter belt plainly clear. The candy striped silk nylons completed Jenny's version of Mrs. "Vivacious" Claus.

When Tom opened the door, he almost regretted having invited anyone other than Jenny over. The other two couples had settled into some wine and cheese, and he had a box of crackers in one of his hands as he hugged Jenny close and breathed in the scent of her skin. Looking up into her eyes, he brushed his lips across hers and then smiled. "I'm so glad you could come. Let me introduce you to everyone and make some room for you on the couch."

Everyone turned when the door closed, and both of the men quickly turned to their wives with adoring "I never looked over there" expressions. The older of the two women chuckled, and stood up to introduce herself. "I'm Anna - Tom didn't tell me you were one of my people." At 6'2" Anna considered any woman from 5'10" and higher to be amongst her people. Anna's costume for the night was a dark version of an elf - complete with long black wig and elf blouse, bright red belt, and black jeans. Her husband nodded to Jenny, his long lanky body stretched out across the living room floor by the gas fireplace. He didn't bother dressing up per se, his red turtleneck a rough compromise that occurred at some point after the first few drinks Anna gave him before they drove over.

Alice and Jack looked over and said hi. Alice had already gone into hiding - her conservative tastes caused her to take Anna and Tom's dialogue somewhat poorly. Her first glimpse at Jenny caused her to dive right back

into her cheese. Jack just tried to hide his grin, but couldn't so he got up and went to get another glass for Jenny.

Tom escorted Jenny to the couch, and she settled in alongside Anna. Jack brought a glass as Jenny picked which from the wine bottles already opened. Anna smirked, and then pointed out that they had hard liquor if Jenny wanted a mixed drink. Jenny's declined and Tom pulled up a chair as Jenny took her first sip of a blush red he had just poured.

The conversation ranged across occupations and artwork. Dan perked up when the topic slipped into artwork, and he began participating avidly. Dan was a freelance graphics artist, so he found he had a lot in common with Jenny's artwork - even though most of his art was now digital in nature. Anna kept dragging the conversation back to various shades of innuendo, quite happy to have Jenny in addition to Tom for witty repartee. Jack and Tom would fall back into more detailed discussions around work and their Christmas holidays, and Anna would break off now and again to hang out with "the girls" and mix strange drinks.

Eventually everyone had reached a lazy state of relaxation, and Tom's cheese and crackers had moved to cheesecake and some Italian ice. Dan had broken out some sandwiches as well, and everyone had been nibbling on a vegetable platter comparing the various dips. Alice, as was usual at these kinds of events, was the first to announce it was time for leave. Jack wasn't driving, he'd given up on sober when Tom had brought out a holiday Guinness pack for him. So Tom saw them to the door and made sure Alice was ok driving.

Dan and Anna quickly followed suit. Usually events were over at their house, so they could stay up later. But since Tom had everyone at his place, they were breaking off a bit earlier than usual. Anna was overjoyed to have met Jenny, and she had let everyone know how much she was looking forward to Jenny joining the group in the future. They wandered out with two bags of liquor that hadn't been finished, leaving a the open wines and a few bottles of miscellaneous stuff.

Tom returned from the door to a warm hug from Jenny.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Tom asked with a smile. His hand was laying over hers, and he could feel the warmth coursing through her skin. He turned out the overhead light leaving only the candles in the room reflected back in her eyes, and she looked delightful in her finery.

Stepping with her, Tom led the way to the couch. She settled down, and then he laid his lips on her again. He brushed down with a sweeping kiss from her forehead to her mouth, and ran his tongue across hers. They leaned into each other - him kneeling on the floor as she stretched out along the length of the couch - and his arms stroked over her hair and neck and arms as they continued kissing. At moments he would press hard against her lips and the firmness drove her head back into his hand. Then he would gently brush his mouth up to her cheeks and down to her uncovered neck, gently nipping here and there while her arms wrapped around him.

"You're a truly fine holiday present..." Tom sighed as he kissed Jenny behind her ears. "I might just have to unwrap you." His hands continued to stroke across her back with his fingers firmly kneading her skin and his lips massaging her mouth.

Jenny could feel his strength as he caressed her, a careful reserve that exerted pressure that stroked into her muscles and bones. She was thoroughly enjoying the way he kissed into her, and the wine made her feel comfortable and relaxed as he began to caress her breasts. The strapping

that held her top up yielded to his teasing, and his mouth sank to her breasts as they spilled out into the air.

Tom enjoyed teasing Jenny's nipples with his teeth, lightly scraping them along their length as they swelled and grew. Her breasts tasted sweet and her scent filled his lungs. Tom's hands slipped underneath her skirt, and Jenny felt his fingers begin to stroke along the garter straps and the line of her thong. He lifted his mouth up to her lips as he laid down on to the couch next to her.

Jenny could feel his stiff cock laying up against her as his hands stroked her skirt up to her waist. Tom's grey slacks felt smooth against Jenny's stockings, and she could feel the heat of his body and hers. She could feel how wet she was, and Tom's pressure on her clit and labia was sending jolts of sensation into her spine. Her thong was damp, and Tom's mouth was causing goosebumps to spread across her skin. She wrapped her arms around him as he hugged her, gently crushing her chest into his. As he broke the hug, Tom stroked his arms down the length of her body, massaging her arms and legs.

Tom slipped to the floor alongside the couch. Tracing his fingers over Jenny he leaned down to her and kissed her lips. "I'm going to have to unwrap you later I suppose," Tom smiled warmly as his voice drifted to Jenny, "because right now I think I'd rather sink into you." Then Tom stood up and unbuckled his belt, slipping his slacks off along with his boxer shorts. His cock stood away from his body slightly, and then he leaned down and gently unsnapped her garters. Jenny rolled up onto her back, and Tom slid her wet underwear down over her legs. Tom kissed Jenny firmly as he sank down over her on the couch. His cock dragged over her clit and lips, and then his head began to slip into her.

Jenny gasped as Tom penetrated her slowly, teasing her with each inch.

"Happy holidays." Tom whispered as Jenny began to make louder and louder noises. His nails continued dragging over her flesh. "It should be a very fulfilling season for everyone."

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